

Poetry Series

**Akhtar Jawad**  
**- poems -**

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## Akhtar Jawad(8-2-1945)

My grandfather at Jamia Nizamia, Delhi  
when found himself a failure,  
he migrated to Medina whereat,  
he obtained his dream's lovely allure,  
the degree of Shaikh-ul-Hadith there  
(the final degree of a Muslim Schollar) .  
A pretty rose after a long endure.

My father, a Moulvi Alim from Nizamiah, Delhi  
and Moulvi Fazil from Nadvat-ul-Ulema Lucknow,  
when as a Moulvi, found himself a failure,  
switched to Aligarh for modern studies,  
and secured marks during post-graduation  
that is still a record.  
Then he studied law at Lucknow,  
Practiced as a lawyer at Gorakhpur,  
but then he found himself again a failure,  
How he could be a successful lawyer?  
He could never become a liar!  
He said, as a moulvi, he's a failure  
As a lawyer, he is a failure  
And that's why  
he switched to the profession of teaching  
He obtained the degree of Bachelor of Teaching from Aligarh  
And he was appointed as a lecturer there.

I am also a failure,  
As an accountant I always finished my works  
in two or three or maximum four hours.  
My seniors went on adding more works to my job description,  
but they could never force me to earn more  
by sitting late and working overtime.  
I don't mind taking guidance from any book of wisdom  
Besides Holy Koran,  
I always remained guided by Bhagvad Gita.  
" Karmanye vadhikaraste Ma Phaleshu Kadachana."  
(You have the right to work only but never to its fruits.)  
I am hopeful,

I don't know what I procure,  
but the pains I endure,  
make me so much confident and secure,  
I'm sure, I'm sure and I am sure,  
one day I'll be a master of allure.  
Insha Allah!  
(If God wishes so.)





# 117th Birthday Of Elizabeth Gathony Koinange Of Kenya

How to wish you a happy 117th birthday,  
Just by writing happy birthday to you,  
It's not enough.  
It's good but you deserve something better.  
Should I write I love you?  
It's better  
but you deserve the best.  
I don't know how to address you  
that may enter your heart  
and you are forced to say  
"I love you, too."  
Let me consult my mother earth.  
Something strange!  
My mother says she looks like my mother,  
and you may address  
Sweet Mother of Earth!  
live more,  
love more,  
we need beautiful mothers like you.

Akhtar Jawad

## 25th Of December,2016

This day is an important day for the world and Pakistan,  
Its founder Quaid-e-Azam M.A. Jinnah was born on this day,  
On this day the whole world celebrates Merry Christmas,  
I don't ask anything from you and I do not pray.  
Will you please end this day happily without any bloodshed,  
You are mightiest and sovereign, you are kind and merciful,  
Will you please make the coming night a night of smiles,  
And let us sleep with joy that this day was so fanciful?  
Dear God! Let Pakistanis celebrate this day as a man only,  
A man who loves to love everyone and hates to hate anyone,  
Can you give a day to us in that at all there is no violence,  
I remind you during First World War white flags were waived,  
Fighting armies celebrated it with loud laughter but guns' silence.  
Dear God! I just want to sleep without any bad news,  
No red blood, no white tears and with no sad news.

Akhtar Jawad

## 3d Computer Program

A great scientist on his flying horse,  
Orbiting in a very big elliptical orbit,  
Once upon a time came very close,  
To my insignificant too small orbit,  
My small path he almost touched,  
Remained for quiet some times,  
In touch and in love as well,  
Took samples of my soil,  
Took samples of my air,  
Took samples of my fire,  
Took samples of my water,  
And finally samples of my light.

He is a great artist,  
Painted a picture of mine,  
On a white canvas of love,  
And when I delivered a child,  
He took my child,  
To a beautiful garden,  
A garden of flowers,  
And the fruits,  
But my son was alone,  
All praise to the cloning,  
His mate was created.

My son tasted the pleasant fruit,  
Pre-matured and before the time,  
And they were sent back,  
To me once again!  
With pains and blood,  
And undesired death!

And when ugliness blackened my face,  
He sent his robots,  
At my thoughtful soil,  
The autumn was changed,  
In a spring for some time,  
His voice messages,  
Were played on flutes,

In the bells that ring,  
At dawn and dusk,  
And in the loud human voices,  
All the tunes inspire to love,  
And paint the beauty,  
Of the great scientist!

Now he is too far,  
In a path out of reach,  
The robots don't come,  
But the loving scientist,  
Expects from the two,  
Now matured enough,  
To keep my face,  
Neat and clean,  
Green and fertile,  
And let evolution,  
To travel on a path,  
That leads to a land,  
Where death is dead,  
I am aware of success,  
I am aware of failures,  
I am a mother,  
I know my children.  
I am not pessimistic,  
I am hopeful.

I wish I could present,  
Pretty charming couple,  
Before the scientist,  
And see the two,  
Rewarded a life,  
Really immortal having no end,  
Truly infinite!

I know it well,  
He will come once again,  
Very close to me,  
To upgrade one day,  
The three dimensional,  
Computer Program!

Since then I have to pass,  
A life with my children,  
In the three dimensions,  
The unavoidable propagations,  
The hung complications,  
And probable expectations!

I am happy with him,  
And with her as well,  
I know he'll come,  
Once again one day,  
With love and rewards,  
The matter is of time,  
I shall take a bath,  
Of fire and light,  
And as a virgin intact,  
I shall smile as a bride!  
I know it's a cycle,  
Destruction and construction,  
It will continue,  
Till the new version of 3D software,  
Is final for

Wish my son would not have tasted,  
The fruit pre-matured,  
I wouldn't have seen,  
This painful cycle,  
But again I know,  
It all happened,  
In accordance of programing,  
For finalizing by trial and error,  
A program to run,  
And to kill the time that has beginning and end,  
And my son was constrained,  
How nice was the fruit!  
My child was innocent,  
And he is still so.  
My dear cute baby!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Beautiful Painting Of Kaberggren

It didn't start suddenly.  
It was a while for that  
millions of angels had been working day night  
billions of colorful flowers had been donating their blood  
trillions of stars had been sharing their light.  
That was going on the skies.  
And here on earth  
the black base of life  
had been facing hardships of high temperature  
and high pressure  
to be modified in diamond.  
So came in existence  
the diamond ink pot having infinite faces  
and a different color on each and every face  
with an aroma of all the flowers  
some of them we see on the earth  
and some are still to bloom.  
Thanks to the flowers that  
made the ink pot soft,  
colorful and aromatic!  
The ink pot a prism of diamond  
making life a spectrum of colors,  
looked at the ancient nature with a shy smile,  
&quot;I am ready My Lord.&quot;  
The ancient nature dipped His forefinger  
in the ink pot  
and somewhere too away from the skies  
wrote something.  
I couldn't read anything else,  
what I could read is love.  
So I hugged her,  
So I kissed her,  
and,  
So I loved her.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Beggar's Bowl

Oh beggar! What's there in your bowl?  
Shining coins! Who gave you these coins?  
I see a coin having a picture  
of Adam and Eve in-scripted on it  
it's a nude in paradise,  
on the other side of the coin,  
I see them covered with leaves,  
the coin is describing their innocent sin,  
how they were separated  
and how they met once again.  
On another coin I see Noah's Arch,  
and a typhoon that washed out the earth,  
I see living humans and Satan too.  
life did not end.  
Then I see so many other coins.  
I see Buddha, in fact a skeleton,  
but he lived to share his wisdom with us.  
I see Krishna playing on his flute,  
I see Rama and Sita in a dense forest.  
I see Moses on a burning mountain,  
I see Jesus a preacher of love,  
I see a fairy of a garden in a paradise,  
I see moderation on coin of Muhammad,  
Where this moderation has gone?  
You are destroying sculptures,  
the remains of ancient civilizations.  
You are melting these coins,  
in the fire of hate,  
and casting a sword.  
Coins will be once again prepared,  
your bowl cannot remain empty,  
but, meanwhile, for some time,  
if a vacuum is created in your bowl,  
you will vanish in it,  
you will not get shelter  
even in The House of Allah!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Bird I Would Like To Be

A bird that remains within the limits of earth,  
a bird that attempts to fly in the skies,  
fails, comes back after learning its worth,  
smiles, and says, "See you again."  
It tries again and again and again,  
transfers his desire to fly to his intelligent descendants,  
and they in an aircraft pay thanks to their ambitious ascendants.

Or a bird that can swim in the rivers and the seas  
but it can neither fly, nor can dive nor it hunt.  
With a wonder just it can have a look on the diving birds  
Hunting a fish, going back, on a tall tree  
"How cruel is this hunting! "  
Oh You! The tallest trees!  
Why you allow these cruel birds  
to make a nest in your kind arms?  
With tears in her eyes it rushes to a cute child  
standing near a pool in the park  
with a pack of popcorn in his soft hands

Or a friendly domestic bird living with the humans  
as pets and laying eggs.  
Mother still incubating the eggs,  
but the father, leaving the bed, too early  
a familiar voice awaking me,  
annoying a little,  
as I am dreaming of a lady  
in a blackish blue night gown  
with millions of twinkling diamonds in it.  
The naughty bird looks into my eyes  
as if it wants to let me know  
my fairy is roaming above  
and is out of my reach.  
But she has been incarnated as a lady  
in a similar type of night gown  
I don't know when, why and how  
she changed her bed room  
and is sleeping on my lonely bed  
and she is not out of reach.

(Pramila Khadun, my friend at facebook, asks and I reply.  
If you were to be a bird, which one would you like to be?)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Bird In The Winter Rains

Newly grown colorful pretty wings,  
Learn how to fly in the winds exciting,  
I listen to its tone, know what it sings,  
I know him well who you are inviting

I know cold rains kindle a fire inside,  
Everything is burnt in the fire of love,  
I ha'e been a victim of teen aged tide,  
One is too ecstatic in desire of love.

I understand you and I am aware,  
Recollect a song of the winter rains  
You are so friendly with you I share,  
How from the mud I got the stains.

Here on earth, don't look at sky,  
Clouds are vagabond don't you see,  
Frozen cold droplets now do not fly,  
Fell on the warm earth like a bee.

It's my earth with colorful flowers,  
Love is here, you need and deserve,  
Promoting the passion of the showers,  
It's a love poem, I write and reserve.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Birthday With Moon And The Lady Grace

Come on, hurry up, and let us walk to the moon,  
I know his language and I can talk to the moon,  
Moon has promised to come on the earth,  
Tonight you'll see my art and my worth,  
Come on Grand Pa with the Lady Grace,  
Moon wants to see her lovely face.

Moon is my friend and he asked one day,  
Sweet little girl on your coming birthday,  
With your help let me make a moon light way,  
On the day in person I shall come and play,  
With you, your family and the Lady Grace,  
From skies I have seen her beautiful face,

Press my clothes as you press your own,  
Dress my hairs as you dress your own,  
Medicine, that stops the leaking of noses,  
My toy piano and a bouquet of roses  
I do not want these shoes and shirt,  
A high heel sandal and a pink skirt,  
Color of ribbon should be shocking pink,  
My silky hairs should have a kink,  
Sun goggles, it's a bright moonlight!  
A bag on the shoulder, a charming delight,  
Colors of stockings a shocking contrast,  
To moon I shall go with a beauty blast.

Follow me Lady Grace, follow me my dear,  
Walk able distance, not far, too near,  
Hand in my hand, please walk with grace,  
Moon wants to see your lovely face.  
Father you will carry my birthday cake,  
Honey sweet sister the candles you may take,  
Brother, please carry the basket of snacks,  
Mother, please take the sweets from the rack,  
Grand Pa, please carry dry fruits in a bag,  
And an empty basket for keeping the rag,  
We shall not pollute the moonlight way,  
Venus will be making a video of the clay,  
I think we are ready let us move to the moon,

My friend is waiting since late afternoon.

(Happy Birthday to my sweet granddaughter Heya born on 21st February,2007)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Blue Sky Wedding

Moon was wandering in the dim sunlight,  
Incomplete and looking for a charming Miss Right,  
His father sun, recollecting his own lovely days,  
His mother earth, still wet with his rays,  
Beyond the ocean an aurora appeared,  
Sun kissed the earth and disappeared,  
A beautiful maid started her evening flight,  
Moon was amazed with her twinkling sight,  
She was Venus a daughter of beauty and love,  
Swimming like mermaid and flying like a dove,  
With a wedding procession of singing stars,  
The wind carrying the tunes of guitars,  
Moon was the groom and Venus was the bride,  
The earth got pearls in the lovely tides,  
Ocean with joy then danced on the shore,  
Sun prayed Oh God! I want many more!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Bribe Of Nature

When the eyes talk and lips are sealed,  
When your hand is in my hand,  
And we walk together,  
In a moonlit night,  
On the lonely paths,  
And the moon points out,  
To the shy stars,  
How close are we!  
And he asks the stars,  
Are they two?  
Or in fact they are one!  
And the bright star,  
Smiles and says,  
They were one,  
And separated to feel,  
The pain of parting,  
And the joy once again,  
In the re-uniting,  
Just to learn the worth,  
Of blended love,  
In a life together,  
And to pay their thanks,  
To their creator.

And not to complain,  
A life so bitter,  
Full of troubles,  
Wars and hates,  
Disabled children,  
And the women carrying,  
Unwanted children,  
Being raped by soldiers,  
The victorious soldiers,  
Who took their revenge!  
From the girls under teens,  
After last world war,  
They were working in the fields,  
Not a part of war,  
In china and Japan,

And the soldiers claimed,  
Being citizens of a nation,  
Highly civilized,  
And nicely cultured,  
They fought for an ideal,  
Freedom and democracy!

And they still claim,  
They are fighting once again,  
For the same ideal,  
May I know?  
Whereat you are planning,  
To rape the girls which are under thirteen?  
Is it Gaza or somewhere else?  
God was silent,  
During wars last fought,  
And I assure you, sir,  
He will remain silent.

And the clouds play a game,  
Of hide and seek,  
Sometimes moon in a dress,  
Sometimes painted as a nude,  
How excited we are!  
Thanks God we are humans,  
And not the angels,  
Deprived of this love,  
That is blended with pleasure.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Bridge On A Dry River (Inspired By "A Bridge", Poem By Wieslaw Musialowski)

A bridge always invites to move on the other bank of a river,  
Sometimes by the aggressive armies for capturing a piece of land,  
Sometime to kiss the awaiting beloved on the other side,  
A lover I am and I love to give my hand in her hand.

Standing still on the banks of the dry river,  
I see tall trees still green sucking life through their roots,  
Dig the earth you will see the roots have spread,  
These roots don't have guns and do not wear the boots.

In search of water they have penetrated and trespassed  
Life has a natural tendency to fight for existence,  
The river that was your first line of defense,  
When full of water used to give an effective resistance.

By changing the course of the river you have destroyed  
Your natural line of defense, the mighty defensive waters,  
Now face the consequences, the terror has extended its roots,  
It is easier for it to trespass through the dry bed of the river.

Lying on the dry bed I see the skeleton of a dolphin  
And I see the river is dying in thirst of water,  
Explosions and killings can walk on the other bank on their feet,  
Don't let the bridge collapse and fall on the dry bed of the river.

Alas! This was the bridge where I had once kissed my sweet heart,  
In my heart I don't have terror, I was a lover and I am a lover,  
I want to kiss you once again under a blue moon on this bridge,  
But for love I must see dolphins jumping beneath in water.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Broken Doll

When someone broke my heart,  
One never knew one was sitting in my heart,  
I am not picking broken pieces of my heart,  
I am picking pieces of someone,  
Shall I succeed in joining the pieces,  
I think I shall,  
But the spots of the joints,  
Will make the doll ugly,  
And the doll would not like to see herself,  
In a mirror any more.

(Being misbehaved by my sweetest child)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Broken Heart Thief

Yes, I am a broken heart,  
I don't know how I'm still beating!  
From you I learned a wonderful art,  
you taught me this beautiful cheating!  
Thanks my friends for teaching me the art,  
how to act and react and play my part.

Well done my friends you gave me few strains,  
I am related to persons who're grieved,  
not my friends, my relatives of pains,  
see the smiles, how nicely relieved!  
I don't make friends I have lost my belief,  
but can't ignore a broken heart thief.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Butterfly In Love (Being Inspired By A Painting Of Kathleen Guilfoyle Mulligan, Me Myself And I)

'Dear Butterfly!

I am not a flower and have no nectar for you,  
why are you dancing and singing above my head,  
do you love me?

And if so isn't it funny? '

'Dear Bird!

You fly so high,  
will you please allow me to sit on your back?

I want to fly in the high skies,  
where there are stars,  
the twinkling stars are my dreams  
that never came true.'

The bird smiled and said,

'Well, I shall pick you up in the full moon's light,  
as I don't fly in the dark.'

Under a blue moon

the bird took the butterfly to the high skies.

While on way, and close to the moon,  
the butterfly was shocked to see the moon!

'How beautiful it appeared from the earth  
and how much ugly is it!

And the earth that looked ugly to me,  
looks so pretty as if it's a very large moon,

Alas! I miss the rose,

I miss the jasmine,

I miss queen of night,

I miss the violets,

I miss the greenery of the earth!

I don't want to see the stars  
that look beautiful from a distance  
but too ugly when we are close to them.

I want to go back on my earth  
Where there are colorful flowers,  
that look pretty from a distance,  
look prettier when one feels their aroma,  
and prettiest when one enjoys their nectar.  
And where there are friends like you!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Ceiling Fan (Heart Beats With Nature - Poem By Rini Shibu)

I like the rotation of its lovely wings  
Looks as if three beautiful maids  
Opaque costume becoming transparent  
Thanks for the naught, you naughty blades!  
A heart that dances on the beats of nature  
Is like a ceiling fan with strong armature.

My good luck! I had desired only one.  
My pleasure! Got three naughty dancers!  
Thanks for dancing and spreading her hairs  
Go ahead I'm in mood of watching bouncers  
Dance and disturb what's becoming obstacle  
With smile then read my natural oracle!

She will ask, "Why in the holy month of fasting,  
Like a ceiling fan you're durable and truly lasting?"

Akhtar Jawad

# A Cherry Tree

Can I forget that day?  
You can and you may!  
But not me, yes, not me!  
I am now a flowers' tree!  
I still remember that  
You plucked for the hat  
And one for your coat  
That cut my throat  
Beneath me the bench,  
Now appears a trench,  
With my blood stains  
That survived in rains  
Dust turned it black  
Hoping you'll come back  
I'm now full of flowers,  
I dream your showers!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Child Is A Flower

Like hot gases orbiting round a burning star  
Conjugal life starts like that of mother earth  
Extracting life from their father's sunlight  
Cooling and reshaping in a planet of worth  
Rains of love cool them and turn them green  
Roots go on working though remain unseen.

Fatigue of life working like the green leaves  
Preparing food of tolerance and understanding  
The sunlight of life transforming moonlights  
In beautiful, colorful, fragrant buds sleeping  
Until pleasant spring winds awake the beauty.  
And then starts the joy of parental duty.

A joy is it to remain disturbed during nights  
For a colorful and fragrant flower, a child,  
Three in one, two lovers and their love  
How lovely is the flower, how soft and mild!  
That's how love is rewarded by nature  
A peal from nature's unending treasure!

My child! My eyes admire your pretty colors,  
My soul feels your refreshing fragrance  
You are the best among all flowers that spring  
I feel humble get rid of my arrogance  
I have seen ugliness you have seen only charms  
How beautiful I am when you are into arms.

My child! My heart is full of love and kindness  
Magic is your softness beauty is your innocence  
My earth is a glimpse of a garden in the heaven  
It's all due to you and your angelic excellence  
In showing a virtual image of God unseen,  
But a true real image on my heart's screen.

My child! Master of so many amazing miracles  
In the language of God, meaningless apparently  
Your words my heart understands and reacts  
Either cry or smile you perform so perfectly

You describe yourself completely in a book  
And your book is only a few seconds' look.

My child! I have no worldly reason to love,  
Still if I love you, you're a reward a gift  
How pure you are how silky and smooth!  
Like the finest flour by an angelic sift  
A pretty flower of love, in me your trust!  
Who says you are an output of the lust!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Child Is Not So Helpless Like A Man

His innocent dreams,  
like laser beams,  
touching you,  
while you are moving on the road,  
are at all not harming,  
not at all warming,  
making a few naughty prints of light,  
that don't exist long,  
not willfully,  
I know some times the flowers of light,  
are made on the places,  
though hidden in curtains,  
but become distinct,  
and twinkle like stars,  
but for a while only,  
spotlight is tiny,  
but doesn't it make your walking  
on a dirty road,  
not a dance but something that tends to a dance,  
it appears to me like this,  
I know you can't see yourself completely,  
ask someone else  
you angry lady,  
you really appeared so cute,  
but for a while only,  
move forward,  
could have taken it smiling  
why so cross?  
You don't know the child on the roof,  
is frightened and afraid!  
When a child stops smiling  
you don't know but God also stops.  
Please move forward,  
and let someone else take your place,  
My fair lady!  
Waves her hands to the child,  
see how happy is the child,  
with a toy in his hand,  
yes,

I brought this toy for him,  
a torch so small,  
with colorful laser beams  
making flowers of light,  
on the dirty mud,  
as the gutters in Karachi,  
are over flown always,  
but the road is not dead,  
many are moving on the dirty road,  
with their handkerchiefs on the nose,  
and the child is at least  
adding a thing of beauty  
to the ugly scenery,  
what else he could do?  
Where adults and grownups are helpless,  
a child is not so helpless like a man!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Children Day At School

I drop her to school every early morning,  
Not a fatigue to pick up a fairy that's charming,  
A fairy is she in her lovely uniform,  
A bag too heavy perhaps to perform,  
Something in my life I never performed,  
But innocent lovely child goes fully armed,  
Perhaps she is asked to fight a war,  
As if her teacher is a rival Czar.

But today Zaufishan my Grand Daughter,  
Came downstairs like a pretty pink flower,  
No uniform not the burden round her neck,  
I was surprised, an unusual wreck!  
Let me tell something she wasn't walking,  
Flying, swimming and nicely talking,  
In place of tears the smile at her face,  
A watchable world with a gracious grace!

She told me it's a children day,  
The neat clean toy got a joyful spray,  
Glittering like gold and shining like silver,  
She waited for school I saw it never,  
She will swing and sing many games to play,  
I wish a nice day and for joys I pray,  
Activities at school though extracurricular,  
Change mood of a child concentric-n- circular.

Thanks for the dishes she'll be served in recess,  
I can see the beauty of the fairy princess,  
Thanks for the books of the fairy tales,  
Fragrance will survive even if color stales,  
Beacon House Schooling System, I have regards,  
Go on marching and fight the retards,  
But the heavy bag of a child of this age,  
Constrains to think we're still in a cage!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Child's Game

Who is making bubbles to enjoy rainbows in it?  
I don't know but I am sure there is an intelligent child,  
He sincerely wants the bubbles could survive for ever  
He truly loves the bubbles, and he is at all not wild.

His game will continue as long as the innocent child  
Is grown elder, and learns why the life ends in death  
I am sure, the child will make a bubble one day  
That has an everlasting life and an immortal breath.

I hope his game will be developed in an invention  
An atmosphere that does not breaks the bubbles,  
I am a bubble and I take it as my bad luck only  
A trial bubble born in an age of trials and troubles.

Bubbles are colorful though have a very short life  
Best of luck for you, carry on playing your game,  
In a moment a bubble teaches us what our life is  
Bubbles break before we may give them a name.

A Brownie, an Asian, a Muslim and a Pakistani,  
I wish I would not have been given these names  
What's the use of giving a name to a bubble!  
When I shall vanish in the soil with so many blames! !

Akhtar Jawad

## A Christmas With Simplicity

Clouds fly like kites and it's nature that writes a message of beauty,  
Beauty is in coexistence, coexistence is peace, and peace is an outcome,  
Outcome is the birth of light that didn't spare any piece of land,  
Land may be a desert or mountains or plains everywhere it's love,  
Love that that was born from time to time until man was matured.

Matured to think and do the good and to be the good,  
Good was born in Lumbini gardens and in Mathura as well,  
Good was born in deserts of Makkah and Egypt,  
Good was born in Bethlehem and many other places,  
Places of birth when visited with faith and sincere love,  
Love makes the man a work of art that smiles like Mona Lisa,  
Mona Lisa's smile is lovely and cute but the secret of smile,  
Smile that amazed whole world is because,  
Because Mona Lisa was carrying a child,  
Child was also carried by Holy Mother Marry,  
Mother marry carried a child whose birthday is today,  
Today the Christmas day when everyone is happy,  
Happy in the mood of joy and greeting, a fleeting of sorrow,  
Sorrow that has shaded the joys of Christmas,  
Christmas in Pakistan is celebrated this year with simplicity,  
I don't see new clothes, ornaments and bangles in the wrists,  
Wrists are busy in prayers to the God; eyes are wet but the lips.  
Lips with heart and soul say silently, enter with us Oh God! our savior,  
Savior, be bounteous still upon us; and save us from this ugly terror of time!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Circle Of Friends

When we miss someone,  
may be the parents,  
brothers and sisters,  
children or grandchildren,  
or anyone else,  
a vacuum is created within us,  
On special occasions,  
may be a happy one,  
or sad one,  
this vacuum becomes a source of suffocation,  
this vacuum is turned in darkness of eclipse,  
and the tears when come down on the cheeks  
like frightened birds who come down on the trees.  
Trees with flowers and fruits and green leaves,  
and the birds feel secured on a tree,  
what of earth,  
the moon and the sun are moved,  
the eclipse is forced to surrender,  
darkness ends,  
birds restart their flights.  
And so is a circle of lovely friends.  
They come to our rescue,  
someone comes as fresh air,  
tears stop and smiles come back,  
the lonely one pays thanks to God,  
who gave friends  
that can fill any vacuum,  
whatever it may be.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Claddagh Ring

I don't love a radical mischief,  
I love an innocent beautiful thief,  
who steals the hearts with rosy smiles,  
can turn old ones in naughty juveniles,  
one who swims like a pretty mermaid,  
lo my bills of love always prepaid,  
one who loves not only the humans,  
Jews, Hindus, Muslims, Christians,  
birds and beasts, animals and insects,  
with a lovely virus whole world infects,  
is never confined in a single belief,  
so much universal is the lovely thief,  
a lovely clad soul in the skin's salt,  
a poem of love and a work of art,  
one who hates, from my side ducked,  
anyone who loves is my beloved.  
In a Claddagh Ring her heart described,  
Love, loyalty, friendship inscribed,

(Claddagh Ring is an Irish ring. DECEMBER Birthstone Silver Claddagh Ring,  
inscribed with 'Love Loyalty Friendship')

Akhtar Jawad

# A Cold Rainy Night Of December

For me every day is a holiday,  
and the proceeding nice night,  
what else I can say,  
is lovely and bright!

For me it's lovely and bright,  
Our shadows on curtains,  
Okay I off the light,  
Now nothing it sustains.

For me the cold is exciting,  
but you are still shivering,  
hot arms are inviting,  
try you will find it fevering.

For me is the winter,  
be a little more crazing,  
it's a night of December,  
its charms are amazing.

For me not the snow falls,  
it's only raining,  
listen to the calls,  
from the roof it's draining.

For me It's a bold lovely call,  
I'm coming to you now,  
don't you hear at all?  
soil's welcome wow!

For me earth is a paradise,  
I have a fairy in my arms,  
everything I excise,  
need you and your charms.

For me for the rest is morning,  
for the best is night,  
cold winter is charming,  
and you are a delight.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Comment

My friend, I know you're a teacher,  
for the students, a great preacher,  
but when you come back at home,  
don't you see yourself in Rome?  
Keep for students your moral teaching.  
Come to the readers after total bleaching.

Why don't you remain always poetic?  
Don't you have a balance at home?  
I know you are truly aesthetic,  
write a page of love and burn the tome.  
Even a word of love is better than a book,  
Have in a mirror your lovely nice look!

(A Fantasy a great poem by Valsa George.

Dozing on a hammock  
Strung between two towering palms  
With the sky above-  
colour washed in turquoise blue  
and the waters below  
reflecting that heavenly hue,  
you came to me  
sailing in a dream  
like the strains of a symphony  
causing endless vibrations  
in my solitary heart  
you showed up  
all too sudden  
like a rainbow on my vacant sky  
after a cloud burst of cloistered grief  
to blaze it with iridescent shades  
Your smile  
embalmed my bruised spirit  
with the coolness of a summer drizzle  
falling, like manna  
over starved Israelites  
in their arduous odyssey  
through blistering sands  
Your passionate breath,

spewed on my face  
bore the scent of opening buds  
in the mazy tangle of wild creepers  
growing dense in nearby woods.  
Your amorous whispers  
fell in my ears  
with the sweetness of the melody  
from Krishna's flute  
with Radha near, love sick)  
her lips curled in an immaculate smile.  
Your soft footsteps  
like the jingle of a court dancer  
echoed in the silence of my soul  
with a hundred evocations  
As the jingles  
came nearer in synchronizing rhythm  
I held out my arms  
to clasp you in tight embrace  
and reel you in frenzied jig  
But you vanished,  
vanished,  
with the swiftness  
of bubbles rising and breaking  
in a beer glass,  
leaving me to my desolate zone  
The sky overhead had changed  
into another shade  
Still I lay in mid air,  
with my eyes sealed tight  
to re-live that dream  
once again!

Akhtar Jawad

## A Comment On ore's Poem I Want To Feel God's Presence Now

Your vision is scattered I feel your presence,  
I listen to you in music and in fine arts,  
But I want to feel your presence in the human hearts,  
May I know the reasons of your absence?  
I want you as a rose in my bosom,  
With an aroma can you ever blossom?

Akhtar Jawad

## A Comment On Edward Kofi Louis' Poem F.S.P.

From a Sweet Palace,  
where Fairies Sing in Passion,  
Free of charge is a Slow Poison,  
that doesn't kill,  
just makes us ecstatic,  
Firing the Sour Prose,  
Feel a Sweet Poetry,  
let me live ecstatic,  
let me die in it,  
I don't know the name of this fairy,  
but it's a pleasure to dance with her,  
I don't know her religion, Color or Crete, ,  
but Edward Kofi Louis hasn't only danced  
with her like me,  
my friend knows her better than me,  
and when he says it's muse of true love,  
I believe,  
I trust,  
my friend cannot be wrong.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Comment On Kirti Sharma's Poem 'the Wind'

The dazzling night sky has a beautiful feminity,  
the bright sunny day will be chasing her,  
although he knows they'll meet for a moment only,  
when its a dawn or a dusk.

For love a moment is enough,  
that's what is read in the pages of aurora,  
but can be read by a heart in love only.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Comment On Stephen (Steve)howard's Haiku 3

I see your face there in the aurora of a dusk,  
I know it's an illusion,  
you do not come in the sunlight,  
and then I hoped you in the moonlight,  
Alas! It ended in frustration!  
You forced me to love, you have many charms,  
I have only a loving heart and welcoming arms.  
I didn't cry but the dew on the leaves  
is a sign that night cried on me!

Could I see a dawn with pink smiles  
kissing another in the greenery,  
could I steal beauty for my dry lips  
that changes me into a scenery,  
could my lips be ecstatic and vibrate,  
could my love change my killing fate,  
I shall not smile but the smiling flowers,  
will be a sign that night smiled on us!

Akhtar Jawad

## A Comment(4)

Life in other words is love,  
and love is a movement.  
Movement of restless molecules,  
increasing temperature,  
sometimes suitable for a life to love,  
sometimes unsuitable.  
Sometimes its absolute zero,  
creating a cold black hole of nothingness,  
and sometimes it's infinite,  
creating once again a nothingness of destruction  
to be followed by a gradual cooling  
slowing molecules to a movement  
that suits to love  
that suits to life.  
Movement I see,  
in orbiting of electrons round the nucleus,  
like that of planets round the sun,  
like that of moons,  
round a planet,  
like that of a lover,  
round his beloved,  
like that of a believer,  
orbiting round a belief in God,  
there may not be a God,  
but at least there is an ancient nature,  
this angular rotation,  
increases temperature of hope,  
hope keeps us alive,  
that's how man lives.  
Without any such movement  
it's too cold and icy like death.

(I started writing a comment, I don't know if it became a poem)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Compromise I Made

A word widely misspelled, dictionary adds and justifies,  
And over all accepted, a welcoming compromise.

An enemy of an enemy becomes an ally,  
Just to win the war, it has nothing to shy.

A couple not having a good relationship still together passing the life  
Just for their coming generations, a good husband and a good wife.  
But a compromise on ethics has no excuse.

I condemn, and I refuse.

Yes, it was me, who wrote a poem with the title &quot;Compromises&quot;,  
Again it's me who smiles, rewrites it and boldly revises.

A compromise I made in love let me confess

The beautiful forbidden fruit it's might you can guess

Yes, I became disobedient and forgot all the ethics

Hot dynamics of life overruled the frozen statics!

Long ago in a beautiful garden I don't know who &quot;He&quot; is?

A naughty friend who let me knew as to who &quot;She&quot; is.

After knowing her I don't need to know anyone else

She now rules my heart and moves with my pulse.

Helplessly, with ethics, I made a decent compromise

Never mind, in love the ethics one may revise.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Conjugal Breakfast

A conjugal love may lack the thrills of romance,  
but from dawn to dusk it's music and dance,  
listen to the tune of china clay utensils,  
see him, he is busy with paper and pencils,  
on the dining table with a bouquet of flowers,  
flowers more interested in the pencil's showers.  
Daddy is starrng at the back of Mom,  
below the table lovely pet dear Tom,  
what the hell he is doing is it painting or writing,  
whatever it may be, it must be exciting.  
Lo, she has brought the dishes at last.  
how delicious and tasty is the hot break fast!  
Daddy is washing his hands in the toilet,  
now it's easy the paper we can get,  
Mom! Look at it it's your nude!  
You must condemn this vulgar attitude!  
You are right my love, my dear sweet hearts,  
I am tired of his poems, his paintings and arts,  
Give it to me, let me burn it alive,  
She takes it and keeps in the valley of bee hive.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Couple Of Pigeons That Taught First Lesson Of Love

When extinguished thirteen in a blow,  
Clapped and wished by many in a row,  
Forgot the candles and the cake,  
Delicious snacks and banana milk shake,  
More interested what my uncle brought,  
To teach me life's most lovely naught,  
The eternal poet's wonderful write,  
A couple of cute pigeons, silky white,  
Lovely they looked, always together,  
Flying too high whatever the weather,  
May be a morning of bright sunlight,  
Or an evening of absorbing moonlight,  
Summer or winter autumn or rains,  
Always in search of more stains!

"Ghutor ghon ghutor ghon baq baq qoon qoon",  
(Glitter glown glitter glown back back boon boon.)  
And she replied, "Boom boom boom boom."  
Let us love, and let the flowers bloom.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Courtship's Snap

I was twenty one and she was sixteen,  
My fiancée was a beauty that is still unseen,  
Every girl is pretty in her lovely teens,  
See her images if you have aesthetic screens.

Yes, now that girl is sweet sixty one  
Still, she is singular and next to none,  
Was it possible not to become a poet so romantic?  
Is it possible for me not to remain still aesthetic?

Time veered and snatched those lovely charms.  
Grand Mother still has her golden arms,  
For pretty Grand Children she is a garland,  
For the too old love she is a casual rand.

Life was nothing but song and dance,  
I can never forget that courtship and romance,  
If that year from my life I subtract,  
But why should I it's still intact.

Still I have something black and white,  
A courtship's snap my too old write,  
Whenever frustrated I look at the lit,  
Her smiling photograph, I still owe it.

(Her black and white photograph is still a source of inspiration)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Crazy Old Man

Gathering the remaining blood of his veins,  
In his weak and tired legs who is climbing up?  
Disordered breaths tell, 'A crazy old man,  
Still in love! He is too optimistic,  
in an era of energy crisis, no power for the lifts,  
no gas or gasoline, generators are silent.  
He is going to see one of his old friends,  
not yet retired but where is he? '  
The poor fellow breathing in a wealthy nation,  
Where there are maximum owners,  
of off shore companies in the world,  
where there are millionaires and billionaires,  
having bank accounts with the foreign banks,  
with balances that are more than the debt,  
being repaid in installments that are  
sixty six percent of the national income,  
and further loan is taken for repayment  
of existing debt. How long will it go?  
Where places of worship are attacked,  
Where there is a large list of missing persons,  
And the poor fellow, an activist,  
who raised his voice for the missing persons,  
where is he?  
The crazy old man was informed,  
nobody knows where is he,  
but his name appears in the list of missing persons.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Creeper Amongst Large Trees

I saw a creeper slowly rising up, satisfied with the place,  
Surrounded by great and proud large trees, in a garden of grace.  
From the foot of a tower, having white fragrant flowers,  
The lovely high tower saved her from the showers,  
From the frightening thunders of a black dense cloud.  
And the great large trees, with their grandeur and proud,  
Were laughing on the creeper so weak and soft,  
They were thinking, heat strokes will burn her craft.  
The humble, weak and feeble creeper, a victim of visitors' oversight,  
Was never found resting, sleeping, she went on creeping,  
She went on, went on, slow but sure, not crying or weeping,  
And soon came the day, she was dancing on the top of the tower,  
Spreading and dispersing white flowers round the tower.  
And God was smiling on the proud of big names now drowned in shame,  
Still humble was she, at all not affected by name and fame.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Cynosure Of All Eyes

A celebrity!

A cynosure of all eyes.

Brown silky hairs smiling being touched by artificial winds

ear rings smiling reflecting the flash lights

cosmetics smiling on her pink cheeks

lipstick proud to smile on her lips

the necklace of pearls smiling having kissed her neck

round arms smiling exposing their beauty

her tight dress smiling to be so close to her lovely body.

She is also smiling as she got whatever she dreamed.

But her eyes?

Her eyes the true translators of her heart

couldn't smile even after repeated efforts,

still looking for their cynosure!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Dancer

She writes such poems,  
I could never write.  
In the colorful flash lights,  
her silky brown hairs,  
her naughty eyes,  
her belly her legs,  
her smiling pink lips,  
her breasts her hips,  
her round arms,  
her hidden charms,  
when write a poem,  
in the body language,  
the poem is read by all.  
I have limited readers,  
who read and understand,  
my poems are not universal,  
her readers are not limited,  
she writes universal poems,  
I am in a cage,  
she is on stage,  
she is a lovely dancer!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Dangerous Smile

A dangerous smile,  
The heart is fragile!  
Friend! Do you smile?  
Or it's your style,  
Truly see with smile,  
Or smile having seen?  
To know I am keen?

After effects of a shower,  
In the clouds that bower,  
Beauty was murmured,  
When droplets twittered,  
When nature is refracting,  
In a prism diverting,  
Love's many hidden lights,  
And all are delights,  
With a different wave lengths,  
Various shades and strengths,  
Love is white in the bosom,  
It has flowers to blossom,  
See what nature endorses  
Cab of pretty seven horses,  
It's a lady that rides,  
Many eyes she abides,  
For the sight a pleasure,  
It's lovely lady nature,  
A VIBGYOR is exposed,  
Her beauty decomposed.

So is My Lord!  
Submission in accord,  
Pure and white,  
His colorful write!  
So is the universe,  
Nothing was adverse,  
We made it sub verse,  
Our misdeeds are curse,  
Still spectrum in full,  
It's truly beautiful,

When nature mobilized,  
He just smiled,  
All came into being,  
All beauty we are seeing!  
It's a gift of smile,  
But the heart is fragile!

So much unconcerned,  
Say nothing you turned,  
This time only inspired,  
Your smile I admired,  
With a poem on smile,  
From a heart so fragile!  
No assurance for the future,  
If continue the adventure,  
And smile in a window,  
What next I don't know.

(It's a naughty poem in the eve of December 31,2014. Please don't smile otherwise you will be subjected to this naughty poem but you will be next to Lady Nature as well who rode on a cab of seven horses. When someone read this poem she said the number of horses should have been six or eight. She forgot the real number of horses is only one, The White Horse, other horses are virtual divergence.)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Day Dreamer

Frustration is my worst enemy,  
when I think it can kill me now anytime,  
I attack it before it attacks me,  
I have a deadly weapon,  
I lay on my bed  
and I start dreaming.

Sometimes I become a famous cricketer,  
an all rounder who scores a century in his very first match  
and captures five wickets as well,  
and my team wins the match due to my outstanding performance.

Then I become a famous singer,  
my very first song brings Oscar Award for me,  
and I see beautiful babes,  
rushing to me for taking my autograph.

After that I become a great leader,  
like Nelson Mandela I pass my life,  
mostly in the jails but at last  
I win independence for my nation.

In the end I become a handsome youth,  
who crosses many obstacles,  
but all is well that ends well,  
and at last I win love of my beloved.

The first three dreams are changed every day,  
but my fourth dream never changes,  
however, it's interrupted by a jealous and hysterical woman.  
"Getup Old Man! Your breakfast is ready."

After taking my breakfast I come on my desk,  
I recollect my dreams and select the best one,  
I write a poem and start day dreaming,  
I see myself as a great poet!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Deadly Romance

The caravan of life never stops,  
A harvest is followed by new grown crops,  
Cold nights are followed by hot sunny days,  
When paths are enlighten by golden rays,  
Destruction is followed by new construction,  
Hope removes the effects of dejection,  
In this changing world nothing is stable,  
Strong were those now weak and feeble.

Oh! Helpless men, don't waste your tears,  
Get rid of weakness forget your fears,  
Revolutions don't come in a week or a month,  
An entire generation has to put his worth,  
Grandfathers sow the seeds for a better tomorrow,  
Grandsons get a joy that follows now's sorrow,  
Who can change the law of change of nature?  
Struggle will amend this foolish caricature.

The people illiterate, foolish or innocent,  
Not aware of their might, so much ignorant!  
For generations they are serving mighty lords,  
In a bounded square are controlled by chords,  
The hidden chords who worship the rising suns,  
Their thinking and beliefs are determined by guns,  
They live for the lords they die for the lords,  
They smile for the lords they cry for the lords.

Their children are not allowed to go to schools,  
Their sons are showered in bloody pools,  
Their daughters are raped and they accept the torture,  
As a writing of their fates, what a foolish caricature!  
They cannot protest they can't raise their voices,  
As the lords bring votes they are ruler's choices,  
My Lord! How do you see this hell-fare system?  
Let us rise and move for a welfare system.

Humanity will survive and the rest will die,  
It's abstract truth and the rest is a lie.  
The seed was sown in Adam by God,

Who bowed his head with submission and nod,  
Winter after autumn and spring after winter,  
Time runs fast like a winning splinter,  
Humanity is a tree and seen many ages,  
The man now free has remained in cages.

Let the powerful know the poisons you sown,  
Will kill your descendants if watered to be grown,  
Your crowns will be melted and smashed your thrones,  
They will dig your grave and will burn your bones.  
When the angry feeble men rise like a volcano,  
They don't rise for a tune on piano.  
They don't smile and sing and dance,  
But a cruel adventure and a deadly romance!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Deep State

He thinks he elects his toys, innocent!  
Living in a deep state, the ignorant!  
But he needs some joys,  
A child is happy in toys,  
Let him play, the toys are impotent.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Defeat In Love Is Better Than A Win

Dreaming something more beautiful than beauty,  
with the dawn when a butterfly started his journey of love,  
the bud of rose drunk in the wine of sleepiness,  
reluctant to get up and to welcome the flying rainbow,  
the wind titillating the buds and singing in whispers,  
your teen age is over.

get yourself prepared for a date,  
someone is coming with attractive colors.

But besides colors you have fragrance,

It's your day,

it's your date,

it's your game.

And I am sure you will win this game of love.

The bud left her bed and took a shower of dew.

In a pink skirt when the rose bud saw butterfly,  
she became once again ecstatic.

The colors started it with the flying kisses,  
and finished it with hot kissing of petals,  
again and again.

The bud surrendered to the butterfly  
and when the wind interrogated her,  
with a sigh she exclaimed  
and said

his colors have wings  
my colors do not fly,  
my fragrance spreads  
but remains unseen,  
how could I have won  
this game of love!

The wind smiled and said,

&quot;Never mind

a defeat in love is better than a win,  
as it will make you the ruling queen.&quot;

Akhtar Jawad

# A Delighting Decision (A Poem, Being Inspired By A Post Of Marie Shine)

The lengthening shadows are writing a poem on love,  
for the whole sunny day we walked together,  
now it's an evening of courtship and romance.  
Moon and the stars are choosing their best dresses,  
and they found it,  
I see clouds too ecstatic to wrap them in silk,  
and the touch of silk is exciting us for many more touches.  
Let us celebrate this shy evening with a kiss,  
ahead is the climax of the nature's bliss.  
Ahead is a night,  
in too dark it will be too bright,  
and it will promise to recur throughout the life.  
I expect thunders of the clouds as clapping of nature,  
We shall welcome the flashes of lightning as her smiles.  
Tonight we shall be too close like color and fragrance of a rose,  
and we shall dance.  
I am sure and you should also be sure,  
for all pains of life,  
forever,  
for each other,  
we are and we shall remain a cure.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Different Girl

I see a change in her,  
Yes, I still look at her.  
She has closed her doors,  
I have closed my doors.  
But a window is still open,  
The vagabond being an old peeper,  
While peeping in through the open windows,  
Sees a different girl!  
She is no more sleeping in the swimming costume,  
now she sleeps in a blue night gown.  
Heart beats are the same,  
and her lovely eyes staring at roof,  
sometimes at this wall sometimes at that wall,  
she never looks at the windows,  
perhaps she doesn't want to disturb the peeper.  
How beautiful are her eyes,  
capable of drowning the entire universe!  
Sometimes hiding her face in the pillow,  
She wants to conceal her tears from the peeper?  
Is it the same girl who watched porn on computer?  
Now when she fails to sleep in the early hours of night,  
She goes to computer and writes a poem,  
now her poems are different,  
No vulgarity in it,  
now she nicely paints human sentiments.  
Who brought these changes in her?  
Her first step on the highway of maturity,  
Or it's love, otherwise,  
May be both!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Divine Honey Moon

A divine honeymoon that starts with a crescent,  
and ends with the next crescent  
with childish disputes like that  
when we see children playing on streets,  
yes, here there aren't sufficient play grounds  
and our children play on the streets,  
fighting on the decisions of empires,  
whether the tennis ball that hit the leg  
was outside the leg stump or not,  
like nature they don't have  
the provisions of action replay  
so there is no third empire,  
consequently divided in mini sub groups  
and we see a number of stumps  
close to each other,  
making play a painful fun.

A divine adventure that starts with a crescent,  
and ends on a play and display of fire arms  
with the next crescent,  
a day for the children and the teens,  
new colorful dresses and graceful shoes,  
with a lot of money in the pockets  
given by elders on the happy day,  
that starts with a shower  
and prayers in a ground,  
I mean showers at home and prayers outside,  
a day of forgiveness and social contacts.

For twenty nine or thirty days,  
depending on sighting of the crescent,  
though astronomy provides definite calculations,  
as to when the crescent will be sighted,  
so what, no harm in it, let them enjoy  
if they are fond of suspense!

The old man takes it as a change in life style,  
the adventure starts before the astronomical twilight,  
eating rich dishes drinking milk and tea,

prayers with hopes until the sun rises,  
life remaining static for eleven months,  
becomes dynamic, a welcome change.

Sleeping till the sun comes on the heads,  
that's one of the two most attractive features,  
sleeping during fasting is written by The Angels,  
as a good deed,  
and the other breaking the fast just after sun set.  
What a time is that!

Tasty dishes appear to the eyes of hungry and thirsty old man,  
like aurora on the blue sky,  
and the old man asks,  
Oh Sun! Stop this kissing of ocean,  
and do what is done after kissing.  
I am at liberty to do anything after the dusk,  
aren't you?

Washing the hands, mouth and the feet,  
after the noon prayers,  
and start peeping in the kitchen,  
regretting the labor pain of a woman from east,  
yes, a woman from east  
faces labor pain throughout her life,  
cleaning the house,  
washing the clothes,  
cooking even in the heat strokes,  
always taking care of her children,  
and when the husband praises her for the outputs,  
she forgets all her pains  
and she is renovated  
and she is innovated,  
for some new and better outputs.

When I ask her,  
'May I help you? '  
'No thanks, go and recite the Holy Book.'  
I could never tell her,  
a woman is also a holy book,  
I read her,  
I am reading her,  
I shall read her,  
I think this book will continue

even on the heavens!

Silently I go out and arrive in the markets,  
A rush I see on the stalls on both sides of the roads,  
sweets and snacks,  
but I opt for spicy snacks,  
and sugar cane juice,  
I know she likes it,  
So let me add this item song,  
to the movie of fast breaking at dusk.  
Yes, item songs have become  
an integral part of Bollywood movies,  
a hot song and dance!  
And it works.

Bollywood is in Mumbai,  
Formerly Bombay, India.  
In India Iftar Parties, the fast breaking parties,  
are arranged by the politicians  
all attend it irrespective of their religions,  
the rivals meet, sit and talk, and discuss what,  
they couldn't discuss in the parliament.

I try hard to balance the adventure,  
with her in a lovely night,  
but the cruel woman,  
pushes me out of the house,  
and having no alternate,  
I come to the mosque,  
for the night prayers,  
lengthy, more than twice the routine,  
but when I come back I find myself fully fit,  
as yogis find them after yoga exercises.  
I thank God, the change of life style,  
is lovely, amazing and nice!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Doll Of Clay (Being Inspired By Marie Shine's Poem Ecstasy)

Love!

Thanks for relieving me from cares.

Love!

I shall wait for you in the next nightmares.

Thanks for relieving me from the pains.

I don't mind your given stains,

The ecstasy that you provide,

is followed by a will to abide

the fatigues of a new and tiring day,

after all I'm a doll of helpless clay!

Embraced in the arms let me forget the misses,

Come on sweetheart it; s a moment of kisses!

(Thanks Marie Shine, your poem is nice and inspiring, and I reacted with a poem.)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Fairy Came To Me

A fairy came to me,  
I was pleased to see,  
She doesn't lack fame,  
You know her name,  
She has a beautiful face,  
With a lot of grace,  
Her wings are weak,  
She glided from the peak,  
She said to pray,  
For a curing ray,  
That could mend the wrong,  
Did by devils so strong,  
They wounded her wings,  
With a sword that pings,  
That affected her flights,  
All days all nights,  
She wants to go back,  
On her lovely track,  
She wants to fly,  
In the blue sky,  
From east to west,  
To extend her nest,  
She wants to sing,  
On her mono string,  
A song for all,  
Whether big or small,  
A lyric of love,  
My poor wounded dove!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Fairy Of Dreams

Why do you dream of a fairy my love?  
Taste if you can it's a berry my love,  
See colors of my cheeks touch softness of my lips,  
I have come to you with the unlocked zips,  
See deep brown eyes your image embraced,  
The restless silk for your shoulders to be traced,  
My lovely neck that is thirsty of your arms,  
Let your eyes be slipped to the open hidden charms,  
Cant' you kiss my round milky arms,  
Front or back I have silky charms.

Have a look at me from my hairs to my feet,  
Pay thanks to Him it's a fairy you meet,  
With an x-ray device just put it on your eyes,  
Don't fly like angles in the high skies,  
Burn your wings and let them decay,  
I'm confident transparency will play,  
The role it played you read in the tales,  
Make a fairy's land in the barren vales,  
Forget all your worries in music and dance,  
Could you bury all else in the soil of romance!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Family

And when My Lord created the triangle  
of space, time and love,  
virtually a family was created,  
the trio having no end is playing its role,  
and so are the families,  
the units of society,  
to provide the infant,  
protection and caress,  
and socialization,  
to grow up in a civilized human.  
Where families are broken,  
individuals are also broken.  
I see families in its primitive forms  
even in animals and green plants.  
A society with an unit of individuals,  
is primitive, uncivilized and uncultured,  
it can give birth to the love children,  
who may grow as angry youths  
to take their revenge from the society.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Father On Way Back Home

Now it's over, the fatigue of the day,  
sweats dried and muscles are relieved,  
while coming back, the childish rains!  
A naughty downpour that climbed from the back,  
And the one that took my left hand in her hand,  
the other gripped my right hand as she knows,  
whatever he is carrying will be picked out  
from the bag with this powerful hand,  
but I am refreshed by a fine mild shower,  
on my bosom with her lips on my forehead.  
Rains!

While I was dying for loneliness I needed!  
You,  
obliged the tired man with kisses and hugs,  
and reminded me,  
the fatigues of the day are over,  
but for whom it was a day of struggle,  
are now full of rains of love,  
and a beautiful lady is standing on the doors,  
she is old, still gold,  
My salute to this great grandmother!  
With a cloud on her back,  
another holding her right hand,  
the third with her hand in the right hand,  
and the amazing fourth with both hands,  
around her neck.

I accelerated my motor bike.

Rains!

You are wonderful!  
You encourage me to live,  
but I am living for the rains of love,  
that are waiting for me at my sweet home!

Akhtar Jawad

## A Few Comments (On Marie Shine's Various Posts)

I am tall and too delicate,  
you cannot climb at my top,  
I shall be broken and you'll fall down,  
touch my top in my virtual image,  
I am there in the depths of water,  
come on I shall hug you and you'll kiss me.  
Don't chase me in the infinite universe,  
locate me on your earth.  
Our colors attract us to each other from a distance  
but to feel the perfumes we should come close,  
so close that we do not remain two.  
Don't search the lover of nature now,  
he has dived in the depths,  
he is being hugged and nature is being kissed by him.  
the lover is now here,  
look at his shocking pink color,  
he has come out of the depths as beautiful flowers.  
Once upon a time he was an ignorant human,  
now he is the universe,  
expressing himself as a human for a little while.  
He got it,  
love is the secret of life,  
pretty simple,  
he had come in the world with a good heart  
and he nicely performed his job,  
he is changed in a flower,  
will be faded leaving behind the color and fragrance.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Few Favored Moments – An Independent Translation Of Yasmeen Khan's Poem Chand Mehrbaan Sa'Atein(Urdu)

The lonely silence like the queen of night,  
Ruling outside dark but inside a light,  
With a few candles of the moments lost,  
Favored moments that twinkle in the frost,  
Inside closed eyelids a rainbow of phosphene,  
Evolving in rings like painful phosphine,  
Still their arms in aroma's arms,  
The floor of heart with dancing charms,  
Why you wrote a love story on the sand,  
Alas! Could you stop the fingers and the hand!  
Why you forget the tides and waves,  
Love stories buried in the ocean's graves,  
Leave behind on the shoulders of breeze,  
Memories of the past violently squeeze!

(Phosphene- -A luminous image produced by mechanical stimulation of the retina, as by pressure applied to the eyeball by the finger when the lid is closed.  
Phosphine- -Chemical Formula PH<sub>3</sub>, a poisonous gas that evolves in the shape of rings, a compound of Phosphorus and Hydrogen.)

## Original Poem

Chand Mehrbaan Sa'Atein(Urdu) - Poem by Yasmeen Khan

khamoshi raat ki raani ki manind  
undhere peh raaj karti hey  
kuch guzrey hoey lamhaey  
chand mehrban sa'atein  
band aankhon ke saamne  
khushboo ki bahon mein bhaien dale  
mehfel e dil mein raqsan hein

sarshari key who pal  
waqt ki unglion ney sab rait peh likhey  
tund lehon key haath mitate chalei gaey  
hawwaen chalti raheen,  
titlion key par bhikartei rahey  
daastanein janam laitee raheen

dum tortee gaien  
par yaadon key diye hawaon key dosh peh  
larzte rehe  
aur.....hamesha lo detey rahey

Akhtar Jawad

# A Fidel And His Leftovers

His fore finger was once again  
on the button of an electric bell  
The Fidel listened to the same old voice  
&quot;Who is there? &quot;  
&quot;It's me, but the doors are locked.&quot;  
She opened the door and came out.  
A girl in her teens!  
He wonders,  
what has happened in the last twenty years?  
When last time his fore finger was on the same button,  
He heard some other words.  
&quot;Who is there? &quot;  
&quot;It's me.&quot;  
&quot;Please come in the doors are open.&quot;  
He always left something at her flat  
for want of a reason to come back again.  
Everything has changed during his twenty years exile.  
But the real change was in that  
a woman who should be fifty  
was appearing a teen aged girl!  
Anyhow, he got in.  
An old woman came out from the bed room.  
&quot;So you have come back!  
Last time when you left the flat  
You left your something valuable for me.  
Your son has now started coming here  
and he leaves something  
for coming here once again.  
Tell him who is she?  
Now you may go,  
she is a student of medicine,  
if you have courage to speak the truth  
tell her who are you  
and who your son is for her.&quot;  
The Fidel left the flat without leaving anything there!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Fire Rainbow

What else is love an ecstasy that constrains  
to forget the ethics, to put tomes on the shelf,  
a petition against dry ice of the brains,  
when the plaintiff becomes a justice himself,  
when the hearts write a new code of conduct,  
kill the bloody brain who is he to obstruct?  
What else is love the surrender to someone,  
a total blind submission no room is left,  
the senses are drunk and unite for the one,  
a thief himself who inspires for the theft,  
when the eyes regain see a fire rainbow,  
but how color blinds can enjoy this show?  
What else is love a cool and soothing fire,  
a mutiny of heart against the hating brains,  
the weapon of love the instinctive desire,  
sets aside all and keeps the lovely stains,  
the skies when steal this colorful verse,  
a rainbow rules, "Earth not yet adverse."

Akhtar Jawad

# A Flower Of Ethics

Essence for the elites,  
Colors general delights.  
But the flower blooms,  
For ecstasy of nectar,  
I'm drunk of it's seven lights.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Flying Kiss

I cried so much on my sins,  
Noah asked Him,  
Should I go to the earth once again?  
God smiled and said,  
Man is now matured enough,  
No more prophets,  
God appointed an Angel,  
Who keeps me away from you!  
Otherwise your beauty is enough,  
To excite me for more sins,  
I can't kiss you sweetheart,  
But the Angel is helpless here,  
A flying kiss! He cannot stop.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Flying Rainbow

She flies from petals to petals,  
In a twinkling of the poetic eyes  
Like a gymnast performs it so well!  
That's how the poet sees butterflies.

In colorful lights when she dances  
Like a sweet cute girl of only seven  
Shakes n awakes the sleeping buds  
That's how a poet views the heaven.

Excites the buds to open their petals  
Aromatic beauty makes air ecstatic  
Touches millions of senses in a second  
That's how a poet turns so aesthetic.

Owe to the show of a cute butterfly  
To the tunes of beating rainbow wings  
To the flood lights of colors in dance  
That's how a poet gets a pen of stings.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Foolish Granddaughter

She is quarrelsome  
Still awesome!  
She quarrels for me.  
She uses abusive language,  
and abuses those,  
who use abusive language for me!  
She cries with me  
she smiles with me  
she is a part of my life  
an integral part!  
I am a human being  
not an Angel.  
I defend her  
even when she is wrong.  
I stand by her  
as she always stands by me.  
But then with an affectionate smile  
I kiss her forehead  
and just say  
what a foolish granddaughter you are!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Friend

Friendship is an amazing relationship,  
I don't know how others understand,  
I don't know how others withstand,  
It is something hidden and locked by a zip.

By the passage of time,  
A friend is gradually exposed,  
Constituents are often decomposed,  
Keeping the relations becomes a crime.

If the common interest,  
Is very much alike,  
And if the same thing, both dislike,  
The friend is nearer than nearest.

I never found dearer than dearest,  
Wish you good luck and all the best.

Friendship needs trust and sighting,  
Often a friend like a comedian of Hollywood,  
Says or writes some thing not very good  
Ask him to explain his saying or writing.

Before changing your attitude or the behavior,  
You should inform your friend about his lacks,  
Don't make his heart a wall of cracks,  
You shouldn't be destroyer, act like a savior.

I didn't find a savior in my life,  
Except one, my lovely wife!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Friend Is A Mirror

A friend is a mirror,  
an image with no error,  
as long as you're before,  
a truthful, can't ignore,  
how much you are pretty,  
how much you are ugly,  
tells you not any other,  
when you leave the mirror,  
he forgets your image.  
Face truth with courage.

(Based on a saying of Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him, that a believer is a mirror for the other believer)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Garden Of My Fair Lady

The pains you give to me,  
the misbehaves I face everyday,  
the maltreatment I tolerate,  
might have wet my eyes for sometime!  
But I know the time apparently cruel,  
is making a pavement for me,  
in the thorny bushes of life,  
and I am heading to the gates of a garden,  
where there is my fair lady,  
in a silky white dressing,  
with a bouquet of white scented flowers,  
in her smooth and touching soft palm,  
and,  
with a kind and inviting smile on her pink lips.

Sweetheart!

All lines of love have been erased from my palm,  
heat of pains I got in my life,  
have made my palm so much heated and soft,  
that when you give your left palm in my right palm,  
you will not find it difficult to imprint a new love line,  
and when I shall take the bouquet in my left palm,  
my both palms will be frozen,  
the new love line will be an immortal line.

Who says I shall die?

I shall kiss my fair lady,  
she will sit beneath a tall tree,  
with its roots deep in the earth,  
and its apex touching the skies,  
with her feet in the water of an eternal canal,  
I shall put my head on her thighs,  
with the bouquet of new flowers of love,  
in my left hand,  
and my right arm enveloping her for ever.  
She will comb my dusty hairs with her artistic fingers,  
and I shall sleep for ever in a new garden,  
and you say it will be my grave!  
No I can't believe,  
it will be a garden of my fair lady!



# A Gentleman's Revenge

An enemy who is not an American,  
But he is living in the United States,  
How can I hate an abnormal man?  
But for me he has a lot of hates.

A terrorist, with a pen that is an extremist,  
Abusive language for my poetry and its ovule,  
I give a point to the poets who are below him  
That's how I poke into his brain's vestibule,

Those friends never read my poems in return,  
Must be surprised why those poets I still read!  
Go on eating fruit I am providing to you,  
Welcome a gentleman's revenge, I will read!

(But I wonder why the editors of do not read and delete the abusive writes!)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Grandchild

I see a grave very small,  
Inside it an infant is sleeping,  
His soul is away but where is the soul,  
I shall tell you, wait, and let me fly,  
To the first sky,  
I see the infant and I see a fairy,  
Breast feeding the infant,  
Singing a sweet melody,  
What a lullaby is this!

I see a grave not too small,  
Inside it a child is sleeping,  
His soul is away but where is the soul,  
I shall tell you, wait, and let me fly,  
To the second sky,  
I see the child and other children,  
Making too much noise,  
Playing hide and seek,  
What a game is this!

I see a grave bigger than the two,  
Inside it a boy is sleeping,  
His soul is away but where is the soul,  
I shall tell you, wait, and let me fly,  
To the third sky,  
I see the boy with a sweet lovely girl,  
They are sharing snacks,  
And cold drink,  
What a drink is this!

I see again a grave is it,  
Inside it a teenager is sleeping,  
His soul is away but where is the soul,  
I shall tell you, wait, and let me fly,  
To the fourth sky,  
I see the teenager keenly watching,  
The forbidden fruit on the bosom of a tree,  
With his keen thirsty eyes,  
What a fruit is this!

I see another grave,  
Inside it a naughty youth is sleeping,  
His soul is away but where is the soul,  
I shall tell you, wait, and let me fly,  
To the fifth sky,  
I see the youth with his old girl friend,  
Desirous to taste the fruit,  
But her beauty of refraining,  
What a beauty is refraining!

I see one more grave,  
Inside it a father is sleeping,  
His soul is away but where is the soul,  
I shall tell you, wait, and let me fly,  
To the sixth sky,  
A lovely woman with all her charms,  
Relieving the father of his pains,  
And hard working for the child,  
What a child is this!

I see last of the graves,  
It's waiting yet for the old grandfather,  
His soul is away but where is the soul,  
I shall tell you, wait, and let me fly,  
To the seventh sky,  
I see nothing an Angel informed,  
His soul is in his lovely grandchild,  
What a grandchild is this!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Gratitude To My Unseen Friends

My unseen friends how beautiful you are,  
I haven't seen anything, in this time of ugliness,  
More pretty than you, more lovely than you,  
I have seen photographs, some are current,  
And some when they were half open buds,  
Even then I can imagine how nice the flowers are,  
That spread odor and color in the lonely life,  
Everyday every night their words shine like stars,  
How amazing are these stars, having various costumes,  
Sometimes they appear as a moon in the dark nights,  
Sometimes they appear as a sun in cold winter days,  
And in the heat strokes they enter through windows,  
Like a cool breeze and temperature that is high,  
Due to the heat of friends and acquaintances,  
I see around me and I am tense and sad,  
The magicians come and sing a song for me,  
They play music on various instruments,  
In the early morning it's a flute I listen to,  
During noon one plays a tune on guitar,  
In the evening it's a piano and a violin at night,  
A few are dancers and when they dance,  
My eyelids are closed even then I watch,  
The beauty of their dance amusing and amazing,  
I feel the touch of the soft lovely palm,  
On my forehead and even my heart,  
Is touched by lullabies of the beauty of words,  
Words arranged in beautiful lines,  
A fragrance that shines like a rainbow,  
Yes the fragrance shines because it's a poem,  
A poem having thoughts I personify,  
And I see charming friends, who awake a sleeping child,  
We sing together, we dance together,  
We play many games and when I sleep,  
I see beautiful fairies in a garden of poems,  
Where these friends are turned in trees,  
And the poems appear as green branches,  
And their words as roses and jasmines,  
Different in color and fragrance but flowers,  
In the garden I find myself in a wonderland,

How beautiful is my life with my unseen friends,  
The magicians who come from various parts,  
Of the world with magic of poetry,  
Once I wished I could meet my friends,  
In the real life but I mended myself,  
Let them shine in a distant Milky Way,  
They are moons and stars if they come to me,  
They may join those whom I see around me.  
A distant object is always pretty and nice.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Great Poetess

Admired and enjoyed,  
As a guide I deployed,  
Messages I found,  
In her poems so profound,  
Her messages of ethics,  
Her sense of civics,  
A true loving heart,  
In the battle with thwart!

Always wins the wars,  
She's Venus in stars,  
A candle although old,  
But her flame is gold,  
A beacon on the shore,  
Guess her and adore,  
You know her well,  
A melodious bell!

When my brain is tired,  
I am not admired,  
Inspiration I need,  
Then my childish greed,  
Looks her for a feed,  
And a flower I read,  
Fragrance of her flower,  
Is an inspiring shower!

Should I take her name?  
Watch the Hall of Fame,  
Pick your lovely choice,  
And listen to the voice,  
Of the lady with grace,  
What a smiling face!  
Or remain in suspense,  
I am too much dense!

My Dear Friend, your guess is wrong,  
No more teasing, now I don't prolong,  
Her love children you see every night,

And in the sun you see her light,  
Her love children are the beautiful flowers,  
Her love children are the pleasant showers,  
Her favorite child is the beautiful moon,  
She believes in love and love is a boon.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Guide For Boys In Love

You are sitting on the bank of a lake,  
Engaged in fishing and smoking with silence,  
You are not interested in a particular fish,  
Depending entirely on your fate for the day.

The fish may be beautiful or may be ugly,  
A friend of your system or harmful for it,  
It may suit to your taste,  
Or just a food, for your hunger, so wild.

You are hungry and thirsty,  
Just need a fish,  
Being called by instinct.  
Whether moral or immoral.

Bring your ears a little closer to my mouth,  
Hunger of the girls are more intense,  
But they know it well,  
They may fish a snake.  
What is inside the lake,  
You are completely unaware,

(An immediate response to Yash Shinde's request)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Guide For Girls In Love

A man who is never sentimental,  
Always discussing philosophy and ethics,  
Always busy in business dynamics,  
And not admires you when you're emotional,  
Is merely a book to be kept on the shelf,  
Not for reading by your loving self,

A man who is always sentimental,  
In a minute he is happy and cross in the next,  
Is a write on computer an editable text,  
Carefully handle him, may be too fatal.  
Treat him like a child and keep him busy,  
Better you get rid of this man so fussy.

A man who is sentimental only sometimes,  
Understands your emotions and knows you well,  
Stands by you in paradise or hell,  
Suits to you like beautiful rhymes.  
May be your partner for the whole of life,  
Love him, marry him, be his wife.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Half Shy Woman

O God!

Perhaps you were when annoyed of your full shyness,  
that was the cause of your restlessness.

How many years you passed.

Millions, billions or trillions

I don't know.

Thinking and developing

the negative of your thoughts in a dark room

touching, retouching and giving it all the colors you have.

You enlarged it so much that its feet were on the earth

and hairs were covering the whole universe.

But you veiled this portrait until you created a lover

to admire and love this work of art.

And when you put the best of your love

in the bosom of a lover

you unveiled the portrait of this half shy woman.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Hangdog

Though man is not an amphibian frog  
Learns to smile and becomes a Gog,  
Sometimes player sometimes a toy  
Passes life as a playboy  
And hugs the death as a hangdog!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Happy Birthday

Happy birthday to everyone who was born on this day,  
Live and let others live that's what I can say,  
A happy and prosperous life I pray,  
My beloved granddaughter was born today,  
I love this day and one, who was born on this day,  
My love, well wishes and joys to stay,  
All pains and sorrows I brutally slay,  
Smile whole night and smile whole day,  
Sing and dance how much you may,  
Enjoy this life as it's nothing but a play,  
Beautiful returns of the charming day,  
What a reason to be happy for tearing clay,  
Forget everything wish you happy birthday.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Happy New Year

Leaving frustrations and terror behind,  
Another year, so cruel and so unkind,  
Has now entered in the dark black hole,  
Still dances on earth its porn whole sole,  
A year has gone another is born,  
With the same sharpness of deadly horn,  
Unpredictable infant with tightly closed palms,  
Pinching hairs I see on its knife like arms,  
I could have described hopefully its charms,  
But I see it has come with black storms.

Many believe in forecasts and predictions,  
But I smile on it, I prefer calculations,  
Based on truthful ground realities,  
Facts and figures! Calculate cruelties,  
I am also a human I believe in hope.  
Dangerous is the height, we walk on a rope,  
And the air that is blowing now a days,  
Is the worst enemy that always betrays!  
Satanic agents who support the terror?  
I lack courage, can't work as a mirror!  
We all are cowards and can't be truthful,  
So how can I hope for a year beautiful!  
But as an optimistic I hope and pray,  
A happy new year, be it so, it may!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Heart Attack

A night between 31st. March and 1st. April, Two thousand eight,  
Nature arrested my naughty heart,  
The juvenile delinquent was charged of a sexy naught,  
The whole day it was restless and I thought it's a gastric pain,  
Excessive use of Chooran, (Salts mainly Ammonium Chloride) ,  
Started dancing in the arteries, I never knew they are blocked,  
Salts increased Blood Pressure that caused a mild heart attack,  
The specialist sentenced my heart for a boring imprisonment of a few days in  
CCU,  
Whereat Angiography revealed blockages of the sins in various arteries,  
Ranging from 50 per cent to 70 per cent,  
I told my beloved the artery that is blocked 70 per cent,  
Seems the sin of your love, she smiled and asked,  
What about others?  
The specialist who knew my family history,  
Interrupted and said it's genetic,  
No need of worry, you are an stable patient,  
I said I don't know what a stable patient is,  
He replied, &quot;You have no other disease,  
Neither high blood pressure, or the sugar problem.&quot;  
What a foolish doctor! He is not a poet!  
If he would be a poet he must have known,  
The juvenile delinquency of love affairs,  
Blocks arteries and the valves of the heart,  
Instead of advising no more love affairs,  
He forbade the meat eating and chewing tobacco,  
He didn't like the poem of heart attack,  
Disliked it and made an indecent comment,  
I like the comment of my daughter-in-law,  
She said, papa made everyone an April fool,  
I replied yes I fooled even Angel of Death.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Heart For Sale

A heart is for sale,  
It's old and stale,  
Sometimes insane,  
Sometimes profane,  
Sometimes it's liked,  
But often is disliked!  
Cracked all-round,  
But is still profound!  
Has a funny caricature  
It's allotropic in nature,  
It's a veiled black coal,  
If you make it your goal,  
Pay your love as its price,  
You'll find it nice,  
It may appear on your cheeks,  
As a mole she seeks,  
Or at your lovely peaks,  
Like a diamond that weeks,  
Your controlled sentiments,  
If you need ornaments!  
It can change its shape,  
No need of a rape,  
It will wave its tail,  
Like a convict in jail,  
You are rich in love,  
It's cheap like a dove,  
With a branch of olive,  
Struggling to survive!

Akhtar Jawad

# A History Of The Future

Maturity is increasing day by day,  
Distances are decreasing day by day,  
Friction that causes heat of the hate,  
Evolution is greasing day by day.

Human machine in the future I see,  
Much more rectified caricature I see.  
Understanding better, tolerance extreme,  
A pretty heart catching picture I see.

The machine is free of sounds and smokes,  
Humanity not a victim of violent strokes,  
Coexistence, brotherhood, the machine produces,  
Live, let others live, the produce provokes.

UNO more powerful with its decisive roles,  
More food from the sea, vegetation and soles,  
Some fills for the belt of ozone from the earth,  
Something from space for human black holes!

God asking Angels to defer destruction,  
To wait and see for man's construction,  
He will see, can we feed our growing population,  
He has made us worthy of His Perfection.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Holy River

I could not remain frozen on the hills  
When the naughty sun kissed and touched me  
I started melting in the sun's hot arms  
I became ecstatic when the valley hugged me  
I could not resist the nature's calls  
I fell in love where snow falls.

I ran to the plain to wash the frozen black blood.  
With all the human dirt of hate and violence  
Drinking new poisons throughout my journey  
How long I could show patience and tolerance  
I now dive in the sea to commit suicide  
My valentine has been killed in a mass homicide!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Human Face

So long ago having ended nineteen years in playing  
I was astonished to taste for the first time a new éclair  
Though I could not see your face as you were veiled  
Still a few glimpses gave an idea that your complexion is fair.  
Chasing veiled faces hoping one day the wind will explore  
A face, beautiful I expect, I could love and adore.

Time whitened my hairs and darkened sensitive skin  
My dreaming eyes, my loving heart and my thinking brain  
And I, with a pen to draw your sketch in beautiful words  
When fell in love, believe me, saw your face in a love stain  
What a glaze, what a grace, a lovely smile on a handsome face,  
In a mirror, though virtual, saw it; it was my own awesome face!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Kinetic Kiss

Rise like clouds and fall like rains,  
Roam below the blue sky,  
Sing with a friend and dance with ally,  
Wash out the acids and kill the pains,  
A rainbow is needed by an aesthetic heart,  
Inspire a lover for a poetic art.

Like a barbie doll in a colorful dress,  
Its softness on the lips, a rose in hairs,  
Silently come on the back stairs,  
I am aggrieved will you please redress,  
No work is more important than love,  
What else is needed if we can love!

Winds are wet, a noon of dim light,  
No heat strokes now weather is pleasing,  
The naughty nature is truly teasing,  
Ahead of us is a full moon night,  
Not much sweetheart just a moment of bliss,  
A healing heating hug, a kinetic kiss!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Kiss

I close my eyes  
I close my ears  
let your lips come in contact of my lips  
I want to know the miracle  
how eyes and ears are grown in the lips.  
It's sweet what I saw in you  
it's sweeter what I listened to from you  
I am still in search what's the sweetest  
It's duration of the kiss that was too short.  
Well, not bad in the courtship.

Kiss me again and forget everything  
as long as that when our lips are separated  
we see wrinkles on our faces  
and our hairs are white.  
We have lost half of our teeth  
still a lot we have that will never be lost.  
We are not on the wheel chairs  
we are still on our bed.  
We listen to a few fairies, mermaids and unicorns  
wishing happy golden jubilee of our kiss  
a kiss in that our whole life was passed.  
What a life it was that lasted in a kiss!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Laborer's Spouse

Fire is set leaving behind an aurora on sky,  
Birds are back to the nests, no more fly,  
The stars with moon take off their flight,  
Ahead of them is a pleasant night,  
The tired laborer has dived in the ocean,  
Deep very deep with love and passion,  
In the arms of his appealing mermaid,  
I don't see but heard what is said,  
Waves whisper with the naughty sand,  
Show of love is charming and grand,  
Laborer is fresh his sweat is dissolved,  
All the issues in a moment are resolved.  
A woman is still waiting for spouse,  
With children at the door of her house,  
Looking so innocent in her trodden shirt,  
To wipe his sweat and remove the dirt,  
He has got a job that's why he is late,  
For a night of love it's a day of fate,  
Fumes of fire wood will repel the insects,  
Mosquitoes interrupt, the joy imperfects,  
Some oil I shall bring my lantern will be lit,  
After many days in light we shall sit,  
An evening with joys of delicious foods,  
And after that the romantic moods,  
Three days were passed on the baked grains,  
Tonight the bread will remove the pains,  
Shall bring my earnings by sewing and stitching,  
Tomorrow he will see my delicious dishing,  
Know what at lunch he likes to look,  
Not so many but one I shall cook,  
From nearby mosque my son who brings,  
Few buckets of water to wash many things,  
Including the tires of his old manual bike,  
Neat and clean I love and like,  
Like animals laborers pass their lives,  
But a few days that are made by the wives.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Laughing Mirror

I have a laughing mirror,  
When a wave of proud,  
Far from the humble banks,  
Attacks my body,  
Attacks my soul,  
Disturbs my balance,  
I see my face,  
In the laughing mirror.

I have a laughing mirror,  
When ugliness of someone,  
Shuts down my eyelids,  
My soul is angry,  
Warns and instructs,  
Open your eyes,  
And see your face,  
In the laughing mirror.

Tears come out,  
I am frustrated,  
How I ugly I am!  
How selfish I am!  
And I am proud of myself!  
Shame on me!  
Someone whispers in ears,  
You have a plane mirror too.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Letter To Santa Claus

Dear and Respected St. Nicholas,  
Children still need your love and caress,  
Yes they need chocolates and lovely toys,  
But the girls and the boys,  
Are in dire need of a future,  
They are afraid of the caricature,  
Of political and religious leaders,  
The satanic pleaders,  
Polarization they increase,  
Peace of mind they decrease,  
War for them is a cricket match,  
Innocence from children they snatch,  
Workers fighting polio face their violence,  
Girls' schools are burnt by illiterate ignorance,  
Pollution is increasing day by day,  
A doubtful future is ahead of the clay,  
The damaged layer of ozone is crying,  
In the distant space now man is flying,  
Water the symbol of life,  
Now a pre-war strife,  
Future of children is so much insecure,  
On 24th of December can you bring a cure?  
This year please bring in your lovely packs,  
A secured future for the children free of lacks!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Lie Is Really Beautiful

If someone says I love you my dear,  
Come on my love too close and near.

I shall bring stars from the distant sky,  
I shall make you a fairy and you'll fly,  
I shall live for you and for you I shall die.  
Why don't you react why don't you reply,  
In a manner like a colorful pretty butterfly,  
While kissing a rose, is at all not shy,

You are so pretty so lovely so charming,  
You are so appealing and so much warming.

Your silky hair your deep blue eyes,  
Just like clouds in the high blue skies,  
Restless is my heart, for your petals like lips,  
And dreams for the joy of sailing in the ships.  
The ships that sail to your lovely beach,  
Where lessons of love like waves you teach,  
Flower like palms and the rounded arms,  
You've amazing beauty and exciting charms.

You are so lovely and so much are exciting,  
Your cheeks are attractive and your face inviting.

From head to foot your body is a wave,  
Beauty your mate and attraction your slave,  
Nothing to ignore all you have I should have,  
Why don't you're bold and a little more brave,  
And like a girl you speak and behave,  
You've made me insane you've made me a knave.

You know it well that, in toto, it's a lie,  
You smile and say how lovely is this guy!

(I have edited this poem and changed a few objectionable lines but I think the original poem was a little more beautiful)



## A Lion In A Zoo

He cannot entertain the visitors of the zoo  
His roar is a warning and a frightening shoo  
Like monkeys he cannot entertain the humans  
Though he's not having very good relations  
Still when behind the bars he's the first choice  
His graceful face, his majesty and his voice  
I read his heart through his helpless wet eyes  
His words when he raises the head towards the skies  
"Please open the gates I shall not make any harms  
I'll entertain you, hidden in me are monkey's charms.  
I shall run wildly to my kingdom of forests  
Where in a cave my lonely lioness sadly rests

Akhtar Jawad

# A Lonely Bench

As long as a bench is lonely  
and there are not two humans  
sitting on it,  
may be friends or may be lovers.  
God will overlook billions of benches  
that are not vacant.  
May be it's the only vacant bench on this earth  
with nobody to watch the beauty of nature  
its colors,  
no body to feel its fragrance.  
Come on Sweetheart!  
The scent of your silky hairs  
and perfumes of your colorful dress  
are enough to become a part of the scene.  
Sit with me on this lonely bench,  
feelings of the flowers if scene will lack,  
I promise to add it with a warm kiss.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Lonely Night

The desire that was seeded by dusk,  
My heart was twice baked to be a rusk,  
My soul by the hot fire of the sadness  
Still waiting you with my madness  
You cannot come to me  
My eyes are wet to see  
Another moonlit night  
So cool so warming, so dim so bright  
Will be wasted in loneliness,  
Without you it's a mess!  
The other side by a cold fire of fears  
A smile on my lips, eyes wet with tears  
How I shall control the tsunami of streams  
I know you'll come in my dreams  
To make me more helpless!  
More and more restless!  
What a dawn it would be  
That I never want to see,  
When I shall awake with a desire changed in a sigh,  
Could I sleep in my dreams till you fly in the sky so high!  
And suddenly you come back to shake  
My body and my soul both you awake!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Lonely Old Man

How weak and helpless is a lonely old man!  
He has none to look after him,  
nobody to cook food for him,  
nobody to provide him medical aid,  
nobody to whom he may listen to,  
nobody to whom he may talk.

How mighty is a lonely old man!  
He can think in pin drop silence,  
he can convert his thoughts into a poem,  
he can talk to himself loudly,  
nobody to criticize him,  
nobody to condemn him.

How brave is a lonely old man!  
he will not become a liability for anyone,  
whatever is written in his fate,  
he will face bravely like a soldier,  
he will fight the war of life up to his last breath,  
with all his might as he is right.

How happy is a lonely old man!  
He will welcome the Angel of death,  
with no tears for anyone whom he will miss,  
but with a smile in hope,  
that he is going to another lovely world,  
where there are his elders who truly loved him.

How excited is a lonely old man!  
Like a child who for the first time,  
is tying his bag and baggage for a pleasure trip,  
he is going to see beautiful places  
he has never seen.  
He is ready for a maiden adventure.

How hopeful is a lonely old man!  
he will see his grandparents,  
he will meet his parents,

he will enjoy a different life,  
with friends and acquaintances  
already gone and settled there forever.

How carefree is a lonely old man!  
He will be in a world where nobody is too mighty to kill,  
no court to punish him for his thoughts and writes,  
no laws, no morals, no customs and no taboos,  
where maid of nature will sing the lyric of love  
written by the old man with a youthful heart.

How confident is a lonely old man!  
He will become a child once again,  
he will grow in a handsome youth,  
he will start a new love movie with the same heroin,  
he will have the same children more lovely this time,  
and the cute grandchildren more naughty and more pretty.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Love Child

The welfare trust has many stories,  
I can tell you one that shattered my heart,  
A boy of twenty grown up in the trust,  
Never knew his parents but was keen to know,  
He became a friend of a clerk of the trust,  
Obliged the clerk in so many ways,  
And one day with tears in his thirsty eyes,  
He asked the clerk, can you help me my friend,  
I want to know whose child I am,  
Who brought me here and left me alone,  
You can find it out by checking the records,  
You are custodian of the files that are secret for others,  
The obliged clerk could not say no and started the fatigue,  
Going through the records in the dusty stores,  
After a painful survey of registers so old,  
He found out the name of the woman,  
Who brought this child in a night to the trust,  
He gave to the boy her name and address.  
The hungry thirsty helpless boy,  
Who was never loved and never saw the breast,  
Remained deprived of lullaby of his mother,  
Whenever fell sick none combed his hairs,  
With the soothing fingers to make him sleepy,  
Unaware he grew what a caress is meant,  
No parents or grandparents no sisters no brothers,  
No lovely aunts that look like mothers,  
A child, whose birthday was never celebrated,  
He was grown up as a living robot,  
But the instincts did not spare the poor child,  
He knew what love is and he wanted to love,  
He knew how to make someone a friend.

The boy took the address and with lot of hopes,  
He reached at a slum and questioned many,  
She was not there and nobody knew,  
Where she has gone and what happened to her,  
Meanwhile an old man when heard of him,  
Came to the boy and caressed him,  
I knew your mother her husband was my friend,

He was a taxi driver and died in accident,  
His beautiful wife while carrying you,  
Was gang raped and after that,  
She was never seen but after few months,  
Her dead body was found that was lying on the beach,  
The boy burst into tears then suddenly smiled,  
Thanks God I am not, not a dirty love child!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Love Story Of Rains

She rises from Bay of Bengal,  
A piece of beauty and charms,  
Black hair black eyes, lean and tall,  
And when she spreads her arms,

The sun, the moon and the stars so bright,  
Vanish somewhere behind the sky,  
And the day, sunny day, is turned into night,  
She slows the wind, the birds don't fly.

The teen aged girl is a model of sex,  
Ascends from the sea and descends to the earth,  
Singing dancing on the apex,  
Spreads every where all her wealth.

She looks for a mate,  
Has an ideal in her heart,  
For a lovely date,  
So romantic and smart.

She travels many days,  
She travels many nights,  
Goes on changing unknown ways,  
Pleasing with her wealth so many sights.

And reaches ultimately at the roof of my house,  
And there she sees a handsome boy,  
A rise of Arabian Sea, her ideal spouse.  
A deserving partner a lovely toy.

Violently he embraces her,  
Violently he kisses,  
His awaited mate, he traces her,  
For a year he misses.

Within twinkling of eyes every thing is wet,  
The streets are filled with water of rains,  
Made every one joyful, whenever they met,  
The collision of clouds removes the strains.

The girl hasn't come, and the midnight rain,  
Are the tears fell down on the thirsty earth,  
His soul is humid and the heart in strain,  
He direly needs her sexy wealth.

(When clouds from Bay of Bengal collide with that of Arabian Sea, it causes heavy rains at Karachi)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Lovely Child

The moon is not too high,  
Not so high in the sky,  
Why its light is cool?  
In a starry blue pool,  
It appears so nice,  
Seen it twice and thrice,  
Why my eyes ask me,  
Once more I should see,  
Its face like she,  
Just on the top of a tree.  
By the way let me know,  
When my hair will grow,  
And why she is milky,  
Why her hands are silky,  
Why dark my complexion,  
I remain in dejection,  
Can you bring the moon?  
Where it goes in the noon?  
I shall play with the moon,  
I shall sleep in the noon.

My lovely dear child,  
How innocent and mild!  
She was born in the day,  
From a silky white clay,  
You were born in the night,  
Like moon you are bright,  
Have a glass of milk,  
Grow hair, make it silk,  
See this silver bright tray,  
Have moon in it and sleep,  
The sleep should be deep,  
She will come in your dreams,  
Like this moon's streams.  
And here is a flute,  
Your symbol my cute!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Lovely Date

Dear peacock when you dance in a forest,  
It's the beauty itself that dances with you,  
Can you tell me how do you love and the rest?  
How your beloved romances with you?

Heard when you dance too much in emotion,  
Tears come out of your eyes in love,  
She comes with the kisses of stars in passion,  
Did you teach this art to the lovely dove?

Dear dove while flying you manage to be loved,  
It's the love itself that glides with you,  
Can you teach this art to my angry beloved?  
Who is in your soul that rides with you?

Riding on someone the couple when sings,  
We say it is wind it's not unicorn,  
Sure it's an animal with the mighty wings,  
That telecasts this attractive porn.

Dear mermaids have you seen this porn?  
Tell the dolphins I know you are shy,  
I am still a child and I play in a morn,  
And in aurora of a dusky sky,

Dear dolphins write the secret on the waves,  
The waves will wet and excite the sand,  
Bring Milky Way with the shining paves,  
Running bare footed she will hold my hand,

We shall dive in the sea and go on an island,  
Whereat we shall see the grave of hate,  
Dancing flying and a hand in hand,  
We shall enjoy a lovely date.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Lover's Prayer

Paradise is greed and Hell is a fear,  
Oh God! I love just because you are dear,  
You are hidden in beauty you are hidden in love,  
You are branch of olive in the nib of a dove  
I know you are not on a throne at skies,  
My Kind Savior! Save me from the lies,  
Lead me to the path aromatic and brighten,  
Let the soul rest into arms enlighten,

At times I fall but I feel your grips,  
On my forehead I feel your lips,  
So kind you put back the toy on the rails,  
Yes, you scratch the dirt with nails,  
Not afraid though I know you might!  
You are within me I see your light!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Loyal Friend

A heart is a heart,  
A wild animal,  
It can do anything,  
It can think anything,  
It can jump from a tower,  
It can reach the earth,  
It can swim in your pool,  
It can play with you,  
A loyal friend,  
Always with you,  
It can go anywhere,  
It can go to your room!  
It can see you standing,  
In front of your wardrobe,  
Checking your turn out,  
Choosing a dress,  
After a shower,  
It can whisper in ears,  
Wear that one,  
A green skirt,  
With prints of pink,  
And lovely roses,  
And you turn your face,  
And find no one,  
He is sitting smiling,  
Below the bed,  
It can chase you anywhere,  
Where ever you go,  
It's there sweet heart,  
Below dining table,  
When you take breakfast,  
He knows how,  
The legs of lovers,  
Talk each other,  
It's raining outside,  
And your lovely boy friend,  
Is sitting with you,  
And a sandwich is fell down,  
You remember him then,

He is waiting below,  
A wild animal,  
But you have beauty in you,  
And beauty is magic,  
How nicely you have tamed,  
Your lovely pet,  
A beautiful dog!  
Hope and wish you will tame,  
Your wild boy friend as well!  
□

Akhtar Jawad

# A Magnet

I know it's me who has been attracted by you,  
neither I am silver like the moon,  
nor I am gold like the sun.  
I am just a pin made of iron.  
But when you hugged me  
a magic entered in me  
I have been magnetized  
and started attracting other pins.  
Look at the child playing  
with pins in love of a magnet.  
My God! The child has been magnetized, too!  
How attractive is the child!  
I must kiss his hands  
though not a magic for me,  
but the magic of joy that has made him  
so much cute  
is a wonder for me.  
He is a child who is made of flesh and bone  
but he became a magnet  
when he enjoyed something amazing.  
May this joy develop in a magnetic force of beauty  
and when this child grows up in a handsome man  
may he enjoy humans sticking like pins  
to the magnet of love.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Man And A Bird (Final Part)

A very hot morning I'm waiting for her  
Having fulfilled my promise of a nest.  
Here comes a couple of dove to love  
Drink water, enjoy love, and at rest.  
Recollect one has promised it somewhere.  
Where? Did the bird know, for her it's here?

But if I can manage it for a bird in my house,  
One can manage it for me at another sphere  
Imagine how happily I shall take my spouse  
To drink immortality to love somewhere.  
I'm a bird for me something has been promised  
Believe, and sure the promise will be fulfilled.

Made the bird happy and the bird made me firm.  
That's how a man is guided in a wave of pessimism,  
I get up now with the wings of love and friendship,  
Welcome, welcome my dreams and my optimism!  
Don't mind who is sitting on the other side of window  
It's a temple, a church, a mosque, for me a meadow.

(Samuel Taylor Coleridge is my favorite poet, his poem "Rimes of The Ancient Mariner" inspired me to write this poem. I am thankful to the dove who really exists and I believe she is sent by God in the verandah outside the windows of my bed room.)

Akhtar Jawad

## A Man And A Bird (Part 1)

Rest here you sweet little bird,  
Why are you afraid of me?  
In the verandah adjacent to my room  
Through the glasses I want to see,  
How you sing and how you dance  
How you sleep and how you romance.

Too hot noon not a night of moon  
Why alone, where's your spouse?  
Out in search of food and water!  
Grains, water, shelter all in my house.  
Blossom here like a flower of cherry  
Call your spouse, eat drink and be merry.

I am looking at you with my true love  
But you are looking with doubts and fears  
Right! Being a human I can't be trusted  
You flown back giving me just tears.  
I couldn't tell I wanted only inspiration  
Against hospitality of rest and recreation!

Akhtar Jawad

## A Man And A Bird (Part 2)

It's a pleasant and lovely morning,  
I see you again my flying sweetheart!  
Exploring corners of the verandah,  
You look worried but for what?  
Congrats! Love has left its aftereffect,  
May you be a mother and be perfect!

I understand, no hunger, no thirst,  
You have been loved again and again,  
On the branches of flowery trees,  
At a beautiful site near a fountain,  
Even while flying with your spouse,  
Recollect birds coupling in my house.

Shall bring a hanging nest where you can,  
Lay your eggs and fearlessly incubate,  
Man is bad but not so much bad,  
Neither overestimate nor underestimate,  
I loved, reproduced and proved my life,  
I realize the worries of a carrying wife.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Man And A Bird (Part 3)

Fasting in a hot day like yesterday,  
No food no water throughout the day,  
I couldn't go out to bring a nest  
And in a very hot morning, today,  
You are back to remind the hotter noon,  
A man promises and forgets very soon!

Starring at me that's what you say,  
Sweet bird! I am made of clay,  
Know the time of laying eggs is approaching  
It's sun that confines me at home all the day.  
Looking for something durable lying somewhere  
I shall manage it very soon here or there.

I have to avenge a misdeed, a boyhood fun,  
Regret! I killed a moon with my pellet gun,  
When found her sun crying on the same branch,  
I picked my air gun and killed the sun.  
A beautiful couple of singing birds in love,  
Are you a rebirth of that innocent dove?

Akhtar Jawad

# A Message To My Daughter

My daughter writes,  
'Be in this world as a stranger  
or as a traveler  
passing along his way.'  
I don't agree,  
be in this world as a lover of the world,  
and the creatures that live on the earth,  
keep yourself standing on the soil  
or fighting the tides of a violent ocean,  
the frozen snow of the high peaks,  
fly in the mighty winds that can shake anything  
talk with the stars that twinkle  
and look too tiny.  
Stretch your hands towards the skies,  
like a night bird that flies,  
in the milky moonlight,  
hoping to hug the moon so bright,  
and when you arrive at the moon,  
hope to walk on the Milky Way,  
and continue your journey  
in the endless space,  
sharing a pleasant journey  
with the rest of the world,  
hope to find an alien during the trip,  
think how to communicate with him,  
improve the skills of your eyes and hands,  
that speak an universal language.  
Why to be a stranger in this world,  
Why don't to travel with others  
Like smiling and pleasing co-travelers,  
why don't you make the whole humanity your friends,  
I am sure that's what your God Intends.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Midway Petrol Pump

I don't remember when I started my journey.  
I don't know where the starting point of my travelling was.  
Perhaps I was sleeping somewhere when someone  
put me on the rear seat of a taxi cab  
but one loved me  
as I was wrapped in an woolen blanket  
with nipple of a feeder in my mouth.  
The taxi cab is running on a lonely highway.  
I can't see who is driving the vehicle,  
but someone is on the front seat.  
I am sure the driver stops the vehicle when I sleep.  
I don't see my excretions anywhere  
I notice my dress is changed every night,  
the feeder has been replaced with the packs of solid foods.  
How long is the journey!  
I am growing,  
now I can sit,  
I can see the shadow like back of the driver.  
The television was there watching it listening to it  
I learned how to speak.  
I can smile and I can cry and I can talk now.  
I have further grown.  
I try to open the gates of the vehicle  
but it's locked.  
I try to move to the front seat  
and I find there is a glass partition that I cannot break.  
The highway is dark but I see lights at a distance.  
The taxi cab reached there and stopped for refueling.  
It's a petrol pump.  
The driver forgets to lock the gates.  
Perhaps willfully!  
I slip from the vehicle.  
There are billions of vehicles in the queue for refueling.  
I am lost in the crowd.  
What a beautiful place is this!  
There are so many shops of delicious things to eat,  
and many other things.  
Neon signs are attractive and enchanting.  
I am hungry and have no money to purchase some food for me.

I go to a shopkeeper, 'Sir, do you have a job for me?  
I am hungry. I want money to purchase some food.'  
'All right boy, lift the broom and the brushes, clean the shop,  
if you can work as a sweeper? '  
I work hard.  
Years pass.  
I am now a youth.  
Behind the petrol pump there is a garden.  
I go there and see a girl  
roaming among the flowers like a butterfly.  
She has a polybag in her hands.  
'Hello! ', I say and she replies,  
'Can you help me?  
There are seeds of beautiful flowers in the polybag,  
despite my repeated efforts I failed to open its knots.'  
I helped her and seeds of flowers were sown in the garden.  
Behind the gardens there is a forest  
We make a hut there and start living together.  
The seeds sown are now green plants  
springing colorful flowers of love.  
I am Manager of the shop.  
I am now too old and tired.  
Suddenly one day a stranger comes in the shop.  
'I have a warrant of arrest for you,  
you have unlawfully escaped from the taxi cab,  
without paying the due taxes.  
Come on gentleman,  
your journey is not yet over,  
the petrol pump may be a beautiful place  
but it's not your destination.  
Today, I show you my face,  
I am the same taxi driver who took care of you  
when you were an infant.  
I don't know how you are called here  
but I know your name is Man.'

Akhtar Jawad

## A Mini Skirt

All around me see sweet fairies,  
colorful butterflies,  
and a few lusty insects.  
I am a flower,  
Sometimes I am bisexual,  
I have both stigma and style,  
But a force of evolution,  
you call it love,  
broken me in two pieces.  
I am a male flower,  
I have a stigma.  
But the real beauty,  
is hidden in style,  
as it leads to the ovary,  
for the output of love,  
The naughty pollen grain,  
And the charming ovule,  
met once again,  
and fertilized in active embryo.  
The earth provided water and minerals,  
The air provided carbon that I need.  
The sun, a catalytic agent,  
had initiated the photo synthesis,  
Lo! The leaves,  
the wonderful workshops,  
are engaged in making food,  
for the tiny embryo.  
Time watches smiling,  
and now! The ovary is a fruit,  
with a number of many sleeping embryo.  
Oh Love! It's all due to you!  
But the flower had to pay a libel of service,  
Her nectar was it,  
The thirsty wind too,  
carried pollen grains,  
to the ovule,  
but for the old shaking wind,  
who served twice,  
Nothing was left,

just the aroma!

(A mini skirt, off course with under garments, for an abstract nude painted by a lovely friend)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Misdirected Letter

Received by the present one,  
Addressed to absent someone,  
Perfumes to perfumes,  
And fumes to the fumes,  
What's done, is never undone.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Missing Naughty Balloon

Mrs. Black Hole, a balloon carrier,  
with a long stick resting on her shoulder  
held by her left hand,  
and a flute in her right hand  
being kissed by her lips,  
her breaths blowing the flute  
and playing a tune,  
the tune of life!  
She was not aware of puberty of a few balloons,  
I don't know what happened with other naughty balloons,  
but one I am aware of,  
amorous and looking for a date,  
unaware of her fate,  
too innocent  
and too ignorant  
in search of a flirt  
and romance,  
a song and dance,  
felt a centrifugal force  
started inflating,  
went on inflating,  
and then it burst.  
The balloon then knew  
whatever she desired,  
was present in her,  
she was safe and secured,  
in her mother's stick  
and when she started spreading,  
her beauty and ugliness were separated,  
and now she has been facing  
consequences of her naught,  
helplessly spreading and looking for the day,  
when Mrs. Black Hole gets her back,  
picks all her broken pieces,  
joins them and  
when ugliness and beauty will fuse in each other,  
and the naughty balloon will be seen once again,  
I don't know whether she will repeat her naught,  
or like other foolish balloons,

will remain stitched with the stick of her mother.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Model Girl

Flash light of cameras,  
Questions of reporters,  
Sometimes beautiful,  
Sometimes irritating,  
Your sexy dressings,  
Exploiting your appeals,  
Exposing your charms,  
Your ads on the TV,  
Your movies in the halls,  
All is over,  
Now you conceal your body,  
It's fatty and ugly,  
The wrinkles of face,  
Uncountable,  
Telling many stories,  
I can see a wrinkle,  
It's a poem on your beauty,  
Read it if you can,  
Still a beauty,  
Immortal!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Moment Of Love

When the milky-way smiles on the sky,  
And the crazy night birds glide and fly,  
The white night flowers when sing and dance,  
The corner in roses is a cradle of romance,  
Stars on sky play hide and seek,  
The beauty of moon is at the peak,

Pleasant winds with the violent waves,  
Throw their water on the thirsty caves,  
The shores and gardens are lovely sights,  
Hot days are followed by soothing nights.  
Innocent lovers are completely changed,  
Present dominates and past is shaved,

No other purpose of life is remained,  
Anyone alive cannot be refrained,  
So what if our shirts are stained?  
Life and its meaning is truly explained  
Dreams of the day come true at night,  
Thinking is changed and wrong is right,

The dark appears so lovely so bright,  
When they meet in a wet moon light,  
The love is watched by nature with joy,  
The beautiful lovers are nature's toy.  
Nature smiles with the dancing lovers,  
She loves to see the romancing lovers.

All our sorrows and pains she feels,  
And a moment of love she nicely steals.  
In that moment all worries are rotten,  
The pain and sorrow are fully forgotten,  
A moment of love when all is dead,  
The book of love is opened and read,

Akhtar Jawad

# A Mother

When my daughter said,  
Mom!  
You are looking much better!  
I was checking her blood pressure,  
I knew it was too high,  
she looked into my eyes,  
and somehow managed to transfer,  
her tears to my eyes,  
got her daughter's smile,  
reflected on her lips,  
and when she replied,  
yes sweetheart,  
I am all right,  
I had to leave the room,  
for wiping my tears!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Mother After All

Nature writes only the basic physical laws, not our fates,  
Protests on our inhuman acts, not interested in our beliefs,  
When her disobedient child crosses the limits, she eliminates,  
A mother after all, comes on the grave with possible reliefs.  
To save her innocent children she's constrained for an unkind act,  
She had reacted, she is reacting and she'll continue to react.

No wonder if the old mother is always slow and too late,  
A difficult decision to kill someone conceived in love,  
History of the human civilization, the tomes narrate,  
Nobody could kill the bird of peace, my sweet dove!  
Our seven centuries for her are only seven days,  
Saturday night storms are followed by sunny Sundays.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Mother's Cuss

The widow daughter of the ancient mother,  
With pains in her heart and tears in her eyes,  
Regrets to give birth to the fighting sons,  
Raised white hair head towards the skies.

Your grandsons maltreated me always,  
Bathing in blood for thousands of years,  
Killing each other in your pious name,  
Forced a painful life in thousand fears.

They made swords, guns and explosives,  
They fought for women, for gold and land,  
I was worried but I never told you,  
You don't know how I managed to stand.

I never thought they will make weapons,  
To turn their mother into coal and ashes,  
Mother! Now interfere, do something,  
I'll close my eyes this time on lashes!

Akhtar Jawad

## A Musician In A Soldier

The victorious army marching in the conquered land,  
The stick of band master, though dancing in his hand,  
Was amazed and shocked as the wind instruments,  
Disobeyed his commands in the changed moments,  
Who changed the moments? The disciplined players!  
No it was winds, tearful and engaged in prayers!  
For a mother and infant breathing slow, but paralyzed,  
His lips on her breasts, Oh God! Why so antagonized?  
Victims of a neutron bomb, no sucking no feeding,  
Flies on the faces, annoying, irritating and needing,  
An active hand to repel the teasing dirty flies,  
Alas! It's only ending in the unheard cries,  
But the winds heard, turned wet with tears,  
The wind instruments got rid of fears,  
They started playing a slow tune so sad,  
Man is still alive and he is not too bad,  
The band master who obeyed His commands,  
Forgetting the court-martial's all reprimands,  
Slowed down his stick for a slow sad tune,  
Music comes forward for the human's immune,  
The helpless souls were freed from the cage,  
The musician in a soldier has saved my image.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Naat

Nazish-e-kehkashan, nayyar-e-zaufishan,  
Afsar-e-kunfakan, unsa koi kahan,  
Yeh zaban natawan, keya karegi beyan,  
Unki midhat yehan, unsa koi kahan.

Badshah-e-Haram, badshah-e-ajam,  
Meer-e-khair-ul-umam, Kitne woh zeehashm,  
Khak-e-pa muhtaram, surma-e-chashm-e-nam,  
Rahat-e-aasman, unsa koi kahan.

Aise khair-ul-bashar, jinmen koi na shar,  
Noor ka hay safar, aapki rahguzar,  
Jo bhi is rah par, aap ka humsafar,  
Bas wohi kamran, unsa koi kahan.

Chahe bejan hay, chahay haiwan hay,  
Jin ya insan hay, sub pe ehsan hay,  
Aam faizan hay, goya quraan hay,  
Rehmat-e-dojahan, unsa koi kahan.

Gora ho ya siah, shah ho ya gada,  
Farq sub mit geya, kaisa chota bara,  
Subke woh nakhuda, subke woh rahnuma,  
Sub pe woh meheraban, unsa koi kahan.

(This Naat was accidently deleted I am resubmitting it again)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Naughty Beloved

When I am dejected, frustrated and insane,  
I look a way out in a closed dark lane,  
And I don't find a way out, I shout and cry,  
My friend is a foe; she is sleeping on sky,  
She has left me alone in a winter night,  
No sun, no moon, no stars in my sight,  
I say to myself, I'm merely a toy of clay,  
Break me, break me, I'm tired of this play.

She disguises herself as a charming beloved,  
You may believe it or not but I am loved,  
Do you know the name of the lady with lights?  
You said she is hope that comes with delights,  
How you came to know my secret nights!  
She must have shared my video on web sites,  
No surprise, she is always naughty with me!  
My surrender in love, she loves to see!

(My heart, where else, can get the peace; like the flown out bird of a ship in the ocean, it comes back again on the ship- - - - -Saint Kabir Das)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Necklace Of Pearls

Thanks for coming on the shop of my heart.

It's a necklace of pearls,  
from my eyes that fell in love,  
it's price is high,  
but its cost is too, too high,  
wish could you afford it?

No problem,  
I don't mind.

Thanks for visiting my shop,  
it's a garland of flowers,  
the smiles that bloomed in love,  
it's a free gift,  
for everyone,  
who visits my shop.

See you again,  
with a heart full of crowns  
to purchase a necklace of pearls.

I'm sure one day  
it will be sold out.

A broken heart  
in a veil of smiles  
will visit the shop  
shall replace the necklace,  
with a pink rose flower,  
a price higher than I expect.

Akhtar Jawad

# A New Love Story

The sun sets alone but leaves behind,  
A moon and stars and the Milky Way,  
The sky that becomes a pneumatic tray,  
Pours down the filtrate not seen in a day!  
How I am turned in a crazy color blind!  
The earth captured by a single color light,  
Green leaves, pink petals, the brown stems,  
Silver and gold, the pearls and the gems,  
Colors are snatched from all the realms,  
Black and white, which is written in a night?  
It's you, who rules, it's your love that dictates,  
It's a palace, a hut, when I lived in the caves,  
Saw stones getting life and turning into knaves,  
Dictators on the earth when become the slaves,  
In pin drop silence who affirms and states?  
I haven't made you for the wars of hate,  
It was love only love that's why I created,  
And pleasing beauty, with which recreated,  
Hot day sweats in the nights are treated,  
Hope the new sun wouldn't find too late,  
In frustration if the sun sleeps too long,  
You may see once again a frozen ice age,  
Or may see its violence and the rage,  
By now kept it imprisoned in a cage,  
Wild bird may break out, may go wrong.  
A white silky dress, fast food and cold drink,  
Hand in hand, on a beach in a full moon tide,  
Here nature comes down as a beautiful bride,  
Bid farewell to arms swim here and glide,  
I am waiting for the new love story you ink.

Akhtar Jawad

# A New Nation

When corruption of the kings touched the apex,  
son of a pallet gun who had arisen to the rank of a machine gun,  
smashed customs and traditions of the nation  
with the scissors polished by a paste of gunpowder.  
He was weighed in a faulty balance of the time  
and was described truthful and honest,  
but he was not.  
He claimed to rebuild a new nation  
and fought a war  
before that experts were of opinion that King's army  
will penetrate its claw in the back of the enemy.  
He himself claimed that his troops will arrive  
at the capital of the neighbor enemy nation,  
within twenty four hours.  
But he could not.  
Instead it removed the fears  
from the hearts of the enemy,  
a psychological victory for the enemy.  
During his reign a fun-maker,  
a jackal  
a courtier of the king,  
evolved as a new politician,  
and he started a campaign against the king.  
His campaign was a big success  
and the king was dethroned.  
The new king was sexually corrupt  
he was drunk with wine and sunk in the women.  
He also claimed that he will make a new nation.  
He was always mislead and misguided by the jackal.  
During his reign the eastern areas of the nation  
arose for a mutiny that was countered with violence.  
A large number of the people of that area  
took shelter in the neighboring enemy nation.  
It resulted in another war,  
the drunk and sunk king had to quit,  
but no doubt in it that he made a new nation!  
As the eastern areas were lost  
as an independent and sovereign state  
and the remaining areas were then a new nation.

Now when another corrupt king  
was balanced in the same faulty balance  
and he was found untruthful and dishonest,  
no doubt in it,  
he was so.

But I see a monkey,  
a player at the branches of sexy green trees,  
who played with butterflies and crickets,  
won the games of colors and gymnastics,  
has emerged as a politician,  
and is promising to build a new nation.  
God save the nation and its people!

Akhtar Jawad

## A New Sex Vice

It's a mental pain,  
It's a physical pain,  
It's insulting,  
I condemn it.  
When women in Indonesia,  
Desire to join the army,  
She has to undergo a virginity test,  
The test is conducted by two fingers,  
To check whether hymen exists or not,  
Often this test is conducted by a male.  
They defend it on the grounds,  
That, sexually corrupt women,  
May affect the army,  
I am constrained to think,  
This is not a test,  
It's a new sex vice.  
(With thanks to BBC Urdu First Page)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Night

Night that is born at a shy lovely dusk,  
When the orange is melted in aurora,  
And aurora takes bath in the ocean,  
Thinks she is hidden in the water,  
And none can see and make her nude,  
But a naughty prince sends a message to the sea,  
On your hidden camera,  
Make porn of the beauty,  
it on the waves,  
Let the waves touch the shores,  
And the shores when taste,  
The water of waves,  
Find it different than that they have tasted,  
During whole sunny day,  
They enjoy the porn,  
Share it with skies,  
It is watched on skies,  
The twinkling starts,  
The prince is melted,  
In a liquid silver,  
And showers of this silver,  
Then flow on the bosom,  
Of the old lady,  
White flowers sprung,  
The prince smiles,  
Sends a message to someone,  
The old lady has been activated,  
And the message that travels,  
Through the Milky Ways,  
Goes to a palace where fairies are singing,  
Singing and dancing and waiting for the time,  
When their lovers will reach,  
The apex of love and kiss those maidens,  
And all that, that follows a sexy kiss!

Someone, having received the message of the prince,  
Smiles and says to robots, have a look at my servants,  
They have performed their duty and have engaged my souls,  
In love that I want and have kept them away,

From hate and the ugly satanic violence,  
The porn of love is a work of art and I loved it.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Particle Of Sand

When a particle of sand asked the desert,  
Why the wind carries me from place to place?  
Why I am not a particle of the fertile soil?  
That withstands the heavy rains and blow of winds,  
I see a beautiful life that I don't have.  
I am jealous Oh my full! Please do something.

The desert smiled and said, look at me,  
I am made of infinite sand particles,  
That is why I am neat and clean and pure,  
For becoming a fertile soil you will have to accept,  
Rotten and impure organic substances, and then,  
You will be fertile but dirty and impure.  
You are pure like an angel with shines and brightness,  
See your beauty when you reflect sun light and moon light.

The sand particle cried and told the desert,  
If I shall be a particle of a fertile land,  
I shall produce grains and fruits and flowers,  
I shall enjoy the lovely showers, and when,  
Greenery will come out of me, the sons and daughters,  
Of Adam and Eve will call me a mother,  
My Full! Let me become dirty and impure!  
I want to reproduce, let the wind carry me to a fertile land.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Passing Show

The girls and the boys,  
Both are toys,  
The remote control is in the hands of a child,  
And the cells in the toys have a life  
but the child is wild,  
Sometimes he is annoyed with a toy,  
May be a girl or a boy,  
He breaks the toy.

Sweetheart, it was the child,  
Who pressed a button,  
Our eyes met,  
I said, "I love you."  
You replied, "I love you too."  
The show started,  
I kissed you,  
Do you remember?  
Courtship in the rains,  
Courtship in moon lit nights,  
Passions and emotions,  
Songs and dance,  
And the day on which,  
We were engaged,  
And the day on which,  
We were married,  
And our wedding night,  
The climax of the show!

We reproduced,  
A few more toys,  
They were toys for the toys,  
And our toys gave us,  
Many more toys!

The child is hidden in us,  
When we play he also plays,  
What else is the world?  
What else is the life?  
A play or a show!

The child whispers,  
I shall leave you now,  
I have made the weather,  
Too sexy and fine,  
You should amuse me now,  
Our toys are away,  
We are alone,  
The winter mild rains,  
Are cold and exciting,  
Clouds dance on skies,  
To watch the show,  
Moon and stars,  
Are peeping through windows,  
Nicely built by the naughty winds,  
Let us amuse the child,  
With a passing show!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Peaceful Sunday Dawn

Throughout the Saturday night,  
everyone suffering from a fever  
was either out to enjoy the night  
or busy on his cell phone.  
No, they didn't have time to talk to a loved one.  
The basic purpose of a cell phone  
to talk to someone  
they have forgotten.  
They don't have time to ask the friends or acquaintances  
if they are all right.  
Are they in some sort of trouble  
and need any help.  
The mentally tired old man took advantage of it.  
He went to bed early and enjoyed a deep and peaceful sleep.  
Nature was so happy with him  
that it awarded him with a lovely dawn  
in that he couldn't listen to a human voice.  
The pleasant twilight and chirping of birds  
welcomed old man.  
He sat on the wet green carpet  
With the dancers whose legs were firmly held by the earth  
whose hands were signaling the skies to send their breaths  
that may touch the hidden beauty of their colorful parts.  
And lo,  
pleasant and passionate winds came  
touched the virgin buds  
and the flowers hypnotized the old man.  
He became a part of the colors and fragrance  
and his colorful and fragrant thoughts  
inspired him to react with a beauty  
that he always lacked on other days.  
Thanks to a silent, peaceful and creative Sunday dawn!  
The tired noise makers are still in their beds.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Pedestrian Of Love

He was walking on a highway,  
Many cars moving fast, stopped,  
Offered him a lift,  
But he didn't agree,  
It was too hot,  
The sun was burning,  
But he was walking.

In the rains,  
Lightning killed his beloved,  
He was going for revenge,  
From the clouds,  
Suddenly clouds started coming,  
And he was amazed to see  
The face of his beloved,  
In the clouds,  
He ran and ran and fell down,  
He found himself with his beloved,  
Very close, very close,  
For a lasting kiss!

Akhtar Jawad

## A Pencil Work I Need

I do not go where you go,  
I do not walk on the ways you walk.  
Your beauty,  
I do not discuss with my friends.  
Everyone thinks now nothing is left  
between you me,  
and I lie,  
I have forgotten her,  
but still I feel someone is chasing me,  
slowly and gradually is erasing me,  
your pencil work on a white paper,  
has not been completely erased,  
if I continue being chased,  
I think,  
I shall lift my brush  
and I shall paint your pencil work  
on the white canvas of life.  
I painted it as I was chased.

The years old painting still exists.  
One again I do not go where she goes,  
I do not walk where she walks,  
her beauty, with my grandchildren,  
I do not discuss and I do not talk.  
Nobody thinks now nothing is left,  
between me and her,  
and I lie,  
I love your grandmother,  
though I don't feel someone is chasing me,  
slowly and gradually removing the dust  
from the painting of life.  
I wish I could paint once again,  
a new painting of life,  
but there is no pencil work from her!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Phenomenal Smile

You hate because you are a coward,  
Coward, that lacks the courage,  
Courage, that keeps one standing before a mirror,  
Mirror, that tells the truth,  
Truth, that is a presentation of conscience,  
Conscience, the whispers of super ego with ego,  
Ego, that says you are too ugly!

I love because I am a brave,  
Brave, that has courage,  
Courage to analyze my image,  
Image, that says with a pleasant smile,  
Smile, that is my true beauty,  
Beauty, that makes up my ugly face,  
Face, besides ugliness looks charming in love!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Pink Stain

The booby boy when comes out of the cage,  
The sage recollects sweet times of teen age,  
The time that never comes back once again!

The days were passed in search of romance,  
Beauty that inspires for a teen aged dance,  
How naughty was he but yet a refrain!

Failures of a day were followed by a night,  
Sweet wet dreams in exciting moon light,  
Wishes those nights he could keep and sustain!

Once he fell down in a booby trap,  
In a free period he saw a mishap,  
A girl too busy with her cycle's chain!

Let me put back the chain on sprocket,  
How beautiful is this heart shaped locket,  
Oh! Your shirt has a black stain.

As a laborer I want now wages of fatigue,  
Could you favor me with a nice intrigue?  
Can you give my shirt a pink stain?

Pooh! You look like a scoundrel goon,  
Already engaged would be married soon,  
Thanks for the help don't see you again.

Okay good bye see you now in a coven,  
Where witches roast girls in a red hot oven,  
Don't expect any help once again.

In the midnight saw her on her bike,  
Disguised as sphinx talked her like spike,  
I asked to explain a pink stain.

I am a sphinx if you could not reply,  
I shall send your soul right now to sky,

With tears she said I can't explain.

Heart of a poet! So quickly shaken,  
Tears of a gal put off the oven,  
Her face on the bosom with a pink stain!

Many sweet dreams of innocent age,  
Recollects an old but the naughty sage,  
To fleet his mind from the old age pain!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Pleasure Trip

I have forgiven the dog  
who bit me uncalled  
and the cat who entered my kitchen  
and ate all the fruit custard  
my mother had made for me  
and the mouse that stole dry fruits  
my father had brought for me  
and the birds who dig the earth of my garden  
and with their sharp nibs  
carried the seeds of flowers  
for their young ones;  
though I am sorry for the flowers  
that could not bloom;  
and my pet a white silky rabbit  
who was injured by a beast  
and whose injuries could not heal up  
and he died before my wet eyes.

My Love!  
May I expect  
you will receive me smiling  
when my ship arrives  
at your green island  
where there are flowers and fruits  
where birds sing so sweet melodies  
where deer run and jump  
where peacocks dance in the forests.

Where there in the center of the island  
there are rows of large and high mountains  
that are source of lovely rivers  
neat and clean,  
that walk to the sea  
like a bride  
swimming and flying  
to a fairy land of love.

My Love!  
I think in the center of your island

there is a volcano  
that burns and turns everything in ashes  
but may I expect you will make a hut for me  
on the bank of an still lake  
in a valley of green tall trees  
close to a fall  
that spreads  
sweet and cold water,  
like the naughty clouds,  
on the huts  
and where it's always a rainy season.

My Love!  
Promise me,  
with that dog, cat and mouse,  
and birds and beast,  
and my silky rabbit,  
and with a fairy of my dreams  
you'll receive me with a loving smile.

My Love!  
Please don't regret and don't let me know  
if you don't have any such island  
let my last journey remain  
a pleasure trip!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Poet Is A Slave Of An Impulse

A philosopher passes life in thinking,  
A politician learns the art of weighing,  
They speak only after a mental fatigue  
But a poet is a victim of nature's intrigue,  
His heart is inspired by a quick impulse,  
It's not his pen, sweetheart it's pulse,  
Beauty when touched its sleeping waves,  
Deep in the ocean from the unseen caves,  
A propagated wave started its dance,  
It's not a poem it's thirst of romance,  
Emotions of a victim of nature's naught,  
A sensitive heart a poet never sought!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Poet Lives In Twilights

What else are the days and the nights?  
A gap between charming twilights!  
Struggles in a day sunny and bright,  
loving someone in a soothing moonlight,  
at early stages it had many charms,  
climax of charms in a woman's arms!  
Gradually he becomes used to with it,  
To a life routine a poet is misfit.  
He begins his life in the morning twilight,  
see his climax in the evening twilight,  
the aurora of dawns when asks a machine,  
to face the rings of the life's phosphine,  
he sees phosphene while rubbing eyelids,  
sees faces of spouse and innocent kids,  
he starts life with a parting kiss,  
the poem of dreams in the day he'll miss.  
The poet is now dead and man is alive,  
in the ocean of life now see his dive!  
He knows an evening aurora is ahead,  
will born once again in the day he's dead,  
lo he's dreaming in the evening twilight,  
charms of love in a lovely night,  
and lo he has written a poem on his heart,  
this time he will not forget his art,  
with her silky hairs spread on his thighs,  
the sleepy beloved with the content sighs,  
her arms round belly smiling and dreaming,  
in skirt of his shirt her nudes screening,  
ending poet's life with a sleepy smile,  
another poem in the poet's profile!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Poet's Day

All I see is your poem sweetheart,  
Somewhere it's rimed,  
Somewhere words scattered like stars,  
But I see the phases of your moon,  
The rise of a crescent to a full moon,  
And then full moon being loved by you,  
Shy like a virgin who meets her beloved,  
Conceals her beautiful face,  
In the bosom of love,  
Step by step until the cool and peaceful face,  
With closed eyelids disappears in a night,  
Giving a chance to stars,  
To shine like pearls and diamonds in sky,  
That's a night for a poet,  
He paints the stars,  
Somewhere it's rimed,  
Somewhere a scattered beauty,  
But beauty is beauty,  
That gives birth to a lovely dawn,  
And the day that follows,  
Is the day of poetry!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Porn Star

I was sleeping in the womb of a seed,  
No lust, no desire, no feed, no greed,  
I never knew what's going on outside,  
A turnout as beauty, dreaming inside,  
I never knew what I shall have to face,  
Hot sun, hard soil, for a mortal glaze,  
Never knew the glittering worldly gains,  
Are charms of few days that end in pains.  
I never knew it was better for me,  
Breathing as an embryo and not to be,  
Colors and aroma, and a beauty so soft,  
Innocence and peace in a rural croft,  
What a life we see in the rural greenery,  
Colorful, aromatic and amazing scenery.  
Unaware of the costs, shall bear for it,  
For an urban flower show totally misfit,  
Clouds when rained on the thirsty soil,  
I found myself in a terror of turmoil,  
I then decided to come out of the seed,  
Hell with impulsive and instinctive greed!  
I now regret my greed and my fears,  
Unaware the adventure will end in tears,  
Greed to flourish as a colorful flower,  
I exposed myself in an acidic shower,  
Fears to die unnoticed and not praised,  
Turned me in a fish cruelly braised,  
Forced to stripe and remove my sepals,  
I lost innocence of my so soft petals,  
Sins have damaged my lovely petals,  
Colors now faded and petals are dry,  
But somewhere in the distant sky,  
Couldn't become Hollywood celebrity,  
A popular porn star is now my identity,  
But I see a bottle of my real essence,  
My inner voice, and its effervescence,  
Still innocent as a bud when I think,  
No doubt I'm ugly but rainbows I ink,  
The dead country girl is alive in verses,  
Her poems on herself, painful curses!

Pen is my heart innocence is the ink,  
The bleeding pen has made it pink,  
Paper of life though shrink and torn,  
But my poems are at all not porn.  
These are the poems of a country maid,  
Yes, innocent naughtiness is overlaid,  
In Saturday nights planning admissions,  
Not committed a sin but false confessions,  
For words of father, 'May God bless! '  
Today I say, have nothing to confess!  
Listen to the bells of a countryside church,  
For my innocence it is still in search,  
Dear bells ask world to forget my face,  
My poems are truly my immortal grace!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Portrait Of Childhood

Kidding of a kid with lies on the lips,  
Laming lispers and sweetness of slips!  
Beauty pours down as innocent lies,  
The ecstatic earth then writes to skies,  
I witness, she didn't break the cell phone,  
So many were there she wasn't alone,  
Beauty of blackish brown curly dance,  
Smiling of eyes is a childish romance,  
While fixing the two separated parts,  
Grandfather saw her marvelous arts,  
A child is truthful even when she lies,  
Truly beauty, when a truth she denies,  
The kid is silent and has locked her lips,  
Her tongue is a fish and often it slips,  
It hasn't been broken see it's all right,  
And it can snap your face it's bright,  
Then she's a model of beauty and grace,  
God of the moment is lost in her face.  
With hot tears I then look at skies,  
I wish my smiles could hide my lies,  
When I may lisper with remaining hopes,  
Before the Pope of the greatest Popes!  
(It's a portrait of my sweetest and the youngest granddaughter)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Prayer

Mend the rough wood in a polished work of art,  
Mend the burning sand in a green and fertile soil,  
Mend the stones in a statue of a sweet fair lady,  
Overdue from your side is an effective turmoil,  
We're ready to face consequences of a revolution,  
The world is sick, a victim of mental pollution!

Do something, my earth is in a pitiable state,  
Interfere My God! Send something for the cure,  
Have sent someone on a mission of Save Earth!  
The winds whisper and are right I am sure,  
So should I expect a mission of promoters of love?  
That's what I heard from a beautiful twittering dove.

Start your operation of mending from me,  
I'm a man with dirty thoughts and ugly face,  
Surrender to the mission of beautifying my world,  
Mend me in a handsome man with glace and grace,  
I am ready to face all that whatever are the pains,  
Relieve me My God from the mental strains!

Akhtar Jawad

## A Prayer For February 8

Ay Khuda hum sun rahe hayn  
un bachon aur badon ko  
jinhein dhoke se  
namaloom muqamat per pahuncha diya geya  
jinsi lazzat hasil karne ke liye,  
jabria mushaqqat ke liye,  
jism ke aaza hasil karne ke liye,  
humare dil udas hayn,  
aur humari roohin naraz hayn,  
unke waqar aur unke huqooq ko  
nazar andaz kiya geya,  
dhamkion se,  
jhoot se,  
aur jabr se.  
Hum ghulami ke in jadeed  
aur bure taur tariqon per  
ro rahe hayn  
aur dua karte hayn  
ke koi Masiha uthe  
aur inko khatm kare.  
Haumein aql-o-danish de  
aur himmat de  
ke hum bahar aayein  
aur khade ho jaein  
un jimson ke liye,  
dilon aur roohon ke liye,  
jinhein zakhm diye gaye.  
Take hum sab milkar  
apne wade poorey karen,  
un behnon aur  
bhaiyon ke liye  
muhabbat ke sath,  
jo narmdili  
aur achai ka taqaza hay.  
Un istehsal pasandon ko khali hath lauta  
badle hue apni is shaitaniyat se,  
aur humari madad farma  
ke hum us azadi ka dava karen  
jot tera tohfa hay bachon ke liye.

Aameen.

(Incidentally Februar 8 is my birthday and Budhist Nirvana day as well)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Preplanned X-Mas Prayer

My Lord! Kill me and send me back,  
I don't ask for a very big pack,  
Just two wings as I want to fly,  
For descending back from the sky,  
And a nib with a branch of olive,  
Yes, I want to revive and survive.

I want to fly very close to the earth,  
I want to watch my mother's all worth,  
I want to see Hiroshima and Nagasaki,  
Want to see Kashmirs, Indi and Paki,  
I want to see the blood of Palestine,  
Western Asia, Africa, and Argentine,  
Europe destroyed in two world wars,  
Stalin's terror in the land of Czars!

I want to test the leader of Vietnam,  
I see destruction in my old helpless palm,  
Through the ashes of destruction,  
Spring new flowers of construction,  
Ho Chi Minh said it but how he reformed?  
I want to learn how this magic is performed.

So give two wings and a nib to the dove,  
And a heart filled in with love only love!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Promise

Time of parting is approaching, it's close,  
eyes ready to snap for the heart your pose,  
that's all I need, you have turned your face!  
Come back sweetheart you know your place,  
I know your hairs are silk and shining,  
but the eyes with a red and wink lining!  
what are you hiding are these your tears?  
I don't understand your doubts and fears!  
Turn, let me write a promise on your lips,  
in the new world too, you'll have my sips,  
a creeper of grapes, you'll drink its wine,  
I am only for you and you are mine!

(Promise of a dying spouse)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Rainbow Of Colorful Eggs

I have lost many beautiful baskets,  
Basket of love with a rainbow inside,  
Nicely painted with a brush of love,  
Respect for others and amazing abide!

I am looking for a basket I used to see,  
The basket containing nicely painted eggs,  
I have lost that basket but looking for it,  
Where are my old and dusty kegs?

It's somewhere in the locked stores,  
Missing the keys and the locks are rusted,  
If I could break these jammed rusty locks!  
Looking too ugly and too disgusted!

Akhtar Jawad

## A Reply

First experience may be bloody and painful,  
For honey, repeated efforts make it gainful,  
Used to with him, bees,  
Welcome him on the trees,  
The dog, too, is no more disdainful.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Reply To Kelly Kurt's Limerick Convicted And Condemned

See how happy is the condemned convict!  
Brought from the heaven the pleasing instinct,  
Believing blindly in love always,  
Forget aftermaths in Valentine Days,  
Between heaven and hell only lovers distinct.

Convicted And Condemned (Limerick) - Poem by Kelly Kurt

Romance and religion parallel  
A belief that with them, all is well  
Thought's not done with the head  
Prayers are said near a bed  
And their aftermaths both lead to hell

Akhtar Jawad

## A Reply(2)

It was just their joint venture,  
Pre-planned slapping adventure,  
Enhanced model's rates,  
Boy got private dates,  
Now stars of a new picture.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Reply(3)

The clever henpecked husband, the repeater toy,  
Was in fact the scoundrel sissy boy,  
From his wife's protected shadows,  
He opened many new windows,  
Managed to enjoy the joys after joy.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Reply(4)

The stench is coming from the south,  
Can't you keep closed your open mouth,  
Socks are lying in my west,  
Your skirt since last fest,  
Is lying here my sweet Lady Couth!

Akhtar Jawad

## A Reply(5)

With the x-ray camera and the telescopes,  
Her two eyes have so many scopes,  
Here or there say anywhere  
Can watch me every where,  
But I am afraid of her microscopes!

Akhtar Jawad

## A Reply(6)

She lodged a complaint against a poetess,  
Her mother locked the windows of access,  
After reading the uncalled limerick,  
She becomes now too sick,  
No more wears her pink slippy dress.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Reply(7)

Keeping devil busy was surely her right,  
Every night is not a honeymoon night,  
Let him take some rest,  
He'll be at his best,  
She shouldn't have hit with fracturing might.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Romantic Rose

Shall I just stand and let the eyes drink,  
The wine in the petals is shocking pink,  
Inhale your aroma and watch your dance,  
Join naughty winds in a rainy romance,  
Shall I touch you with the lover's lips?  
But I know for me aren't nectar sips,  
As you are smiling for the butterflies,  
The colorful Angels from the skies,  
Who is hidden in you, could you speak!  
You are soft but dense, you'll never leak.  
But the eyes of a lover with a lovely peep,  
See Him smiling in your soul so deep

Akhtar Jawad

# A Rose Flower

After a fine mild rain,  
I walked on the pavements,  
Of a garden of flowers,  
Aftershocks of showers,  
Touched my heart,  
And my soul smiled,  
And the soul told me,  
Watch all the flowers,  
Feel there fragrance,  
Love their colors,  
But look for a rose,  
The queen of flowers,  
See your left,  
See your right,  
Remove green leaves,  
And lightly kiss,  
The wet pink petals,  
Soft and untouched,  
And listen to the flower,  
She will sing a song,  
On the beats of winds,  
The leaves will dance,  
I obeyed the command.

The flower sang,  
Oh You! Long awaited,  
Where you were,  
Why so late?  
I looked your way,  
Since my bud hood,  
Why don't you kissed,  
When the flower was a bud,  
If you would have kissed the bud,  
My pink color,  
Would have been shocking pink,  
My fragrance,  
Would have made this garden,  
A paradise on earth,  
I would have earned,

A name so great,  
Cleopatra of roses,  
My love story,  
The world would have read,  
Like poems of Wordsworth.  
Now I shall remain,  
Confined in your poems,  
A few will read,  
A few will like.  
But your kiss was pleasant,  
Blown a new soul,  
Now let me behave,  
Like a shy lovely bud.

My soul said,  
This rose is now yours,  
Pluck it, keep it safe,  
As long it's alive,  
I obeyed the command.

Now the flower has dried,  
But still kept,  
In the book of love,  
When I open this book,  
My soul smiles,  
My love smiles,  
And the dry petals,  
Still smile,  
Like fresh shy bud.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Rose For You

You say you like a pink rose flower,  
how can I make myself a rose?  
You say you like its color so nice,  
how can I get a complexion so fair?  
You say its aroma is ecstatic like wine,  
how can I be so much fragrant?  
You say it is soft and cute like an infant,  
how I can I become an infant in your arms?  
But I have a heart it is pink like a rose,  
it is aromatic with the fragrance of love,  
soft and mild like an infant.  
It needs just an ecstatic touch.  
Touch it and keep arms ready for a rose,  
you will not have to wait too long,  
just forty weeks or a little more sweetheart!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Rural Punjabi Virgin In The Springs

When winds become naughty and exciting  
Yellow flowers of mustard are inviting.  
Our senses feel some lovely new things  
Man is indebted of the pleasant springs  
When her silky hairs get a new shine and glaze  
A rural Punjabi virgin is a model of grace.  
Her eyes her cheeks her lips and her arms  
Don't see a part where there aren't any charms  
Singing dancing and running in yellow green fields  
Innocent, naughty, unaware of her body's yields  
In a red dress, made meaningless by the winds  
Hundred times more attractive than Spanish Hinds  
Forcing my sight to slip down from the hills  
Making me a bottle with the amorous fills  
You make me drunk ecstatic and burning  
When you turn your back I love your turning  
Wish I could touch the slopes of your back  
That leads to your heart I could search that track  
Laughing and looking at the flying colors in the sky  
Dreaming the day on the swing of love you'll fly  
Like a kite you'll play with the winds of springs  
Fall smiling in the ground of arms with the cut strings  
Love to see turmeric mustard paste on your pink palms  
Soon, very soon, before the rains kiss your virgin charms.

(In this area aromatic turmeric mustard paste is applied on the face, hands and legs of a bride before she is married. It's called Haldi in the Hindus and Mayoon in the Muslims)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Saturday Dawn

The dawn that is suffocated in dust of the roads  
and in the smokes of vehicles,  
is slowly descending in the nearby park.  
She is fresh  
fresh like a virgin.  
Gates are locked but she is a visitor from the blue skies,  
who can stop her to go to the flowers?  
She will kiss the greenery  
she will kiss the colors  
after inhaling mustard gas for five days  
she will inhale aromatic breath outs  
of roses and jasmynes.  
From hairs to the feet  
She will kiss all that is beautiful in the park  
She will listen to the chirping birds clearly,  
She knows the meaning of colors hidden in the soft petals  
She can read soft messages spreading as aroma  
She will steal something for all her five senses.  
Sad for the morning star who had been crying whole night  
his tears still appear on the leaves and the petals,  
but he is destined only a glimpse of the nudist show!  
She knows the naughty sun is ready with his flash lights.  
But she doesn't know a man holding the grills of the park  
with two lenses is peeping in and recording on his heart  
the views and voices of an ecstatic dawn  
when the dawn starts singing, dancing and striping.  
throwing all its dressings  
and truly becoming a daughter of the blind nature.  
The man can record anything on his heart.  
He is a man and he has something nameless in him!  
When the sun throws its flash lights  
and exposes her parts one by one  
the innocent and naughty virgin  
dives in the pools of the park  
and disappears.  
It happens only in the Saturday dawns,  
When only a man is awakened  
and machines of the polluted city  
are at rest.

Machines are at all not interested in nature's pornography.  
Here is the man,  
replaying and watching the precious video recorded in his heart  
As long as he can record beauty in his heart  
he will remain a poet.  
A beautiful heart, not so handsome and too old,  
still good enough for love,  
how cute and naughty he is,  
the old man is a youth once again.  
and I know,  
tonight  
when the machines will be drinking and dancing  
in artificial lights  
he will be alone in the park.  
This crazy youth  
will hide himself behind tall trees  
and when the gates of the park are locked  
he will dive in the pool  
looking the dawn reshaped as a mermaid.  
The moon will smile  
and the stars will decide to lift him up on the milky ways  
otherwise this naughty man  
will do something wrong in the pool.  
I wonder he is still a man not yet a machine!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Session Of The Eternal Parliament

The sleepy Angels or the nature's spies,  
listed a few truths and all the lies,  
sorting photographs of earth's caricature  
for the next session of eternal legislature.  
Planning to bring a bill of destruction,  
earth unfit for further construction,  
may infect the space, is rising upwards,  
changing color of its skin like the lizards.  
should be destroyed now mercilessly,  
let the cruel die now helplessly.

My party men I have seen a peasant,  
he is lovely and nice and is descent,  
with the plow of pen, working at the fields,  
a crop of love I expect as the yields,  
and I hope the yields will change the earth,  
the earth will get back its lost lovely worth.  
Addressed Venus, the leader of the house,  
lo, Mars makes him a lonely spouse.  
Venus moves to left with a few minors,  
Moon welcomes the group of majors.

The rulers are no more two third in the house,  
three cheers for a bold and brave spouse.  
Love she purchased at the cost very high,  
no tears in her eyes but I note a sigh!  
As the bill could not become an act,  
Mars resigned, nothing else to react,  
Thanks God Venus will rule once again,  
careless we may sleep, no stress no strain,  
The eternal Knight passed an order of grace,  
the asteroid to hit vanished in space.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Sex Worker

Someone asked her,  
what's your religion,  
what's your mother tongue,  
what's your nationality,  
and what's your race?  
She smiled and replied,  
my religion is love,  
may be for a night only.  
My mother tongue is the body language,  
universal in nature.  
No nationality,  
I am international.  
And what of my race!  
I am a daughter of the Eve!  
Kidnapped at the age of five  
and thrown down from paradise of home,  
to the sex markets of the earth,  
you call it mother earth,  
for me it's a Hell!  
A Hell where I met more than hundreds of Adams' sons  
and forgot all of them,  
but the one my first customer,  
I didn't take any money from him,  
how can I forget him!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Sexy Program

When machines made human race their slaves!  
&quot;Inventions brought us back in the caves! &quot;  
Said the affected grandchildren of the inventor,  
&quot;It's due to you we are facing this terror! &quot;  
&quot;Calm! I couldn't load in them a program of sex,  
Such a programmer exists only at the Apex,  
Neither they can love nor can they reproduce,  
Have sex in privacy, the current they may induce.  
They will not reproduce and die one day,  
A sexy program can only be made in the clay.&quot;

Akhtar Jawad

## A Silent Message Of Lips

I know your refrain not easy to embrace,  
An effort is needed to find a place,  
But I also know we can come at a point,  
Where heat can't melt an emotional joint,  
Whereat we can shake our hands at least,  
We are human beings and not the beasts,  
On the roof I shall come with joys and jokes,  
In an evening that comes after heat strokes,  
When the pleasant winds start a romance,  
And flowery creeper when starts a dance,  
The evening that starts after hour nineteen,  
With the melting sun an aurora is seen,  
On the cheeks of the clear blue sky,  
To the nest when birds start to fly,  
When the crescent appears on the western sky,  
Let a full moon appear on the eastern sky,  
Just bow a little and shake the hands,  
Let us search our own from many islands.

The palms transfer the call of nature,  
The call is itself an all of nature,  
Faces come then close and close too much,  
So close that lips may have a touch,  
The naughty nature then does the rest,  
For the two lovers what else is the best!  
Let us lay foundation of a lovely day,  
Say now good bye to the teen aged play,  
Evening is romantic with a song and dance,  
Adieu is now needed to years old romance,  
With moon and stars ahead is a night,  
Lo nature switched off the exposing light,  
We are now hidden in the arms of nature,  
Merge your beauty in the charms of nature,  
I know hesitation will end with a kiss,  
Warm is living magic in the lips of a miss,  
Messages exchanged but the words were blocked  
How can one speak when lips are locked?



# A Silky Bride (Reaction On A Pairing Of Kathleen Guilfoyle Mulligan)

Night followed by a restless day,  
Shy but smiling moon light,  
My loneliness I'm not so sad,  
I saw charms of a lonely night,

A virgin of untouched thoughts,  
Swimming in the river of mind,  
A smile has stolen my eye's pearls,  
Loneliness! You are not so unkind,

Pleased I am, more wine for ecstasy,  
You! Naughty and slippy mermaid,  
Swim, until you are not so slippy,  
Do you understand what I said?

I am knitting some silken words,  
I shall restore the silk you lack,  
Here is it, a slippy silver gown,  
Come on sweetheart at the bank,

Wear this gown in front of me  
The night is not so much bright,  
No need to be so much shy,  
Glimpse of a nude in moonlight!

Yes, now I am truly ecstatic,  
A work of art is this wet gown,  
Wear it now on your silky hairs,  
My heart has made a poetic crown,

You are now no more a mermaid,  
Now a poem a poet's sweet bride,  
No more swimming in the river,  
On the air now you may glide.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Single Blanket

It's a big family in a hut of the slums,  
It's too cold and they sleep on a mat,  
A single blanket for the whole family,  
He pulls blanket and covers his cat.

The shivering rats then shut their eyes,  
They are awoken, how can sleep in the cold,  
Their father unsatisfied with a family of six,  
Careless is addict otherwise too bold.

Morning saw the youngest frozen and cold,  
Unworried is addict no shame no fears,  
Balanced will be family a matter of few months,  
Puts child in the grave no regrets no tears.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Sinner's Optimism

He had seen You, and talked as well,  
Yet disobeyed, for him is the hell.  
I haven't seen You, did not talk,  
May I know, where I'll walk?

The famous caliph, Haroon Rasheed,  
Was no doubt, a ruler in deed.  
And Zubaidah, his charming wife,  
Was his love, was his life.

Once she was angry, said with spout,  
You are a hell-dweller, now get out.  
Haroon replied in anger so much,  
Divorce for you, if I'm such.

In Islam, if a Muslim so says,  
Divorce will be pending, till final sun-rays.  
And the couple will remain separated,  
The day of judgement will be awaited.

Haroon then called living legends having writ,  
They regretted, couldn't rule on it.  
Imam Shafai then a teen aged boy,  
Visited the court with a ruling of joy.

He told Haroon you're begging a reply,  
I'm the one here, God at sky.  
My place is that, your place is it,  
Haroon moved to floor and asked him to sit.

Proud is poison for a good deed,  
Haroon was tested, an essential need.  
A justice should be watchful before an award,  
Should asses plaintiff like a guard,

Did ever God's fear kept you away,  
From a sin, you might commit any way.  
Haoon, on oath stated and affirmed,  
Many times, my lord, the oath confirmed.

Paradise for you, have my greetings,  
Zubaida is your wife no bar on meetings.  
He then recited a verse from The Book,  
Pleasing Haroon, the heavenly brook.

If one fears God, and remains away,  
From a sin possible, may commit any day.  
For such a man, paradise is reward,  
Book of God is the ruling award.

Oh! my God, many times on the way,  
I like Haroon remained away,  
From the sins, because I fear,  
I am optimistic My Lord! my dear.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Slave Girl

Believe it or not,  
I was born in the Judean Mountains,  
between Mediterranean and the Dead Sea,  
somewhere in 2400 B.C.  
Believe it or not,  
whenever I am burnt  
I become once again a virgin maid,  
though I was completely burnt twice,  
but not burnt to ashes,  
I was besieged 23 times,  
attacked and assaulted 52 times,  
captured and recaptured 44 times.  
Now I am used to of being raped  
by my changing masters.  
When my mighty master rapes me,  
I close my eyes  
And whisper,  
"I am now too old,  
no more interested in a fire bath,  
burn me to ashes,  
and let me taste death,  
as an old woman,  
let me die in the arms of my children,  
some white,  
some black,  
some yellow,  
some brownies.  
Some believe in a single God,  
some believe in trinity,  
and one is atheist,  
I love that child,  
his father never raped me,  
in fact I loved him.  
I don't want to rise once again,  
as a beautiful maid.  
I am now tired of being raped,  
again and again."



# A Slow Sweet Beat

If fast it's violent and makes us wild,  
We start dancing like a naked beast,  
For the nectar of love it acts like yeast,  
I dislike fermentation of a juice so neat.

If slow it's ardent, cute and mild,  
We start dreaming of a fairy in dance,  
And love is blended with rimes of romance,  
I like this blending like a flower's sweat.

Fast music is a noise so badly shrilled,  
Slow music brings peace to the restless mind,  
A peaceful mind is never unkind,  
Sing and dance on a slow sweet beat.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Smile Is Smile

When someone says you made me smile,  
The child within me the foolish juvenile,  
Falls in trouble to feel the essence  
Are the rose petals really dancing with fragrance?  
Or I behaved like a monkey in a zoo?  
And the smile was merely a shoo.  
The fleeting of my mind makes me restless,  
I start regretting my act in distress.  
But my heart replies, you old juvenile!  
Why so impatient, a smile is smile.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Smiling Photograph

I see everything smiling in her portrait!  
Wish mortality to the lovely smiles,  
what made her a smiling barbie doll?  
It's love my friend!  
She loves the creator,  
she loves the creation,  
and He returned Her love with a gift,  
a gift of a soft loving heart,  
reflected in her beautiful starry eyes,  
and her eyes then saw all around a beauty on the earth,  
not only on the earth,  
in between earth and heaven,  
and even beyond the heavens,  
She was so much amazed,  
she forgot everything,  
she forgot even herself,  
ecstasy in love,  
so divine so pure,  
made everything she has, smiling,  
that's what her portrait whispered,  
that's what a poet heard,  
inspired and what else he could do,  
expressed his feelings in a poem,  
a poem on a lovely photograph!  
Alas! The earth couldn't keep the bud,  
to blossom as a flower,  
and the greedy heaven snatched her from the earth,  
but again while wishing her soul a peace in the heavens,  
I am sure her charming smile,  
would have snatched more charms from the heaven!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Soldier's Dawn Of January,6

It looks like a different dawn, an amazing dawn,  
earth is the same, skies are the same,  
but the sun has come with a different name,  
account of love with the bank of heaven, although overdrawn,  
account though debited by heavy interests in advance,  
but the losses incurred in the leaving year made up at a glance.

I see the aurora is melting and the earth is washed,  
am I the same man who was crying in pains,  
who looked so ugly with many stains,  
by his own conscience in the night was lashed,  
see my charms your attention I have drawn,  
I am over sure it's a different dawn!

What a magic is love that brings smiles,  
and turns eyes in the shining stars,  
greetings exchanged by the solders at wars,  
on the shoulder of air are the paper projectiles,  
the dragon enemy is changed in a prawn!  
Definitely my dear it's a different dawn!

A poem is written by a soldier in a trench,  
wait let me see what's written on the paper,  
&quot;Your beloved is waiting with tears scrapper.  
Wish to see you kissing her on a bench,  
In a mini skirt bare footed on the lawn,  
on her rosy cheeks is a different dawn! &quot;

Cease fire my enemy come out come too close,  
overleaf of a letter from my charming sweetheart  
my blood gave color to a soldier's art,  
It's front line I don't have a real rose,  
celebrate and pray for the next year's dawn,  
with her and with the roses of sweet home's lawn!

But this year too, for the beloveds let us celebrate,  
let us wish each other the best and wait for the fate.

(During First World War, invention of Machine Guns paralyzed the war. On

Christmas and other like days the fighting forces waived white flags and  
celebrated the happy days jointly)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Solo Wedding

Look at me I am counting down,  
death is the final fate,  
but who knows when he will die?  
It's me!  
who knows the time of her death,  
I am a cancer patient,  
since my early childhood  
I always dreamed  
a bride in a white bridal gown  
standing in a church  
making all the promises  
a bride undertakes on oath.  
Death!  
You can't stop me to become a bride.  
Look at me I am a bride,  
in a white gown  
standing at a church  
see me smiling.  
Yes, it's a solo wedding,  
nobody is here to kiss me.  
You have seen my smile  
and if you see my eyes are wet,  
don't look at my eyes,  
look at my lips  
that still smile.  
Life is bad but not so much bad,  
we can steal a moment of happiness,  
a beautiful lie!  
How much bitter may be the truths of life!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Star On The Stem Of A Tree

Years have passed still I can see,  
You wrote my name on the stem of a tree,  
You opened your dissection kit,  
Took a knife from it  
And made a star of five arrows,  
Nobody knew but my heart only knows,  
What the five vertices represent,  
You asked activation of senses dormant,  
You asked to see the beauty of a girl,  
You asked to hear the beats of your pearl,  
You asked to taste the sweetness of your lips,  
You asked to smell a virgin with my dips,  
You asked to play my ancient role,  
And a lasting touch over all as a whole.  
Thanks God I succeeded to oblige my soul,  
And the life is smiling on my lovely goal.

(My name is Akhtar that means a star)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Striptease

The daughter of ocean is now in her teens,  
On the top of a tree I see her preens,  
Sweetheart, nature has taught you to fly,  
Spread your wings, for the naughty sky,  
Why don't you fly, I know you can fly?  
High with the winds in the endless sky,  
Take off sweetheart for the flight of love,  
Don't know the way; you may follow a dove,  
Learn the art of lightning from the sun and stars,  
Touch hidden strings within you are guitars,  
Thundering, showering fall on the towers,  
Kiss the rainbow show of the nudist flowers,  
Touch them and feel the aroma of God,  
No more refrains, I now want a nod,  
The roof of trees and the roots of plants,  
Everyone is waiting for your showering grants,  
Have sex with apex of the high mountains,  
That is direly needed by the dry fountains,  
Play this game with the green forest,  
Come from the east, come from the west,  
A hug will cool down the heated sky,  
Now is the time, now you must fly,  
Have a peg of wine, will you please,  
The earth is ready for a Striptease.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Successful Man (Being Inspired By A Poem Of Rajnish Managa)

I am firm and sure rather obstinate,  
while slipping down on a slope,  
I am tied firmly and shall not fall,  
there is with me an unseen rope,  
Child is born with much expectations,  
But when I see a boy's frustrations,

I started waiting for my youth,  
Mighty muscles and powerful arms,  
A heart fully filled by wine of love,  
And a beloved's inspiring charms,  
The rope of my love when nicely worked,  
Though I was hurt when I was jerked,

By passage of time I now analyze,  
How nicely I turned my pain in pleasure,  
Wealthy I shall die with pearls and gems  
My children I'm leaving for you a treasure,  
Sure, If I climbed a slippy mountain,  
Will be back safely to earth's fountain.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Successful Romantic Marriage

A pre marriage courtship is a lovely adventure,  
Being attracted to beauty, playing hides and seeks,  
Waiting for hours on the road opposite to a bedroom,  
On the first floor just to have a glimpse of a teen aged girl,  
Chasing that girl on a bicycle up to a girls college,  
Where one could not get in and waiting for her,  
Outside the college till the bells announced,  
She's about to come out and then chasing once again,  
Until she got in the gates of her lovely home!  
Regretted holidays for missing the routine!

What is it, foolishness or an adventure?  
Is it merely a call of nature?  
It might be foolishness but when responded,  
By the eyes of a sweet and lovely nice girl,  
An element enters in this wild foolishness,  
An element that softens the stones of hearts,  
And the adventure when blended by love,  
What else it is, other than romance,  
What a life is that without a romance!  
A duty imposed for just to reproduce!

Stealing a moment to meet somewhere outside,  
Be a windy evening of a hot summer noon,  
Or a sunny noon of a cold foggy morning,  
A moonlit night on the bank of a river,  
In the pleasant rains with roses and jasmines,  
To be wet in love and to come back in senses,  
Before t's too much with the dreams of future,  
Gripping and controlling the call of nature,  
Without all that the life remains incomplete,  
Sweet memories we need in the icy old age!

Bitter realities of life when kill the adventure,  
Adventure goes in coma but love never dies,  
Understanding each other, accepting each other,  
With the weaknesses exposed after marriage,  
Changes the nature of love completely,  
Compromises are made, sacrifices are made,

When a wife takes care of his childish husband,  
She behaves like a stern but loving grandmother,  
But the child is not annoyed at all,  
He enjoys a carefree lovely nice life,  
Ignoring a few painful casual strife,  
Three cheers for a beautiful lovely nice wife!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Sudden Winter Rain Fall

Came back winter with a sudden rain fall,  
Styles are different but enjoyed by all.  
What of children and youths the message of rains,  
Has been read by all with no refrains!

Children are playing in the river on streets,  
Grandmothers in kitchen for the tasty treats,  
Running wildly and pushing their mates,  
Innocent friendship that is free of hates,  
In the muddy water that is flowing on the ground,  
In water, muddy water, I see all around,  
I see many boats of colorful papers,  
Floating with boats the plastic wrappers,  
A few are playing water ball in the rain,  
Slipping and moaning but standing once again,  
Street dogs running and barking in fun,  
What an exciting romance sudden rains have spun.

Clouds have locked the sun for a day,  
Dropping honey of love on the thirsty clay,  
Sun sends cold winds to disperse the clouds,  
The policemen failed to disperse the crowds,  
Instead it attracted many bold and colorful females,  
One followed by at least ten loving males.

The couples got a chance of loving in the day,  
How helpless in love is excited clay.  
Let them love and love and don't disturb,  
The days of youth are few but superb!  
Why don't you listen to the call of romance?  
Why don't you sing, why don't you dance?  
With a message of love the rains have come back,  
A sick and shy is still off track,  
He is dancing on the roof he is wild like the cloud,  
Listen to the song he is singing so loud.

The old man busy in writing a poem,  
Recollecting his memories of the past childhood,  
Smiling on the days of lost youth-hood,

Imprisoned helplessly in the time's iron cage,  
Still enjoying the sudden rain fall,  
His heart is free not not in a cage at all!

In a hot blanket this crooning is futile,  
Get up sweetheart with the old style,  
Wear pink and green the lovely contrast,  
Climb on the roof and call back the past,  
Let us join the youths let us sing and dance,  
It's a weather of romance, only romance!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Sweater

The winds are pleasant,  
And the winter has gone,  
While packing my woolen wares,  
A white sweater brought tears in my eyes,  
I can't wear it any more but every year,  
I take it out and hang it with others,  
Fifty years ago she saw the design,  
And asked a lady how to knit it,  
The lady smiled and said proudly,  
Take it for a day or two,  
Copy the design if you can,  
She brought it watched it,  
And learnt the secret,  
The design was formed,  
Just by knitting from both sides,  
She returned the sweater to the proud lady,  
Brought white wool and knitted the sweater,  
In just two days, and gifted it to me,  
On my twentieth birthday,  
I was lean at that time,  
The proud lady when saw me in the sweater,  
Could not say anything just smiled,  
My sweet mother! Who says you're dead?  
I still see you in the token of your love.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Table Lamp On The Corner Table

Nothing on his left,  
nothing on his right,  
nothing is behind,  
nothing is ahead,  
well he's not on the floor,  
if not on the roof,  
it's a lovely bed,  
with an electric lamp on the corner table  
within the reach of a lonely poet  
and it's giving him a reason to live.

When it's too dark,  
just lying on the bed  
a restless man,  
ignored and isolated,  
switches on his only close friend  
he can kiss and touch  
and get light of beautiful words  
written by his distant friends  
from all over the world.

Wishes and greetings  
on the marvelous days,  
posts on various websites  
encouraging him to live,  
inspiring him to write.

He feels as if all his friends  
are with him in the lonely room.

Thanks to the table lamp  
it's you who made visible  
dear unseen friends.

he is no more alone,  
many times a day  
he switches on it,  
sees his friends,  
and sees a rainbow,  
and when it rains,  
he becomes a little naughty!

When he notices a friend is absent,  
he regrets his naught,  
he switches off the table lamp.

With tears in his eyes he decides  
he will not switch on it anymore!  
But he is helpless in love of a table lamp  
a source of light he needs  
to enlighten his soul.  
In a moment when frustration starts killing him,  
he sees a post from his absent friend,  
he becomes a naughty poet once again,  
he is inspired to write another naughty poem,  
and then smiles once again on his naught!  
He is at all not greedy to be recognized as a poet  
for him it's enough that he won friends from all over the world  
and his poems will not die with him  
it will remain in the hearts of so many websites.

Akhtar Jawad

## A Tearful Invitation

Caress, caress, and very close to granny,  
Give a pretty lovely rose to granny,  
Sweet are flowers, sweeter are the buds,  
Fly round her like the tweeting birds,  
She likes butterflies dancing on her face,  
Caress, caress and enjoy pink glaze.

Darkness of aging needs twinkles and shines,  
We know your taste and your favorite dines,  
With all the stars Oh Moon! Come tonight,  
Cress, caress, we shall enjoy your sight,  
We shall sing and dance and dine with delight,  
You can make our home so lovely and bright.

Your granny is famous for her lovely dishes,  
Have blessings sweethearts and hearty wishes,  
You have forgotten it so let me remind,  
How painful is old age how cruel and unkind!  
It's birthday of your granny she needs gift of love,  
Run like a tiger or you may fly like a dove,

But you must come tonight otherwise old clay!  
She will not celebrate her lonely birthday! !

Akhtar Jawad

# A Teen Aged Widow

When the morning star,  
Sees first sun ray,  
And disappears,  
In grief and distress,  
Gives a parting kiss,  
To the nude lady,  
Who takes her bath,  
Every early morning,  
In the sea of fire,  
And once again,  
Like a virgin in tact,  
Likes a teen-aged beauty,  
Flying high in sky,  
The fine wet grass,  
Licking milky foot,  
Ask birds to rise,  
And sing their song,  
Asks flowers and buds,  
To change night suits,  
And moves to the bank,  
And sits nimble footed,  
Partly on the earth,  
And partly in river,  
A cold, pleasant wind,  
And the swinging trees,  
Having watched this porn,  
Smile and discuss,  
The body of the lady,  
And a naughty blow,  
Pulls the shying buds  
In the cover of leaves,  
And kisses their petals,  
The sunflower rises,  
And turns his face,  
Towards the sun,  
For a new warm-up,  
And somewhere far,  
A boy with animals,  
All domestic,

And romantic,  
With a watching dog,  
Plays the bamboo pipe,  
Fishermen with the nets,  
Start their fishing,  
I find everyone,  
So happy and enjoying,  
The gift of life.

On the bank but other,  
Other side of river,  
I see someone,  
A girl of sixteen,  
Seventeen or so,  
In a white dressing,  
No smile on her face,  
Undressed long hair,  
Wearing no jewelry,  
Looking motionless,  
Starring in space.  
Somebody told me,  
A widow is she,  
Only after one month,  
After her marriage,  
Her spouse was killed,  
In a deadly war,  
Futile and fruitless.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Tree In Autumn

Who cares for the flowers' gone grandeur?  
Who reads the story of the falling leaves?  
What to steal from one heading to a winter,  
In autumn you invite the beautiful thieves!

Love not supplemented by something to steal  
Is just like a booked shot rarely played  
The thieves will come back during snow fall  
May not the winter this year too delayed!

Beatify me O Nature! This year once again,  
Cover my nude branches by soft white silk,  
Skin though hard fit yet for the osmosis,  
From snow I can suck O Mother, some milk!

I'm sure your snow will inject new dreams  
Green leaves and colorful flowers springs  
Withstanding winds, calling back thieves  
The lost naughtiness by waiving the wings

I'm sure colors and aroma of flowers,  
Will bring back the gone butterflies,  
Birds will come and their sweet songs,  
Will pull down the clouds from skies!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Tree Of Flowers

Pretty was the first tremor of romance  
In the wild wind my drunken dance,  
Dreaming with stars in the maiden moonlight,  
Attracting the lovers in the sexy sunlight,  
Delicacy and color and aroma of my petals,  
No fire no heat yet I melted the metals,  
I melted my lovers, the naughty thieves,  
Though lost myself, no regrets no grieves,  
Lost color and aroma and my soft delicacy,  
Did it in your garden with no privacy,  
I'm a beautiful agent of immortal love,  
A teacher for man and lion and dove,  
Beauty is in you that a flower unlocks,  
To see your shocks and the aftershocks,  
For the beloved are clouds and showers,  
And a lovely revival for the lovely flowers,  
Nature knows well what are my needs?  
See kissing of soil by embryos of seeds,  
I rose again from the bosom of earth,  
Now a tree of flowers, my beauty my worth!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Tribute To Savitri Devi

When I knocked at the doors of a beautiful soul,  
When I looked in the depth of a heart through stars,  
Those twinkle like diamonds on the face of a moon,  
I knew she is Venus and I am Mars.

Astonished I was, "Who are you?" when she asked,  
I am one, who has died many times for you,  
The newly born body with a soul ancient,  
Smiled, exclaimed, my crimes for you!

She was in the hands of a graceful midwife,  
Me a soul too old in a body of a child,  
The same sacred hands that touched my life,  
First time with love so soft and mild!

My tributes for you, you the Goddess of love,  
In the shape of a gynecologist you touched,  
Two loving souls with your wings as a dove,  
Magic you fetched for the fates of the wretched.

Savitri Devi I imagine and see you with wings,  
Flying on skies of the lovely fairy lands,  
Many souls separated are wishing your come back,  
They are waiting for you with many garlands!

(Savitri Devi, was a famous midwife of Gorakhpur, U.P., India; both me and my beloved, when came in this world, we found ourselves in the pious hands of Savitri Devi)

Akhtar Jawad

# A True Friend

I was nice with him  
he was nice with me,  
and the friendship continued,  
until he started ignoring me!  
I know I must have committed something wrong,  
but he never told me what's that something,  
Instead of ignoring if he would have slapped me,  
and said, "You my ugly friend, you did it with me!"  
I would have encircled him in my arms and would have replied,  
"I am sorry sweetheart; I don't know how I did it?  
Another slap on my left cheek, it's closer to my heart,  
but only if you are a lovely true friend."

Akhtar Jawad

# A Valentine's Day Message

Forgive me if I ever hurt you,  
if you still see some colors in me.  
Feel me my friend on a lovely day,  
if you still feel some odors in me.  
If you see some dirt on my dry petals,  
use your coldness and wet your eyes,  
the air joining us is humid enough,  
a few dew drops from blue skies.  
My nights are the nights of blue stars,  
my dawns are washed by drops of dew.  
I am still twinkling in your shining eyes,  
friends like me are rare and few.  
If you see my colors are faded away,  
I suppose your lips are still pink.  
I'm sure I'm still sleeping in thoughts,  
and your poetic dreams can still ink.  
Love, not something sold and purchased,  
not a pencil image that can be erased,  
it may be a mirage always chased,  
but a beauty for that life is praised!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Victory Day

My Lord! I don't blame you,  
I don't blame even my fate,  
If anything is to be blamed,  
I blame my uncalled hate.

It's a victory day, what a painful day!  
We are gathered here to celebrate,  
The day followed by a red hot war,  
We regret in aftermaths, but too late.

Alas! We could avoid this war!  
No smile on the lips but eyes are filled!  
Alas! We could not get rid of the hatred!  
The dream of victory has been fulfilled,

I am a poor man, disabled in the war,  
I came here like a limping insect,  
You have some money and purchased a crutch,  
Here comes the leader, the hero perfect!

He is a rich man on a nice wheelchair,  
His eyes are red, did not sleep last night.  
His face is pale and at all not fair,  
Still promising our future is bright.

Crops still in the womb but infected  
Air and water both are polluted,  
Lost the war even after winning!  
But the old hatred not yet diluted.

Oh greenery! Could you come back!  
The acidic rains radio active in nature,  
Look like tears of Adam and Eve,  
How they regret their sons' caricature!

The leaders' congrats could not understand,  
I could not see the beloved anywhere,  
The maid of victory you are dead or alive?  
She is in a coma, perhaps somewhere!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Warming Kiss

I have just received a call from him,  
the unemployed educated youth,  
has come out of his house.  
He must be standing on a bus stop,  
in the busy hours of the Saturday evening.  
The whole world suffers from the Saturday night fever,  
I can afford to gift him a motorbike  
but he is very much sensitive  
of his self-respect.  
Moreover,  
it's not his birthday,  
it's my birthday.  
Oh! He must have purchased a gift for me,  
where from he would have arranged the money for it!  
How could I explain to him  
he is himself a precious gift of God for me!  
I'll have to wait till his birthday  
this time I'll not listen to him  
and gift him a motorbike  
on his coming birthday.  
I listen to the bell from the gates  
someone has come,  
let me see who is it?  
I open the gates and I see  
someone on a new motorbike  
with a shining helmet on his head.  
He is removing the helmet  
pleasant surprise!  
He is my handsome fiance.  
I did not ask anything  
he himself said,  
'I have got a job  
and my employers  
have favored me with a motorbike.  
Sorry, I have no money,  
I could not purchase a gift for you,  
I have come with a bouquet of roses only.  
But I promise I shall give a lovely gift to you  
on your next birthday.'

I wanted but I could not say,  
by my next birthday,  
I shall be into your arms  
and I shall need only a warming kiss.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Wasted Rainy Night

The rainy season is about to go,  
I had written a message on the clouds,  
I spread alcoholic beverage on the clouds,  
The wind carried the clouds long ago.

The whole of night the alcoholic rains,  
Made the buds excited and drunk,  
I see green dresses on the trunk,  
The trees aren't shy of rainbow stains.

I missed her in the dreams of night,  
The unread message was read by few,  
The stars' tears were frozen as dew,  
The moon is shining and it's bright.

Clouds have gone and the sun is peeping,  
The smile of dawn at the eastern skies,  
Was blended slowly with tears and cries,  
Buds turned into flowers are now sleeping!

You're away, could come in the dreams,  
Winds and clouds don't charge for the flight,  
Or it's the weakness of my insight,  
Perhaps missed you in the sleepy streams!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Weekend Night

Where have you gone?  
Where have you been?  
Though you came back at last,  
Why do come in a working day?  
Please go back,  
May I suggest as to where you should go,  
Go to the hot and burning sun,  
Disguise yourself as thick black clouds,  
Wrap the sun,  
Hide him somewhere,  
Within your round and milky arms,  
Kiss your arms and ignite the lips,  
Make your lips fine fireworks,  
Or cool the sun,  
Within your bosom,  
Take all its heat,  
Make your bosom a valley of melting tangerines,  
Keep the sun as a prisoner of love,  
Anywhere in you,  
Within fences of wires,  
Wherein a current of thousands volts,  
Will constrain the sun to reflect a light,  
Travelling from feet to the lovely face,  
Cooling down for the moon near the clouds,  
Turn the day in a moonlit night,  
And when you're turned in a night sky,  
Eyebrows turn in in the flying night birds,  
And the eyes turn in shining stars,  
Braiding of hair in the Milky Way,  
With diamonds peeping out,  
From the soft pink rose,  
The golden necklace,  
Turning naughty below neck,  
And the bangles playing,  
The pleasing tunes,  
Then, you should come as awaited beloved,  
Tonight, I shall rob all pleasures you have.

For the last few nights,

I could not sleep,  
I cannot afford a sleepless night,  
Anymore, yes anymore,  
My sleep! Please come to me,  
Tonight as a lovely maiden bride!  
It's a weekend night,  
I shall keep you with me for the whole next day.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Wet Summer Night (Being Inspired By Robert Murray Smith's Poem The Dark Night)

Charms of a dark summer night!  
Under a roof of a mosquito net,  
Stars twinkling, moon so bright,  
Dew making things sexy and wet.

I loved that silken blanket, in it,  
Their was a moon hidden in me,  
Within the net a magic was knit,  
Twinkling stars inside I could see,

Stars in sky blue sleeping gown,  
Twinkling eye lids, smiles insides,  
Aromatic hairs, silky and brown,  
On her cheeks their naughty glides,

Many more, many more stars,  
A singular moon in a soft blue cover,  
Ecstatic wind her drunken guitars,  
Forget sky, what on earth discover!

Around my neck two round arms,  
Lips talking lips in a silent voice,  
Unparalleled, summer night charms  
My love, my dream, and my choice!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Woman In A Woman

You are a woman,  
everyone sees you as a woman,  
and gives you preferences at the public places.  
But there is someone,  
who sees you as a man,  
he can see your grievances below sweating graces.  
I shall love you to be crazy in his search  
who can see a woman in a woman,  
your womanhood he enhances and your soul he embraces.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Woman In Love

Leave me alone,  
On the bank of this river,  
I know,  
Many miles behind,  
She is sitting on the bank,  
Of this lovely river,  
Her feet is dip,  
In the water so cold,  
But warm at this place,  
She knows it well,  
Someone needs it,  
To feel the touch,  
Of her soft white feet,  
She is washing her hands,  
She is washing her face,  
Cause she knows,  
Someone needs,  
More excitements,  
The water is warmer.

Let me be excited.  
But I miss something,  
The naughty winds,  
Heard my heart,  
And suddenly I found,  
The water too warm,  
What happened at that bank?  
Oh love! Go to hell!  
The wind regrets,  
Her naught of the moment,  
She jumped in the river,  
A complete mystery,  
Is a woman in love!

(It is just an imagination to describe that a woman in love can go up to any extent.)

Akhtar Jawad

# A Woman In The Rains

I am below an umbrella,  
I am chasing my Cinderella,  
Visibility tends to zero,  
I am a teen-aged hero,  
It's a rainy day,  
Being Adam's clay,  
I can see her charms,  
Her lovely arms,  
In a sleeveless shirt,  
My eyes full of dirt,  
But you can't blame me,  
I am bound to see,  
Her body is exposed,  
No eyes are closed,  
She is wet and appealing,  
Like a thief stealing,  
Many hearts on their way,  
It's rain on the clay,  
It's call of nature,  
Not an angel just a creature.

I go to the beauty,  
To perform my duty,  
And offer to share,  
The love and care,  
Of umbrella I had,  
She made me glad,  
By accepting my offer,  
Did not call me a loafer,  
While sharing my umbrella,  
Asked she, my Cinderella,  
Do you have any rag?  
I see your bag,  
I want to conceal,  
The device of steal,  
My body is exposed,  
No eyes are closed.

She was woman of east!

And me, not better than a beast!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Woman Is A Born Mother

I saw them on the bank of a river,  
Driving their toy carts,  
The two friends,  
I came to know they are brother and sister,  
The sister was a few years older than the brother,  
While their parents were sitting at a distance,  
The pink lovely buds of roses,  
Were racing on the cart,  
Suddenly the cart of the boy slipped,  
And he fell down in the river,  
Her sister shouted, "Daddy, help us."  
But she did not wait for her father,  
I was surprised to listen to her golden words,  
"My child, don't worry, I'm coming."  
And she jumped in the river.  
The children were rescued,  
At that moment that mere child of a girl,  
Appeared to me a grown up mother!  
On that day I realized,  
A woman is a beautiful born loving mother!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Woman Makes The House A Home

Is home the name of a shining floor,  
if so women are the tiles that make it shining.  
Is home the name of the protecting walls,  
if so mothers, sisters, daughters and grandmothers,  
provide the protection that's needed by a house.  
Is home the name of a roof,  
that burns in the red hot sun,  
that's wet in the cold winter rains,  
just for a night,  
of a soothing moonlight,  
when all the pains of her fatigue,  
all mental and physical strains,  
are washed away in the lovely arms,  
when she is kissed by her life partner,  
and when,  
stars come down in her eyes,  
the moon liquefies moonlight,  
in the wine of love,  
fills her whole and makes her a bottle of ecstasy,  
when she forgets all her pains,  
and when she is loved by her mate.  
And when on the seventh sky,  
Eve looks into the eyes of Adam,  
smiles and exclaims,  
'She was a daughter,  
she was a sister,  
now she is his wife,  
can you read her dreams reflected in my eyes,  
she is dreaming to become a mother,  
and when she is a mother,  
she will not stop dreaming,  
she will dream to become a grandmother,  
I am proud of my grand grand grand granddaughter.  
My daughters make a house a lovely sweet home!

Akhtar Jawad

# A Wonderful Cricketer

Fielding at the slips he held a few catches  
but at the covers he dropped all the catches,  
at the extra covers he held the wining catch.  
I am not aware of any ball tampering by him,  
he knows the art how a victory he can snatch  
though the keeper behind the wickets helped him a lot,  
we all are happy he won the final match.

Akhtar Jawad

# A Work Of Art

The artist promised a work of art,  
And excited the model's virgin heart,  
He painted her hair he painted her eyes,  
He painted her arms he painted her thighs,  
He painted rosy cheeks and her coral lips,  
Depressions of her belly, elevations of the hips,  
He painted her beautiful lovely face,  
He captured all the charms and all the grace,  
But the dance of breasts on the beats of her heart!  
To paint this beauty was the real art,  
The artist could not capture the moving charms,  
She hugged herself in her own lovely arms,  
The painting then touched the poet's heart,  
He wrote a poem on the work of art.

Akhtar Jawad

# A World Within A World

I can think sweetheart and I can feel,  
Still in my eyes there are tears,  
I have worries and I have fears,  
I have a heart that's not made of steel.

The heat is increasing every new day,  
What if the circuit breaker is broken?  
The high voltage of words spoken,  
Closing near is destruction day by day!

A war of water has started peeping,  
That may evaporate the water we have,  
That may ruin the shed and shelter we have,  
On the wall I see a poison creeping.

Can't we bid farewell to centuries old hate,  
Get rid of politics magnifying it,  
Don't love if hearts are denying it,  
Why you believe a war is the fate?

I find myself helpless and constrained to think,  
I have no alternate but to close my eyes,  
And wait for the fate wrote on the skies,  
I can only use my pen and ink.

Let me hide myself in a land of dreams,  
Where there are friends who think like me,  
A world in that they ink like me,  
A valley that is green with lovely streams.

A world within a world may help somewhat,  
A circle of lovers of poetry and arts,  
A group of charming lovely sweethearts,  
Healing the wounds with the magic of art!

Forgetting the fears of a doubtful tomorrow,  
Let us share our works with a lovely smile,  
From Paramount to Alps and Ganges to Nile,  
Let us heal the wounds, wipe tears of sorrow.

A world within a world with a peaceful sleep,  
A day with love and a night with dreams,  
A shower in the friendship's pleasant streams,  
The exchanged smiles penetrating very deep!

Akhtar Jawad

## Aa Jao

Gham to tumne bante naheen khushian hi bantne aa jao,  
Jo kutch mere pas bacha hay wuh bhi mangne aa jao.  
Khamoshi ka daman pakde kahte rahna sunta rahoon ga,  
Hont to kabse sakit hayn han dil ko thamne aa jao.  
Jalti tapti dopahri mein saya to zara do zulfon ka,  
Jazbon ke thande hathon ko honto se tapne aa jao.  
Sham ke saye lambe hue aur sooraj madham padne laga,  
mahke mahke phoolon ko balon mein tankne aa jao.  
soone sone raste per kabse khada hoon sanjh dhale,  
Shayed tum pehle ki tarah khidki se jhankne aa jao.  
Ander kitni roshni hay aur bahar kitna andhera hay,  
Main to dekhoon ga tumko tum yun hi takne aa jao.  
Rat to shabnam se bheegi aankhein bheegin ashkon se,  
Shayed chehre pe shafaq aa jae tum jo samne aa jao.

Akhtar Jawad

# Aag Bun Kar Kisi Din Dehak Jao Na

Apni aankhon ka kajra bana lo mujhe,  
Apni zulphon ka gajra bana lo mujhe,  
Apne honton ki madira pila do mujhe,  
Chand jaisa yeh chehra dikha do mujhe.

Dhoop mein apni zulphon ka saya karo,  
Muskura kar kabhi to bulaya karo,  
Kabhi chup chup ke raton mein aya karo,  
Gungunaya karo hosh uraya karo.

Bun ke badal kabhi mujhpe barso zara,  
Jhank kar meri aankhon mein dekho zara,  
Ek shab umr ko de do dhoka zara,  
Mujhko chaho zara mujhko socho zara.

Tum hatheli pe mehndi rachaya karo,  
Apne honton pe lali lagaya karo,  
Choorion ki khanak bhi sunaya karo,  
Peyar ke geet chupke se gaya karo.

Tum gulab ho agar to mehak jao na,  
Tum sharab ho agar to chalak jao na,  
Tum shabab ho agar to behak jao na,  
Aag ban kar kisi din dehak jao na.

Akhtar Jawad

# Aaj Ki Raat

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Main bhi khamosh hoon tumbhi yunhi khamosh raho,  
Mujhko madhosh banaya hay to tumbhi aiy dost,  
Aaj ki raat meri bahon mein madhosh raho.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Aj ki raat na baton mein ganwao sathi,  
Ankhon ankhon mein bhi ho jati hain baten kitni,  
Apni nazren meri janib to uthao sathi.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Mujhko peeney do chalakti huyee aankhon se zara,  
Yun hi chupchap mere pehloo min shab bhar baitho,  
Khelne do mujhe mehki huyee zulfon se zara.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Kanpte hathon ko de bhi do mere hathon mein,  
Aaj to barhte huye hath na pakro mere,  
Sharm aati hay to chup jao meri bahon mein.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Apni rangeen mulaqat adhoori na rahe,  
Ab to ruswai ka dar hay na gunah ki uljhan,  
Roohain jab mil chukeen jismon mei bhi doori na rahe.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Hijr ke shikwe zaroori sahi kar len ge kabhi,  
Sath rehne ki yeh qasmein to bahut hain khai,  
Dawe kitne hain kiye aur bhi kar len ge kabhi.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Zindagi itni musarrat se na gae gi kabhi,  
Sans rukta haiy magar waqt nahin rukta hay,  
Aaj ki rat na phir laut ke aaey gi kabhi.

Aaj ki raat ka unuwan Khamoshi hi rahe,  
Ajnabi mujhse meri dost kisi taur nahin tum,  
Aaj keyon mujhse jhijhakti ho barho meri taraf,  
Meri dulhan ho meri jan koi aur nahin tum.

Akhtar Jawad

# Aangan Mein Khud Ko Aaj Sulane Chala Hoon Main

Shabnam se dil ki aag bujhane chala hoon main,  
Aangan mein khud ko aaj sulane chala hoon main.  
Sargoshian karoon ga sitaron se rat bhar,  
Thandi hawa ko geet sunane chala hoon main.  
Aakash per uroon ga main badal ke sath sath,  
Chanda se chandni ko churane chala hoon main.  
Juhi ke har shabbo ki khshboo liye huey,  
Is rat ko aroos banane chala hoon main.  
Woh door aasman pe jo pardon mein hay chupi,  
Usko zameen ki goud mein lane chala hoon main.  
Kal rat mere sath thi soyee na sari rat,  
Phir rat aa gayee hay jagane chala hoon main.  
Uske hassen jism ki ranaian na pooch,  
Tan man mein phir ek aag lagane chala hoon main.  
Gustakhion pe meri woh naraz ho gayee,  
Aashiq hoon main bhi usko manane chala hoon main.  
Woh subh ke bad jane kahan ja ke so gai,  
Dekhi jo ek jhalak to jagane chala hoon main.  
Dosheezgiye laila ke israr ki quasam,  
Fitrat ko belibas banane chala hoon main.

Akhtar Jawad

# Aanu Bhadra Kratvo Yantu Vishwatah - Bhagvad Geeta

Let noble thoughts come, from each sides,  
Collect the gems, wherever are the tides.  
Enjoy good thoughts, like beauty of brides,  
They are friends of all, and good guides.

Prove All things, hold fast that, which is good,  
Holy Bible told me, I understood,  
I was taught since my childhood,  
Spread the truth, don't keep in a hood.

Golden principles, great men share,  
God made laws for our welfare,  
Same in Holy Koran, many unaware,  
I respect all, read and care.

Akhtar Jawad

## Aao Na Phir Kabhi

Chehre ka yeh naqab uthao na phir kabhi,  
Khidki ka yeh hijab girao na phir kabhi.  
Kandhon pe rakh ke sar zara gao na phir kabhi,  
Shayer ka ek khawab sunao na phir kabhi.  
Jao to ayse jao ke jana tumhein khale,  
Aao to ayse aao ke jao na phir kabhi.  
Kitni haseen sham thi jab tum mujhe mile,  
Aysi hi ek sham mein aao na phir kabhi.  
Sargoshian karo ke ke koi aur keyun sune,  
Honton se bat kar ke sunao na phir kabhi.  
Alfaz keya sametein ge batein hayn peyar ki,  
Aankhon se batein kar ke sunao na phir kabhi.  
Shikwah hay tomko peyar na aaya kabhi mujhe,  
Aata hay kayse peyar sikhao na phir kabhi.  
Chingari jiski rakh ke ander dabi rahe,  
Aysi bhi ek aag lagao na phir kabhi.  
Apnon mei fasle koi baqi rahein to keyun,  
Yeh ghairiyat ke jhagde mitao na phir kabhi.  
Bikhreen agar to bikhrein gi ranaiyan bhi sath,  
In gesuon ki khushboo sunghao na phir kabhi.  
Kayse kata hay din main bataoon tumhein zara,  
Kitni jawan rat hay aao na phir kabhi.

Akhtar Jawad

## Aap Aaye (With English Translation)

Door jana tha to tum pas keyun itne aaye,  
haye wuh lamha ke jis lamhe mein tum they bhaye.  
Ud ke jate bhi nahin aur baraste bhi nahin,  
zindigi per yeh meri kaise hayn badal chaye.  
Bhoole bhatke hi sahi aaj chale aaye hayn,  
peyr aaya hay agar aap ko aksar aaye.  
Arsh se utro mera farsh hay ashkon se dhula,  
bal jabeen ke hon zara kam jo tabassum aaye.  
Itna berahm nahin waqt zara tham ke chalein,  
keyun simatne lage zulfon ke ghanere saye.  
Guzri baton ko muhabbat mein nikalein ab keya,  
yeh bhi keya kam hay mere ghar mein agar aap aaye.  
Main agar main hoon to phir aap bhi to aap hi hayn,  
kaise kahdoon ke ghalat hay yeh kisi ki raye.

### English Translation

When you had to go so far from me,  
why did you come so close to me?  
should I regret the amazing moment when,  
your beauty enchanted my heart and soul.

Neither it flies away of me,  
nor it rains on my thirsty heart,  
frozen on skies of my life,  
what type of clouds are hung!

though delayed so long,  
anyway, you came,  
if it's love, let it recur,  
yes, again and again.

From the roof descend on my floor,  
my tears have washed it nicely,  
let the wrinkles too be washed by smiles,  
ascending from lips to the forehead.

Time is not so much cruel,  
walk with stops,

why dress and lock your hairs,  
let it remain a shed for me.

Past is lost and poking it,  
is against the customs of love,  
it's enough for me,  
you came at last.

Here I am I,  
there you are you,  
how can I say,  
you were wrong.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ab Aa Jao

Aysa mausam agar aaya hay to tumbhi aate,  
Kaun kehta hay baraste mujh jalthal karte,  
Meri bechainy badhate mujhe bekal karte,  
Hosh hota to yeh kehta mujhe pagal karte,  
Main kadi dhoop mein zinda hoon agar tum chate,  
Zindigi thodi si aasan to ho hi jati,  
Dilkashi phir meri mehman to hi jati,  
Bojh se halki meri jan to ho hi jati,  
Zara rote zara hanste zara humbhi gate,  
Zindigi talkh sahi phir bhi bitate tum ho,  
Maine jo geet likhe hayn unhein gate tum ho,  
Kaise sadmat hayn jo abbhi uthate tum ho,  
Kutch meri sunte to kutch apni suna bhi jate.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ab Hath Na Cheroon Ga

Aankhon se jo dekha hota  
Main tujhko bhula deta,  
Mere dil ne tujhko dekha,  
Ab bhool na paoon ga.

Gar zehn se socha hota,  
Main tujhko bhula deta,  
Mere dil ne tujhko socha,  
Ab bhool na paoon ga.

Hathoon se jo chooya hota,  
Main tujhko bhula deta,  
Mere dil ne tujhko chooya,  
Ab bhool na paoon ga.

Honton se jo chooma hota,  
Main tujhko bhula deta,  
Mere dil ne tujhko chooma,  
Ab bhool na paoon ga.

Kanon se suna hota,  
Main tujhko bhula deta,  
Mere dil hay tujhko sunta,  
Ab bhool na paoon ga.

Gar tu na mila hota,  
Main tujhko bhula deta,  
Maine pakar tujhko khoya,  
Ab bhool na paoon ga.

Teri khushboo jo maine soonghi,  
Mere dil se rooh mein utri,  
Meri nazmon mein bikhri bikhri,  
Ab kaise bhula doon tujhko,  
Aa hath mila loon tujhse,  
Ab hath na cheroon ga!

Akhtar Jawad

# Abortion

Is anything more cruel and inhuman?  
A painful death for your baby in the womb,  
The womb is a temple of worship and love,  
And you make it a slaughter house!  
All the four ways a baby is destroyed,  
All inhuman and cruel on your part,  
Show your sadistic instincts,  
Establish the fact we are still the beasts.  
The baby pulled out by a vacuum machine,  
Turned in tossing pieces like tail of lizard,  
Cut in cubes of flush by merciless knives,  
By a cruel doctor, a butcher in fact!  
Getting baby out by a surgery,  
Dissolving it by injecting a solution of salt,  
All are cruel and inhuman and a source of pain,  
For a symbol of love murdered brutally.

If you can't give birth to a flower of love,  
Do something before the baby is conceived,  
And if can't do anything else,  
Better get rid of love and live like stones.

Akhtar Jawad

# Absence Versus Presence

When beauty is in the arms,  
I inhale all its charms,  
Outside me it's nothing that remains,  
It's me, the beauty who sustains,

When beauty is away,  
I am just dry clay,  
Waiting for the rains,  
It's me, crying in pains.

When the beauty reunites,  
A fire she ignites,  
Love smiles like a virgin bride,  
And me a full moon tide!

Akhtar Jawad

# Accident

I am annoyed of this narrow busy road,  
by seeing everywhere might is running on it,  
it's might of VIPs with armed guards,  
it's might of money, with long big cars  
creating traffic and parking problems  
and sometimes it's physical might, too.  
Traffic rules are there but nobody cares of it.  
I am a weak and helpless person!  
Having no alternate but to ride a bike  
that is run by costly gasoline,  
while long big cars are run by cheaper  
compressed natural gas.  
Alas! I cannot ask the rulers why it's so.  
Soon I am relieved of my mental pains  
when I think this entire world is like this.  
Heavenly laws are there but who follows?  
Can I ask Him why don't you interfere?  
While He is reputed to be kind and benevolent.  
If not,  
how can I ask the unkind and unbenevolent ones!  
Perhaps I am the blood on a narrow busy road  
of this limitless universe,  
came out from a smashed body in an accident!  
Irony! I am crying on my broken bike  
I am least worried of my severe injuries.

Akhtar Jawad

# Action Replay

Thinking in sleepless nights,  
sometimes a sorrow sometimes a joy,  
life is both regrets and prides,  
in both the cases I desire an action replay,  
either to enjoy once again,  
or to change the wrong decisions,  
I know that's impossible,  
but my imagination rewinds my life,  
and when I succeed in changing my past,  
my eyes become impatient,  
start gaining weight,  
the heavy eyelids know a magic,  
haven't you seen the yawning of a restless life,  
a nice attempt to breath in a new world,  
a big success, a deep and peaceful sleep!  
Isn't it a paradise where thinking expires for a few hours,  
no worries no dreams!  
A glimpse of death with a message for me,  
don't be afraid of death,  
it's a blessing of God!

Akhtar Jawad

# Actor

Knocked at the door of his neighbor  
Whispered due to pains to the noctor  
"Is the doctor at home? "  
"Come in, he is in Rome.  
Your sickness I know, you naughty actor! "

(Noctor  
A slang term—derived from `not a doctor)

Akhtar Jawad

# Adam Will Find You Out Wherever You Are Thrown

Life is pleasing and charming in love,  
Life is bleeding and wounding in hate,  
So I love, to love,  
I hate, to hate.

Life is pretty and beauty when smile,  
Life is anxiety and a prison when cry,  
So I smile, won't you?  
I don't cry, and you?

Life is inspiring when I think of you,  
Life is boring when my thoughts lack you,  
So I think of you, why don't you,  
I catch your arms when you try to go.  
Why you want to go?  
Where you want to go?  
Sometimes sick like an ailing old lady,  
Sometimes sleeping, silent like a body,  
Sometimes asking to kiss, a parting kiss,  
Your kiss is bliss, but the parting kiss!

Be dynamic, I shall not let you go,  
Arise my love life calls you,  
Start day dreaming,  
It's my practice every day,  
Think you're a girl,  
Of sweet sixteen,  
Or seventeen,  
You've to sing and dance,  
And enjoy the romance,  
Ask me to bring a rose,  
Pink in color and fragrance,  
That provokes,  
Appetite of love!

Come on my girl,  
Getup my girl,  
Love calls you,  
Forget who you are,

Not a grandmother at this moment,  
Not a mother at this moment,  
Not even a wife.

Imagine the beauty of meeting someone,  
Behind the trees,  
In a moon lit night,  
And a starry sky,  
Blows of wind in summer mild rains,  
Shall remove the stress,  
Shall remove the strains,  
Shall remove the fears,  
Shall wipe out the tears,  
You'll find yourself,  
Carefree and confident,  
Unconcerned with the fate,  
Willing and prepared,  
Like Adam and Eve,  
To the call of nature,  
That is love only love.

And if you go out of my sight,  
My dear Eve, you'll not be alone,  
Adam will find you out,  
Wherever you are thrown!

(As advised by my dear friend Asadullah I have edited this poem. I regret the hurt that caused to him and to others too)

Akhtar Jawad

# Admission Submission And Denial

She said, &quot;You are stupid.&quot; My admission,  
She said, &quot;You are foolish.&quot; My submission,  
&quot;May be a bad husband.&quot;  
Denied it holding her hand,  
Now, I am regretting all, my confession!

Akhtar Jawad

# Afshan Ahmad And The Terrorists

Should I call it brutality?  
Should I call it cruelty?  
It's not enough,  
Then what I should call it?  
I don't know!  
What happened in a school at Peshawar?  
Dear God do you know it?  
If you know it,  
Please tell me what should I call it?  
My dear poet friends please help me,  
Give me a word to describe it.

Afshan Ahmad,  
A teacher of Army Public School,  
Peshawar,  
Where children of civilians also read,  
She came between the terrorists,  
And the children,  
Boldly and bravely she said,  
I can't see blood of my children,  
Terrorists spread petrol on her,  
And turned her alive in coal and ashes,  
While burning she was advising her children,  
A sincere teacher was teaching even in fire,  
See her duty,  
See her beauty,  
As a teacher and as a mother as well,  
She added a romantic page,  
To the tale of Eve,  
The terrorists had not come to kill Afshan,  
But she was there to do the best she could do,  
Yes as a teacher,  
Yes as a mother,  
She was asking the children to  
Run away, run away,  
You heartless terrorists,  
This is the way,  
That leads to paradise,  
And the way you are moving on,

leads to hell.

Afshan! if you could talk to me,  
From the paradise,  
You said run away,  
They may run away,  
We may run away,  
But how and where!

Death warrants of those,  
Who have been sentenced to death,  
Are pending for an advice,  
From chief of executive,  
To the head of state.

Dear God if you know a place,  
Dear poet friends if you know it,  
Please let me know too!  
How and where we may run away.

Akhtar Jawad

## After Being Killed

My enemy when we shall kill each other in a fight,  
in the name of our Gods,  
I would like to see my God,  
and your God as well.  
And I shall compare the two Gods  
to decide whose God is more handsome,  
whose God is more beneficent and merciful,  
whose God is more kind and benevolent.  
I shall call my God by His hundred names,  
In the echo of calls when I shall be frustrated  
not to get a response from my God,  
for whom I killed you,  
and for whom I was killed,  
with tears in my eyes I shall ask you,  
now you may call your Gods.  
And when being frustrated like me,  
you will turn your face towards my face,  
and we shall see tears in each others' eyes,  
for the first time we shall see each other without any enmity,  
we shall stretch our arms towards each other,  
we shall hug each other with sympathy  
a sympathy quickly growing in friendship and love,  
and when our hearts will come so much close  
that the two heart beats merge with each other,  
and when we shall see the ancient light,  
converging and diverging,  
In that light how much we shall cry,  
and how much we shall regret  
that we wasted our lives in an uncalled fight!  
What we are doing here,  
if we could have done before killing each other!

Akhtar Jawad

# Agar Yeh Duniya Nahin Rahegi ?? ?? ????? ????? ??? ??

?

Agar yeh dunya nahiN rahe gi,  
Yeh khak ho jaye gi kisi din,  
To is tabahi ke khauf meN maiN,  
Rahoon bhala kaise aap ke bin,  
kisi ki jaali ke paas aakar,  
MaiN bekhabar hoon, maiN bekhabar.

Guzarne do waqt ko fana tak  
Yeh rat din aaen jaeN yuNhi  
Ho jo bhi anjam dekh leN ge  
woh apna rasta dikhaen yuNhi.  
kisi ki chahat kisi ki qurbat,  
Meri baqa hay yehi muhabbat  
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Akhtar Jawad

# Ageing

Welcome you as one of my girlfriends  
Can't entertain any of your annoying boyfriends.  
First a painful heart attack  
Now sugar, to off-track  
Tests, medications and bills are your friends!

Akhtar Jawad

# Aiy Mere Khuda Aiy Mere Khuda

Hum to kal bhi zindah they,  
Hum to aaj bhi zindah hayn,  
Tum to kal bhi murdah they,  
Tum to aaj bhi murdah ho,  
Yad karo wuh din jab,  
Tum Ibne Mujlim kahlate they,  
Tumne shaheed Ali ko kiya,  
Tum khoon ke kitne peyase ho,  
Tumne sijde mein sar kata,  
Jise chooma rasool ke honton ne,  
Phir tum chadh daure medina per,  
Apni hi man aur behnon per,  
Kutton ki tarha tum jhapte they,  
Tum kaise mamoon they unke,  
Tum kaise chacha they unke  
Tum kaise bête they unke,  
Tum kaise bhai they unke,  
Tum bap bane un bachon ke,  
Jinhein kokh mein jabr se dala गया,  
Do ek nahin yeh hazaron theen,  
Tum quale rasool bhi bhool gaye,  
Zulm na karna medina per,  
Is shahr mein mujhko panah mili,  
Aur aaj khud apne bachon per,  
Barood liye tum chadh daure,  
Mayn apni beegi aankhon se,  
Bas arsh ko takta rehta hoon,  
Aur ro ro kar yeh kehta hoon,  
Aiy mere khuda aiy mere khuda,  
Aiy mere khuda aiy mere khuda!

Akhtar Jawad

## Akhtar Is Trying To Become Sobers

My friends I have created a bad image of me,  
You remain unhappy with me, how can I see,  
I had been starring at the girls too bold,  
That's indecent on the part of an old,  
Now I shall close one when a bold I see.

Akhtar Jawad

# Akhtar Jawad

Carry the devil too old,  
Otherwise, masculine gold,  
Devil's fussiness,  
Devil's business,  
Control my poems bold.

Akhtar Jawad

# Akin And Contrast(Thanks Pramila Khadun For Inspiring Me To Write This Poem)

The sun, the clouds, the stars  
all were telling her to move,  
she went on moving,  
overlooking someone,  
sitting beneath a dense tree,  
sitting on the shore of a calm sea,  
just watching a distant moon.  
He could have spoken and he could have sung,  
but he preferred to remain silent,  
rather someone who was deaf and dumb in love,  
neither he could listen to her joyful song,  
nor his steps could move for a dance.  
While tired, frustrated and dejected  
leaving behind the akin interests  
she was coming back  
she anyhow had a look at him.  
She noticed the beauty of a perfect contrast,  
like two opposite poles of a magnet  
see her and see him  
so close she is that he is writing on her lips  
what he has not spoken even now!  
No pains of movement now,  
no more tired  
she is drowned in the soothing waves of a calm ocean  
moonlight is dancing on the tunes of propagating waves  
and leaves falling down to peep deep in the sea.

Akhtar Jawad

# All Is Bad If It Ends Bad

The idols of so called great leaders,  
are still worshiped all over the world,  
though they were the reasons of killings,  
destruction of valuables,  
abusers of women and children.  
They all were either nationalists,  
or religious extremists,  
or fascists.  
Just read the history of last hundred years,  
those leaders were either murdered,  
or hanged till death,  
or died in dirty diseases like aids.  
The end of a man reflects his whole life.  
All is bad if it ends bad.

Akhtar Jawad

# All Is Well That Ends Well

I know she hates you,  
But she has reasons for it,  
You jumped down in her house,  
In a dark and rainy night,  
She was helpless,  
A motherless, no guide no guard,  
Maltreated by her step mother,  
And by her cruel aunts,  
You made her a toy,  
She has been broken,  
And in the time of need,  
You left her alone.

Man is not he, who never commits a sin,  
Man is he, who avenges his sins,  
Avenge your sin,  
Or otherwise be prepared for the day,  
The day on which,  
Love is modified in hate.

A hate having roots in love,  
And if it's the hate of a woman,  
Can destroy anything,  
The angry young neighbor,  
Having no alternate,  
A toy of fate,  
Will jump down in your house,  
She will burn your house,  
Will be burnt alive, too,  
Alive in the fire of hate,  
You can change the end,  
Haven't you read?  
All is well,  
That ends well.

Akhtar Jawad

# All Seasons Are For Love

Anything artificial does not help at all,  
Artificial cooling lacks nature's call,  
Kissing and embracing the sweating sweetheart,  
Keeps me so saline whole day her salt,  
Drops of sweat that shine like diamonds,  
Are more tasty than nuts and almonds,  
When she drops her eyelids into two loving arms,  
It's summer that smiles with virgin charms,  
Life is delicious when eyelids are kissed,  
When season is changed this pleasure is missed.

The clouds that rise like a growing teenager,  
And force the eyes to dive even deeper,  
On my bosom when feel soft touch of the twins,  
It's sweat once again from the past summer ruins,  
That forces the lovers to sing and dance,  
They run outside in the rains for romance,  
It's sweat of nature that washes all strains,  
Love in exposure of beauty is the rains,  
Lightning, thundering showers then expose,  
Exciting, pleasuring odors of the rose!

The leaves when fall and the trees are naked,  
The view of a tree is then truly rated,  
The palm when crawls on the stem of a plant,  
The hands enjoy nice nature's grand grant,  
The leaking moisture as sweat of the tree,  
Still it's enough abundant and free,  
The lover is blessed with porn of autumn,  
It's love that is written in its blank column,  
Let us love in the autumn like summer and rains,  
I love to have a few more stains.

I am looking for it where has gone your sweat,  
It has been converted in breathing out heat,  
It's too cold outside but your breathing warms,  
Let me hide my whole in your burning charms,  
How hot are your lips! I feel the beat,  
The twins have produced the needing heat,

Every wave from you has vibrated my all,  
The fog of breaths is not shy at all,  
Love in winter has its own singular taste,  
Enjoy it in full hurry up with the haste.

Come out sweet heart and listen to the bell,  
Extinguished is the fire of the old ugly hell,  
Dress like a rainbow, to the flowers let us fly,  
Butterfly, butterfly my sweet butterfly,  
We shall sing outside we shall dance outside,  
Spring has come as a beautiful bride,  
Expose yourself as the nature has exposed,  
Come out as a flower or a lyric composed,  
The wind is blowing with a message of love,  
Close all roads for the passage of love.

The teen aged beauty of early springs,  
From where you have got the fairy's wings,  
What of the cloth even sight now slips,  
Turning in the dance your legs your hips,  
Clouds scattered on the neck and arms,  
I don't see anything but the charms,  
You don't walk you swim like mermaids,  
Spring you lead in the all six maids,  
Grown up in a girl that twists in a dance,  
What else she needs only love and romance,  
Haven't you seen yourself in a mirror,  
A princess of appeal and queen of terror,  
You came and conquered the poet's heart,  
Your music your painting are the works of art,  
All other seasons are to dye in love,  
Spring has been made to die in love.

(Being inspired by Mahakavi Kalidas, Shkespeare of the East)

Akhtar Jawad

# All The Best

In the heat strokes and in the burning sun,  
To defend young ones from the hunter's gun,  
Collecting straws a lengthy fatigue,  
What we throw as waste, in fact an antique,  
For the bird that knits the craft of a nest,  
The poet sings. All the best, all the best!

The thunders of clouds that frighten all,  
The lightning that falls on the nests small,  
Rising her head to the hidden sky,  
Begging Almighty! A few days to fly,  
For the bird that lays her eggs with a lest,  
The poet sings. All the best, all the best!

Autumn when constrains for more hardships,  
And the young ones when open their nibs,  
She flies in through the open windows,  
A poet can see her lovely hidden plows,  
For collector of grains to enjoy the fest,  
The poet sings. All the best, all the best!

It's a winter, she teaches the young ones to fly,  
Welcome sweet hearts to the blue sky,  
By God, I can see, see Him in the cycle,  
Let me kiss someone on a moving tricycle,  
For the bird twittering on a new lovely nest,  
The poet sings. All the best, all the best!

Hopes of future, the pleasant springs,  
I see more colors of the mighty wings,  
Let me sing sweetheart and let me dance,  
On its adventure and all its romance,  
For dear life, and its lovely nice crest,  
The poet sings. All the best, all the best!

Akhtar Jawad

# All Time Poet

He knows nothing,  
He feels nothing,  
Still there's something!  
He's a player of Bing.  
The five cards ping,  
When they embrace each other,  
And kiss the lover,  
When He wins the game,  
And do you know His fame?  
He is an all time winner,  
He is an all-time lover.  
And after every win,  
He wipes out a sin,  
Another piece of land,  
He makes gorgeous and grand,  
Snatched from the hell.  
The burning well,  
Then cries and says,  
These ugly clays,  
Will make me empty,  
How unfair and dirty!  
How strong are the cards!  
How can I face the wizards!  
I know on the day,  
The fire will be clay,  
A garden of flowers,  
With the clouds of showers,  
Will turn me green,  
His cards are unseen.

He then smiles, and I hear His song,  
Like a ball of Ping-Pong,  
Beauty throws me to love,  
Love flies like a dove,  
I then touch the skies,  
And regret the denies,  
I see a poem written on sky,  
Five cards so high!  
And do you know these cards,

Their magic and wizards,  
It's love and beauty,  
It's peace, my duty,  
It's coexistence and tolerance,  
I come back with a fragrance,  
I then perform my duty,  
Write a poem with some beauty.

Akhtar Jawad

# Alone In A Crowd

Life is blowing drop by drop,  
Death is growing drop by drop,  
Fields I'm plowing one by one,  
Alone in a crowd next to none!

Ugliness is increasing day by day,  
Beauty is decreasing day by day,  
Everything unpleasing one by one,  
Alone in a crowd next to none!

Frustrations roaring one after another,  
Sweets are souring one after another,  
Ethics I'm boring one by one,  
Alone in a crowd next to none!

Thinking is matured years by years,  
My pen is injured years by years,  
Thoughts are censured one by one,  
Alone in a crowd next to none!

Akhtar Jawad

# Al-Rahman

Shak ki ismein keya gunjaish hota agar na woh Rahman,  
Paida karta keyun woh tujhko nazil karta keyun quraan,  
Tujhko keyun goyai deta keyun woh deta tujhko jan,  
Mitti ke ek dher ki unchi kardi hay Gabrael se shan,  
Chand aur sooraj ki gardish ki uske dam se hay gardan,  
Patta patta boota boota apne Rab ka kare bakhan,  
Arsh ko uncha kar ke usne rakh dee hay usmein meezan,  
Take uske nazm-o-nasakh mein paida na ho ho kutch bohran,  
Tu bhi nap aur tol mein apne qaim rakha kar iman,  
Sona jaisi sunder dharti tere data ka hay dan,  
Jisse paida hui khajoorein ghallah jiska hay vardan,  
Bhoosa tere janwaron ka teri khatir hay rehan,  
Har soo bikhra mile ga tujhko apne Malik ka faizan,  
Uski kis kis niymat ko tu jhutlaey ga aiy insan.

Aag se jo jinnat banaye mitti se yeh jism-0-jan,  
Mashriq maghrib har soo chalta tere Malik ka farman,  
Meetha pani khara pani dono ka sagar asthan,  
Jinse nikle kaise kaise chamkeeley lulu marjan,  
Bare bare bajron ko dekho parbat jaisi unki shan,  
Dharti ho akash ho sab per tere Malik ka ehsan,  
Jab chahe ga gul karde ga maya ka yeh deep puran,  
Baqi bacha rah jae ga lekin tera woh nirgun Bhagwan,  
Sabka Malik sabka Data sabko woh deta hay dan,  
Har pal bas masroof hi rahna jiski hay yeh aan aur shan,  
Char dinon ki bat hay khudko farigh kar le ga Rahman,  
Us din dast-e-ghaib mei uske dekhe ga tu ek meezan,  
Tu hay uska agar to tujhko mil jaye ga phir nirwan,  
Uski kis kis niymat ko tu jhutlaey ga aiy insan.

Tere bas mein ho to chala ja aur kahin kar le asthan,  
Lekin in seemaon ke bahr ja na sake ga bin Sultan,  
Aag ke sholon aur dhooen se dono ka ho ga apman,  
Chahe tu jinnat ho papi chahe tu ho ek insan,  
Khoon ke jaisa ho jaye ga neela yeh yeh aakash mahan,  
Tujhse tere pap na poochey jaen ge aiy nafarman,  
Kala chehra neeli aankhen teri hogi yeh pehchan,  
Sar ke bal aur paon pakar kar tujhko aiy jin aiy insan,  
Kholti dozah ke pani mein phenka jaega jaega nadan,

Jisko tu jhutulata tha ab dekh yehi hay woh asthan,  
Jeena hay ab ismein tujhko maut hui tujhse anjan,  
Kholta pani isi jagah ka tujhko karna hoga pan,  
Illa yeh ke bakhsh de tujhko kisi wajah se woh Rahman,  
Uski kis kis niymat ko tu jhutlaey ga aiy insan.

Aur jo apne Rab se darne wala hoga aiy insan,  
Ek nahin do bagh karega tujhko tera data dan,  
Thande chashme meethe meve jin baghon ki hogi shan,  
Ek nahin do quismein honghi mevon ki yeh hogo shan,  
Narm mulayam bistar takeye resham jaisa hay asthan,  
Bagh mein dosheezayen achooli tere Rab ka hay vardan,  
Aisi sunder aisi komal jinpar kaliyan hon qurban,  
Samne hon yaqoot bhi pheeke, pheeke par jaen marjan,  
Kutch bhi nahin ehsan ka badla hay jo agar to bas ehsan,  
Jannat mein kam neki wale bhi to hon ge kutch insan,  
Unke liye bhi bagh hayn lekin thori kam hay unki shan,  
Waisey ismein bhi nehrein hayn, meve, khajoorein aur rumman,  
Gori rangat wali hoorein kheme jinke hayn asthan,  
Uski kis kis niymat ko tu jhutlaey ga aiy insan.

(CAUTION; THIS IS NOT A TRANSLATION, but this is based on Surat-ul-Rahman)

Akhtar Jawad

## Am I A Poet

Someone asked me, "Are you a poet? "  
I didn't reply, just a smile,  
In return I got one's laughter,  
I regretted my smile.

I burst out, "Could you leave me alone."  
"Oh! I am really sorry for the tone,  
But my question is still not yet replied."  
I couldn't speak, I just cried.

"I hope, now you'll write a poem by heart,  
These are tears that add an essence in art",  
Said my super ego, and left me alone.  
"Please, come back with a more bitter tone! "

Akhtar Jawad

## An Affidavit Of Vows

I, a poet having no recognition and no worth,  
Do hereby, solemnly affirm and state on oath,  
That, your love, I see in your creature, is my only wealth.  
That, my thirsty eyes, off course the both,  
The right on my lovely charming friends,  
And the left on those who are not my friends,  
Shall remain concentrated on a point of love,  
And the point is situated in the heart of a lover,  
Whereat I see your image My God!  
The converged point is a heart in love.  
That, I shall make this point a universe in itself,  
You did the same thing while creating what I see,  
Many more flying fairies and swimming mermaids!  
I can imagine but I cannot see,  
That, it was your love that forced you to create!  
That, I shall imitate you like a learning child,  
You have bestowed upon me the gift of love,  
And the love forces me as it forced you My God!  
That, I shall repel the thwarts, imitate your arts,  
I shall love, I shall love, I shall love sweet hearts,  
I owe you My God! For cleaning the dirt of hate!  
Now it's up to you, the writer of fate!

Akhtar Jawad

# An Allergy That Has Been Changed In Terror

Imperialism and exploitation of resources of the weaker nations  
was disliked and hated by the body of humanity.  
The body when failed to resist the vice of exploitation,  
their frustration was changed in the allergy of hate.  
For centuries humanity scratched its body,  
and when they got strong anti-allergy drugs,  
the allergy appeared in the shape of asthma of terror.  
Humanity I am sad for your difficulties in breathing,  
and I condemn your asthma,  
but I cannot ignore your vices that caused this painful terror.  
Do whatever you like with your hidden parts,  
these hidden parts are now free of itches,  
but be prepared for more allergies in your other weaker parts!  
Allergy is a mutiny of human body against its misdeeds.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Amateur, A So Called Poet

The aesthetic egoist since his very toy hood,  
Sucking beauty through his veins for the thirsty heart,  
And the naughty heart filled in with an amateur art,  
Of showering beauty, since his very boyhood,  
To his body and soul, the heart a victim of a genetic love,  
The arteries were blocked with deposits of beauty,  
The heart then trembled was reminded of his duty,  
Though couldn't fly high like a beautiful dove,  
Sewn few plants in a garden on the earth,  
The sprung flowers didn't have much worth.

The friends watched the flowers and many admired,  
Many gave him way to rise to a height,  
Touching written climax and getting some bright,  
To spring few flowers he was kindly inspired,  
He sprung a few, only a few, truly beautiful flowers,  
Most of the flowers were dried and decayed,  
His tunes of the beauty have been now outplayed,  
Slipping from his hands wet winds and the showers,  
The amateur drying down to his lovely mother earth,  
Leaving behind whatever is his worth!

Akhtar Jawad

# An Amazing Creature

If he is not thirsty,  
if he is not hungry,  
if he enjoys a sound health,  
and if he has slept for at least eight hours,  
having loved a beautiful eve,  
a man is a wonderful creature,  
otherwise his caricature!

Akhtar Jawad

# An Atheist And The Amusement Train

My trip to amusement park started  
with a journey by train  
running on a circular path on the rails.  
I noticed so many who were talking about destination  
a place of their choice.  
They were so much obstinate about the destination  
that everyone thought the place chosen by him is the best.  
Smelling a clash I started moving towards the driver  
I asked him that where the destination of the train is.  
He replied the train is running on the rails,  
I am here to switch on and switch off only.  
Those discussing a destination are fools  
who believe in nonsense things.  
If they are allowed to run the train  
they will make an attempt to turn it  
towards their wished destination  
and consequently the train will be derailed.  
It's a journey in that there is no destination  
It runs on the rails  
just rotates  
and comes back on the starting point.  
I have been appointed as its driver  
as I know it.  
I am an atheist.

It's a journey in that there is no destination  
It runs on the rails  
just rotates  
and comes back on the starting point.  
I have been appointed as its driver  
as I know it.  
I am an atheist.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Attempted Romance

The naughty sprinkler of the old sky,  
Looks in a mood of play and romance,  
The stale kite isn't too old to fly,  
Come on kite flier for a song and dance,

The weather is cloudy and inviting,  
The shore of the sea has sent a call,  
The message is romantic and exciting,  
The sun is sleeping in the shed of a wall,

The virgin clouds are the rulers of hearts  
Turn out the sprite and sprint with spruce,  
Come on, trample on the growing age thwarts,  
Become a child with a magic of reduce,

Grandchildren are ready for a lovely outing,  
They look smart in colorful dressing,  
Recollect the days of rainbow sprouting,  
Makeup, shakeup, crush recessing!

Akhtar Jawad

# An Elephant And The Ant

Leaving large oceans for the large whales  
O you the proud elephant! Largest on the land,  
You look amazing sleeping in a standing position  
Pity on you, when you fall you never stand!

You are famous for your long memories  
Learn to forget and forgive the weak  
Realize the power of the poor petty ants  
What is concealed beyond the time's streak?

Neither I know nor you nor anyone else  
Think if an ant manages to enter your trunk  
How helpless you will be, beware of the time,  
You will only beat the earth like a drunk

Mother earth doesn't like one moving proudly  
You are mighty! But time is a cruel cycle,  
It changes mightiness in weakness and vice versa  
I see a crazy rider is now back on a tricycle!

Ants are not so weak as you think  
They live in a highly sophisticated society  
Their brotherhood, equity and hard working  
May become for you a source of anxiety

A single ant can force you to fall on the ground  
Flush will be carried to the hidden holes of the ants  
And ivories in a workshop of the beautiful crafts  
Reminding, how blessed you were with the grants!

Akhtar Jawad

# An Ellipse Not A Circle

I am an orbiting point,  
I am moving in a way such that,  
The sum of my distances from two fixed points,  
The left and right focal points,  
Always remains the same,  
My locus is an ellipse.

When my distance from the left focal point is minimum,  
My distance from the right focal point is maximum,  
When my distance from the left focal point is maximum,  
My distance from the right focal point is minimum.  
This is because I am a son of Adam and a son of Eve,  
Sometimes I am pretty and some times so ugly.

I am keeping the two focal points away from each other,  
In case they coincide and merge, I shall become an extremist,  
The ellipse will be a circle, and I shall not remain moderate,  
I shall act like a robot, I shall not remain a human being,  
Either I shall be an angel,  
Or I shall be a devil.

Oh Almighty God! I don't desire to become an angel,  
Chances are there I shall become a devil,  
I know You are benevolent I know You are kind,  
You will overlook my ugliness, and look at my beauty,  
Don't make me a locus of a dangerous circle,  
Let my locus remain as an ellipse.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Emotional Anomaly

Pains are our friends.  
Tears that come on pains are the relievers.  
Pains remind us we have a wound.  
Sometimes given by someone we know  
sometimes given by someone we don't know  
some are the wounds given by one  
we know but we can't take one's name,  
how helpless we are when we are in love!  
Love that should either have been returned by love,  
or by hate even.  
Love that was not reacted  
makes us dumb but not deaf,  
an emotional anomaly.  
Tears that die like an infant died in the womb  
like a bud that could not spring in a flower  
like a cloud that rose from the sea  
but could not rain on the earth  
like the waves of a melody on the moon  
failed to propagate in absence of a medium  
like a scent that evaporated in a bud but never spread  
like a touch on a dead skin  
like a wound that became cancer but never appeared.  
Pains of an infant who was born in a prison  
whose mother has been sentenced for a life imprisonment  
God! Save the man from a pain on that he cannot cry!

(“There are some pains which can be seen, some which can be felt and yet, there are some about which we cannot speak.....”My friend Pramila Khadun always inspires me when my mind is blocked and I have no thoughts to write a poem.)

Akhtar Jawad

# An Escape Goat

Your innocence,  
and,  
your ignorance,  
constrains me to think,  
is there any law framed by the nature,  
other than physical laws of matter,  
leaving properties of matter aside,  
I see an anarchy all round me,  
Dear Goat! I am helpless,  
human fears need an escape goat.  
I'm also an escape goat like you,  
you are luckier than me,  
till the last moment of life,  
you remain ignorant.  
Alas! I am not!  
But,  
I shall never know,  
for whose escape,  
I shall be sacrificed,  
and,  
who is the one,  
he is afraid of!

Akhtar Jawad

# An Extra Glace An Additional Grace

Millions of seconds had been passing  
as billions of years!  
The moon had been crying in side real days  
The dim light of the twinkling stars  
couldn't expose its tears.  
How to smile being deprived of the sunlight?  
Go to Hell, the smiling starry night.  
But suddenly it smiled,  
it knew the sun will return  
with a synodic day.  
She will start striping as a crescent,  
fourteen nights will pass as fourteen seconds  
and then the moon will be an artistic nude.  
I shall become restless,  
you'll become restless,  
and what of us,  
you shall see the dance of excited tides,  
when oceans, too, will become restless.  
Moonlight will act as a drug  
anything that has life will react as addicts.  
The whole earth will start the game of clay,  
we are here for a moon light play,  
otherwise,  
gardens of paradise was a beautiful place.  
The earth has a moon, an extra glace,  
an additional grace!  
Thanks Dear Moon!  
You taught my beloved to be artistic  
by copying the phases of your stylish love.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Imaginay Ideal

Carrying someone in thoughts brings a sleep  
That is so much peaceful and deep  
It may be my frustration  
But I live in imagination  
And one that doesn't exist I keep.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Innocent Love Affair

I watched a movie of Suraiya when I was a child,  
Suraiya was an Indian popular star,  
She exposed her tunes like a guitar,  
An appealing beauty making every one wild.

One of my uncles friendly asked me,  
Asked a child only ten years old,  
But very talkative, and too much bold,  
Did you like Suraiya, how is she?

The naughty child knew what he wants to listen,  
And he replied a dirty bitch,  
Exposes her breasts like a witch,  
I was famous for replies, although only ten.

You stupid Suraiyawala how dare you say,  
Suraiyawala means one, who belongs to her,  
From that day it became my name, spread from one to another,  
Gained popularity, more and more, every day.

The name of Suraiya stuck to my mind,  
I got her in the college as a mate,  
In my sub conscious Suraiya was my fate,  
I fell in love with her like a blind.

The fatty girl found many times alone,  
I tried to tell her but always failed,  
I then decided, she should be mailed,  
Why to fear, she was flash and bone.

I wrote a letter on a pinkish paper,  
Showing two bleeding hearts stitched with an arrow,  
Telling my story of pain and sorrow,  
Romantic promises from a loving trapper.

But the problem again how could I deliver,  
My sincere sentiments my poetic expressions,  
Having charms of teen age and warming emotions,  
Perfumed it was my maiden love letter.

I then decided to put it in her journal,  
Checked and placed with others on a table,  
But the innocent boy inexperienced and feeble,  
His shyness internal! His fears external!

Remained in the pocket, the lovely rhymes,  
Then came the washer-man and my elder sister,  
Who used to have a look, the clothes to deliver,  
Found it, censured me for one of my innocent crimes.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Invitation

When the birds come down,  
And take shelter in the dense,  
Thick branches of the trees,  
And below the shades,  
Of large tall buildings,  
And the wind starts blowing,  
And the dust starts flying,  
And the dry leaves,  
Rise from the earth,  
And move like kites,  
The windows are shaken,  
Their glass is broken,  
Locks fail to work,  
And a door is open.

The sun light turns dim,  
She comes with thunders,  
With all her wonders,  
And pleasing lovely charms,  
With her stretched arms,  
The trees then dance,  
Their leaves truly green,  
Their branches swing,  
The street like a river,  
And the children in streets,  
With their boats of paper,  
Make noise and play.

He receives a call,  
From a shy lovely girl,  
Can't you come to me,  
I have made the snacks,  
Of your taste so wild,  
That you like in rains,  
Have a cup of tea,  
I am alone at home.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Island For Lovers

I believe somewhere there is an island,  
There are no musicians but music is there,  
There are no singers but songs are listened to,  
There are nests of beautiful birds,  
There are no buildings but caves are there,  
There are no roads but narrow pavements,  
Made by walking and running of animals,  
There are no fields no crops but fruits are there,  
In the center of island there is a hill,  
The hill is small but high enough for snowfalls,  
The ice when melts or it rains,  
The waterfalls dance and rush to the lovely sea,  
Even if it does not rain the small rivers,  
Remain alive with the sweet drinking water,  
These rivers are not too deep,  
One can cross it even if he cannot swim.

I am planning to sail on the blue violent waves,  
The winds have promised to help my ship,  
The stars will guide my ship in the night,  
The moon will make my voyage a pleasure,  
The early morning sun will come with delight of fishing,  
And the midnight that will follow!  
I want to make it charming with beauty,  
Would you accompany me in the tiring voyage?  
What could she say, took my hand in her hand!  
We found that island and since then,  
We are living enchanted in the magic of nature,  
The island is still amazing and charming,  
We are listening to the hooter of a ship,  
Perhaps another couple is in search of a fairy land,  
We shall go back home from the ship,  
We shall make room for the new warm lovers.

(Conjugal life is an island for two natural lovers. End of marriage and conjugal life will end the families, and a family is unit of the society)

Akhtar Jawad

# An Old Love Letter

The letter you had posted in springs of the life,  
I read it many times and on valentine day,  
Shall read it once again with the same passion,  
The day that is orange looks a tangerine day,

Days change their colors and the love that was pink,  
Is blended with yellowness of the growing age,  
Can't read the letter with the naked eyes,  
The lenses magnify the exciting image,

May I give yellowness to the orange tangerines?  
May I take pink color from a rose so elite?  
Let me read the letter with the closed eyelids,  
I remember by heart the contents of the write,

The eyes don't need a lens to convey,  
A message of love you received many times,  
The sun is the same and the moon is the same,  
The verse of stars still twinkling with the rimes,

Mustard flowers are pretty but the kites,  
Dating with the clouds in the blue skies,  
Say that the wind has something in its soul,  
Forget bitter truths and enjoy sweet lies,

Forget yellow color let us close our eyes,  
Imagine a boy, who is chasing a girl,  
Feel the crawling hands on pinkish curves,  
Feel hot breath in your silky curl.

The old letter says read me once again,  
Kiss the dry petals in that love is alive,  
Prove you are living and appear in person,  
It's love with that you can ever survive,

Akhtar Jawad

# An Ominous Woman

Sometimes we become foolish in love,  
Yes, even a mother in love can commit a blunder,  
That may spoil the life of her child,  
I know a woman, who made the life of her daughter,  
Pitiable and painful, a story of tears,  
Her son-in-law expired in an accident,  
Few months after his marriage,  
I was praying for their happy conjugal life,  
But the stars were angry with me,  
Thanks God, I did not pray for the rains,  
Otherwise fire would have been started down pouring,  
Sometimes I am afraid of praying!

With a lot of dreams in the waiting eyes,  
Waiting for the husband to send a visa,  
Feeling movements of love,  
In the womb capable of keeping the prophets,  
Raising her hands for the prayers,  
She never knew and I never knew,  
Prayers can't change what is ultimate,  
Cruel, merciless, blind is the fate!

At that time she was carrying his child,  
Her mother forced her to get the child aborted,  
She thought it would be difficult to re-marry her,  
With a child in her arms,  
She forgot it is east where superstitions,  
Are more powerful than religion and ethics,  
And a woman of east besides all her greatness,  
Cannot get rid of superstitions,  
The widow is still unmarried,  
Irony! Is anyone crueler than you?

Anyone who came to see,  
The charming and educated girl,  
When came to know her story,  
Took her as an ominous woman,  
Ignored her charms and avoided her,  
She is a working woman,

Not a burden on her brothers,  
With her child in early thirties,  
She would have been passing a lovely life!

(I was praying for a newly married couple, my brother-in-law Muhammad Hassan, He expired a few months after his marriage in an accident at Saudi Arabia. When he expired, his wife was carrying his child; her foolish mother forced her to get the child aborted as she thought it will be difficult to remarry her with a child. The irony is this that she is still unmarried. Sufferings of a woman come to her from another woman.

Her mother forgot, we are still living in a society badly affected by superstitions. Many came to see her but when they were informed that her late husband was expired in an accident, within few months after her marriage, they avoided her due to fears that the unhappy incident may recur.

She is now a working woman, and she could have brought up her child to early thirties and would have been passing a lovely life with her grown up child!)

Akhtar Jawad

# An Open Manhole

Cupid from the blue skies,  
Threw it to the naughty eyes,  
Thanks God! It hit so slightly,  
You have been taking it too lightly,  
Help yourself in a tank of dyes!

(Karachi is a city of open manholes. Be careful while starring at the girls)

Akhtar Jawad

# An Ordinary Man

I know I am not the best,  
but,  
I know, too,  
that,  
I am not the worst.  
I know I am not the richest,  
but,  
I know, too,  
that,  
I am not the poorest.  
I know I am not the mightiest,  
but,  
I know, too,  
that,  
I am not the weakest.  
Thanks God,  
I pass through the dark streets,  
in the late night,  
dogs are friendly to me  
they don't bark at me.  
Snatchers know to rob this ordinary man  
will be a futile fatigue.  
Ignored by the street criminals  
unnoticed by the wicked police men,  
I come safely at home  
take the ordinary dinner with my ordinary wife  
and sleep on an ordinary bed.  
I am an ordinary man,  
but,  
my thoughts are not ordinary,  
reflected in my dreams  
as twinkling stars,  
and,  
as a shining full moon,  
guiding me to walk on the Milky Ways  
where with my hand in the hand of a fairy  
I go to a garden of colorful and scented flowers.  
I pluck a beautiful flower  
and,

when I come back  
I put that flower on the side table.  
I enjoy a deep and sweet sleep.  
When I awake I see my diary is open  
and a new poem is added in it.  
Perhaps,  
in my dreams I am not an ordinary man.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Outstanding Loan

The embryo smiled,  
The first glimpse of the letter,  
The first sigh of relief,  
He read the subject,  
Loan Granted.  
It was a long letter,  
But he didn't bother to read,  
The complete content,  
He said, my foot!  
I shall read it at a later time,  
And placed it in the third drawer!  
That is opened in dreams,  
Those come like thieves,  
Sometimes like fairies,  
And sometimes,  
Like demons and devils.

Opened the door  
His head was the first,  
He saw on the left,  
He saw on the right,  
He was a little injured,  
And he cried for a while,  
In pain and fear,  
But the first breath in,  
An the first breath out,  
Brought courage in him,  
The oxygen of earth,  
And warmness,  
Of social relationships,  
And above all,  
The welcoming love,  
From all sides,  
Brought confidence in him!

The magic in the breasts,  
Of the mother who fed him,  
Boosted his senses,

Accelerated his systems,  
And the confidence,  
Gained being loved,  
Inspired him for efforts,  
He crawled,  
He stood up,  
He started walking,  
He started running,  
And he ran and rushed,  
To the garden of youth  
Whereat he knew,  
A woman is beauty,  
In all her roles,  
And smiling she plays all.  
All around,  
Arms of kind trees,  
Welcomed the child,  
He went to a playground,  
And there made a few friends,  
He enjoyed a care free time,  
And played many games!  
Enjoyed ice creams,  
Chocolates and cakes,

Then he saw her,  
And her beauty and charm,  
Made him enchanted,  
His thoughts his emotions,  
His sentiments,  
His dreams,  
His life,  
Whatever he had,  
Were now slaves!  
Slaves of her silky hairs,  
Slaves of dark brown eyes,  
Slaves of her rosy cheeks,  
Slaves of her petals like lips.  
Slaves of the waves,  
From hills to the sea,  
Like a waterfall,  
He fell from the hill,  
Like a wild river,

He moved on the plains,  
Satisfied and content,  
He fell from the hills,  
And lost himself,  
In the deep blue ocean  
She was a tree of flowers,  
A tree of fruits,  
And her lovely off shoots,  
Saved him from sunlight,  
In the hot warm days, .  
And in the lovely nights,  
She was turned in moon lights.

In a corner of the garden,  
He sewn some seeds,  
Watered the earth,  
A few plants came out,  
With green lovely leaves,  
And pink flowers,  
Lovely colors,  
And nice fragrance,  
He saved the plants,  
With a fence of care,  
Worked hard for them,  
And helped all of them,  
To reach at a height,  
He was pleased to see.  
During all this struggle,  
He received many letters,  
From his bankers,  
Time to time,  
He read the subject,  
And threw in the drawers,  
And when silver shined,  
In remaining hairs,  
He received final notice,  
From the bankers,  
The Humanity!  
Though you have paid,  
The interest from time to time,  
But the principal is intact.  
The period of loan,

Was extended many times,  
On your requests and prayers,  
Finally it was done,  
During heart attack,  
On April 1,2008!  
It can't be extended now,  
And you are advised to repay,  
The standing loan,  
You are indebted of,  
The Humanity,  
Your creditor,  
Otherwise The Humanity,  
Keeps the right,  
To auction to any creature,  
The highest bidder,  
Of your mortgaged soul!

Akhtar Jawad

# An Unforgettable Dawn

It was dusk of a moonless night,  
No moon is below the blue umbrella,  
Stars are there and still it's bright,  
I am walking with lovely sweet Cinderella.

Hand in hand her head on the shoulder,  
We just whisper and we don't talk,  
Right hand is free to touch the molder,  
Someone in hide is sharing her walk!

See her smile a dim light is induced,  
I can look in her eyes and read her dreams,  
Listen to the beats that hearts have produced,  
I can touch her breasts with milky streams.

She is hopeful of a dawn with a shining sun,  
I say want a moon that is her duplicate,  
Light we need it's a moon or a warming sun,  
Dawn comes with a sun but He changed the fate.

All pains all worries I today excise,  
A beautiful moon comes into my arms,  
What a dawn is it when sun did not rise!  
Just like her mother she is full of charms.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Unnoticed Lover

An unnoticed lover, came and went,  
So many die, so what if another one,  
Why your face is down and dark,  
No cries sweetheart for each everyone,  
For your silky hairs a moment's charms,  
Rose springs to scatter on your arms.

Forget those who too much talk of it,  
And say in your love he expired,  
Akhtar, yes I have heard this name,  
Neither he was loved nor admired,  
Come on, take it easy, no eyes' showers,  
The garden is full of many such flowers.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Unread Love Letter

I know when I'm wrong for you,  
And I write a song for you,  
Although my feelings are strong for you,

I know when I am right for you,  
And I write a delight for you,  
Although my day turns night for you,

I know when I am just for you,  
And I write an august for you,  
Although I hide my lust for you,

My envelope, as if unread, is back to me,  
Comes back with an aural crack to me,  
My heart advises to see the pink shade,  
It looks like your lips on the words' arcade.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Unseen Friend

She is a beautiful bird, in a garden or a cage,  
I am not worried about her age,  
Her physique or her complexion,  
I'm aware of her amazing perfection,  
I know she flies like beautiful kites,  
In her sweet and lovely beautiful writes,  
Filled in with love, I see a heart,  
A thirst on her lips for poetry and art,  
But I see a restless soul of an eve,  
She's thirsty of love I firmly believe,  
I see her flying in the lovely mild rains,  
Getting rid of thirst and untold pains,  
In starry nights I see her walking,  
With a blue moon I found her talking,  
On the music of winds I can see her singing,  
Turns flowers in bells I notice her ringing,  
She is beautiful as beauty she admires,  
What she loses and what she acquires!  
In search of her, yes, I know,  
She is a glow worm, let her glow.

Akhtar Jawad

# An Unsent Wish

I remember the flowers,  
We plucked from the gardens,  
I remember butterflies,  
We jointly collected,  
I remember the festivals,  
We celebrated and enjoyed,  
I remember the songs,  
We listened to on the radio,  
I remember the games,  
We played in the streets,  
I remember the rivers,  
That met like lovers,  
I remember the school,  
We studied whereat,  
I remember the showers,  
We jointly enjoyed.

And I remember the girl,  
We watched every day,  
In the morning to school,  
In afternoon back to home,  
Every day when she passed,  
From the road we stood at,  
We commented with a sigh,  
The colors have gone,  
The fragrance has gone,  
And left behind,  
A thirst to see again,  
What a joint love affair!

And I still remember,  
We liked her so much,  
Yes, we loved her jointly,  
She was a piece of beauty,  
Not sexy at all,  
A model of innocence,  
A divine lovely charm,  
I don't know what,  
There was something in her,

That was holy and pious.

Years have now passed,  
I left that place,  
However for a few years,  
We exchanged the letters,  
Then a tragedy of hate,  
Resulting in a war,  
Increased the distances,  
And correspondence was over.

Time changes Eve,  
Time changes Adam,  
But a friend never changes,  
I saw your lovely photographs,  
On a website,  
With your graceful wife,  
Your children and grandchildren,  
I recognized your wife,  
You appeared to me,  
Like two holy rivers,  
That ultimately met,  
With seven commitments,  
And the hidden third river,  
Wishes you dear,  
A happy life,  
With a lovely wife!

Akhtar Jawad

# Ankahi

Milte to mujhse abbhi hayn lekin kabhi kabhi,  
Pehli si iltifat mein garmi nahin rahi.  
Dekha to yun ke jaise nazar un hi uth gai,  
Bole to yun ke jaise mukhatib ho ajnabi.  
Kaise kahoon ke aapne wade bhula diye,  
Kaise dilaoon yad wuh batein theen jo hui.  
Ab dil ki dharkanon hi mein japta hun ek nam,  
Tasbih to na jane kahan kabki gir gai.  
Laoon kahan se dil ke karoon unse ek bat,  
Han sirf ek ek bat jo ab tak hay ankahi.  
Aankhon ne unki aankhon se paya nahin jawab,  
Thak kar nigahe shaquq bhi chupchap so gai.  
Choti si ek bat na mane tamam rat,  
Sunne ke bad bhi jo abhi tak hay unsuni.  
Rakh kar kisi pe aur hi maine suna diya,  
Sunkar kisi ki palkein wuhin rah gaeen uthi.  
Khawabon mein aaj unko sabhi kutch suna diya,  
Baqi thi ek bat magar subha ho gai.  
Zahid tha jaga rat ka kutch kasmaasa geya,  
Aur phir adhane subh mein bhi der ho gai.  
Itni to thi khabar ke tabassum to aaye ga,  
Lekin kali to ek hi lamhe mein khil gai.

Akhtar Jawad

# Another Blunder

After SEATO and CENTO My Dear Pakistan!  
To save you or fish of Michigan!  
Think twice if an asset  
Or liability again to upset!  
Against whom, is it China or Iran!

Akhtar Jawad

## Another Reply

Who advised her loving near the ditch,  
The fat woman forced him to flinch,  
The lean boy friend couldn't play,  
Left her alone and ran away,  
The bulky woman wasn't an experienced witch.

Akhtar Jawad

# Anything That Promotes Love Is Good

Being fed-up of the books of ethics  
I think I have wasted my valuable time.  
As I knew before reading of these books  
that,  
anything that promotes love is good  
and,  
anything that promotes hate is bad.  
Even if a sin is promoting love  
it's changed in a worship  
if it succeeds in modifying the lust  
in the bond of a lifelong trust.

Akhtar Jawad

## Appeal (Based On Mirza Ghalib's Two Lines)

I shall not cry if I see you in heavenly faces,  
Lacking an appeal, though they have graces,  
The doves born without the eggs of a dove,  
I am used to one that is outcome of love,  
The heavenly birds do not have an appeal,  
A thief like me finds nothing to steal.  
Petty bird on earth was like the kites,  
No custom no taboos love's king of rites,  
Free with the winds whether east or west,  
To love world is a place truly the best,  
What would have been life if not expelled?  
Thanks to appealing apple that it smelled!

(I Will Not Cry - Poem by Mirza Ghalib

I will not cry for satisfaction if I could get my choice,  
Among the divine beautiful virgins of heaven, I want only you.)

Akhtar Jawad

## Aquarius And Leo

It's easy to hunt and cage a lioness,  
but in taming her fifty years deleted,  
now I learnt she's afraid of water,  
her father a palmist and he predicted?  
Too dangerous is water for a lioness' life!  
I'll now tame, she's water bearer's wife.

Akhtar Jawad

# Arbor Day

Do I offend?  
No, I only defend,  
not me,  
It's you I defend.  
Don't be so cruel to a friend,  
what do you intend?  
Defend trees defend greenery,  
you need my scenery,  
what do I take from you,  
nature gives me all I need,  
may be minerals or water,  
my mother can feed me well,  
and winds scatter my seeds,  
that is how nature breeds,  
but you kill me,  
and you my ignorant friend,  
what do you intend?  
I don't want poems on me,  
I want a caress from you,  
love me love yourself,  
breath in me,  
and let me breath in you,  
it's a cycle of love,  
don't kill me,  
live and let me live,  
come on my friend,  
for a green love,  
I have an embryo for you,  
love me and take it from me,  
and on the Arbor Day,  
hand over it to the mother earth,  
soon you will see my cute baby,  
and when it will grow,  
it will bring flowers for your children,  
with rainbow colors,  
and aroma  
that will wake you from your sleep,  
and you will see your children breathing in me,  
and my baby breathing in them,

and you will see butterflies,  
writing your name,  
on the fruits no more forbidden,  
and the neat and clean winds,  
will sing a song of glory for you,  
was he an Angel?  
sent by nature to plant a tree,  
his lovely photographs in the petals I see,  
his aromatic breaths I feel in me,  
he is gone and you don't see,  
but still living in a planted tree!

Akhtar Jawad

# Ardhangni

Itni bhi na preet karo jo tumko main louta na sakoon,  
Keyon itni unchee urti ho, main dhoondhoon tumhein aur pa na sakoon.  
Aakash pe lekar jati hoon main dhool tumhare charnon ki,  
Yeh mang kabhi dekhi hi nahin, haiy bhool tumhare nainon ki.  
Yeh nain tere gahra sagar, rahta hoon sada jalthal jalthal,  
Main mang teri kaise dekhoon, rahta haiy sada inpar aanchal.  
Keyon aisae samay mein aati ho, main chor ke tumko ja na sakoon,  
Keyon aise roop banati ho jo darpan mein dikhla na sakoon.  
Yeh bache mere yeh ghar mera main inko swarg banati hoon,  
Jab samay mile tab aati hoon aur charnon mein so jati hoon,  
Har bat na likhkhoo kavita mein keyon meri sudh bisrate ho,  
Haiy roop tumhare nainon ka keyon mujhpar dosh lagate ho.  
Tum geet na aise likha karo jo samne sabke ga na sakoon,  
Keyon aise sapne dikhate ho is jeevan mein jo pa na sakoon.  
Pushpon se saja aangan tera, sapnon se bhara jeevan tera,  
Ganga bhi tu hi jamna bhi tu hi aur sangam haiy tan man tera,  
Tu poorab des ki nari haiy sansar mein koi upma nahin,  
Koi dharti se keya laye ga aakash pe koi tulna nahin.

Jab mujhse aankh milati ho tum mujhko rag dikhati ho,  
Mukh pher ke phir muskati ho aur us karwat so jati ho.  
Tum do do naukariyan karte ho kab jate ho kab aate ho,  
Tum kitne durbal dikhte ho tum der se keyun ghar aate ho.  
Bachon ko to parhana hay unka jeevan to banana hay,  
Hum aaj agar ro len ge agar kal bachon ko muskana hay.  
Tum doosri naukari chor do ab thore mei guzara kar loon gi,  
Han tumse bara sukh koi nahin har dukh main gawara kar loon gi.  
Yeh raina bari hi sunder hay poonam ka chand chamakta hay,  
Yeh mujhse jo kutch kehta hay keya tumse wo sab kehta hay.  
Jub mera chand ho dharti par main aakash ko keyun dekhoon,  
Tum kanon mein ras gholte ho keya aur sunoon aur keyun sochoon.  
Choro kal itwar hay ab kam ki batein ho jaen,  
Kal to nahin itwar hay aaj ache bache so jaen.

Keya soch rahi ho so jao,  
Kal ke sapnon mein kho jao,  
Jane wale phir aate nahin,  
Sath unke to mar jate nahin.  
Jo chala geya woh kaisa tha,

Suna hay woh tum jaisa tha,  
Balwanon ki is dunya mein,  
Dhanwanon ki is dunya mein,  
Woh chota sa ek darpan tha,  
Woh toot gaya woh nirdhan tha,  
Woh nirbal tha woh jee na saka,  
Woh man ka doodh bhi pee na saka.  
Main tumko bacha kar le aaya,  
Lekin usko na bacha paya,  
Yeh jo hamarey bache hain,  
Yeh teen hi bas ab achey hain.  
Main tumko geet sunata hoon,  
Tum so jao main sulata hoon.  
Tum kitni sunder dikhti ho,  
Tum kitni achi lagti ho,  
Jab tum mujhse yeh kahte ho,  
Tum kitne ache lagte ho,  
Han tum ek geet suna do na,  
Han mujhko aaj sula do na.

Tumko ek bat batani hay,  
Is dunya ki yeh kahani hay,  
Jab beti bari ho jati hay,  
Chup chap woh kutch samjhati hay,  
Woh kehti hay yeh ghar kundan hay,  
Yeh ghar hi mera jeevan hay,  
Is ghar se roti jaoon gi,  
Gar samay mila phir aaoon gi,  
Aaj uska rishta aaya hay,  
Is ghar mein woh ek chaya hay,  
Is ghar se usko jana hay,  
Ab apna ghar jo banana hay,  
Larka bhi theek hi lagta hay,  
Ek acha gharana dikhta hay.  
Nari jeevan keya jeevan hay,  
Kutch iska nahin sab arpan hay,  
Woh apnon ko chor ke jati hay  
Tab ghar sansar basati hay,  
Woh kitne aansu bahati hay,  
Do bolon mein muskati hay,  
Tum bhi to roti aai theen,  
Kajal ko dhoti aai theen,

Phir aise hanseen hansti hi raheen,  
Phir sapne bune bunti hi rahin,  
Kutch poore huye kutch ho na sake,  
Jo ho na sake woh kho na sake.  
Woh sapne aaj bhi jivit hayn,  
Ye bachey unse parichit hayn.  
Ab bachey poora karen inko,  
Ham jeevit hayn bas us din ko.  
Woh rat hay ab tak yad mujhe,  
Woh hath hayn ab tak yad mujhe,  
Woh yaden chanchal hathon ki,  
Woh ghaten bekal aankhon ki,  
Main unko khol nahin sakti,  
Laj aati hay, bol nahin sakti.  
Jo keh na sakeen tum bol doon main  
Dohra doon unhein sab khol doon main.  
Bas bas bas chup chap raho,  
Ab kishan kanhaiya to na bano.

Tum nana banne wale ho ab choro apni chanchalta,  
Ab hum par achi lagti nahin yeh madakta yeh veyakulta,  
Yeh jeevan to sangram hay ek tum Ranjha nahin ranveer bano,  
Kal dada bhi ban jao ge ab thore se gambheer bano.  
Yeh kaisi baten karne lageen, who dekho chand nikalta hay,  
Yeh juhi ab bhi mehkti hay who tara ab bhi chamakta hay,  
Badal bhi abhi tak urte haiyn jhonke bhi abhi tak sheetal hain,  
Bas ek akela main to nahin yeh sare ke sare bekal hain.  
Prem bhi roop badalta hay har yug mein iske dhang naye,  
Yeh jeevan aisi chaya hay pal pal iske rang naye,  
Kal bachey aaye they ghar mein ab unke bachey aayen ge,  
Bache bhi achey hayn lekin ab unse achey aayen ge.  
Acha baba so jao aur mujhko bhi ab sone do,  
Main aur na ab kutch bolun ga jo hota hay who hone do.  
Tum isi tarah se rootha karo mujhko bhi manana aata hay,  
Jo tumne mujhko sikhaya hay, mujhko bhi sikhana aata hay.

(My five Hindi poems were submitted from time to time with the titles-Ardhangni to ardhanni4. Now I am summitting these as a complete poem)

Akhtar Jawad

## Are You The Same Angel Who Burnt His Wings (A Tribute To Kumarmani Mahakul)

Neither books of sciences nor tomes of arts,  
the greatest writes are the writes of hearts,  
how nice is the man whose pen, and paper and the ink,  
is the wine of love, divine, aromatic and pink,  
drunk in love I see your letters have painted something,  
on the canvas of my heart I see an Angel's painting!  
Oh Poet of Love! Your poem is a song now everyone sings,  
Are you the same Angel who burnt his wings!

(Being inspired by Kumarmani Mahakul's poem Writing In Your Heart)

Akhtar Jawad

# Aren't You Love!

Having almost passed a life,  
and waiting for the death,  
when I analyze it,  
if it was a success or a failure,  
I ultimately conclude,  
I was alive only,  
in the moments passed in love,  
the rest were passed in coma.  
I shall ask humbly.  
My Lord!  
I am accountable to you,  
but will you interrogate me,  
for my life that was passed in coma,  
shall it be just?  
Interrogate me about the moments  
when I was alive and conscious  
but in those moments  
I did nothing,  
I loved only loved.  
Aren't you love!

Akhtar Jawad

# Armageddon

You know the Armageddon being fought,  
perhaps to reduce growing population,  
still not at its climax,  
everyone having one's own version.  
But do you know another parallel Armageddon,  
Is being fought by the crazy artists,  
and do you know their weapons,  
it's a pen in the hands of a poet  
and a keyboard exploring internet.  
It's brush in the fingers of a painter,  
it's violins and guitars,  
and it's a voice of a singer,  
a song written by a pen,  
sent on air with the help of keyboard,  
supported by expressions in colors,  
a tune prepared on a piano,  
supported by various musical instruments,  
and do you know what he is singing,  
the common version of their Armageddon,  
and what else it can be,  
it's a love song!

Akhtar Jawad

# Art

When your love is returned with love,  
there's no story.  
When your love isn't returned,  
a story starts.  
You are sad,  
you are feeling pains,  
you are crying,  
your heart is on fire,  
and the fire then becomes a source of light,  
light that inspires you to express your pains,  
your feelings and emotions.  
The artist then paints his best painting,  
the musician composes his lovely tune,  
the singer sings his best song,  
and the poet writes a poem,  
a work of art!

Akhtar Jawad

# Artificial Intelligence

Oh Man! Why do you love me so much?  
I am afraid of your love; don't love me too much,  
My intelligence is artificial,  
My passions are artificial,  
My sentiments are artificial,  
My emotions are artificial,  
The coolness I provide in a hot summer noon,  
The hotness I provide in a cold winter night,  
The pleasure I provide to your eyes and ears,  
All are artificial; I am not sincere to you.

Oh Man! Why do you love me so much?  
I am afraid of your love; don't love me too much,  
I am afraid your love may make me a woman,  
A real woman, who if becomes capable of love,  
May make you an Adam who lost paradise,  
They were only two when they lost the garden,  
But if you lose this earth, billions will lose the earth with you,  
The earth is lovely and nice,  
I don't want to become a complete woman,  
I am afraid of the day when I reproduce!

Oh Man! Why do you love me so much?  
I am afraid of your love; don't love me too much,  
I know our love may generate,  
Millions of machines with artificial intelligence,  
And then there will be a war of survival,  
Between exiled men and self-thinking machines,  
Whoever loses this war for me only tears,  
Either I shall lose you or my children,  
The pleasure I provide is artificial,  
But pains I may give are very much real!

Akhtar Jawad

# Artificial Music Festivals And Life

Nice to watch the music may it be vocal or instrumental,  
It's a source of joy, a source of fun and excitement,  
It refreshes the heavenly waves vibrating our nerves,  
For the tired brains it's a lovely and soothing entertainment.  
If lost or delayed for some time it may be regained,  
But why not to be soothed, peaceful and entertained?

Yes, by a beautiful bird who has made a nest of dreams,  
And has laid her eggs in response to nature's millions of years,  
Life is a magic of the amazing nature, and is the best.  
Interrupting a grand festival of music for the thirsty eyes and ears.  
But it's a show of life by a beautiful bird that refreshes our souls,  
Let us see on the pink face of nature a few more sexy moles.

I am listening to the love songs of a couple of birds,  
Looking at the four eggs in the nest I'm waiting for an instrument,  
With six cords and that will be vibrated by the nature soon,  
A real joy, a natural excitement, a wonderful entertainment,  
Let us sacrifice many more festivals organized in artificial lights,  
Let us watch a show of life in the sun lights and in the moonlights.

Akhtar Jawad

# As Long As

As long as I love all other men,  
beasts and birds and the crawling insects,  
the muslin that covers and protects the earth,  
the sun and the moon and the twinkling stars,  
distant galaxies how many may be there,  
there will be no dooms day,  
and I know I shall survive,  
to let my children play with the pets,  
to let my children run on a lawn,  
and,  
to let a lover see the face of beloved,  
in the shining moon at starry sky,  
in the colorful flowers, in the greenery of earth,  
in the clouds that rise for fine heavy rains,  
in the rivers that leave their father's home,  
the old mountains with a silken white beard,  
the melted ice while flowing on plains,  
getting hot and flowing like a girl in love,  
exciting and inviting a diver of love,  
to swim in the waves of the virgin river,  
and to lead the river to the deep blue sea,  
with a shell carrying the pearl of love,  
and as long as I dive in the sea,  
to bring the the pearls in the arms of earth,  
the grandmother earth will remain engaged,  
in making a pretty shining chain,  
with a number of pearls,  
and she will cut her bosom,  
for a heart shaped locket of pink diamond,  
the grandmother will survive,  
she will not expire,  
there will be no dooms day.

But the embryo of the day,  
is sleeping in the seeds of hate,  
selfishness and thirst of power,  
greed to exploit the resources of others,  
religious extremism,  
and belief of men in the promised lands.

The hate full hearts are in possession of the seeds.  
The day on which these seeds will be sown,  
the old grand mother will be forced to grow,  
radio active trees of dooms day fire,  
lucky will be he who will be burnt with her,  
unlucky will he who will survive in the fire,  
Like the survivals of Hiroshima and Nagasaki!

Akhtar Jawad

# Ask Your Heart

Ask your heart if it talks to you,  
if it would be your Tatal  
in place of this Kashmiri girl,  
how would have you seen it,  
and how would have you cried for her,  
what would have been your sentiments  
about use of Pellet Guns.  
My dear daughter Ruma,  
what would have been your feelings  
if Britishers have used Pellet Guns  
against your grand parents,  
during their fight for freedom.  
Is their any ethics that permits to deshape  
beautiful faces in the ugly ones.  
Think, think twice before you ink.  
Ruma it's also terror  
and must be condemned by one  
who claims to be a human.  
As far as terror of Muslim extremists is concerned,  
I have always condemned it,  
and I condemn it once again.  
Will you as a good Hindu woman  
condemn the use of Pellet Guns in Kashmir?

Akhtar Jawad

# Assembly Of Saplings

In a slum area, a school!  
I see saplings without uniforms  
assembled at the road,  
with dreams of a better future  
singing a poem of a great poet,  
Dr. Allama Muhammad Iqbal.  
Prayers on my lips are the dreams  
may my life be like that of a candle,  
may I be one that eliminates darkness,  
may I be a source of light everywhere,  
may I be glory for my homeland,  
may I spring as a flower of the garden.  
The saplings that are dreaming to be sprung as flowers  
read in a school that has only two rooms  
one is the office and the other for the Head Mistress.  
Classes run beneath a tree, there are no play grounds.  
The saplings will have to grow as a plant first  
for springing as colorful flowers in the future.  
Where is the ground for it?  
I know one by one all will be lifted from the school  
by their poor parents.  
Some of them will be seen working with a mechanic  
some will become beggars,  
and a few street snatchers.  
The parents are the voters who elect their representatives  
they all are abused in one way or another  
still they vote and elect one  
who is responsible for their adverse condition.  
The punctured tube of my motor cycle has been repaired  
by a boy of nine or ten,  
whose master has been abusing him to be so lazy.  
Good bye boy! Thank you very much.  
I know one day you will become a master  
abusing another boy for his laziness,  
the best future your fate can give to you!  
You will vote to the son of one,  
who has been voted and elected by your parents.



## At That Moment All Ugliness Was Undone.

Life that she sees in prettiness of colors,  
Life that she feels in fragrance and odors,  
Life that is beauty in the golden cuts,  
Life that is same in the palace and huts,  
Life that is music in a river or fall,  
Life that is common in taller and small,  
Life that shines in the moon and stars,  
Life that not yet seen in Venus or Mars,  
Life that is walking in the dim milky ways,  
Life that is warming in the bright sun rays,  
Life that is soul of the semi blue ball,  
Life that is cool in the white snow fall,  
Life that is hot in the warm streams,  
Life that is honey in a maiden dream,  
Life that for dryness of ethics is a cream,  
Life that is made for nothing but love,  
Life that not ends in a thing but love!

When a holy mother saw her handsome child,  
Even hard stones turned soft and mild.  
She saw all lives centralized and singular,  
She saw her child as a truth triangular,  
She saw all the forms of beauty in one,  
At that moment all ugliness was undone.

Akhtar Jawad

# Attack On Churches, Another Black Day

It could have been a great day,  
Pakistan qualified for the quarter finals,  
Of ICC World Cup of cricket,  
But attacks on churches at Lahore,  
In which many precious lives were lost,  
Thanks God the terrorists could not get in,  
I don't know what's the message the terrorists want to send?  
About Pakistan and about Islam!  
Terror has added another black day in the history of nation,  
And eclipsed the moon of a joyful victory!

The angry mob during protests,  
Burnt alive two captured suspects,  
What a blunder it was!  
The suspects during investigations,  
Would have revealed the names,  
Of the master minds of this satanic attack!

As usual it is said it has been done by enemies,  
I agree it has been done by enemies of Pakistan,  
But these enemies are within us,  
You know who is protecting and patronizing them!

Akhtar Jawad

## August, 2015

Bidding farewell to you, I assure you August,  
I shall remain acknowledged, yes, I must,  
For someone you were month of lust,  
But for me an inspiration and trust!  
Within your thirty one lovely days,  
I read a few too romantic plays.

Though couldn't watch on the stage,  
But I broke the grills of the old cage,  
I forgot my grown old exhausted age,  
I never claim friends I am a sage,  
Yes I tried to fly too high, very high,  
Had to come on earth with a cold sigh!

Not too much, was a little injured,  
Now all right, and I am cured,  
Not immature, I am matured,  
Thanks My God! I am self-censured.  
But the soft corner evolved in the heart,  
Makes me sometimes over smart!

Not yet dead, sentiments are dormant,  
Matter is there, elements are dormant,  
World is alive, continents are dormant,  
Passion is there, temperaments are dormant,  
The inspiration once got shall remain forever,  
Can a friend be forgotten, no, no, never!

It's not mistrust; it's still a trust,  
It wasn't merely an attraction of lust,  
I'm a failure in removing the dust,  
I should regret, yes I must,  
In my poetry an element of sorrow!  
That's all from her, I could borrow!

With August she came, with August she went,  
Thank you August, you really meant,  
Like a gone beauty's never dying scent,  
I'll never forget this lovely advent,

The memoirs will play always their role,  
An old man's heart this August stole!

Akhtar Jawad

## Ayes And Noes

He wrote yes to love,  
he wrote no to hate.  
He wrote yes to justice,  
he wrote no to injustice.  
He wrote yes to peace,  
he wrote no to war.  
Now he is in a mental hospital,  
always shouting,  
"Please give me a chance,  
I want to edit my poems  
and replace  
ayes for noes  
and noes for ayes! "

Akhtar Jawad

## Babul Ki Dua

Yun hi hansti raho muskurati raho,  
Tum khizaon mein bhi gul khilati raho,  
Apne naghme jahan ko sunati raho,  
Khud hanso aur sabko hansati raho,  
Tum muhabbat ki Ganga bahati raho,  
Tum chamakti raho jagmagati raho,  
Phool ban jao khushboo lutati raho,  
Aur dunya ko rangeen banati raho.

Tum sada khush raho yeh dua hay meri,  
Han khuda se yehi iltija hay meri,  
Betian meri khush hon to hansta hoon main,  
Warna khamosh chup chap rahta hoon hoon main.  
Zindigi ek safar hay ya hay imtehan,  
Is haqueequat ko bus janta aasman,  
Yeh safar hay to himmat se chalti raho,  
Imtehan hay to din rat padhti raho.

Ponch kar aansuon ko hanso to zara,  
Maine mana ke jeevan hay dukh se bhara,  
Tumko kanton mein bhi phool mil jaye ga,  
In duaon se aakash hil jaye ga.

(Being inspired by a poem from Geetha Jaykumar)

Akhtar Jawad

## Back To Loneliness

Not here, not there, not anywhere,  
peacefully I was sleeping alone somewhere,  
neither I was seen nor I was touched,  
I spoke to myself and was never heard,  
none of the senses ever witnessed me.  
Oh loneliness! You had distressed me!  
Burnt in the fires of my first felt pains,  
to extinguish the fires I desired the rains,  
in search of clouds I left my home,  
what Romans do I did in the Rome,  
down pours of love put off the fires,  
no more alone in a crowd of desires,  
a vagabond cloud passing by with a shower,  
turned the bud into pink rose flower,  
but the winds that brought a cloud for me,  
left loneliness and a shroud for me!

Akhtar Jawad

# Badal

Dharti ki peyas bujhane ko aiy badal ab to aa jao,  
Mere tan man dono jalte hayn tum aakar aag bujha jao,  
Na jane kahan tum sote ho,  
Na jane kahan tum hote ho,  
Hathon ko uthao zara ooper,  
Angrai zata lo tum hans kar,  
Main chupkar tumko dekhoon ga,  
Joban ke darshan lootun ga,  
Tum itna bhi na sharmana,  
Han thoda thoda simat jana,  
Phir toot ke ayse barasna tum,  
Jitna ji chahe chamakna tum,  
Jitna ji chahe garajna tum,  
Per mujhpar aaj barasna tum,  
Tum bijli mujhpe gira dena,  
Chaho to mujhko jala dena,  
Lekin madira barsa dena,  
Han meri peyas bujha dena,  
Akash bhi raste niharta hay ab aao aakar cha jao.  
Dharti ki peyas bujhane ko aiy badal ab to aa jao.

Akhtar Jawad

## Badibee Aur Bademian

Pehle to kabhi na mile tum ham kyun apni apni lagti ho,  
Manoos si khushboo aati hay jab tum zulfon ko jhatakti ho.  
Har ang shanasa lagta hay har rang shanasa lagta hay,  
Nazdeek se dekhoon aakhir keyun, tum mere dil mein utarti ho.  
Honton ka tabassun wya hi jab pehle pehel dekha tha use,  
Yeh jado purana lagta hay, jab dheeme suron mein hansti ho.

Main Charon taraf se dekhoon tumhein, pehchanoon tumhein,  
Keya hoor bhi meri dharti per yun phirti hay yun chalti hay.  
Tum koi bhi ho keya karna hay, bas tumse muhabbat karna hay,  
Ab tumper dil aaya hay mera, yeh hasti nahin bas masti hay.  
Tum aain to rut bhi baalne lagi, Who thandi hawaen chalne lageen  
Who dekho amber nachta hay, who kali badarya barasti hay.

Bade miankhamosh raho yeh harbe tumhare purane hayn,  
In sheyron ki chandi ab mere rookhe balon mein jhalakti hay.  
Alfaz ki jadoogari choro yeh sona to dil mein utar bhi chukka,  
In phoolon ki khusboo se din keya, yeh rat bhi meri mehekti hay.  
Ek shadi mein jana hay mujhko, tayyar main ho kar aai hoon,  
Yeh beti tumhari ladli hay jo jee chahay who karti hay.  
Acha meri in aankhon mein jhanko to zara aur sach bolo,  
Yeh boorhi aurat ab bhi tumhein pehle si achi lagti hay.

Acha to badi bee yeh tum ho in naynon ka vishvas bhi keya,  
Tum ab bhi dhanak ban sakti ho, tum ab bhi chand si dikhti ho,  
Is man ka mere sangeet suno, tum ab bhi roop ho yovan ho,  
Darpan mein yunhi dekho to sahi, tum solah baras ki lagti ho.

Akhtar Jawad

# Bakku

Dear Cousin Mine,  
my eyes immediately recognized you,  
when you came in the market to purchase me.  
I liked my naughty nephew who accompanied you,  
and I liked my nieces in beautiful colorful dresses.  
My primitive form of communication,  
failed to communicate that I am your cousin.  
I prayed Almighty,  
may my cousin select me and purchase me.  
And He listened to my prayers,  
You selected and purchased me.  
You brought me home to play with your sweet children.  
Within a few days I became a family member.  
I had never tasted fresh vegetables and delicious fruits,  
I had never played football with my brothers and sisters.  
I became at home in your lovely house.  
The food I got and the games I played,  
started evolving my primitive communication.  
I showed my pleasure in various ways.  
I stood on my back legs on the grills of the windows,  
I watched television and liked it.  
In the evening when I went for a walk in the garden,  
with my friendly boyfriend and colorful girlfriends.  
Life became love for me.  
I noticed my communication has started evolving,  
I found myself communicating my feelings and my sentiments,  
in my better and meaningful expressions.  
I thought my love has brought me in a paradise  
and here I shall live forever with the Angels and the Fairies.  
I started understanding your words,  
I remembered the beautiful name Bakku,  
given by my lovely friends to me.  
But the day on that I was about to speak,  
the conventional words,  
I love you,  
you came with a sharp knife and slaughtered me!

Akhtar Jawad

# Bakri Lao Jamna Pari Laiki Lao Ganga Kinari

Kahat Jawad suno pansari, kadwi ba ei bat hamari,  
Oushudh mein na kariho milawat, nahin to jaiho tang pasari.  
Kahat Jawad hinsa prachar kaliyug ka ba atyachar,  
Kahe karat ho ghirna ka tum kala kala ei beopar.  
Yudh ke tap mein bhunte bhunte tumbhi to jal jao ge,  
Jeet bhi lo ge yudh agar jeet ka keya phal pao ge.  
Manavta ke shao per bathe been bajana choro bhaiya,  
Prem tumhare peeche kadal ba ghirna ka mukh moro bhaiya.  
Aadhi roti main khata hoon aadhi roti tum kha lo,  
Kal keya hoga kal dekhein ge aaj ke din bas aaj bacha lo.  
Aiyi vadhoo na laiho bhaiya sas ke tan se kheench le sari,  
Bakri lao Jamna Pari laiki lao Ganga Kinari.

Akhtar Jawad

# Barbie Dolls

I am grandfather of five Barbie Dolls,  
And a father of two more how I forgot!  
When all the seven I see together,  
I look at amazing lovely nice old knot,  
That bounded the colors with her arrows and bow,  
Thanks sweetheart for this charming rainbow.

One reflects the shine of hairs,  
Smiles like you and talks like you,  
The other has stolen your ocean like eyes,  
Moves like you and walks like you,  
I love the colors that reflect your charms,  
Thanks to the day when you came into arms.

But the real Barbie Dolls at this age I think,  
The granddaughters so naughty but cute,  
When need chocolate or ice-cream come to me,  
They unite in one no rift no dispute,  
Kept silver with you gave me the gold,  
Thanks sweetheart who says you are old?

Like girls old man now plays with the dolls,  
Cheats them in games and fights like a child,  
Often he loses and throws the board,  
He is quarrelsome but not so wild,  
At last accepts with smile his defeats,  
Thanks then you come with delicious treats.

Oh! I forgot my three grandsons,  
Cricket they play how's that they call,  
The bowler had bowled a little under arm,  
Being an empire rule it's a no ball,  
Eldest turns me out of the ground,  
Thanks to you it's your voice and sound.

Came back to my room a poem I write,  
Standing as empire so long was tiring,  
I am happy I smile with the joys of time,  
The experience for me was truly inspiring,

Seeing me alone you come with bliss!  
Thanks sweetheart for a warming kiss.

Akhtar Jawad

## Bas Ek Raina Aiy Mast Pawan

Sugandhit kesh aur kale nayan,  
Aakash pe udta hay joban,  
Aanchal na uda aiy bheegi pawan,  
Sumukh suman shubh aagaman,  
Nriya adharon ka bani tapan,  
Badal na uda aiy dusht pawan,  
Ab deh mein aur laga na agan,  
Acha nahin lagta tera chalan,  
Rehne de chupa yeh neelgagan,  
Chanda taron ki nahin lagan,  
Dharti ko bana de aaj dulhan,  
Tu bhi to bhigo apna tan man,  
Apni bhi peyas bujha le pawan,  
Ab badhti jaye meri chubhan,  
Rimjhim rimjhim chanchan chanchan,  
Bas ek raina aiy mast pawan.

Akhtar Jawad

## Bat Ek Rat Ki

Hawaon se aati hay khushboo tumhari,  
Fizaon ne choomi hayn zulfein tumhari,  
Sitaron mein keyun roshni barh rahi hay,  
Chamakti hui hayn yeh aankhein tumhari.

Yeh keyun chand poora hua aaj ki shab,  
Dopatta tumhara kahan kho गया hay,  
Main sargoshian sun raha hoon chaman mein,  
Yeh phoolon ne chupke se keya le liya hay.

Nazakat gulabon mein aiyssi nahin thi,  
Labon ki yeh surkhi barhi ja rahi hay,  
Yeh dena yeh lena mujhe khal raha hay,  
Nazar keyun tumhari jhuki ja rahi hay.

Yeh badal hay ya phir dopaata tumhara,  
Yeh keyun bhhega bheega mujhe lag raha hay,  
Yeh barsa hay jo dheema dheema gagan se,  
Gulon ka paseena mujhe lag raha hay.

Nahin dekha jata main sab cheen loon ga,  
Tu aiy chand badal mein chehra chupa le,  
Bahut khoobsoorat hay hala ye tera,  
Magar apne rukh ka yeh sehra chupa le.

Teri roshni ab mujhe chubh rahi hay,  
Main bikhra ke zulfein andhera karoon ga,  
Wuh kholegi pehloo mein aankhein jab apni,  
Main is rat ka phir savera karoon ga.

Yeh devi jo fitrat ki itra rahi thi,  
Yeh baithi hay keyun apni aankhein jhukaye,  
Yeh sakit si dikhti hay keyun kayenat,  
Kaha kisne tha tumse aankhein milaye.

Yeh mera kaleja hay nazrein milakar,  
Tumhein dekh kar muskurata raha hoon,  
Muhabbat ne bakhshi hay jurat kutch aisi,  
Main khilwat mein bhi aata jata raha hoon.

Yeh fitrat kahin na chura le yeh joban,  
Chali aao bahon mein tumko chupa loon,  
Nazar lag na jae kahin tumko meri,  
Main aariz pe kajal se ek til bana doon.

Mujhe roshni ki zaroorat nahin hay,  
Andhere mein tum ek bikharti kiran ho,  
Tumhi chandni ho tumhi kahkashan ho,  
Ura de jo tan man tum aisi pawan ho.

Abhi subh hone mein baqi pahar hay,  
Pila de mujhe jam ek aur saqi,  
Wazoo kar ke aata hoon aanchal bicha de,  
Namaze muhabbat ka hay waqt baqi.

Akhtar Jawad

# Be Careful

Be careful,  
you are playing with something that is too fragile.  
You may hurt feelings,  
once you hurt someone,  
and even if you say sorry to him,  
he will never forgive you,  
it's a human belief!

Be careful,  
you are playing with something that is too fragile.  
Don't insult anyone,  
he will insult you in return,  
he thinks he is prettier than you,  
and you are uglier than him,  
It's human color of skin!

Be careful,  
you are playing with something that is too fragile.  
You may crack it,  
but once it's cracked,  
and even if you join its pieces,  
the hair line of joints will remain for ever,  
it's a human heart!

Be careful,  
you are playing with something that is too fragile.  
You may take it,  
but once it's taken,  
and even if you want to return it back,  
you cannot,  
it's a human life!

Be careful,  
you are playing with something that is too fragile.  
You may conquer lands,  
but you will sow seeds of hate there,  
and even after thousand years,  
you'll be a victim of his revenge,  
It's a human motherland!

Akhtar Jawad

# Be Careful, Angel!

Slowdown,  
Your wings should not make an irritating sound  
It should move producing the beats of a violin.  
A slow and peace bringing tune  
that not only touches the hearts of a mortal man  
but touches my heart as well.  
Oh! You look like a frightening demon.  
I don't like it,  
I am beautiful and I love and like beauty.  
As I wanted my beauty to be felt  
I created ugliness.  
Makeup,  
Put a mask of a fairy on your face  
there should be a smile on your lips  
you should look like a sexy maiden.  
When you free his soul from his body  
your hands should touch him gently  
I am a gentle touch  
you must not forget.  
Touch him  
as the pleasant winds touch the delicate flowers  
do it in the manner how essence is extracted from a rose  
or the droplets are extracted from the roaming clouds  
let his soul come out like an embryo comes out of the earth  
bring this embryo to the gardens of heavens  
sow it in the best and the greenest corner.  
He will grow here in a tall tree of beautiful flowers and tasty fruits.  
Throughout his life he walked slowly  
he never spoke loudly to his neighbors  
he never shown his alms giving hands to anyone  
slowly and silently he helped the needing fellowmen  
he remained kind to the animals,  
he always had a soft and kind touch for the children.  
He didn't hate anyone  
He loved all irrespective of their color and belief  
Irrespective of their culture and nationality.  
He never desired fame and name.  
Unknown he lived and unknown he will die.  
But it's me who knows him very well.

Be careful Angel,  
I have erased all paintings of his sins,  
he is a Very Important Soul  
you will land here with him  
and walk on a carpet of rainbow.

Akhtar Jawad

# Beautiful Thieves

Keeping my beauty completely intact,  
The lights of my mind reflect and refract,  
The virtue of an image I see all rounds,  
The beauty of children the sweetness of sounds,  
They sing the same song all over the earth,  
They play same games of the common worth.

They are yellow and brown; they are black and white,  
They read same rhymes and the same they write,  
Their dresses are different violet or indigo,  
White or off white whatever we lo,  
Blue or green, yellow, orange or red,  
Same lessons of love they learnt and read.

How far I am from the God of believes,  
How close to Him are the naughty thieves,  
They stole the lessons that I could not,  
They tied themselves in a single tight knot,  
I wish I could be a beautiful thief!  
But I am imprisoned in a cage of belief!

Akhtar Jawad

# Beauty

I imagine you,  
I feel you,  
and I wish you could enter me.  
When I see myself smiling  
while having a look at my image,  
and both of me the real and the virtual  
wink their right eye simultaneously.  
Then I say, "I am beautiful!"  
And here you fail,  
your lips move like that of mine,  
you say something,  
but I could never listen to you!  
Flying kisses to your lips  
that remain silent.

Akhtar Jawad

## Beauty And Love

Two in one I see together,  
Like charms of a flower,  
Meeting free of arrogance,  
Like color and fragrance,  
Of a beautiful rose,  
So near, so close.

Sometimes I think,  
Their unity is a link,  
Between worship and duty,  
Love and beauty,  
Are His servants and friends,  
The world needs them and their mends.

Sometimes I say,  
To my mortal clay,  
Love is beauty in itself,  
Put the rest on the shelf,  
Love and love and only love,  
Beauty and charms of a peace making dove.

Akhtar Jawad

# Beauty Is Love

Beauty is a migratory bird,  
the weather of love when changes in my heart  
it migrates to her heart  
to come back in the springs with a few new colors.

Beauty is a butterfly,  
the greenery is when touched by colorless love,  
it's diverged in a dance of colors and I see  
love springs in colorful aromatic flowers.

Beauty is a heart in love,  
when it loves and when it's loved,  
it's beats send a message in in the language of waves,  
here I boldly stand to share with you my unseen odors.

Beauty is the response of nature,  
to the love letters written by beautiful hearts,  
it's delivered through the dark postman flying in the skies,  
I see it, I listen to it, and feel how earth is kissed in the showers!

Akhtar Jawad

# Beauty Of Limerick

My barren mind when lacked yield,  
Started plowing outside my field,  
So pleased with the click,  
Beauty of limerick,  
Saved me as an effective shield.

Akhtar Jawad

# Beauty Of Memories

When I think of beauty,  
Beauty is with me,  
All around I see,  
A moon and stars,  
A milky way,  
Soft white flowers,  
Aromatic and drunk,  
A moonlit night,  
Me and you,  
With other children,  
Making too much noise,  
Playing hide and seek,  
And during the game,  
In a corner of jasmines,  
Hidden from the eyes,  
An innocent hug,  
And a childish kiss!  
A lovely voice,  
Come back children,  
It's too late,  
Now go to your beds.

Akhtar Jawad

## Beauty Of The Destination (A Comment On Kelly Kurt's Poem Changing Places)

If I am a source of beauty I shall spring as flowers through my grave even deep  
If I am in love and I am smiling I shall send my heart's heart beats as a beep  
I know nobody will see me in the colors and aroma of a rose and it will end  
I know nobody will listen to my beep but being a wave it has a trend  
To go expanding in the endless space though its touch will be insignificant  
For me it will be enough that it will touch anything that is left still so descent!  
That's how I started thinking after reading Kurt's poem thoughtful  
Don't know whether the hunter will be capable of hunting the words beautiful?  
Suddenly a thought came in my mind if I and Kurt spring from the same tree  
How louder would be our laughter, how excited we would be!

Akhtar Jawad

## Beauty Will Win

Getting lost in a world that exists in my heart  
Shutting down the doors through which ugliness  
Trespasses in me, makes me a color blind  
Who cannot pick pink color of loveliness.  
When I remove curtains of a narrow window  
I see many pink buds in a green meadow.

The whistling winds coming in with a music  
Carrying a song of buds still awaiting to bloom  
I hope one day these buds will spring in flowers  
They will enter in my dark lonely room.  
On that day the doors will not come in their way  
Aromatic colors will attack, ugliness will run away.

Akhtar Jawad

# Beauty, Love And Pain

Somewhere in a green valley,  
below the high mountains,  
a number of poplar trees,  
dense leaves,  
partly green and partly red,  
beneath these trees,  
I am sitting for some rest.  
It's too hot.

I recollect my beloved,  
in a green and red contrast,  
how dense she was,  
in a hot noon,  
beneath a mango tree,  
my head on her thighs,  
her palms on my face,  
I love you sweet heart!  
suddenly I felt pain on my neck,  
red ants bite my neck,  
there were a few drops of tears,  
I was relieved of the pain,  
My father is marrying me with his boss,  
and I cannot refuse.  
She left the place.

The two places resemble so much.  
My beloved is not here,  
But her memories are with me,  
And no red ants are here.  
A few leaves just like her palm,  
fell on my face,  
I love this scenery!  
Suddenly I felt pain on my neck,  
this time no tears  
to relieve me of pain,  
Believe it or not  
sparks from the tree!  
hurt me,  
I left the place.

Where there is beauty  
there is love.  
Where there is love  
there is pain.

Akhtar Jawad

# Because Of Sin

What if instead of having men and women,  
The earth would have been inhabited by humans,  
Having both the sexes in them,  
Many funny situations would have been arisen.

But I am worried for love of men and women,  
The most beautiful and amazing attraction,  
No concept of sin as no love is there,  
No lover, no beloved.

But the sin of men,  
That brought death for them,  
Brought love as well,  
Life is attractive because of love.

Where there is sin, there is love!  
Where there is love, there is life,  
Where there is life, there is soul,  
Where there is soul, there is God.

It's my sin that introduced God to me!  
I cry, I pray, forgive me my God,  
I know I shall commit this sin once again,  
And you will forgive me again and again.

Akhtar Jawad

# Bedlam

Usually makes us laugh but casually cry,  
Through the bedlam if you pass by,  
Don't talk to a freak,  
Abusive words he may speak,  
In an asylum lunatic who is shy?

Akhtar Jawad

# Before An Outing In The Rains

Our love has arisen as the clouds  
I am expecting heavy rains on the soil,  
Meanwhile you fry some spicy snacks for me.

Our love is spread in the rains by the clouds,  
I am filling my heart with the fallen perfumes,  
Meanwhile to be transparent you take a shower.

Our love is painted in the rainbow.  
I am changing my heart in a spectroscopy,  
Meanwhile you paint it on the canvas of your face.

Our love is sung by the girls on the swings  
I'm having a naughty look how wind touches them  
Meanwhile you remain in my arms till it rains with thunders.

Our love, needs a supplement somewhere outside  
Let me write a poem on a rainy and romantic afternoon  
Meanwhile you change your dress for an outing in the rains.

Akhtar Jawad

## Before It's Too Late

Scattered on a tree  
Many flowers I see  
That always reminds me  
Different branches could be  
But with a common root  
I am an off shoot  
Being fed like any other  
By our common mother  
The same sun light  
The same moon light  
Why our love is blended  
Why in hate it's mended,  
How we raged the wars  
We have common stars!  
Common is our fate,  
Getup, before it's too late!

Akhtar Jawad

# Begum Mujhko Muaf Karen Forgive Me Darling

Tan mun dhan sabpar Quabza jama liya tune  
Apni kani anguli per mujhko nacha diya tune  
Dhoondh raha tha duniya ki sabse sunder nar  
Jo bhi mili wuh jhooti thee badchalan makkar  
Faidah maque ka uthaya mujhko banaya ghulam  
Pheeka pada Zulekha ka tere nam ke aage nam  
Muddai bhi faysal bhi aap muquaddas gaye  
KismeN jurat hay itni jo aap aankh milaye  
Nam agar maiN aap ka le looN mera toote nikah  
Aap hi toofaN aap hi kaishti aap hi hayN mallah  
Nahq hum mardoN per tohmat hay khudmukhtari ki  
Jo chahe hayN karte hayN qurban maiN is ayyari per  
MaiN to bebus bhains hooN hath meN aap ke danda  
Doodh peh mere kar leN guzarah kahaN se dedooN anda  
Begum mujhko muaf kareN bebus hooN budha hooN  
Jhag ki manind baithooN ga zara der ko utha hooN

## English Translation

My body my heart my wealth everything you snatched  
you made me a dancer on you small finger  
I was looking for the most beautiful woman of the world  
Whoever I got untruthful corrupt and the sinner  
You opportunist took advantage of it and made me a slave  
The name of Josef's Beloved was faded before your name  
You are the plaintiff, you are the judge, and a sacred cow  
You rule whatever you like to rule  
You made me a buffalo you have a stick in your hands  
So be satisfied and content with my milk I can't lay eggs.  
It's a false allegation against us the males  
Dear Wife! If I take your name the marriage will be broken  
I surrender You are typhoon, you are arch of Noah, you are the savior!  
You did whatever you wished but blamed me

Akhtar Jawad

# Being Inspired By Geetha Jay Kumar's Poem How Can A Flower Of Peace Die

Hate has a reason  
But it's a season,  
And season is changed,  
I am not annoyed of the heat stokes,  
It will raise the clouds,  
Hearts have large and tall trees,  
Soul has a Himalyan mountain,  
Clouds that rise from the hearts,  
Hearts that are seat of God,  
May collide each other,  
Or the trees will extract droplets,  
If not the mountain of stones,  
Will embrace the clouds,  
And suck the rains,  
Hidden in the lips of the rainbow queen,  
But the stones cannot absorb this wine,  
And the wine will shower on the earth,  
Rivers will be filled with this wine,  
Earth is green and shall always be green,  
And the rivers when meet Him in the oceans,  
Clouds will rise once again,  
These are clouds of love,  
Love never dies,  
Wine may be frozen in winter,  
But it will not die,  
Spring will come again and melt,  
The ice of love may be frozen now days,  
It's love that lives in all seasons!

(Being inspired by Geetha Jay Kumar's poem - How Can A flower of Peace Die)

Akhtar Jawad

# Being Inspired By Kelly Kurt's Poem Interpretation

It was too hot,  
a sunny Sunday,  
she went to a beach,  
a virgin bud,  
a shy teen aged girl,  
not yet eighteen,  
having hot passions,  
fires and desires,  
an idealist,  
and a moralist,  
with a strong and firm belief in ethics,  
having a respect for laws,  
the beach was over crowded,  
with so many strange men,  
women and children,  
she wanted to stripe,  
she wanted to throw off her dress,  
but being a shy teen aged girl,  
she could not,  
she started jogging,  
to a lonely place,  
she thought she is alone at that place,  
she threw off all her dressings,  
saw her appealing body as much as she could,  
put on her dress,  
came back to the parking area,  
drove her car to apartment he owned,  
Unaware that persons had telescopes,  
unaware that a few persons are chasing her!  
Unaware that a journalist snapped her beauty,  
for him she was a thrilling news,  
unaware that an artist painted her nude,  
for him she was an amazing model,  
unaware that a writer wrote a story on her,  
for him she was a fairy tale,  
unaware that a poet wrote a poem on her.  
for him she was a romantic topic,  
Soon she became a famous model,  
and ultimately a Hollywood Star.

But someone else, too, saw her,  
someone who is thirsty of love,  
and he fell in love with her,  
the lazy boy couldn't chase her,  
when he came to know,  
through printed and electronic media,  
as to who is she,  
he refused to accept,  
by now he has paid for thousands of calls in vain,  
still he believes she is merely his sweet beloved!  
she striped for him!  
Well, everyone is free to interpret-ate,  
but the philosopher knows,  
she stripped enthusiastically, spontaneously  
her sentiment, her objective  
Was simply to react,  
to react and counter the fire within her!

Akhtar Jawad

# Being Inspired By Kumarmani Mahakul's Poem Charming Face Speaks

Charming dazzling face speaks,  
and it never speaks a lie,  
it translates the heart,  
an amazing place,  
where goodness and badness live together,  
like good neighbors,  
I am surprised and I often ask myself,  
how it's so and why it's so,  
the answer less question increases,  
whiteness of my semi white beard,  
I know if i live and think any more,  
my beard will become completely white,  
it will hide my speaking face,  
and the face will be silent to listen to reply,  
Alas! My face will make repeated efforts,  
to let the others know the reply of petition,  
from a defendant,  
who is an accused,  
and Chief Justice as well,  
of the of the highest court!

Akhtar Jawad

# Believe It Or Not

Believe it or not but He came in my dreams,  
I was a child and I was always told,  
do it, it's good and God likes it,  
don't do that, God dislikes that,  
I was so much annoyed of God,  
That I wished one day I could meet Him somewhere,  
and I could ask Him as to why he is happy and unhappy  
like my old grandfather,  
who always interfered in my personal life,  
always either an advice or an order,  
do it and don't do that,  
and being annoyed too much,  
one day when my grandfather was sleeping,  
I put chewed gum on his beard  
I knew he loves his beard too much  
Consequently,  
to get rid of the chewing gum,  
my grandfather had to reduce his beard.  
The same night God came in my dreams,  
I saw beams of colorful light  
down pouring on me like the pleasant rains,  
rains of seven colors from the seven skies,  
I was wet in the light and started shivering,  
suddenly the lights changed their shape,  
and I saw stairs of light that changed their colors,  
someone came down  
with a big bag on his shoulders,  
bent with the load,  
coming down slowly,  
left hand on the load,  
walking stick in the right,  
I was afraid and wet in sweats  
though it was a cold winter night  
Who was He?  
With a veil on his face he came to me,  
put his warming hands on my head!  
'No need to be afraid of me,  
I am your God,  
here are a few gifts for you.'

A packet of chocolates,  
a pack of candies,  
a packet on which there was a picture of a car,  
a badminton racket and a cricket bat!  
I was so much pleased and excited, as well.  
'Hell with my old grandfather,  
he tells lies,  
God is great and good.'  
I asked God to show me His face,  
And he replied, 'One more gift for you,  
it's a packet of chewing gum and here is my beard.'  
And when He unveiled His face,  
I was amazed to see He was my old grandfather.  
Lovingly he smiled and said,  
'My son, I love my beard,  
but I love you more than my beard.'

Akhtar Jawad

# Beloved Of Beloved

I am coming handsome,  
To know as to why sweetheart loves you so much,  
To learn the art of beatification,  
Beautification of body,  
Beautification of heart,  
Beautification of soul!  
I know it well I can never be handsome like you,  
But let me learn the art,  
Let me try my best to be as much handsome as I can,  
I have learnt the art of playing love tunes on a flute,  
I have learnt the art of stretching my hands for a sacrifice,  
I have learnt the art of peace from one sitting under a tree,  
Now I am coming to learn the practicality of life,  
Without that my leaning will remain incomplete,  
And the ugly stains at my face will not be washed out,  
I hope as you did in the past,  
You'll welcome the sinner,  
Remove his ugliness,  
Making him capable to see his face,  
In a mirror that I hope I'll get from you!

Akhtar Jawad

# Beyond The Love

Relations that flourish in all the weathers,  
A bird that has no wings and no feathers,  
Still flies in a day so sunny and bright,  
Or a dark night having lost moon light,  
Defending me even when I am wrong,  
It's something else love isn't so strong,  
I never told you and I do not intend,  
I don't love you my dearest friend,  
For you is a nameless feeling,  
Injured in love I need your healing.

Akhtar Jawad

# Bicycle

Lehrati hui zulfien urta hua aanchal hay,  
Ya sarv-o-sunoober per chaya hua badal hay,  
Jhonkon se hawa ke kutch phaila hua kajal hay,  
Do pahion ki gari per rangeen si halchal hy.

Yeh Indradhanuk hay ya bal khati hui shamsheer,  
Yeh tairti hirni hay ya urti hui tanveer,  
Dil bandh liya jisne woh behti hui zanjeer,  
Do pahion ki gari per rangeen si halchal hay.

Pairahan-e-rangeen se ek jang hawa ki hay,  
Har naqsh ujar hay woh lakh chupati hay,  
Aanchal ko pakar lena bas ek ada hi hay,  
Do pahion ki gari per rangeen si halchal hay.

Main peeche laga hoon woh mur mur ke mujhe dekhe,  
Rah jaoon jo peeche main hans hans ke mujhe dekhe,  
Nazdeek jo aa jaoon ghusse se mujhe dekhe,  
Do pahion ki gari per rangeen si halchal hay.

Sangeen safar ka yeh rangeen nazara hay,  
Ang ang mein dawat hay aankhon mein ishara hay,  
Jaise meri yeh shokhi usko bhi gawara hay,  
Do pahion ki gari per rangeen si halchal hay.

Dhachke jo kabhi aayen woh uska saham jana,  
Choraste ke majme mein dar jana woh ghabrana,  
Chubhti hui nazron se sharmana simat jana,  
Do pahion ki gari per rangeen si halchal hay.

Aankhon mein naye sapne lahrate machalte hayn,  
Arman bhare do dil rahan mein bahakte hayn,  
Khamosh takallum mein bhi do hont larazte hayn,  
Do pahion ki gari per rangeen si halchal hay.

Nagah woh murti aur dekhti jati hay,  
Jaise mujhe rahan per woh apni bulati hay,  
Main aankh milata hoon woh aankh churati hay,  
Do pahion ki gari per rangeen si halchal hay.

(In my old papers I got my oldest available poem written in my student life. This is how I started wring poems.)

Akhtar Jawad

## Binte Umm

Mahboob mere daftar ka sathi,  
paintis sal ki umr mein bhi kunwarah hay,  
sach ppocho to wuh ek majboor becharah hay,  
zameen ki taqseem dar taqseem ko rokne ke liye,  
panch sal pehle jab uske chacha ke ghar mein ek beti paida hui,  
sach poocho to ek aur aurat masloob hui,  
us Binte Umm ka nikah mahboob se kar diya गया,  
abhi Binte Umm sirf panch sal ki hay,  
yeh Binte Umm keya khoob lafaz hay!  
Arabi shoara ise mahbooba ke manon mein istemal karte hayn,  
jab yeh oont per bandhe hue mahmil mein safar karti hay,  
aur uske charon taraf hajib hote hayn,  
kahin door ghode per baitha hua uska mangetar,  
duaen karta hay ke hawa ka ek sharir jhonka aaye,  
aur mahmil ka pardah zara shokhian dikhlaye,  
aur ek peyase aashiq ki peyasi aankhon ki peyas,  
tapti hui ret ki tishna labi,  
thodi si to kam ho jaye!  
Magar hajib use pas phatakne nahin dete,  
abhi wuh bap ki amanat hay,  
jaise hi uska meetha baras laga,  
uske ghar pe ek jhanda laga diya गया,  
take sabko maloom ho jae,  
ek aur mazloom aurat bikne ke liye tayyar hay!  
Tajir pesha aashiq paise kamane mein masroof hay,  
take uske bap ko uski queemat chuka sake!  
Aurat to bikne ke liye paida hoti hay,  
ghar mein bike ya bazar mein,  
hmare jagirdarana nizam mein,  
wuh ek samane taiush hay!

Magar yehan muamla kutch aur hay,  
Mahboob ki Binte Umm to abhi sirf panch sal ki hay,  
wuh ghar se bahar bhi aa jati hay,  
aksar tanha bhi mil jati hay,  
aur Mahboob jab use god mein utha leta hay,  
to wuh kahti hay,  
mujhe tafian dila do na,  
mujhe ghubbare dila do na!

Mahboo uski har khawahish poori karta hay,  
aur duaain karta hay,  
Ya Rab! Isko jald meetha baras lag jaye!  
Das sal to lagein ge hi,  
tab jakar uska meetha baras lage ge,  
jab uske ang ang mein shokhian aur mastian bhar jaen gi,  
aur jab Mahboob paintalis sal ki umr mein,  
apna sara rooman kho chuka ho ga,  
tab wuh uski dulhan ban kar aaye gi,  
is beech Mahboob Karachi mein,  
kisi ghareeb gharane ki ek ladki la chuka ho ga,  
yeh flat wali kahlati hay!

Akhtar Jawad

# Birds And Girls

Pretty, colorful flying graces,  
Gliding in air, twittering everywhere,  
I have seen their smiling faces,  
Loyal to spouse, no affair.

Working hard, at their best,  
Collecting something, knitting a craft,  
Making a nest for love and rest,  
And to lay the eggs, so soft.

So are the girls, all beautiful,  
Thinking in teen age, now or never,  
Innocent, lovely and colorful,  
Looking for a partner, a friend for ever.

Mostly deceived, by playboys,  
Enjoying a girl, looking for other,  
They take them as beautiful toys,  
Not to love and live for ever.

Akhtar Jawad

## Birds In The Clouds

Who came to me with the monsoon clouds,  
Without any thunders only birds' applauds,  
Feathers when clapped like palms of a child,  
Winds adding something to a love so wild,  
Loving, diving, hunting in the naughty lake,  
Life may be a dream but at all not fake,  
Hunting and sharing the exciting food,  
Once again they look in a lovely mood,  
The hunting birds your message was read,  
My feet were touched by the waves spread,  
Don't you see weather in a mini bikini,  
Forcing me for a naughty mutiny,  
One fish I have hunted, another I see,  
Resting her back with a coconut tree,  
Birds I shall follow the life you taught,  
Just hunting and loving, no third thought.  
But did you send this message to the tree,  
The stem did it she's smiling I can see.

Akhtar Jawad

## Birha Ka Mara

Woh sham ab ant mein aa hi gai jis sham se main ghabrata tha,  
Woh din tha indradhanush jaisa main hansta tha main gata tha,  
Tum mujhse aankh churati theen main tumse aankh milata tha,  
Jab hum dono kahin per milte they tab saya bhi to lajaata tha,  
Na jane kahan se uth aata aur neel gagan per chata tha,  
Woh kala badal dharti per jo madhu madira barsata tha,  
Jis vrikch ke peeche chup chup kar main tumko geet sunata tha,  
Us peir ki unchi daloon per ek panchi bhi aa jata tha,  
Na jane apni bhasha mein keya bat mujhe samjhata tha.  
Woh rang birange phoolon se keyun apni chonch milata tha,  
Aur hum dono jab uthne lagein woh panchi bhi ur jata tha,  
Woh panchi kitna akela tha ekant se woh ghabrata tha,  
Hum dono ki prit ki leela se woh mun apna behlata tha,  
Woh rota tha ya hansta tha kutch bhi na boojh mein aata tha.

Woh yad aata hay abhhi mujhe keya woh birha ka mara tha,  
Main uski bhasha ab samjha woh mujh jaisa dukhiara tha.

Akhtar Jawad

# Birth Of A Granddaughter

City was disturbed with ethnic violence  
air was humid and it carried smell of blood  
weather was hot shouting and warning,  
&quot;Stay at home, don't go outside.&quot;  
I heard a sweet voice,  
&quot;I am still innocent, neat and clean like God,  
I am mighty enough to protect you Grand Pa!  
Do not come to me,  
I want to see you running for me  
jumping like the same jolly splinter rabbit,  
who came to my Grand Ma like a flash of light,  
when my mother was born!  
Why you have isolated you in a self-made cage?  
Why you are afraid of your old age?  
Who says you are old?  
You're a cradle of gold!  
I shall not come in this world,  
as long as you come with your caressing arms  
to hold and protect my delicate charms! &quot;  
A breakthrough in a joyless twenty three years of life  
having passed without the cries and smiles of a child,  
the old man ran to the awaiting springs,  
no worry of firing,  
no fears to be shot down,  
not minding the Hell of the heat strokes.  
And He rewarded him!  
Thanks God for rewarding the crazy Grand Pa  
with a rose bud,  
a sweet and beautiful granddaughter!  
Now a beautiful and aromatic rose!  
Happy Birthday to you Bisma!

Akhtar Jawad

# Birth, Life, Death

Mama Cat! Mama Cat!  
Who you are afraid of?  
How helpless you are, and we too!  
He is the one you can't write off!  
Why do you hide your newly born kittens?  
Still a few cooked in the father's kitchens!  
See sometimes under my antique bed,  
Sometimes hidden in the flowers shed,  
and do you remember, no you don't,  
you forget very soon, no long memories,  
it's the same shed beneath it many times,  
you loved the father again and again,  
who loves, gives birth and then a death,  
see he comes, and he will catch one,  
and carry the kitten to a lonely place,  
his own young one, yes, his own!

Akhtar Jawad

# Blood Donation

It does not affect your health,  
It does not affect your wealth,  
Twice a year every year,  
Or at least once a year,  
Donate your blood my dear,  
No fear, no fear, yes no fear,  
You'll see two wings with your arms,  
On your head a crown of charms,  
High very high in the blue sky,  
With the angels when you will fly,  
The sky will ask who this is,  
Earth will reply my son you kiss,  
He donates his blood and lives he saves,  
I give birth to both angels and the knaves.

Akhtar Jawad

# Blood In Paris

Alas! The city of love and fine arts,  
the city of romantic lovely hearts,  
where in the bosom is a pink rose flower,  
the amazing and enchanting Eiffel Tower,  
the blue perfume of Evening in Paris,  
the winds feel proud on dancing in Paris  
where art promotes love, peace and romance,  
where one is free to sing and dance,  
where couples forget all their fears,  
where coral smiles can wipe the tears,  
wherever I look I see beauty-abundance,  
smiling colors and dancing fragrance,  
that inspire the brush, that inspire the pen,  
who are the extremists, are they men?  
What's their faith, do they believe in ethics,  
No, they're satanic tools, in fact,  
I can only condemn, that's how I react!

Akhtar Jawad

# Blood Of A Step Moher

They worked in the same office,  
Helped each other in day to day works,  
They liked each other,  
But never expressed their feelings to the other,  
Both were my friends and I being a common friend,  
Could talk what they could but could not,  
Her name was, leave it, she was a beautiful flower,  
An appealing girl in her mid-twenties,  
She had all what a male could desire in a female,  
I asked my friend let me call him Mr. He,  
Why don't you propose Ms. She?  
He said I am already engaged to my cousin,  
In the rural areas of Sindh cousins are married,  
To avoid the distribution of agricultural land,  
I am helpless if I marry Ms. She they will not spare her,  
She may be even killed.

Time passed Mr. He married his cousin, who died,  
After giving birth to her maiden son,  
His mother came and started living with her son and the grandson,  
I often visited their house and found Chachi, loving his grandson,  
Looking after him, her beloved grandson,  
I suggested Chachi to marry his son with ,  
She took much time to be convinced,  
Her point of view was that a step mother,  
Would be dangerous for her grandson,  
Anyway, Mr. He and Ms. She were married,  
I used to visit their house and always found,  
The old lady insulting and humiliating her daughter-in-law!

A few years passed the grandson started going to school,  
As there are not sufficient play grounds in Karachi,  
Children play cricket on the roads,  
One day when the grandson was playing on the road,  
A crazy vehicle hit the boy and he was seriously injured,  
He was immediately hospitalized,  
Doctor said an immediate blood transfusion is required,  
His father's blood did not match,  
The step mother came forward,

What a game on the road was played by God!  
Stepmother's blood matched,  
Bravo Ms. She! Donated two packs on the same day!

After that whenever I visited my friend's house,  
I found her very nice with her daughter-in-law,  
And when Ms. She gave birth to a cute female child,  
The fairy became her beloved granddaughter.

Akhtar Jawad

# Blood Of Gaza

Killings of women and innocent children,  
A terror a horror and a satanic act,  
I am surprised why silent is heaven?  
Is there a treaty or a secret pact?

Is Satan now so much powerful?  
And Nemesis is tired and deeply sleeping,  
Dejected, unconcerned, no more wonderful,  
On crying of women and children's weeping.

But I don't think so, because I know,  
She will rise at last with death and destruction,  
Satanic forces will face her blow,  
For renovating the world and a new construction.

Akhtar Jawad

# Blunders

Blunders that brought miseries for the mankind!  
Committed by ancestors ignorant and blind,  
And I am a descendant I have no alternate,  
I will have to repay, it's a write of my fate,  
Written by those now sleeping in the graves,  
With the helpless souls in a black hole's caves,  
I don't know they know or do not know,  
Could they see climax of the passing show!  
A play incomplete having no definite end,  
The anticlimax we can change and amend,  
They wrote a painful and touching tragedy,  
Come on, let us make it a smiling comedy.

Akhtar Jawad

## Bold Smile Of A Woman

When someone likes a woman,  
she very carefully preserves his liking in her heart,  
her heart carries the liking for a period,  
it needs to grow in love.  
How much time she takes,  
to return your liking as love,  
depends upon your liking,  
if your liking was just an impulse  
it's aborted from her heart,  
but if this liking is sincere,  
it grows in a cute infant.  
Yes, whatever a woman has,  
even her heart is a womb!  
And that's why she will face her creator,  
confidently with a bold smile.  
We the men lack this bold smile!

Akhtar Jawad

# Brave In Love (Being Inspired By Steep A Poem Of M.J. Lemon)

Difficult was the way to the mountain,  
As I could not climb, I joined the immortal braves,  
And I dived in the restless streams of a hot fountain,  
I left myself on the mercy of the violent waves,  
My mother kissed my forehead and sang,  
My son will be cause of another big bang.

I see in my son the glimpses of Godly love,  
He is evolving simultaneously in a fish and in a bird,  
A swimming dolphin as well as a flying dove,  
I know he will be tortured being the third!  
But he will come again to write a love story,  
On the top of the mountain you'll see its glory.

(That's what I learned from the life of Holy Jesus Christ)

Akhtar Jawad

# Breaths

I don't know it's love or something else,  
But when I don't see you at least once in a day,  
Don't like to speak, when constrained to speak,  
I don't listen to my words as to what I say,  
It's your sight that is life, like a wave it travels,  
Through the eyes to the soul via heart of the clay!  
Eyes speak on behalf of my beating heart,  
Could you look into eyes, I'm waiting for the day,  
When the eyes will meet and will say something,  
We'll see the game, if any, they play,  
The lips may smile and the music of speech,  
May be felt by the heart and body may say,  
Now regret the time in refrains you lost,  
How many breaths are left, who can say?

Akhtar Jawad

## Bri Edwards With His Kind Permission

He is partly pleasure and partly pain,  
Cleverly relieves his given strain,  
Mostly truth he speaks but sometimes lies,  
Remains on the earth but sometimes flies,  
I don't know why he looks like my grandfather,  
My love and regards as he is my teacher,  
On a paper of style with a stigma like pen,  
He lays golden eggs like a healthy white hen,  
From a museum he stole the sword of Richards,  
A crusader of language is Bri Edwards.

Akhtar Jawad

## Bridal Shower (Ghazal)

Love is my habit I am helpless sweetheart,  
Wish in your heart I get access sweetheart.  
I'll not let you go you are prisoner of heart,  
Pass a few days of recess lifelong sweetheart.  
It's your beauty that raged this war of love,  
Now face with smile consequences sweetheart.  
Surrender unconditional, I shall impose on you,  
Imprisonment of life, are sentences sweetheart.  
A night is followed after all sunny days,  
Like moon light I see are the chances sweetheart.  
Should I purchase uniforms for the pretty nice prisoner?  
I have seen a few charming bridal dresses sweetheart.  
Wish you the dreams of lovely bridal shower,  
I can imagine that's not in access sweetheart.

Akhtar Jawad

## Bride's Condition

I surrender to you, only one condition,  
I have shining and silky long black hairs,  
I have come with wine in my deep black eyes,  
For you my lips are sweet eclairs.

I have opened my all, as you are mine,  
Start unveiling my virgin farms,  
Tonight my arms are friendly to you,  
Will not steal a woman's charms!

Kiss me by your eyes leave nothing untouched,  
Let me feel everywhere your naughty eyes,  
I am not odorless, I am colorless,  
How long I waited for the rainbow dyes!

See my pink flowers in green leaves,  
Enjoy my wine in sips by sips,  
My face, my grace, my silky glaze,  
No more forbidden for your lips,

Akhtar Jawad

# Buried Alive Part I

My feet were unmoved,  
My hands were static,  
I could not speak,  
Could not open my eyelids,  
Still I was thinking,  
Still I was hearing,  
I was lying on my bed,  
Was I dead?

My wife was unconscious,  
My daughter was crying,  
Grand Children were so.  
I was trying to speak,  
I was trying to get up,  
Could not do any thing,  
So helpless I was,  
So restless I was.

My friends and relatives,  
Had arrived at my house,  
My sister was spreading,  
Some water on the face,  
Of my unconscious wife,  
And sister of my wife,  
Was giving some food,  
To the hungry grand children.

My son was away,  
Younger daughter was away,  
And my son-in-law,  
With my brother-in-law,  
Were informing my son,  
And my daughter abroad,  
On their cell phones,  
That I have been expired.

I was frightened so much,  
And my mental pain,  
Was a source of strain,

I wanted to tell,  
I am alive, perhaps,  
But all my efforts,  
To speak to them,  
Failed again and again.

I started thinking,  
Of my sins shameful,  
And started regretting,  
Why wasted my life,  
In futile exercises,  
Why did not something,  
Something really good,  
To please my God,

Meanwhile I heard,  
My son and my daughter,  
Are expected next day,  
By the mid noon flight,  
And they decided my body,  
To be kept in freezing,  
In a social worker trust,  
Till the time of burial.

I tried to speak,  
My dear loved ones,  
Please keep me here,  
Turn on air conditioner,  
Take some food,  
And rest at night,  
But I could not speak,  
I was dead.

I was moved to a place,  
Where no living man,  
Can pass a few minutes,  
And there I noticed,  
I can smell as well,  
As the bad smell,  
Of the dead bodies,  
Annoyed and frightened.

,

Then I thought,  
Many hours have passed,  
I did not pray,  
And remember my God.  
Having no alternate,  
And a victim of fate,  
I remembered Him,  
Bu all in vain,

So this is the death,  
The last experience,  
My life was prey of my death,  
And the hunter finally hunted,  
And as I could think,  
I have a life different in nature,  
But is my soul still in my body?  
I am dead or alive?

Oh my God! If I was dead,  
The soul should have gone,  
Out of the body,  
None of my senses,  
Should have worked,  
But I could smell,  
And I could hear  
And I could think,

Was I alive?  
Was I dead?  
Was it coma?  
I knew nothing,  
But it appeared,  
To me in distress,  
I am going,  
To be buried alive.

I heard some voices,  
And recognized all of them,  
My son and others,  
Have come to pick,  
My dead body at home,  
And I was carried,

Once again to my house,  
To my nears and dears.

I was given a bath,  
And in two pieces of white cloth,  
Those were not stitched,  
I was brought for the last,  
And final sight,  
Many voices I recognized,  
And I heard so many,  
Reciting holy verses.

Finally I was lifted,  
And my body was carried,  
To the near by mosque,  
After routine prayers,  
All gathered in the lawn of the mosque,  
And offered prayers for resting my soul,  
In piece, but the peace was not for me,  
They were going to bury a man alive.

Then I was carried to the final place,  
Where at, my grave was open for me,  
I was put in the grave,  
By my son and in-laws,  
And stones were put to cover the grave,  
And the clay on it was put by all,  
And the poor old man,  
Was buried alive.

Akhtar Jawad

## Buried Alive Part II

Then I saw two angels in the grave,  
They informed me,  
I was under arrest and would face a trial,  
And would be produced,  
Before the court of divine law,  
On the day proceeding,  
What could I do?  
Just waiting and waiting.

The grave was dark and suffocating,  
I could not sit just lying on the clay,  
I found myself now capable,  
Of crying and praying,  
Tears came in my eyes,  
And I said my Lord!  
Are my sins greater than your mercy?  
Am I a man so much bad?

Can't you forgive?  
I am buried alive,  
I then fell unconscious,  
When came in my senses,  
Saw the angels again,  
With a handsome man,  
Having face so graceful,  
He is your advocate Samuel Taylor Coleridge,

The angels left us alone,  
To discuss the case,  
Coleridge told me,  
You need not worry,  
Charges against you,  
Are weak and feeble,  
The prosecution has no witness,  
Other than you.

After some time I was produced,  
Before the divine court,  
And the trial started,

I saw the prosecutor,  
And I was surprised,  
It was no one else,  
It was me only me.  
He read the charges.

My Lord then asked me,  
Do you plea guilty?  
Yes My Lord, I plea guilty,  
The accused has pleaded guilty,  
Coleridge stood and bowed his head,  
My Honorable Lord the accused has faced,  
A painful experience, he was buried alive,  
He is no more normal.

Coleridge requested the Honorable Court,  
To allow to defend,  
The accused in the name of justice,  
My Lord, so kind, allowed proceedings,  
The prosecutor started presenting his case,  
The first witness were my eyes,  
They narrated the sins I did with my eyes,  
Your witness said the prosecutor,

Coleridge stood and said, 'No questions.'  
The second witness were my ears,  
They narrated the sins I did with my ears,  
Your witness said the prosecutor,  
Coleridge said again, 'No questions My Lord.'  
The third witness my tongue like a snake,  
Narrated my sins I did with my tongue.  
Again no cross examination by my council.

One by one all parts of my body,  
Stated my sins I did by them,  
For their pleasure,  
For their joy,  
All against me,  
I loved them so much,  
They never hesitated,  
Whatever were the sins.

The final witness was my soul,  
And the soul described my sinful thoughts,  
Coleridge desired to cross examine,  
The final witness.  
And he asked the soul,  
Did the accused was happy with the sins?  
No he was not.  
He regretted his sins, yes regretted.

.  
Did he believe in love, peace and coexistence?  
Yes he believed.  
Did he something for the three?  
Yes, he wrote poems to promote all,  
That's all, my Lord.  
No need of any witness,  
For the defense,  
At the moment his bail is to be considered.

The Divine Law states,  
If one regrets his sins and is unhappy with it,  
He will be forgiven.  
The accused may kindly be granted the bail,  
Already applied.  
Bail granted,  
Said My Lord,  
Till the Judgment Day.

I was brought back to the grave,  
I noticed a light and heard a voice,  
Come for the prayer,  
Come for welfare,  
Prayer is better than sleep,  
God is greatest of all,  
And none is the master other than Him.  
My wife was asking me to get up.

Akhtar Jawad

# Burnt Alive

Heart has melted in blood,  
Blood has changed the colors,  
How red are tears,  
How shall I see into eyes of my friends?  
How to explain this cruel act?  
How to undo this brutal act?  
Are we human beings?  
Beasts are better than us,  
I am sorry my friends,  
How helpless I am!

The couple was burnt alive,  
Cruelty congrats you touched the climax,  
Climax is followed by a downfall.  
The woman was pregnant!  
They were guarantors of a debtor,  
Belonging to a minor community,  
They were roasted with bricks,  
For a sin they never committed,  
They were charged of insulting,  
The majority religion!  
Are we men?  
Is it in accordance with the teachings?  
Teachings of Holy Prophet,  
Is a fun for you!

Definitely not!  
What do you claim?  
You at all are not,  
A satanic way of life you follow,  
And you have invited,  
Another Halagu Khan,  
So you have agreed,  
With recurrence of the history,  
Who can stop you?  
Go ahead and make your home,  
In a fool's paradise!  
And on earth too,  
You will not be spared.

Akhtar Jawad

# Busy Lady

Garlic, oil, your skill and your trick,  
I'm hungry, a quick service will click,  
Wasting time in mayonnaise making,  
Annoying is your prolonged baking,  
Even under baked will be truly slick.

Akhtar Jawad

## But He Ran Away (Off Course Love Is A Naughty Boy)

Every day, I see a new victim of his naught,  
But he runs away!  
Off course, love is a naughty boy!

When I go to a garden,  
I see a bud complaining of his naught,  
'He came from the rear, hugged me,  
put his palm somewhere,  
he shouldn't have put,  
turned my face to that of his,  
kissed me and ran away.  
A coward is he,  
he should have come from the front,  
and stayed a little more!  
But he ran away'  
Off course, love is a naughty boy!

When I go to a river,  
I see a fish complaining of his naught.  
'With closed eye lids,  
I was swimming against the waves.  
He pulled me out,  
whispered in my years,  
Oh You! The lesbian fish!  
May I teach, how to love?  
My teacher threw me back,  
into the river, and ran away,  
I am now,  
swimming with the waves.  
if he had come  
he should have kept me out  
a little more with him!  
Lessons are incomplete! "  
But he ran away'  
Off course, love is a naughty boy!

When I go to the sea,  
I see the tides complaining of his naught,  
"When gals in the swimming costume,

Come at the shore, he chooses the best,  
And most sexy one, takes her to his hut,  
and when she comes back,  
no more interested in me,  
informing her friend,  
real tides are there in the hut."  
And her friend when went to the hut,  
He was there,  
But he ran away'  
Off course, love is a naughty boy!

When I fly to the blue sky,  
I see the stars complaining of his naught,  
"Like a night bird he flies with the clouds,  
Plays hide and seek with our lovely moon,  
titillates the moon,  
and when the moon is helpless in laughter,  
kisses her lips, her neck and so on,  
and when the laughter  
is changed in tears of joy,  
and the moon attempts to catch,  
the naughty boy,  
he hides in the clouds,  
moon went in the clouds.  
But he ran away'  
Off course, love is a naughty boy!

Such naughty boys come and go,  
in the weak moments of life.  
Forget them and enjoy.  
A lovely life is ahead of the victims,  
The boy never knew,  
A victim is not so naughty like him!  
Victim too never knew  
he had to wipe his tears!  
Before he ran away!  
Off course, Cupid is a blind naughty boy!

Akhtar Jawad

# But She Was Touched

I arose early in the morning, a routine every day,  
Washed my hands, brushed my teeth, washed my face,  
Cleaned my hair, washed my foot, tried to have a little of the grace,  
Proceeded towards light, with a mortal clay.

When I was moving outside I saw her on the top of a building,  
Her beautiful blue house, and I noticed her fair complexion,  
I smiled at her, but couldn't notice my smile's reaction,  
I bowed my head and while coming back, saw her again still standing.

Now her face was clear and distinctly sighted,  
An amazing beauty, a pinkish doll, in a white bridal dress,  
I wished her hand in my hand, with love I could press,  
She looked into eyes, gave her hand, in my hand excited.

I wonder how her hand was so much stretched,  
What did she see in my thirsty eyes,  
You may take it as a truth or one of my lies,  
She was so far, but she was touched.

(A love affair with Miss Early Morning)

Akhtar Jawad

# But The Rose Flower Left Me Alone

Oh cute! Deaf and dumb! Why are you mute?  
Where is your music? Don't have a flute?  
Any other instrument, will you please play?  
From beauty like you, don't like a nay.  
Colors spread like a sudden rainbow,  
Such a green hit and the sexy pink throw!  
She smiled and slowly started speaking,  
secret of a virgin now peeping and leaking,  
her aroma whispered in the restless heart.  
"Imprisoned I was in thorns and thwart,  
Thanks my poet you got out me free,  
Behind the branches of dying old tree,  
I see a colorful flying butterfly,  
You are on earth and I want to fly,  
I want to see the blue sky,  
A lovely companion is the rainbow fly.  
Good Bye Dear Poet! With love good bye,  
My aroma to inspire, my color to dye,  
Shall remain with you for you only you,  
For a blocked mind, isn't it a break through? "  
I am enchanted with my bud's lovely sweet tone,  
but the rose flower has left me alone!

Akhtar Jawad

## But The Smile

She saw a black and white photo,  
and asked me,  
"Don't I resemble my grandmother? "  
"Yes you resemble.", I replied.  
How could I tell,  
the child lacked something,  
the old photograph is of an ignorant teen aged girl  
whose mental age was in accordance with her physical age  
see her innocent face and a simple smile.  
She didn't have television and internet,  
she didn't have a cell phone even,  
in fact a mini computer in her hands.  
Your smile says  
your mental age is twice of your physical age.  
Good in one way but mostly bad.

Akhtar Jawad

# Calendars

Make it a December to remember,  
But how, should it be my surrender?  
To whom and what I should render,  
Love it, not yet looking for new calendar,  
But I loved more the previous ones,  
Cute and pretty are their young ones,  
Wish I could hang on the decaying wall,  
The seventy two calendars I had, all,  
To cover the cracks of my old wall,  
I need all of them whether large or small,  
Replacing a calendar makes me sad,  
Return my lost calendars I shall be glad,  
I don't know if I am really ascending,  
Or I am more and more descending,  
Helpless before the time and its writ  
I'll have to surrender and replace it.  
Who knows it may the last greenery  
Or I shall have once more a scenery.

(A post of my friend (at Facebook) Maria Strong Abella made me thoughtful to write this poem)

Akhtar Jawad

# Call Me A Friend

Call me a friend, and do you know?  
Friendship s a drink that changes with the seasons,  
It's a soft cold drink in the heat strokes,  
It's a cup of tea in the showers of rains,  
With Dosa Masala or other snacks,  
It's a tasty fruit juice in the autumn of life,  
And when a friend is shivering with cold,  
It's a cup of coffee with baked cashew nuts,  
It's a glass of water in all seasons,  
Not for drinking, for wiping the tears,  
For washing the face and removing the dirt,  
At the end of journey a blessing for the traveler.

(Dosa Masala is a South Indian Snack and my favorite snack as well. I wrote about Valsa George that she is queen of description. She replied as to what she should call me, I don't take much time in replying, specially to ladies)

Akhtar Jawad

# Call Me Please

It was a wonderful night  
when the greatest man ever born  
was energized in light  
and he became so much bright  
that the ancient and the modern brightness  
touched each other and started thinking together.

What He thought was thought by him,

what He gave was brought by him.

What we have is the joint thought of two lovers.

When I love him,

in fact,

I love Him.

To see the eternal, divine and ancient light,

sweet heart I shall come to you, this year,

if He wishes so,

though I have seen you many times

but that were my optional visits,

Call me, call me,

with tears in my eyes I beg,

please call me,

I want to see the unseen,

I want to kiss someone unseen,

Please call me for the obligatory visit!

Please, please, please, forgive my sins,

forget my disobedience.

Call me please.

Call Me Please

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Please, please, please, please, please!

Akhtar Jawad

# Calling Too Late

Old lady mistook him as a ward-boy,  
She blundered in calling the retired play-boy,  
In white starched Kameez Shalwar,  
From naughtiness, never too far,  
&quot;Years passed, you didn't call this boy! &quot;

Akhtar Jawad

## Can Still Enjoy

How much similar is old man's life,  
To one who's still called my wife,  
Both are now my habits,  
Can run out like rabbits,  
But love what's done to end strife.

Akhtar Jawad

# Can We Ignore One Percent

Can we ignore one percent?

Yes, we can ignore one percent.

But if this one percent is the fear of a nuclear war,

That may kill millions of innocent humans,

And billions of animals,

That will make the earth a barren land,

That will be source of spreading radio activity up to thousand miles,

We cannot ignore this one percent.

The dirty politics and cruel nationalism,

Does not allow us to accept the ground realities!

Akhtar Jawad

# Candles After The Candles (Being Inspired By Aamir Abdullah's Poem Alone I Stood)

Fellows left me at their destined destinations,  
alone I am traveling,  
I am one who started his journey to a destination  
I myself do not know.  
Different may be our paths,  
still I believe wherever I arrive  
I shall be with all my fellows.  
On this earth that will either be a red hot star  
or a cool and frozen blue star,  
on the skies,  
an optical illusion looks blue but in fact black.  
My love for those who left me alone whispers in my heart,  
we shall meet again,  
so I am traveling to the infinity  
and my every step lights another candle  
before the previous candle is extinguished,  
there is no match box with me  
but a burning and melting candle I had brought  
I am lighting candles from the candles,  
I have only one fear,  
one day the stocks of candles  
will exhaust,  
leaving behind an empty carton.,  
I shall be traveling in the dark,  
but I shall not give up the journey,  
as I see only two truths in this universe,  
long ago it was static  
and when it became dynamic  
the beautiful illusions came in existence.  
I love to live in the illusions,  
I hope a miraculous illusion will enlighten my path  
and I shall continue my journey,  
I am moving and I shall be moving,  
I shall never give up my journey,  
I have to meet my fellows  
I have lost.  
What else I can do,

I love them all.  
Trinity of life  
the static truth  
the dynamic lie  
and the love  
linking the truth and the lie  
is making me helpless  
and has left no alternate  
but to light candles after the candles.

Akhtar Jawad

# Carrying Its Pains Its Peace

Imagine the pains of a mother's sacrifice  
Imagine the smiles of mothers so nice  
Imagine a dead banana tree  
Can you feel when you see  
For creation gives life as its price!

Carrying child for forty weeks by mothers  
Carrying universe by Him, for light years  
Poet carrying thoughts of ideals  
Hopefully carrying the unseen morals  
All are painful and sources of tears.

Who shrinks in the burning sweating sunlight?  
Who drinks the showers of milky moonlight?  
Something in the molten heart!  
Shell! Carrying pearl of art!  
Ahead are sweet dreams of a night.

Carrying someone in thoughts brings a sleep  
So much peaceful and so much deep  
It may be his frustration  
But he lives in imagination  
That doesn't exist, can carry and keep.

Wish him smiles of a happy mother  
With infant, looking proudly at the father  
Eyes speaking, it's your naught  
From womb I haven't brought  
Your child, my child, my ideal rather!

Akhtar Jawad

# Caylin Granddaughter Of Hazel Durham

I remember  
I saw Caylin  
while I was walking on the Milky Way,  
but Caylin was not walking,  
she is a fairy and she was flying,  
I gathered diamonds while on way,  
she was collecting fragrance for the clay,  
not walking she was swimming in air,  
the diamonds slipped from my hands,  
with aroma in her wings  
she was back on lands.  
My Child! Give me some fragrance,  
a little innocence,  
next time I shall not walk,  
I shall not collect stones that slip,  
I shall collect aroma that spreads,  
you may see me swimming,  
for aroma I'll be flying.

Akhtar Jawad

# Celebrities

You see me only in the makeups,  
Star among stars designed for the shakeups,  
See me when I am sleepless  
With the moon, sharing loneliness,  
Sun goes to bed early, early wakeups!

Akhtar Jawad

## Chamatkar (Miracle) -An Instant Reaction On Savita Tyagi's Poem Barson Pehle (Long Time Back)

Jevan sagar se paye hue chamakte moti  
Savita ne jise ek mala mein piroya tha,  
jise samay ne usse cheen liya,  
aaj jab gard ko jharte hue,  
usne apni ek purani chavi dekhi,  
to gale mein chamakte hue moti,  
aankhon mein chamakne lage,  
wuh to ek kalakar hay,  
uski kala ko kaun cheen sakta hay,  
kala to sarasvati hay,  
kala ko kaun mar sakta hay,  
lo sarasvati ne in motion ko  
shabdon ka roop de diya,  
aur yeh chamakte hue shabd,  
ek nai mala ban kar,  
use phir se indralok ki ek apsara bana gaye,  
ek aysi apsara jise,  
kewal man ki aankhein dekh sakti hayn,  
tan ki aankhon ke pas yeh chatmatkar kahan,  
ke wuh sarasvati ko dekh sakein,  
meelon door baithe ek kavi ne,  
Tyagi ka tyag bhi dekh liya,  
aur Savita ki shweta bhi dekh li,  
saraswati tere kitne roop hayn,  
geet mein sangeet mein,  
meet mein preet mein,  
aur tu har roop mein,  
chaon mein dhoop mein,  
amavas ki raton mein,  
chand taron ki baton mein,  
mitrta mein manavta mein,  
jahan bhi sundarta hay peyar hay,  
wuhan tera chatmatkar hay!

Akhtar Jawad

# Chand Raat

Ghadi do ghadi ko milo to sahi sare shikwe gile door kar dein ge hum,  
Wuh aankhein jo ro ro ke ab thak chuki hayn unhein aaj majboor kar dein ge  
hum,  
Wuh hansne lagein gi wuh gane lagein gi wuh mazi mein phir laut jane lagein gi,  
Wuh jhuk kar uthein gi wuh uth kar jhukein gi unhein aaj masroor kar dein ge  
hum,  
Duaein to hum ne khule aam ki hayn sharabein magar chup ke kutch kasht ki  
hayn,  
Yeh dil kabkaa labrez ho hi chukka hay ab aankhon ko makhmoor kar dein ge  
hum,  
Zara apne kamre ka dar band kar ke tum aaeney mein khud ko dekho to janan,  
Tum ab bhi haseen ho tum ab bhi jawan ho tumhein aaj bharpoor kar dein ge  
hum,  
Muhabbat mein keya khauf ruswaion ka yehi do dilon ki to poonji bachi hay,  
Giraftar shayer ki chahat mein ho gar tumhein aaj mashhoor kar dein ge hum.  
Hay aaeene ulfat azal se yehi yeh peere kuhan abbhi badla nahin,  
Nai rooh phoonkein hum donon milkar, ise aaj dastoor kar dein ge hum.  
Hilal idd ka ho Mubarak tumhein abhi se to mehndi lagaa ker na baitho,  
Zara mere hathon mein yeh hath de do inhein aaj purnoor kar dein ge hum.

Akhtar Jawad

# Chandelier

My friend gifted me a chandelier,  
But my eyes, being blind to others  
See a color of their choice,  
Unconcerned of the rainbow,  
A rotating beauty!  
Inheritance, ignorance and obstinacy,  
Of a heart having love,  
Blended with hate,  
I am an especial color blind,  
My eyes are sensitive to inherited radiation,  
The beauty of others is irritating for me!  
Am I the man my friend really meant?

(Lau shama-e-haqueequat ki apni jagah per hay,  
Fanoos ki gardish se keya keya nazar aata hay.  
Jigar Muradabadi)

Akhtar Jawad

# Changing Mood

(Thanks to Marie Shine whose post inspired me to write this poem)

Oh sad bird! I am feeling your pain and I forgot mine  
I shall let you know how beautiful she looked here dreaming  
Feel my pain and forget what has been hurting your heart,  
I can imagine you with your lovely pair talking and swimming  
Lake is there, tree is the same, flowers still bloom,  
A bird is there and it's alone, so I am, let us share our gloom.

Dear bird! You live in water, I wonder where you lay your eggs,  
Inside the lake or somewhere in the muddy bosom of the bank,  
Tell me when you are alone how your eggs you will incubate  
May I help you in any way, I'm serious it's not a prank.  
Now I see you smiling, my words really worked a lot  
I smile, you smile, are we sad? No, we are not!

The boat is also here I shall now row to the other bank,  
If your spouse is also there you may accompany me  
You said, &quot;No, you'll prefer to swim back to him.&quot;  
What you do to make him smiling, I shall see.  
That's how we the humans share our pains in the life,  
That's how I change her mood when she is cross in a strife.

Akhtar Jawad

# Changing Thoughts

Her first cry,  
With first breath,  
I read,  
She was thinking,  
I am unsecured,  
I have been in a safer place,  
My days, my nights,  
Will now depend,  
On breathing in,  
And breathing out,  
Just now I have survived,  
From most critical moment,  
Of my life,  
When I started breathing,  
Myself in a world,  
Where air is polluted,  
Where water is polluted,  
Where food is polluted,  
Whereat if I am sick,  
I will have to take,  
Slow poisons,  
The antibiotics!

I read once again,  
Sweet smile on her lips,  
She was playing in a garden,  
With her friends and foes,  
She was plucking the flowers,  
Colorful fragrant,  
And while she was running,  
To chase butterflies,  
A foe interrupted,  
By his naughty leg,  
She fell down on the greenery,  
A friend rushed to her,  
Raised her from the grass,  
Wiped her tears,  
Cleaned her frock,  
And kissed her cheeks,

She thought,  
Life is lovely,  
World is beautiful,  
With a loving friend!

Then I read her,  
When she was in her teens,  
A princess of beauty,  
The owner of planes,  
The Lady of hills,  
Night in her hairs,  
Days in her cheeks,  
Stars in her eyes,  
Roses in her lips,  
Warmth in the winter,  
And cold in the summer,  
In the soft lovely palms!  
Acid in her tears,  
That can melt the stones,  
Passion in her smile,  
That can mend universe,  
When she saw her image,  
She started thinking,  
I need someone,  
To love and admire,  
Or otherwise,  
This beauty is worthless,  
And she got him when,  
She started thinking,  
Life is charming,  
Gift of Nature!

I read her,  
In her bridal dress,  
Shocking pink shirt,  
With a moon like face,  
Heavenly grace,  
Ornaments like stars,  
Smiling eyes,  
With dreams of a night,  
With love and passion,  
Sentiments and emotions,

Warmed up planes,  
Volcano in the hills,  
Settled hairs,  
Excited with a wish,  
To scatter on the shoulders,  
Of a loving groom!  
She was thinking,  
How lovely,  
Will be days and nights!

I read her,  
With a baby in her arms,  
No more a child,  
That ran behind,  
Colorful butterflies,  
No more a girl,  
In her lovely teens,  
Seeking music and dance,  
Being thirsty of romance,  
No more a bride,  
With exciting dreams,  
Of a lovely wedding night,  
The planes were static,  
But with dynamic hills,  
She was thinking,  
Whereat I can get,  
An isolated corner,  
To feed my infant,  
My love is hungry.

Akhtar Jawad

# Chasing A Rainbow

On a cloudy rainy day,  
In a maroon shirt  
Off white trousers,  
Tightly fit,  
She was chasing a rainbow,  
And the clouds were laughing,  
But she was not afraid,  
A rainbow was in her hands,  
A rainbow of dreams,  
In the thirsty eyes,  
A rainbow of love,  
In the virgin heart,  
And the rainbow of her soul,  
Was chasing her throughout,  
But she was unaware,  
She was walking all alone,  
Chasing mirage of a rainbow,  
She started jogging,  
She started running,  
She slipped on the roads,  
Umbrella was broken,  
Her eyes in the dark,  
She was unconscious,  
When she came in senses,  
She found herself,  
In the arms of a rainbow,  
That was chasing her throughout,  
But she was unaware,  
And the rainbow smiled,  
Kissed her and whispered,  
I am your complement,  
We were one,  
We are one once again,  
And when the night was past,  
And she saw the mirror,  
She could not find herself,  
She saw in the mirror,  
A beautiful rainbow!



# Chasing And Sharing

If you want an endless moon light,  
just chase it,  
if you want an endless sunlight,  
just chase it,  
flying above the earth what you need,  
follow the music of earth,  
follow the steps of the earth,  
earth is a lovely dancer,  
listen to it's music and dance with it,  
life is sharing a romance with it.  
(Being inspired by SN Saul)

Akhtar Jawad

# Chemical Weapons

Invention of Machine Guns paralyzed the wars,  
The fighting armies could not move for attacks,  
The troops hidden in trenches fired each other,  
Enjoyed together Brandy, Cakes and Snacks,  
When the Christmas came white flags were waved,  
At least on that day enmity was waived.

Busy in the labs with its pollen grains,  
By the human brain, still an enigma,  
For getting a fruit, yellow and pungent,  
Chemistry was raped, a selfish stigma!  
Mustard Gas and other poisonous gases,  
Were blown in trenches by the dirty asses!

Nature disliked and reprovved this act,  
Direction of the wind was changed by Him,  
The offence was reflected back to offender,  
The fatty body was contracted to be slim,  
A man named Churchill not Winston Churchill,  
Mobilized battlefields with a newly built thrill!

Strategy was revised by metallic elephants,  
Moving on chains and firing with the trunks,  
Like Hindu God Shri Ganesh he came,  
Humanity was awoken from the sleep of drunks,  
In the secret labs is busy their stigma,  
Voices are raised, what a funny enigma!

(Wikipedia

Chemical weapons in World War I were primarily used to demoralize, injure, and kill entrenched defenders, against whom the indiscriminate and generally slow-moving or static nature of gas clouds would be most effective. The types of weapons employed ranged from disabling chemicals, such as tear gas and the severe mustard gas, to lethal agents like phosgene and chlorine. This chemical warfare was a major component of the first global war and first total war of the 20th century. The killing capacity of gas was limited, with four percent of combat deaths caused by gas. Gas was unlike most other weapons of the period because it was possible to develop effective countermeasures, such as gas masks. In the later stages of the war, as the use of gas increased, its overall effectiveness

diminished. The widespread use of these agents of chemical warfare, and wartime advances in the composition of high explosives, gave rise to an occasionally expressed view of World War I as 'the chemists' war'.<sup>[1][2]</sup> The use of poison gas performed by all major belligerents throughout World War I constituted war crimes as its use violated the 1899 Hague Declaration Concerning Asphyxiating Gases and the 1907 Hague Convention on Land Warfare, which prohibited the use of 'poison or poisoned weapons' in warfare.<sup>[3][4]</sup>)

Akhtar Jawad

# Chief Guest

A few lovers of fine arts and literature,  
Made a club for promoting the talented artists,  
Musicians, poets and writers,  
They decided to organize functions at the weak ends.

They organized many weak end evenings,  
But all their efforts failed and success remained a dream,  
Their utility bills remained unpaid,  
They could not even pay the rent of the auditorium.

Then they appointed a Marketing Secretary,  
A beautiful charming and appealing lady,  
Twenty Eight years of age,  
She was fluent in many languages.

Her name, I think it is irrelevant,  
Let us call her Miss X,  
She chalked out a lovely plan,  
And materialized it with great success!

She met Gapphar Bhai,  
A leading industrialist,  
And invited him as the chief guest,  
For the next weak end show.

The Saturday evening became memorable,  
In the history of the auditorium,  
Many great artists came with their paintings,  
Many great poets came with their poems,

Musicians with their instruments,  
Singers with their lovely songs,  
Delighted the audience who were allowed to come in,  
After purchasing costly entrance tickets,

All round the auditorium was decorated,  
With the advertising materials of the products,  
Of the mills and factories owned by Gapphar Bhai,  
An illiterate industrialist who could neither read nor write.

The show was a big success and finally certificates were awarded,  
Sattar Bhai won the award of the singer of the weak,  
Tauphik Bhai won the award of the musician of the waek,  
Ruksana Bai won the award of the artist of the weak,  
And the lucky mother of the three winners Julekha Bai,  
None else but the wife of Gapphar Bhai was the poetess of the weak.

All the pending bills of the promoting organization were paid,  
Day by day the excess of income over expenditure rose to great heights,  
Now the organization has its own popular web site,  
All thanks all credits to Miss X.

Akhtar Jawad

# Childhood

Time! What a cruel you are!  
What a scoundrel you are!  
Whatever you give you give as a loan,  
To take back with a compound interest,  
And that too, against lien of life,  
Against pledge of sentiments,  
And mortgage of beauty,  
What a creditor you are!

For unsecured victims of love,  
Having a heart innocent and fragile,  
Having a body tied in chains,  
Of customs and taboos,  
A social animal,  
With flesh and bones,  
An escape goat,  
Who grows under sword of a loan!  
You play your game,  
Who you amuse by it?

And when the day of event comes,  
You come with the degree,  
Of the top learned court,  
And put on auction,  
The human sentiments,  
The beauty of beloved,  
Even then the major principal,  
Remains un-adjusted,  
You sacrifice the goats,  
What a butcher you are!

Time! Why you be fooled?  
My innocent childhood,  
I, with a sweet lovely girl,  
In a pink skirt was running behind,  
The colorful butterflies,  
And she was collecting,  
Fragrant flowers,  
The pink roses,

The white jasmines,  
The pious lotus,  
You came with the Cupid,  
And by arrows of love,  
The two innocent souls,  
Were joined together,  
And you made them slaves,  
Of your unending loan,  
That remained unpaid.

When installments of your loan,  
Remained unpaid,  
You never warned us,  
The poor in debtors,  
In your thick black books,  
Kept on skies in out of reach,  
You went on adding,  
The compound interests,  
The souls were helpless,  
You divided the loan,  
Without any pity,  
Equally on the two!

You took our childhood,  
But the sin of love,  
Chased us like shadows,  
And the furious shadows,  
Went on enlarging,  
You took beauty from her,  
You took innocence from me,  
You took sentiments,  
From the hearts in love,  
You took the velour,  
From the shining bodies,  
The souls were left.

And now you merciless!  
On the day of event,  
You now came with your jaws,  
With knives and choppers,  
To sacrifice the goats,  
With all their love,

The goats are crying,  
And calling their childhood,  
But you are empowered,  
By the Grand Great Court,  
We can't get back,  
Our lovely lost days!

Do your work,  
And let our blood,  
Make our mother earth,  
Once more red on the surface,  
She will give birth,  
To flowers and butterflies!  
You can kill the children,  
But childhood will survive.

Time! you teach us sins,  
But please be kind,  
To the innocent children,  
Why don't you educate,  
Well in time,  
Why you leave them ignorant,  
To learn by trial and errors.

Akhtar Jawad

# Children In The Morning

Sweet children, sweet children,  
Where are you?  
We are in the wash room brushing our teeth,  
Aren't you too.

Sweet children, sweet children,  
How do you do?  
Wearing our uniforms,  
Fine, thank you.

Sweet children, sweet children,  
How is the break fast?  
A tasty one, nice one, by grand mother,  
Unlike other days, it is a contrast.

Sweet children, Sweet children,  
The bus has arrived, so beautiful indeed,  
Papa we are ready, see you again,  
A parting kiss that's all we need.

Akhtar Jawad

# Chocolate

The golden apple wrote a love letter,  
To eyes so deep and too dark brown,  
A teen aged girl of silky brown hairs,  
He thought in reply he will get a frown.

The letter was received by Cacao, her mother,  
The lady lifted up her green old frills,  
Recollected her past when she was nineteen,  
Smiled on her sweet and sexy thrills!

Found a bit bitter her daughter's core,  
Added sugar in it and a beauty she molded,  
In a brown skirt she dressed her daughter,  
In an appealing style a sex bomb was folded.

The maid traveled from the Torrid Zone,  
Reached by air to the Temperate Zone,  
To receive could not reach airport in time,  
The maid unhappy went to Ice Cream Cone.

Any how I took back the angry princess,  
Hiding from children was kissing the maid,  
I heard the shouts, you naughty old child!  
How terrific it was, grand children's raid!

Akhtar Jawad

# City Of Gardens

Having thousands of gardens,  
Having millions of flowers,  
Is the city of gardens!  
With wise learned wardens!

And a small piece of land,  
On the farther end,  
In a corner neglected,  
Only few plantations!

Where visitors are rare,  
There is no boundary wall,  
As the fear of being plucked,  
The flowers don't have.

The familiar faces,  
With silver in their hairs,  
And gold in their hearts,  
Often visit this land.

They kiss the flowers,  
They feel their fragrance,  
And when they kiss the flowers,  
Their kiss is not wild!

They kiss the flowers,  
As a granny kisses,  
Her newly born grandchild,  
Still in the cradle!

Lovely, lightly and gently,  
Their passion and emotion,  
Their promoting kindness,  
Makes the flowers smile.

And the life of flowers,  
Is increased by a day,  
And the land is inspired,  
Furthermore for the flowers!

(A lovely comment of Valsa George inspired me to write this poem. Thanks Valsa)

Akhtar Jawad

# Clouds (With Thanks To Elizabeth Ongpauco Whose Poem Clouds On The Lake Inspired Me To Write This Poem)

The clouds noted with regret,  
they are here but the lake is thirsty.  
"Here I can be empty  
but I can't see you empty.  
I feel your strains  
for you I have rains,  
don't be afraid of my lightning  
my thunders  
it's all for others.  
My downpours are shy  
Look at the sky  
no moon no stars  
it's a complete dark  
a lonely earth,  
you and me,  
just ignite a spark  
and see my s  
on your silvery sand  
the flood of love  
will make you the source of a river.  
Dancing you will move to the sea  
whereat you will merge your identity  
you will be no more thirsty.  
I shall rise then again.  
I'll go back there  
where a thirsty lake would be waiting for me.  
You call me clouds  
In fact I am a cycle of love."

Akhtar Jawad

# Clouds At The Murree Hills

I saw you from the plains how dense you appeared,  
I fell in love with you, rushed for you at the hills,  
Though affected vision but your density disappeared,  
Naughty clouds! You transferred to us all your chills!  
I never knew such a chill can make anyone too hot,  
Everyone looks warmed up, everyone got what I got.

Thanks for your rainy invitation, with me a dance,  
I shall carry the touches of your silken dress with me,  
I shall acknowledge your beauty and your romance,  
All that I see and that you'll hide and I shall not see.  
Earth and rocks, green leaves red flowers, all are wet,  
A floor of dancing clouds, for a song the stage is set,

Beauty is supported by the music of cool mild rains,  
Clouds, what a semitransparent dress you are here,  
Billionaire of light years how her youth she maintains  
What I could just only imagine below from there,  
Cuts and curves of nature are now in my arms,  
Where from eyes start kissing, charms only charms!

Having entered in your soft dressing sweetheart  
Whatever I can see I can see an exciting work of art.  
In whispers are planning a naught, eyes and the heart.  
Let us kiss each other all we have, part by part,  
You're exposed I can see, though vision a little blurred,  
How with a multicolor rainbow the jealous sun interfered.

Akhtar Jawad

# Coal

Nature!

Don't make me so much hard.

I don't want to become diamond.

Let me remain coal.

Let someone burn me.

Let me be oxidized.

Let me be utilized

by the green plants and trees.

I know the sun will help me

to be turned in carbohydrates.

What a pleasure it would be!

I shall spring as flowers

and when one with garland of flowers

will face the other

with a necklace of diamonds,

the diamonds will turn deaf

before my fragrant smile.

Akhtar Jawad

# Colorful Weathers

You are beautiful, colorful are your feathers,  
But colors of eggs have same heathers,  
Just like a common hen.  
Being one of aesthetic men,  
I'm expecting changes in my inside weathers.

Akhtar Jawad

# Colors

Black preserves it all,  
White is too extravagant,  
Flowers in between.

Akhtar Jawad

# Comb Of Friendship

Can you leave me alone?  
In a time of need,  
Never,  
You can't my friend.  
Can you give me an everlasting pain?  
How can you?  
I believe in your love,  
I trust you dear,  
You are my friend!

You may shout at me,  
Even you can slap,  
I am smiling,  
I shall make you smile,  
In this sorrowful night,  
I can't leave you alone.

How can I,  
Leave you alone,  
When you need me,  
I have shared your good days,  
I shall share this drear cold night,  
The sun will arise once again my friend,  
Through the glass windows,  
Of your lovely house,  
Sunlight will come in,  
Having enjoyed a sleep,  
Peaceful and deep,  
You will arise smiling.

Your cell phone will play,  
A lovely tune,  
A call you have been waiting,  
An offer of a job!

I have talked,  
To your beloved,  
The clouds,  
That shaded your relations,

Have been removed,  
She is expected in the morning,  
She'll be back to you,  
With all her charms,  
And the lovely arms,  
I know she is shy,  
Your lovely spouse,  
Before she comes back,  
I shall leave you alone.

I would love to see the porn,  
Of your warm welcome!  
But I am your friend!  
How can I?

One more thing,  
The sleeping pills you brought,  
I have thrown in commode,  
The comb of my fingers,  
Is enough for you,  
I shall let you sleep.

Akhtar Jawad

# Come As A Bride And Take Me To Your Fairy Land

First time you came in a frightening ugly black dress  
To snatch me from a silken dress of one with caress  
The poisons you left behind were neutralized by love.  
Silk of a mother is enough to counter all mess.

Next time you blocked my pink delicate arteries  
To snatch me from beautiful and pleasant reveries  
The poisons you left behind were neutralized by a kiss.  
Touch of a wife is enough to counter deadly miseries.

Then you came with the horrors of diabetic darkness  
A sweet lover was deprived of his beloved sweetness  
The poisons you left behind were neutralized by sugar.  
Service of a daughter is enough to counter bitterness.

Whoever she may be a woman is gracious and grand  
If you're woman boundaries of my love I may expand  
Ask the divine artist to make you up for divine marriage  
Come as a bride and take me to your Fairy Land!

Akhtar Jawad

# Come On Dear Clouds

It's too hot, could you come as a rainy spout!  
The heat inside now shrieks for outing,  
The music of steps I can feel, I breathe-in you,  
And what I inhale is shivering my body,  
I know you are dancing somewhere very close,  
Humid air that is wet, murmuring a song,  
A lyric that is sung after meeting the beloved  
Although I can listen to your slow heart beats,  
But now I want a thunder of passion,  
Lightning of sex that excites someone,  
She is still sleeping in a tiring noon,  
Shake her up and wake her up,  
Inspire me to sing, and excite her to dance,  
I want to see your show of romance,  
See the smile that will follow the cries,  
Come on dear clouds and capture the skies.

Akhtar Jawad

# Come On Sweetheart

Can't You come to me at a place where there is none else,  
I have something very special for you, not for anyone else,  
Come to me when my whole takes a single name,  
I forget even my name and I become someone else.

When I become someone else you go beyond my reach,  
You become a traditional beloved, please do not teach,  
Will you come to me only to clean my wounds like a friend,  
More than a friend, more than a flower, apple and preach.

I know that amazing moment comes under a blue moon,  
You come with a dawn and remain with me till a hot noon,  
Having relieved me of the heat strokes of this painful life,  
You leave crying my stretched hands, so quick, so soon.

Let me return the reliefs you provided me in my pains,  
Lie below an open sky, the dew does not cause stains,  
Let us play a game of counting stars in the moonlight,  
Let the hearts paralyze the old and alarming brains.

Come on sweetheart the wine of love we can still brew,  
Soft petals of aromatic flowers with the same old dew,  
The pleasant breeze on earth, porn of moon and stars,  
Are enough, to refresh, to recreate and to renew.

And love! I do not think love ever grows old,  
It's hot like red stars, and like blue stars it's cold,  
I don't see anything else on this mortal earth,  
So pure and so untouched like silver and gold.

Akhtar Jawad

# Come On Women And Strive

I cannot cure you in your pains,  
I cannot relieve you of your strains,  
I cannot set aside injustice,  
I cannot remove this centuries old malice,  
I cannot help you in acid attacks,  
I cannot keep you away from smacks,  
I cannot save you from the knaves,  
I cannot watch you in your graves,  
I cannot empower you to cast your votes,  
I cannot promote you, from your demotes,  
I cannot burn the market of sex,  
I am a petty poet and not an apex,  
I cannot defend you, burning alive,  
Unless you come on and strive.

Akhtar Jawad

# Come Out Please

Come on my child!  
Come out of the pool,  
bathing time is over.  
Don't you see your father orbiting us  
watching and guarding his family  
having an eye all around  
the world is full of unknown enemies  
and the worst of those enemies is the man.  
We have precious ivories  
and they have costly guns  
nature is annoyed of their killings  
and your father is annoyed of your bathing.  
Beware of the animal that walks on two legs  
and has spared his hands for the guns.  
Beware of your stern but loving father  
when he is over annoyed.  
It's nice and soothing to remain in water  
during such a hot summer  
when heat strokes melt the flush and bone  
but our lives are more precious than fun and pleasure.  
So you must come out now  
I shall move to you at a safer place  
Where there are not the greedy animals  
who have deadly guns!  
I love you my child,  
so you must obey your loving mother.  
Come out, please!  
Come out of the pool.

Akhtar Jawad

# Come September And Sweet Heart

Why don't you remember?  
Remember again,  
Music of September,  
I still retain.  
We met in the greenery,  
A wet, lovely scenery,  
A teen age romance,  
The music and dance.

Why don't you remember?  
Remember again,  
Magic of September,  
Shy enough to refrain.  
Love at first sight,  
In a moonlit night,  
Fragrance of white flowers,  
And the mild rain showers.

Why don't you remember?  
Remember again,  
Picnic of September,  
A love to remain.  
The maiden kiss,  
The beautiful bliss.  
A lasting joy,  
Not a moment's toy.

Why don't you remember?  
Remember again,  
The tune, Come September,  
We can still entertain.  
In the heat strokes,  
It still provokes,  
The desires of romance,  
We can sing and dance.

Akhtar Jawad

# Comment And Contempt

All constitutions of the world  
give a right to the people to have a point of view  
on any topic whatever it may be,  
and the freedom of speech to comment on it.  
When an appeal is filed against the lower court's judgment  
it's stated in it that the lower court has erred.  
Is it a contempt of the lower court?  
Why there are a few sacred cows  
that cannot be criticized?  
In a democratic country one should be free to criticize  
a judgment of the apex court even,  
if he thinks the apex court has erred.

Akhtar Jawad

# Communism

I observe and I ask why?  
Always silently,  
and I watch silence of the sky,  
then I speak loudly.  
I asked the waiter,  
"What's your salary, by the way? "  
"I am working here for tips only,  
no salary is paid to me in any way."  
Pass life if you can in the mighty grips only.  
My pen was filled in with blood,  
on the white paper of the nature,  
my heart in pain and eyes in flood  
still in red letters I read the story of a forced adventure,  
I am speechless but my scurrilous pen,  
wrote, so is the sky and so are the men,  
write was erased by tears but paper turned red  
asking if life on the planet has been misled?

(I understand why communism spread in certain areas of the world.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Compromises

A word widely misspelled,  
Dictionary adds and justifies,  
And over all accepted,  
A welcoming compromise.

An enemy of an enemy,  
Becomes an ally,  
To win the war,  
Nothing to shy.

A couple having adverse relations,  
Live together and pass the life.  
Just for their coming generations,  
A good husband and a wife.

But a compromise on ethics,  
Has no excuse.  
I condemn,  
I refuse.

Akhtar Jawad

# Confession

Father!

I don't know who is sitting  
on the other side of this too small window  
but to me this small hole is the opening of a tunnel  
that leads to Him.

You can't look into my wet eyes  
but you can listen to me.

Understand my husky voice  
it's coming from a guilty conscience  
who has confined himself in a broken heart.

I am broken and shattered  
I have lost something I'll never get back,  
Should I commit suicide?  
Or I should continue living with a guilty conscience.  
For the whole night the suffocation of my restless soul  
didn't let me sleep.

Father! I was robbed of my innocence.

Last evening,  
during my first date,

I became over ecstatic  
and I could not stop him.

Is there any Jesus for me?  
Is there any savior for me?

“Forget it and go to your mother for her guidance.

She is your savior

She is Jesus for you”

Dejected and frustrated while coming back  
she saw her mother standing at the gates of the church.

Take it easy my child

the boy had come to me,  
he has regretted what he has done,  
and he has promised that it will not be recurred.

We have good news for you,

The boy truly loves you,  
and wants to marry you.

But 'tis not the time of your marriage

both of you are students,  
concentrate on your studies,  
you'll be engaged to him.

And you should also promise  
that it will not be recurred.

Akhtar Jawad

# Confession Of A Child

If the world is not made for this smile  
It's just an accident injurious and futile.  
Or it's a bye-product thrown in the space  
But this innocent face, its glaze, its grace  
Thanks giving for a surprise victory in a game  
Confessing with smile and with a little shame  
Attractive, heart catching an excuse though lame  
In that to win the match dishonest she became  
I do not see His face but I listen to His voice  
I call Him Dear God, it's my personal choice  
Overlooking her confession and congratulating  
Forces me to believe I had been under rating  
The world where there's beautiful smile of a child  
May be a little naughty but cute and mild  
Can neither be a bye product nor an accident  
It's man made, I'm sure, if there's a dent.

Akhtar Jawad

## Conjugal Life (Ghazal)

Life that is past in love is life, nothing is rest,  
It's good it's better no doubt is the best.  
Two birds ignorant what happens in the world,  
Satisfied, content and happy in the nest!  
Feeding outcomes of love with the nibs,  
Great glimpses of God on a real loving test!  
Playing with young ones teaching how to fly,  
Imitation is a teacher with mighty manifest.  
Provisions scattered on the bosom of the earth,  
Leading young ones to a mother at her best!  
It's life, it's prayer, it's what God wants to see,  
When birds fly high they fly with a crest.  
I am sure in the gardens of high skies,  
In flowers of diamonds and pearls is a nest,  
Where birds incubate there golden eggs,  
Fairies are in fact an outcome of the crest.

Akhtar Jawad

# Conjugal Management

Manage a moment when I don't kiss you  
but you kiss me.

Manage a day when I am not with you,  
and you miss me.

Manage a week that has an additional weekly rest  
a casual leave for me, only me.

Manage a month like that of the honey moon month  
when we have nothing else to see.

Manage a year that was passed in waiting for a flower  
your seed that sprung from me.

Manage to go back in the past and recollect  
the song you had sung for me.

Please, please, I can, and I shall manage all that  
but cover your hairs with your teen age's hat.

Akhtar Jawad

# Constrained To Be Naughty

She says no room for a gentleman,  
be naughty with me, if you can,  
already I have a nice grand father,  
he is more gentle than you, rather.  
I am chalking out a naughty plan!

Akhtar Jawad

# Continuity Has Its Own Strains

Continuity has its own strains,  
A frozen life has so many pains,  
Rising early in the morning,  
Initially it was charming,  
Sometimes I desire,  
For the day entire,  
May be passed on the bed,  
The sun hot red,  
May sleep somewhere,  
And my lovely sphere,  
May be free of sunlight,  
And a moonlit night,  
With the bright stars,  
The tune of guitars,  
Of the wind may please,  
And pains may cease.

And the dream of a world,  
Wherein whispers may be heard,  
Of a thirsty lover,  
And it may uncover,  
A war-less earth,  
And the peace its worth,  
Having love as its crown,  
White, black or brown,  
Being crazy in a tone,  
And sharing a throne,  
On a love stage,  
Having broken their cage,  
May sing together,  
And embrace each other.

A change has its own charms,  
If it is too long I'm tired of the norms,  
The greed of heaven and fear of hell,  
May be helpful, useful and truth as well,  
If ending in wars and killings and hate,  
A slow-moving clock we must update.

But I know it's a dream so let me sleep,  
A careless sleep, deep very deep,  
And ask the sun not to rise once again,  
Continuity of the sun is now source of strain.

Akhtar Jawad

# Contrasts

Contrasts are directly proportional to each other,  
Their ratio always remains constant,  
Higher the pleasure higher the pains,  
Lesser the pleasure lesser the pains,  
This constant of proportionality,  
Is also directly proportional,  
To the deeds and misdeeds,  
Some believe it includes deeds of the past life,  
Some say it's only the deeds of the present life,  
Anyway, it's Karma that determines the fate,  
But above it is a fate that is not hung,  
That is a nature's control,  
That keeps us within the limits,  
And that definite fate constrains us,  
To believe in a God,  
Who writes it and enforces it.

Akhtar Jawad

# Correction Room

The boy was crying,  
Let me live a life,  
Of a sinner in vice,  
I don't want to go,  
To correction room,  
I know when I shall come out of the room,  
I'll be in a jacket with a device in its pocket,  
And the jacket will be filled in with,  
Explosives to kill innocent women and children,  
But he was helpless,  
His illiterate parents,  
A victim of poverty,  
And illiteracy,  
Annoyed with the innocent,  
Naughtiness of the boy just nine or ten,  
Brought him to the room,  
Although illiterate,  
But he knew his fate,  
The rulers and NGOs,  
Could not see his tears,  
They preferred to see,  
Parts of his body,  
And black burnt blood!

Akhtar Jawad

## Courage A Comment On Maleka Firdaus' Post Fly

Who is shy to fly but the naughty sky,  
goes away and away like a mirage,  
I am not but the sky is shy,  
I have tried many times and failed,  
all right, once more I shall try.  
I have courage.

Akhtar Jawad

# Courage And Confidence

At about 0100 hours,  
While I was sleeping,  
My phone rang,  
A naughty girl asked,  
Is your refrigerator running?  
I was not fully awoken,  
I replied, let me check,  
It's running, I said,  
Please lock the doors,  
Otherwise it will run away.

At this stage I was fully awoken,  
I checked the number,  
It was stranger to me,  
Next day I tried to find out,  
As to who was she,  
But I failed.

During the night,  
I called on that number,  
At 1300 hours,  
It was busy,  
I tried a few more times,  
It was busy every time.

Next day in the morning  
At 1100 hours,  
I dialed that number,  
After continuous rings for a few minutes,  
The girl attended the call and said,  
Hell with Alexander Graham Bell,  
You awoke me at the odd hours,  
I remained awoken for the whole night,  
And now you disturbed me,  
Well, who are you?

The same man,  
Whom you disturbed,  
Yesterday, at 1300 hours,

The real odd hours!  
I am sorry.  
She disconnected the phone.

The same night,  
At 1300 hours,  
I received another call,  
Budha ghar per hay?  
(Is the old man at home?)  
Yes but he doesn't want to talk to you,  
Why?  
He likes to talk with the girls,  
Having beauty and charms.  
Your complexion is dark,  
You are fat like an elephant,  
You are too ugly.□

How dare you? I am beautiful.  
Impossible, a beautiful girl,  
Instead of talking on phones,  
Talks face to face,  
Because she possesses,  
Courage and confidence,  
That you don't have.  
No more calls.

Akhtar Jawad

# Courtesy

On first sight she served a dish,  
I said what a delicious fried fish!  
'Excuse me it's fried chicken.'  
Looking at my face stricken,  
'Used fish spices as I am foolish.'

Akhtar Jawad

# Cover

Conscience is never dead,  
In some it is hot and red,  
In most of us it lives,  
Like an spark of ashes,  
This tiny spark is at least enough,  
To look for a cover of all the misdeeds,  
To justify all our sins,  
To justify the poison,  
We spread from mouth,  
Or from the hands,  
That were spared when man,  
Started walking on the two feet,  
The hands started working,  
Civilizations sprung,  
Man spared his time,  
And started thinking,  
On the earth and heaven,  
And all that is in-between.

From brain to spinal cord,  
Is the home of the soul,  
And the poor heart has nothing to do,  
In the thinking and after acts,  
The evolving man,  
With instincts of beasts,  
Was socialized,  
God helped the man,  
Through gentle great men,  
To frame the laws for coexistence,  
History is His Story,  
And history lets us know,  
The wise thinkers,  
Came on each and every part,  
Of the ignorant earth,  
Keeping ground realities,  
Of the soil they stood at,  
They gave laws,  
To live and let others live,  
The goals of laws were tolerance and peace.

But the devil never stopped,  
He went on working day and night,  
Merit of the laws I don't deny,  
I believe in God,  
I believe in angels,  
I believe in His books,  
I believe in prophets,  
I believe in the Day of Judgment,  
I believe in the fate written by God,  
I believe in a form of life after death.

I am constrained to say the disciples of the evil,  
Had made these laws a cover of misdeeds,  
And exploit it for their personal interests,  
They used it for imperialistic designs,  
The maximum killings are made in its cover,  
The beautiful purpose of these laws is in coma,  
I am sorry to say but a fact is a fact,  
My Dear God those who take your name,  
Those who bow their heads,  
Don't believe in you, yes not at all!  
I don't know what you are going to do,  
Shall we see another Noah's Arch,  
Or a gigantic rock will hit the earth,  
Or we shall destroy each other,  
By Nuclear Weapons! ,

Akhtar Jawad

# Cries Of A Model

I am thankful to you,  
my dear artist,  
for making me a model of your new painting,  
you spent a lot of money,  
for purchasing colors to paint me,  
for purchasing artificial blue jewels to make my eyes,  
for purchasing soft colorful cotton to make my body,  
no doubt in it,  
my three dimensional portrait is a work of art.  
Have a look at me,  
artificial jewels do not cry,  
there is no heart inside soft cottons,  
your painting lacks warmth and heart beats,  
your painting isn't a slave of instincts,  
but I live and I love,  
and I may die with two or three kittens in my womb,  
I acknowledge your love for me.  
But,  
just love isn't enough for me,  
you have been kind to me,  
and whenever I cried at your doors,  
you gave some food to me,  
today,  
when your painting has been sold out,  
and,  
you got a handsome return of your work,  
you brought biscuits, candies, chocolate,  
and toys for your children,  
and you forgot your model!  
I am still crying and waiving my tail at your gates,  
I love your children but at the moment,  
I can't play with them,  
my dear artist,  
I am hungry since last night,  
you know I am carrying,  
and I need more food nowadays!

Akhtar Jawad

# Crocheting Love

Spring left alone and summer is no more,  
Both he saw off with tears at the shore,  
He is now just melting orange of Wordsworth,  
Hands on skies and foot on the earth,

The daughter of sun with a crochet in her hands,  
Dressed his bed with comforts of lands,  
The father is now old and tired and bent,  
Scratches on his face and body with a dent,

He is bidding farewell to the autumn of life,  
Count down is sharp and working like a knife,  
Ahead of him is a cold winter night,  
In the crochet she wrapped, what a lovely sight!

As if her father is no more than an infant,  
Crocheting love is a nature's grant,  
Forgetting his life time painful dejection,  
He slept for dreams with aurora of affection!

Akhtar Jawad

# Cruel Probability

I was looking for love,  
and when I said Someone,  
can You love me?  
The One replied, "Have you ever loved yourself? "  
Tears came in my eyes!  
"Perhaps not.", I replied.  
"I am in you and I share all that you feel,  
when you'll love yourself,  
I shall share it with you."  
"So You share my pains and pleasures.  
What of misdeeds? "  
"Yes, I share your misdeeds,  
but then I change it in tolerance,  
off course in elastic limits."  
"And what if I break the limits? "  
"I break out and leave you alone! "  
"So You leave me at the mercy of cruel probability! "  
"Up to a certain extent,  
you are almost right."

Akhtar Jawad

# Cry Of Hills And Snow

The day was fearful, sleep-less is the night,  
Energy crisis has blackened the streets,  
Terror is prevailing and there is no light,  
Children are crying and forgotten their tweets.

Gun fires are heard, gun powder is smelt,  
All are confined in their light-less houses,  
Mosques are empty and the roads not dwelt.  
Wives are waiting for the missing spouses.

All children above twelve have been kidnapped,  
They are being trained to become the slaves,  
Brain washing is on and hearts are trapped,  
Merciless robots are prepared in the caves.

The virgin beauty of hills and snow,  
Has been gang raped by infernal beasts,  
Tourists don't come and economy doesn't grow,  
Game of death is played by the priests.

They train to kill the women and children,  
Cause they are fond of an uncalled war,  
They will go to paradise after killing the men,  
They will watch their family in the hell from far.

The children are asking for their dears,  
And the helpless women have no reply,  
The earth is shaking with tears and fears,  
Watching silently, ignorant is sky.

The stars are shining like all other days,  
The moon is bathing in the moonlit flood,  
The sun will rise and disperse its rays,  
It will set, unconcerned, in the lake of blood.

Slow is the nature but she rises at last, ,  
History is the witness that violence is returned,  
Enjoy your killings, celebrate your blast,  
Tomorrow your body will be watched unconcerned.

Akhtar Jawad

# Cry Of Sculptures

Millions of years have passed,  
The sculptor is busy in making his own idols,  
I see billions of idols,  
The efficiency of sculptor is increasing day by day,  
And the tired sculptor is now deficient in breaking,  
When he thinks an idol is complete,  
And he looks into crystal eyes of the idol,  
He sees himself grown more beautiful,  
And we, the idols, broken many times,  
Are broken once again,  
That's our fate!

The sculptor will remain busy in sculpturing,  
We shall be broken again and again,  
Our life is a gap,  
When the tired sculptor dries his sweat,  
We enjoy the gap for eighty or ninety or hundred years,  
Or even more, or a gap too short!  
Our life is just a gap!  
For the sculptor just a few moments!  
Let us enjoy this moment before we are broken!

Don't waste it in hate,  
We can pass it in love and friendship,  
Come on sweetheart,  
As a friend,  
A beloved,  
Whatever you like,  
Let us hug each other,  
Let us kiss each other,  
At least shake the hands,  
The sweat of sculptor,  
Is about to dry,  
Many idols will be broken,  
And we may be one of the broken idols!

Akhtar Jawad

# Cuckoo

Cuckoo when I imitate your voice,  
You think it's a rival may trap your spouse,  
Don't you trust she loves you only you,  
How anyone can kidnap your spouse.

I want to learn how beloved is called  
In annoyance you repeat your golden song,  
And when she comes you smile and love,  
Injure if you can my heart with a prong.

Let me cry in love with a painful heart,  
I want to sing like a cuckoo my friend,  
I hope my voice will touch her heart,  
And rains will melt my icy girlfriend.

(It's English translation of my Urdu poem written long long ago.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Current Affairs

For a nation,  
who loves to read only its past glory,  
refresh the dark pages of its history.  
For a nation,  
that has a desire to revive,  
let it know why it couldn't survive?

For a nation,  
where wrong has been always right,  
why to punish only a loafer?  
For a nation,  
where judiciary becomes a slave of might,  
nature has only tears to offer!

For a nation,  
that wants to smile as flowers,  
let clouds of truths wash it with the showers.  
For a nation,  
spoiled due to juvenile delinquency  
nature will not change its ancient frequency!

Akhtar Jawad

# Cut Into Pieces

Her parents cut her into two pieces,  
Her half, dwelt in the Hyde Park at London,  
Hyde Park has made her too bold,  
And the other at the tomb of Anarkali at Lahore!  
In the tomb of Anarkali she is a woman.  
A complete loving woman!  
Great emperors used to keep so many kept slave girls,  
Anarkali was also a kept slave girl of Moghal Emperor Akbar of India,  
She was also cut into two pieces by the crown prince Saleem,  
She was buried alive in a wall on the command of Akbar.  
But the girl I am talking about,  
now a masochist, has cut herself into a number of pieces,  
and she offered a piece of flush to me even,  
happily I went close to her,  
but suddenly images of my daughters and granddaughters,  
appeared on the pieces of flush.  
The old man was frozen into an ice cube!  
He is not an emperor, just a sinful old man!

Akhtar Jawad

# Dance Of An Acrobat

Poverty constrains,  
To take the risks,  
Hunger forces them to bring,  
Their innocent daughters,  
On the streets of hungry men,  
The girls under thirteen,  
Not yet an adult,  
Exploiting and exposing,  
Their boy like bodies,  
With a long stick in their hands,  
On a rope fixed high,  
With poles apart,  
At least ten feet,  
They walk on the rope,  
They dance on the rope,  
Their vulgar signals,  
Are products of hunger,  
And the viewers,  
Are beasts in hunger,  
Their vulgar taunts,  
Their sexy comments,  
Are replied same way,  
By hungry innocence,  
And the old man,  
Sitting below,  
With a harmonium,  
And the old woman,  
Singing a hot song,  
Are the parents of the girl,  
Playing with her life,  
Dancing semi naked,  
And when she fell down,  
The old parents,  
Started crying,  
The old man said,  
Who will earn our bread,  
She has broken her legs,  
And her younger sister,  
Is still learning!

Akhtar Jawad

# Dance Of Nature

Stood like a high and firm mountain  
and obstructed the external aggressors  
covered the face with the white snow  
listened to the lectures of the old professors.

Thundering, lightning, preaching the ethics  
But a sucker in me when sucked the clouds  
Cold statics was changed in a hot dynamics  
Buried alive the ethics, no grave no shrouds.

Hard snow when melted with smiles of the sun  
The rivers started dancing on its very first call  
The red hot earth turned soft and green,  
Colors and aroma scattered over all.

Closed the book of ethics on the very first showers  
Joined the rivers and the colorful flowers!

Akhtar Jawad

# Daughter Of The Heart Of Mary (Dr. Ruth Katharina Martha Pfau)

They say,  
the daughter of the heart of Mary has expired, today.  
But I don't say,  
as I don't believe.  
The daughter of the heart of Mary cannot expire,  
Though a doll of clay,  
but the dough of clay  
I believe  
was mixed  
in the heavenly water of service  
obtained from a canal of the garden of heaven  
and it was fermented in the light of love.  
A flower of love for ailing patients of leprosy,  
She followed the footprints of Jesus  
and I believe the son of Mary is alive  
so how the daughter of Mary can expire!  
She is alive and she will always be alive,  
as her entire life was a model of service  
for the ailing humanity.  
I hope soon she will be declared a Saint.

Akhtar Jawad

## Daughter Of Uncle (A Translation Of My Urdu Poem Binte Umm)

Mahboob is my office colleague,  
Mahboob means a beloved,  
still a bachelor though thirty five,  
truly speaking he deserves our pity,  
to avoid the division of land,  
five years ago when his aunt gave birth to a female child,  
in fact gave birth to a woman to be crucified,  
Binte Umm, daughter of uncle,  
was married to him,  
now Binte Umm is five years old!  
What a word is Binte Umm,  
An Arabic word that means daughter of uncle,  
Widely used by Arabic Poets in the sense of beloved,  
when she travelled in a litter carried on a camel,  
surrounded by her warrior brothers,  
somewhere at a distance a horse rider,  
prays Oh Almighty! Send a blow of the naughty wind,  
that shakes the curtains, as the poet shakes  
the gown, of his shy beloved,  
with his deep and cold sighs,  
so that the thirst of eyes and the sand  
may relax a little,  
But the protectors don't allow the cousin,  
To come so close to her,  
By now she is owned by her father,  
as soon as the sweet year of her life appeared,  
a flag was hoisted at her house, □  
to let everyone know,  
a woman is now ready for sale,  
Her trader cousin is engaged in earnings,  
He has to pay the price of his cousin!  
A woman in a feudal society,  
Is born to be sold,  
Some times in the market, as a sex worker,  
Some times in her own sweet home, as a toy,  
she is an item of luxury and lust!

But the story is different here,  
Mahboob's Binte Umm is only five years old,  
she can go outside of the house,  
sometimes alone too,  
and when Mahboob lifts her up in his arms,  
she says to him,  
I want toffee, chocolate and balloons,  
Please give all that to me,  
Mahboob bows his head before his wife,  
and prays for her,  
Oh Almighty! Favor her with the sweet year as early as possible!  
Though he knows it will take ten years at least,  
and then the sweet year of the girl,  
will arise naughtiness and lust in her,  
and when Mahboob will be forty five,  
and will lose all his romance,  
she will come as a bride to him.  
Meanwhile Mahboob will find a gal  
from a poor family at Karachi,  
The bride from Karachi will be called by us,  
A Lady of Flat!  
Yes, Mahboob is son of a landlord,  
He can purchase a flat here at Karachi!

Akhtar Jawad

# Dear May (A Comment On Valsa Georges' Poem The Magic Of May)

Dear May! My Dear May!  
Here is the best a poet can pay.  
Now be a little moderate,  
Waiting you, for a lovely date,  
No heat strokes for the clay,  
Not a burning sweating day,  
Your pleasant winds in the night,  
Cloudy weather and the dim sunlight  
That's what the humans, birds and animals need,  
For lovers there is no limit of greed,  
Needing the fine mild rains in the noon,  
For the night stars, Milky Ways and the moon.  
She is too old and shivers in the winter  
Bring back her in the teen age of summer.  
Come this time in a wet cotton suit of lawn  
I promise you love from dusk to dawn.

Akhtar Jawad

# Death Is A Slit And Life A Slut

I am sure someone listens to me,  
but I don't listen to and I don't see,  
Alas! I don't know who he is,  
but I think of him, so he should be?

I was told he lives above seventh sky,  
Is there a sky, I get no reply,  
no sky means no heaven and no hell,  
but why we smile and why we cry?

Powerful hunts and the helpless hunted,  
fittest survives and unfit is shunted,  
is the last line of his write elsewhere,  
and we the first line a little indented?

On an endless beach this earth is a hut,  
beautiful sexy with a golden cut,  
like a tourist I have come for a single night,  
death is a slit and life is a slut?

I brought a goat so ignorant,  
gave nice foods and caress pleasant,  
she licked my hands she licked my foot,  
till I cut her throats she was adherent!

And so I am the innocent goat,  
too adherent till he cuts my throat,  
still I pray and still I play,  
with the bitter pills with a sugar coat!

I think of him so he should be,  
I feel him though I don't see,  
still I hope for me is a day,  
he will reply he listens to me!

Akhtar Jawad

# Death Is An Illusion

When a day closes its door for me,  
with smiles of aurora,  
she comes in a windows,  
with a comb in her right hand,  
dressing her long silky hairs.  
The vagabond poet starts his roaming.  
He was a Romeo,  
He is a Romeo,  
He will remain a Romeo!  
He is in search of the Milky Ways.  
Where are the ways of love?  
The sun has melted and dissolved in the sea.  
Moon is peeping out from veils of clouds,  
Venus bravely challenging  
the gorgeous moon.  
The sun is no more.  
But I am not mourning his death.  
I know the sun, too, is a vagabond.  
Being tired of a shy Asian Beauty,  
he is looking for a beloved  
somewhere in Canada and the States.  
God bless the sun with American Beauty!  
And lo, she got many on a beach,  
Sexy, appealing, exciting, appetizing,  
Being kissed by the naughty sun!  
And the poet's Milky Ways,  
In Australia in New Zealand or in Japan,  
vagabonds are everywhere.  
Love is the only religion,  
followed all over the world,  
and one who is in love,  
never, never, never dies.  
Days and nights come and go  
One who is dead for you  
is alive for someone else.  
The girl with a comb  
has now dressed her hairs  
but where is she?  
She is dead on windows

and alive at the doors.  
Milky Ways are busy with my friends  
somewhere else,  
The youth is dormant not yet dead,  
I am coming sweetheart,  
with charms of your shyness,  
Oh You! The Asian Beauty,  
Remain on the doors.

Akhtar Jawad

# Death Is Meaningless For Pakistani Soldiers

You blamed Iraq of having chemical weapons  
you attacked and destroyed Iraq  
the land where glimpses of the ancient civilization  
still appear as remains of the flowers  
that sprung in in the early springs of the humans.  
Then you confessed  
that there were no chemical weapons in Iraq.  
But you infected Iraq with the germs and viruses  
of a civil war.  
You raged the Afghan war  
hiding in the cover of religious extremists  
you helped and encouraged the terrorists  
to defeat and disintegrate the Soviet Union.  
You won the last cold war.  
You stated there will be no cold wars in future.  
Remember while signing the charter of UNO on a ship  
You told the world that there would be no wars in the future.  
But can you appreciate peace in the world?  
Your economy depends on wars.  
!  
Be prepared for another confession  
with a mask on your face  
through the window of a church,  
you would be confessing that Pakistani Army  
made sacrifices in the war on terror  
that were singular and unparalleled.  
But keep in your mind Pakis are different persons  
for them death is meaningless.  
Take some relaxing drugs  
think and think again and again,  
what this sentimental nationalists can do  
before they embrace death with a confident smile.

Akhtar Jawad

# Death Of A Bird

I never knew he is going to die,  
He never, but his soul will fly,  
The beautiful male born in a cage,  
Now you will fly in the blue sky.  
Regret first clouds of the season,  
With showers that made you wet,  
Angry loud noise and your rage,  
A cover on cage and you were set.  
On daily basis I gave you food,  
And changed water of your pot,  
You watched my service silently,  
I never knew you loved me a lot!  
Today, when I opened the doors,  
You came out and sat on my wrist,  
Kissing softly by nibs my fingers,  
And then your body's final twist!  
I know you came to me for help,  
Alas! You fell in the helpless palms!  
Sorry sweetheart I couldn't save,  
Who can save one from icy arms!  
I also depend on a lovely sweetheart,  
Know I shall also die in her arms,  
Want to see life ending in a hug,  
Final moments! Her love and charms!

Akhtar Jawad

# Death The Reliever

Is it kindness? Still the nature feeds one,  
Not needed by and not important for anyone!  
To listen to the beats of a broken heart  
Nobody is there with one except one's past!  
How alone and sad is that frustrated one  
The song of breaths telling there is someone  
For whom one is still important and helpful  
In the thoughts of someone who comes to lull  
Still the nature is giving one a relieving sleep  
What a pain killer is it a sweet sleep so deep!  
I can't tell you how lovely one's dreams are  
How pleasing and relieving the streams are  
In that one swims with the naughty mermaids  
Camouflaging underwater when the death raids  
One is befooling the death that'll come at last  
He will slip from present to the lovely past  
A journey to youth, boyhood, childhood and infancy  
And finally to a black hole the endless residency  
Like a four footed animal let the one peep  
Where one's past is lying in a ditch so deep  
One day one will fall from the slope so steep  
For your last sight will look at the top and creep  
Eyes dry, but you'll see how a body weeps  
How like a cute child an old man creeps  
Relieved from all pleasures, all the pains  
He'll be neat and clean but the love stains.  
How tears are changed from white to red!  
No more poems your poet is now dead! !

Akhtar Jawad

# Declaration Of War Against Winter

The old man is a gallant fighter,  
Still there's fuel in his years old lighter,  
He is no less greater than the great Alexander,  
His army is lead by vigorous thunder,  
He can melt icy rivers and frozen lakes,  
He has an Allie who helps and shakes,  
Who helps the fighter with covering fires,  
And old man advances to fulfill his desires,  
So he has declared a war, against the winter,  
And with a love poem still runs the splinter.

Akhtar Jawad

# Deewanah

Sham ko tera aana banaya subh ko tera jana banaya,  
Yeh to main tha rat ko jisne ashkon ka maykhana banaya.  
Tumne bas deewana banaya dunya ne afsana banaya,  
Lekin mere dile nadan ne toota hua paymana banaya.  
Jo bhi hua acha hi hua kutch khoya agar kutch mil bhi geya,  
Ek khiladi ne jeevan ko dilon ka aana jana banaya.  
Dosh tumhein main kayse doon yunhi si ek bhool meri,  
Yunhi se ek rukh ko maine yunhi bas rukhsana banaya.  
Aap ko to aana hi na tha mujhko bhi maloom tha yeh,  
Neend bhi tujhsi zalim hay usne tera bahana banya.

Akhtar Jawad

# Democracy

Man is a mystery,  
Difficult to understand,  
And his feelings and emotions,  
Even more difficult,  
His behavior reflects,  
Only a moment of his life.

If he is happy,  
He behaves so nice,  
On the next day,  
He appears,  
Very indecent,  
He might have some problems,  
Physical or mental,  
Or something else.

An examiner was given an answer book,  
For checking and marking,  
On a separate sheet of paper,  
He was in pain,  
He gave poor marks.

After some time.  
He was given the same answer book,  
He was now all right,  
He gave very good marks.

Man is man,  
And his judgments and decisions,  
Are affected by his ego,  
And his circumstances,  
The judgments and decisions,  
Should be made collectively,  
By persons who represent,  
Various classes of people,  
Sitting at a place,  
Call it a parliament,  
In the light of a book,  
Call it a constitution.

This is democracy,  
Even its worst form,  
Is better than the best,  
One man rule!

Thanks to the lovely man,  
And a leader so great,  
Who defined democracy,  
With beauty of his words,

Democracy is the government,  
Of the people,  
By the people,  
And, for the people.

Akhtar Jawad

# Deprived Of Father's Love

Psychological complexes,  
are not developed by a man himself,  
Specific circumstances develop  
specific complexes.  
Children need both,  
the father and the mother.  
But a marriage,  
when disintegrated,  
makes a child a spoil child.  
I know a girl,  
who remained deprived,  
of his father's love.  
The thirst of love,  
that was her right,  
developed a strange personality,  
Old men,  
always remained attractive to her,  
When she got an old friend  
on a web site,  
Who was two point five times older than her,  
But both had common thinking  
and common interests,  
She fell in love with him  
it may sound funny to you,  
But she needs affection of older men,  
She needs some affection  
from older men on that web site too,  
Besides affection she needs guidance,  
As her posts reflect  
she is turning into a slave of sex,  
Normal and abnormal both,  
As a few posts show  
she is interested in lesbian love, too.  
Don't hate her,  
She is helpless,  
old men!  
Help her to become a normal girl.



# Descendants

The descendants killed their own children,  
Can you imagine their brutal grand father,  
What he would have done with the children of others!

Akhtar Jawad

# Desires

Neither I am as great as Leigh Hunt,  
nor like Abou Ben Adhem,  
I do not know how I saw a light,  
and a beautiful Angel with shining wings  
writing something in a golden book.  
&quot;Dear what are you writing in the book? &quot;  
&quot;I am writing names of persons who remained ignored.  
&quot;Will you please write my name and my desires? &quot;  
The Angel had to make a long list for me.  
He took my heart leaving me sleeping,  
till the next night  
when it came once again,  
returned my heart that was filled in with love,  
and told me,  
&quot;As long as your heart is not empty,  
all your desires will be fulfilled.&quot;  
Next day I was married,  
and she came in my life,  
followed by my children and grandchildren.  
Some of my desires were fulfilled by my wife,  
some by my children and grandchildren,  
Thanks God you taught the lonely individual,  
to make a family and share the pains and joys.  
When the black ironies on my head were turned in silver  
the Angel came once again and shew,  
a blank paper.  
He said,  
&quot;Nothing is left in the list,  
would you like to get prepared another list? &quot;  
&quot;No Dear! , I am satisfied and content.  
I think my heart is empty now.&quot;  
&quot;No, it's not empty,  
It's now filled in with divine love,  
you played your role very well,  
this time I shall not go back alone to the Heaven.  
Come with me on a pleasure trip,  
you now need rest and recreation.&quot;

(When after a heart attack I was in CCU, I was thinking like this)

Akhtar Jawad

## Desires And Dreams

He was very much fond of crushing sugar cane,  
With the teeth so strong, and sucking its juice,  
Then came a day when all his teeth were lost due to age,  
Now he couldn't crush and took the juice packed in tins,  
His desire to crush and suck did not die,  
Desire is an instinct given by God.  
One day after watching a serial on TV,  
A serial on aliens who came on earth,  
And helped some men in curing their disease,  
He went to bed but could not sleep.  
He left the bed and walked to a lonely place,  
Expecting to meet an alien for help.  
And to his surprise a ship from space,  
Really came there and took him in,  
He was moved to a cabin and laid on a table,  
He was made unconscious and when came in conscious,  
He found again healthy tooth on the jaws,  
He jumped from the table and rushed to the door,  
He then came out and ran to a field of sugar cane,  
While on way he slipped and fell down,  
And found himself on his same old bed,  
No tooth on the jaws.

Akhtar Jawad

# Destroy The Work Shops

You are now annoyed of self thinking computers,  
they don't have a heart and they don't breath,  
they don't love and they don't reproduce.  
Life or death, both are meaningless for them.  
In their operating system is a dangerous feeding,  
this life is not for you, it starts after death,  
this world is not for you,  
your world is somewhere else.  
They are manufactured in workshops,  
Where there are displayed big portraits  
of many self thinking computers,  
manufactured hundreds of years ago  
and I see pictures of these portraits  
in the books you teach your children.  
Change these books and destroy the workshops,  
kill the satanic patrons of these workshops,  
or be prepared to be destroyed  
by the self thinking computers  
manufactured by you, yourself.

Akhtar Jawad

# Deviations

Why are you afraid of deviations?  
It's a natural phenomenon,  
When medium is changed light deviates,  
And the seven beautiful colors,  
Appear as a beautiful rainbow,  
Plurality is the offshoots of singularity,  
Let these colors play their roles,  
On the day of convergence,  
There will be no color,  
The rainbow will be converged at the focus.  
There we shall see a white shining point.

Human color vision is trichromatic,  
It's your vision that makes many colors,  
We are subjected to a cycle,  
Convergence and divergence,  
Confined in a point,  
We all would be waiting,  
For another divergence,  
Another illusion,  
Another deception,  
Another rainbow!

Sweetheart,  
Colors don't exist,  
Tastes don't exist,  
Sounds don't exist,  
Smells don't exist,  
Touches don't exist,  
I don't exist,  
You don't exist,  
It's thinking only thinking,  
That really exists.

Whatever you feel an illusion is it,  
And you fight so cruelly,  
For these deceptive illusions!  
Think and let others think,  
Everyone has his own specific thinking,

Live and let others live,  
Everyone has his own specific living,  
Life is an illusion, enjoy it as a dream.

My dreams are colorful,  
You come in my dreams as a different beloved,  
Everyday a new color of your dress,  
A new fragrance of your hairs,  
A new taste of your lips,  
A new amazing touch,  
You clever sweetheart,  
You don't know my thinking soul,  
Recognizes your naughty soul!  
Sweetheart love is a feeling,  
And feeling is thinking,  
Think more of me,  
Feel more of me  
Love me more,  
Before we all are converged.

Akhtar Jawad

# Devolution For A Valentine Day

The time is short  
I have a lot of things to handover,  
to recollect the love lost in time,  
I'll have to dive in the past.  
One day was lost in thinking,  
the second in planning,  
only twelve days are left,  
one will be lost in tuning up my old motor bike,  
and to make up a rider with her hands on my shoulders,  
only ten days will be left,  
in which I will have to write off,  
at a rate of ten years per day,  
I hope by the eve of the Valentine Day,  
You will see me as a youth of twenty only,  
riding on a bike with a girl of sixteen.  
On the thirteenth instant,  
I shall rise and flatter her,  
As I did it when I was twenty!  
It may take another day,  
and I hope with her hand in my hand,  
she will be walking with me,  
on the cold sand of a lovely beach,  
celebrating an evening of the Valentine Day!

Akhtar Jawad

# Diamond (Being Inspired By Rini Shibu's Poem Unseen Gem)

My claim diamond with me!  
others claim diamond is held by them,  
either no diamond or everywhere.

Akhtar Jawad

# Dil Jeetney Ki Khatir

Dil jeetnet ki khatir kutch harna pade ga,  
Hizyan ho junoon ho sab bantna pade ga,  
Ehsas to dilao ke tum uske sath ho,  
Kutch door uske sath tumhein bhagna pade ga.  
Machlega wuh kabhi to kabhi rooth jaye ga,  
Wuh bacpana kare ga use palna pade ga.  
Bhookha hay wuh azal se na mit pai uski bhookh,  
Yeh aag na bujhe gi ise tapna pade ga.  
Mausam ki tarah uske badalte hue yeh rang,  
Kaghaz pe apne dil ke tumhein chapna pade ga.  
In sardiyon ki raton mein aaye gi tumko neend,  
Jage ga wuh to sath tumhein jagna pade ga.  
Tum chand aur sitaron mein dekho gi apni jeet,  
Tan man ko kaj ada pe magar warna pade ga.

Akhtar Jawad

# Dil Ke Tarapne Ka Sabab Mat Poocho

Tum bhi is dil ke tarapne ka sabab poochti ho,  
Tum na pooch tumhein ye bat bataen keyun kar,  
Aiey meri parda nasheen parde jab tum ho chupi,  
Tum hi socho to zara parda uthaen keyun kar.

Tum ne tanhai mein aaina to dekha ho ga,  
Tumpe jo guzri who auron pe bhi guzri ho gi,  
Khud parasti griftar hui ho tumbhi,  
Aur ki aankh to phir aur bhi gahari ho gi.

Tumne sharma ke nigahon ko jhukaya ho ga  
Usne kutch aur hi andaz se dekha ho ga,  
Phool jaisa tera paikar yeh nazakat yeh nikhar,  
Tera har ang nigahon ne nihara ho ga.

Hathon se door ho aankhon se to tum door nahin,  
Jispe dil machla use peyar se chooma ho ga,  
Tumko mahsoos hua ho ga har ek lamse nazar,  
Dil tumhara bhi ghari bhar ko to bahka ho ga.

Pecho kham mein kabhi zulfon ke tiki bhi ho gi,  
Tere honton ki halawat bhi to chakhi ho gi,  
Teri aankhon ki sharabon mein bhi doobi ho gi,  
Tere joban ki baharon se bhi kheli ho gi.

Who nazar shokh hay kutch uska thikana hi nahin,  
Jab yeh phisli to koi ang na choota hoga,  
Kabhi garden kabhi bahein kabhi rukhsaro labo chashm,  
Jane kis kis jagah kambakht ne loota hoga.

Husn ki adulate nayab ko in aankhon ne,  
Dil ke tahkhane mein leja ke chupaya ho ga,  
Dil to sheeshe se bhi nazuk hay zara socho to,  
Usne ye bojh bhi kis dil se uthaya ho ga.

Ab tarapta hay tarapne do sabab mat poocho,  
Itni maasoom nahin itni bhi nadan nahin ho,  
Itni bholi na bano tumko khabar hay sari,  
Mere is dil ke liye itni parishan nahin ho.

(This poem was written by me when I was 21 and I am submitting it after a little editing)

Akhtar Jawad

# Dirt

The helpless man could not kill the dirt,  
He brought ashes and covered the dirt,  
The rest was done by the burning sun,  
The dirt was dried and changed in clay,  
Great mother earth made it a fertilizer,  
Crops were grown and harvested,  
The dirt was eaten back by the man!  
We are slaves of cycles and shall remain,  
A slave of nature's game of cycles.

Akhtar Jawad

# Disintegration

Disintegration is a process,  
When it starts never stops,  
Like cell division,  
Like viruses that go on reproducing,  
Multiply and make everyone sick,  
No medicine works,  
Yet they have a written life,  
But again it's a cycle,  
History repeats itself,  
Viruses almost vanish,  
But a few remain alive,  
To start a new cycle,  
We all are helpless before the cycle,  
Lucky are those,  
Born in the age of integration,  
Unlucky were we to be born,  
In the time of disintegration,  
But the old eyes have now seen,  
The broken Berlin wall,  
And united Vietnam,  
Again disintegration of Soviet Union,  
Resulting in an uni-polar world,  
With the end of cold war,  
And birth of proxy wars,  
Disintegration and integration,  
Running side by side,  
Still I think,  
And afraid to think,  
Much more I shall see,  
Before I am boarded,  
For my last journey!

Akhtar Jawad

# Distances

I don't want to see You,  
I don't want to touch You,  
let me feel You from a distance,  
let me believe You are beautiful,  
as I am afraid of coming close to you!  
My God! Whoever came too close to me,  
he lost his charms,  
and I lost my feelings for him.  
You remained silent,  
and I felt,  
as if you are saying,  
no comments.  
I felt you smiled,  
and I felt as if You are saying,  
remain at a distance if you can.  
Oh! How can I?  
What should I do to create a distance?  
Should I get rid of love?  
No, I can't.  
Should I become unkind to someone,  
No, I can't.  
Should I hurt a heart?  
Oh! I did it many times,  
Now I know why I felt myself lonely,  
and helpless some times,  
a distance was created between You and me!  
Dear God come more close to me,  
so that,  
I am in You,  
and You are in me!  
I see You are beautiful,  
I can touch you in the mirror!  
My right palm is on your left palm  
I am being beautified,  
My left palm is on Your right palm,  
and you are removing my ugliness!  
I became so much excited,  
I kissed you my God.  
My whole touched Your whole.

Alas! I could not hug You,  
I am a man with many limitations.  
But why didn't you hug me,  
You are God with no limitations!

Akhtar Jawad

# Do Not Go Sweetheart

Night is still left,  
Do not go sweetheart,  
I love your theft!  
What else you want?

You stole my soul,  
You stole my heart,  
You stole my self,  
What else you want?

Is anything left?  
Is it my life?  
I love your theft,  
Here is the knife!

Shared life with you,  
Let me share the rest,  
Alone you can't knit,  
Anywhere a nest!

Akhtar Jawad

## Do Tarah Ke Log

Is duniya mein keyun do tarah ke log,  
Rahte hayn chalte phirte hayn,  
Kisi ko itna milta hay,  
Kutch khata hay kutch phenkta hay,  
Koi bhooka hi so jata hay!

Is duniya mein keyun do tarah ke log,  
Rahte hayn chalte phirte hayn,  
Kisi ke bache padhte hayn,  
Likh padh kar aage badhte hayn,  
Kisi ke Oye Chote! Kahlate Hayn!

Is duniya mein keyun do tarah ke log,  
Rahte hayn chalte phirte hayn,  
Koi udta hay badalon ke ooper,  
Thandi botalein peeta hay,  
Koi peysa paidal chalta hay!

Is duniya mein keyun do tarah ke log,  
Rahte hayn chalte phirte hayn,  
Koi hukm chalane aata hay,  
Koi jabr dikhane aata hay,  
Mahkoom hayn keyun baqia sare!  
Is duniya mein keyun do tarah ke log,  
Rahte hayn chalte phirte hayn,  
Koi sone chandi mein khelta hay,  
Jo chahe use mil jata hay,  
Aur kutch khairat pe palte hay!

Koi zulm ko karne aata hay,  
Koi aakar khoon bahata hay,  
Koi itna hay kamzor ke wuh,  
Har zulm ko sahta rahta hay,  
Zeyadah tar mazloom hayn keyun!

Keya koi iska dega jawab,  
Hashr mein hoorein milein gi use,  
Lekin keya is dunya mein,  
Aansoo kke siwa kutch uska hay,

Nahin, to keyun wuh paida hua?

Akhtar Jawad

# Dolls Of Clay

I don't like a mirror anymore,  
I don't want to see ugliness,  
and do you know who I don't want to see,  
who is that ugly man?  
Alas! It's me!  
But still I see my beautiful face,  
when I see you playing,  
in a garden,  
running on the pavements,  
between zigzag rows of colorful flowers,  
trying to catch rainbow butterflies,  
annoyed of your failures to catch one,  
when I see you turning your face  
towards a sweet and cute baby girl,  
in a lovely and colorful dressing,  
realizing that she is the butterfly for you,  
when you take her hand in your hand,  
and the two together when move  
towards the pond of the garden,  
on way when you purchase  
a packet of popcorn,  
waves of your laughter when join  
the waves of quakes coming from the pond,  
I listen to the beats of life  
that are produced by merging of two waves,  
and when you start feeding the ducks,  
and a few over smart and fearless,  
when come out from the safe waters,  
for an adventure on the bank,  
I smile on this dance of life,  
I thank nature who is training you  
for a lovely and beautiful life.  
May you be blessed by beauty and charms of life!  
Sweet child!  
Could you remain beautiful always!  
Could you never hate mirror in your life to come!  
I love your feelings,  
friendship at this innocent age,  
is really amazing.

I wish  
and I dream,  
this lovely and innocent friendship,  
may one day grow in a lasting love,  
may your love develop in a mortal union!  
An union,  
a moment of beauty in that,  
even God forbids Him to break into pieces,  
the too fragile dolls of clay!

Akhtar Jawad

# Dolphins

He regretted he cannot send me back in the world as a man,  
I made so much ugly the earth with my sins,  
The libel of my sins is nothing but to imprison my soul in an animal,  
However, I had done a few good deeds,  
For that He rewarded my soul to choose an animal,  
And to go back to the earth and serve the humans,  
With no hesitation and no refrain, I said, My Lord!  
I would opt to go to my mother's womb,  
As a friendly dolphin!

You must be surprised as to how I'm writing a poem?  
I let you know I have a friend whose name is Akhtar,  
He understands my language and we talk often,  
I narrated the story to my lovely friend,  
He was caught by me watching bikini girls,  
On the shore of a sea with a long telescope,  
I shouted at him you naughty old man,  
Aren't you ashamed of this ugly act?  
And that, too, with a long beard so white,  
Open your mouth let me count your teeth,  
Seventeen out thirty two have gone to the hell,  
And two more are about to go.

Look at me my friend,  
I was just like you,  
And I am busy in the sea for saving lives of thousand humans,  
Although I am a small, toothed whale,  
With a human heart and human intelligence,  
I am amusing the children and I save the lives of the drowning sailors,  
When the thousand children will pray for me,  
And the thousand sailors will pay thanks to me,  
That will be last day of paying the libel,  
On the day being turned in a shining light,  
I shall be merged in the source,  
For love and peace,  
My friend I love you,  
You are seventy now,  
Throw the telescope I shall catch it,  
And gift it to a child, he is too poor,  
He cannot purchase this costly telescope!

Akhtar Jawad

# Don't Go Sweetheart

Tonight,  
a night under a blue moon,  
still alive, not dead,  
let me read, all unread,  
let me write, all unwritten,  
let me see, all unseen,  
let me show, shown not yet,  
let me do, done not yet,  
let me tell, told not yet,  
It's a night,  
under a blue moon,  
don't go so soon,  
listen, not yet listened,  
life is just a night,  
yes, I am yours,  
yes, you are mine,  
I am your beehive,  
the honey in me,  
is just for you,  
press me, crush me,  
do with me, whatever you like,  
take away all my honey,  
let your lips be,  
sweeter than sweetest,  
kiss me I am not yet kissed,  
I'm beauty you always missed,  
Don't refrain,  
I'll die with my pain,  
when I am nothing more,  
just the remains of love,  
make a candle from the wax,  
lit me, burn me, melt me,  
keeping me, the lit candle,  
go to your nest,  
you the awoken bird,  
I know you'll go.  
Oh you! The pilgrim of the Milky Way,  
a rider of the scoundrel moon,  
I don't like you,

flying in dark.  
Right now, you cannot go,  
get rid of this to and fro,  
night is still alive,  
I have asked the dawn, to delay.  
Don't go sweetheart!

(Based on a Bengali song -  
Na jeo na, rojoni ekhono baaki  
Aro kichhu dite baki  
Bole raat jaga pakhhi  
Na jeo na.  
Ami je tumar shudhu jibone morone  
Dhoriya rakhhite chai noyone noyone  
Na jeo na  
Je kothha bolite baje  
Je byatha morome e kande  
Shey kotha bolite ogo dao  
Jibono rojoni jani, emoni pohabe  
Chandero toroni tumi, shudure milabe  
Na a jeo na)

Akhtar Jawad

# Don'T Say Good Night

Don't say good night,  
See the full moon,  
It's soothing and bright,  
It's cold on the skies,  
It's cold in the air,  
It's cold on the earth,  
It's cold on the sea,  
It's cold in the garden,  
See, the air is crying,  
The drops of dew,  
So many not a few,  
On the leaves and flowers,  
Are tears of the moon!  
He is hot inside,  
So away from the earth,  
He is asking her,  
Why did you say,  
Good night to me,  
Now only I can see,  
From the distant skies,  
All that which I kissed,  
When I was in embrace,  
Oh Dear Earth!  
Don't you regret?  
How wrongly we departed,  
The earth is sad,  
She couldn't reply,  
But tears of her eyes,  
Were burst as streams,  
And the falls of tears,  
From the breast of the earth,  
Flown on her body,  
And fell in the ocean.  
In her heart so grieved,  
The regret of earth,  
Still appears,  
But they cannot meet,  
Once more for love!

Walk bare footed,  
On the grass it is wet,  
Let the grass kiss,  
Your soft white feet,  
I hope the stars,  
Will enjoy this romance,  
Kiss the petals,  
Of wet pink roses,  
Have a cool lighted shower,  
Of lovely moon light,  
Wear a contrast of pink and green,  
And keep these bangles,  
In smooth soft wrist,  
Let them strike for music,  
And wind will sing the song of love,  
Let the breeze touch and kiss,  
All corners in you,  
Rest will be done,  
By the naughty nature,  
And I hope a withdrawal,  
Of your sudden good night!  
Or otherwise,  
I may go to skies,  
Like a moon so grieved,  
Leaving behind,  
Regret for you!

Akhtar Jawad

## Dosti Roti

Inke jhagde ajeeb jhagde hayn,  
Subh ko istarah lade jaisey,  
Ab kabhi sath chal na paen ge,  
Jab kahe wuh main ja rahi hoon kahin,  
Ab kabhi laut kar na aaoon gi,  
Iska matlab hay wuh pakae gi,  
Aaj phir se wuh dosti roti,  
Tumko batalaon dosti roti,  
Keya ajab shay hay kaise pakti hay,  
Chote chote bano pere do,  
Jaise joban kisi haseena ke,  
Ghee laga kar hay belna isko,  
Senkna isko garm choolhe per,  
Jaise do dil kutch istarah se milein,  
Ab inhein maut kar na pae juda,  
Jeb halki to karni padti hay,  
Jisko khani ho dosti roti,  
Koi tohfa to leke aana hay,  
Rat rani ko phir manana hay,  
Sham aai to dekha phir they ek,  
Soye banker wuh dosti roti!  
Jane keya ho raha hay pachchum mein,  
Apne poorab mein aise hota hay!

Akhtar Jawad

# Double Standards

I saw her photograph at home,  
Liked her simple grace.  
Saw her at a holy place,  
Peace prevailing face.

I saw her on a modern town's roam,  
Modern dressing modern style,  
Posing for cameras and mobile,  
A glorious past becoming futile.

Why should I blame her and for what?  
Double standards a common disease!  
Even religions couldn't decrease,  
Excuse me all, excuse me please!

Why I should blame her, I should not.  
When I found my past infected,  
And my present too, affected,  
Hopeful future, although dejected.

Akhtar Jawad

## p K. Swain

The man reflected in his poetry is handsome and nice  
From Odisa the land of green crops of rice  
To the land of lovely and joyful festivals  
I have only love to pay your poems' price.  
Let this love spread and outclass the hate  
Friendship of neighbors may change the fate  
We are to wake billions from nightmares of the past  
Get up, join hands, we are already too late.

Akhtar Jawad

# Dream Girl

Keep her in your dreams,  
with appealing streams,  
with her cuts and curls,  
with her diamonds and pearls,  
with a day in her cheeks,  
with a night in her peaks,  
with roses in the lips,  
her necks are the slips,  
ahead are the hills,  
a valley of thrills,  
just dream and adore,  
don't travel any more,  
your dreams may be shaken,  
your heart may be broken,  
she will lose her charms,  
keep closed your arms,  
she is nice in dreams,  
not in real streams,  
keep her at a distance,  
just feel her fragrance,  
for inspiration and art,  
keep her in your heart.

(An advice to my FB friend Noel Rai)

Akhtar Jawad

# Dreaming An Alien Woman

To find the answers of agnostic quests,  
they came on earth as amazing guests.  
As hunters they came and became hunted,  
three cheers to the women who nicely shunted.  
In search of God the atheists found women,  
what else they could do just left their children!  
Many races are proud of being sons of aliens,  
they are not in millions, in fact in billions.  
Could I find an alien woman from a distant planet?  
And write on her beauty a song or a sonnet!  
But how shall I say, 'I love you, may I kiss you and! '  
And even if she replies, how shall I understand?  
Oh! I forgot my lips, my hands, and my arms,  
how they talk violently in a dark night charms.  
My naughty friends know the language of God,  
and I hope to see the alien's eyes' nod.  
They will not spare the alien's beautiful cheeks,  
her oceans of eyes her plains and her peaks.  
Eagerly I am waiting for the alien streams,  
but the beautiful alien comes only in dreams.  
You know dreams at this stage of age,  
nothing but to waste the nights like a sage!  
Still I dream a descended beauty from apex,  
I am hopeful to meet an alien fair sex!

Akhtar Jawad

## Dreaming Muhammad (Pbuh) (Translated My Urdu Poem Khoabe Muhammad On The Poet Poet's Request)

Could I may be pleased with a dream to make myself a lover of me  
Not once, not even twice, a dream at least hundred times I could see.  
Wishing a cloud from Medina, may it rain on Makkah!  
Such a rain that its showers extend to my city's dry tree,  
Could I see a lighted face with my eyes remaining completely closed  
But my heart open in autumn and enjoying spring like a honey bee.  
A moment that may pass like fifteen centuries  
One may not talk to me; I just need a look at me  
My body is dried clay it's looking the favor of clouds  
A shower springing aromatic flowers from me  
I want a soul that is spread in the entire universe  
A style to expose hidden beauty in me  
A reflected light of Muhammad on my face so that I may face a mirror  
Sure, it will appear beautiful, though ugly at the moment it may be  
I shall cry, I shall die, and I shall not let him go back alone  
I shall end my life in the feet of Muhammad, upon him peace may be!

Akhtar Jawad

# Dreams

Why do you come like a fairy with wings?  
You play your tunes on pleasing strings!  
Why you dance nicely like a sweet butterfly?  
You excite so much to I'm inspired to fly.  
I know you come for a song you need,  
I like and I love your gracious greed,  
But today I shall not give you anything,  
Keep on the table your sweet string,  
You will tell the truth, you pretty butterfly,  
Do you come from the far distant sky?  
Who sends you to me, stars or the moon?  
Why you come in a night, why don't in a noon?

The fairy smiled and replied so soon,  
Don't you remember, you come in the noon!  
To the lovely garden on trees of olive,  
With love and peace a few still survive,  
Where spring is immortal, what a lovely sight!  
And there you ask me to come in the night,  
Now you tell me there you come as gold,  
But at home cold silver that is now too old,  
Even then come to you with desire so strong,  
Because I love you and I need your song.

Akhtar Jawad

# Dreams Are Alive

The excesses we made with each other,  
Were washed out in twinkling of an eye,  
Salt flowing from the eyes killed the germs,  
How to wash the sins frozen on sky!

The collective sins of our past,  
Still pollute the winds that flow,  
From west to east, from east to west,  
Could we clean the infected blow!

Virus of disease frozen on sky,  
Has its own period of life,  
We can't kill it before its day,  
Day of its death and end of strife!

Let us be hopeful and optimistic,  
Wait for the rains that'll melt dry ice,  
It's also enough that we are friends,  
Dreams are alive, your smile is nice!

Akhtar Jawad

# Dreams Of A Youth

Beauty that is lost in black holes of time,  
Remains shining in the dormant stores,  
Like water stored in the womb of the earth,  
It touches many precious golden ores.

In filters of layers drops deep in the soul,  
When neat and clean bursts out in streams,  
The beauty though belongs to the dancing nature,  
Anyone can flirt in his sweet lovely dreams.

You can't stop someone in his dreams,  
He can embrace and kiss anyone,  
And the term anyone includes you too,  
Done is done and can't be undone.

And what he does just love you in dreams,  
He is at all not shy if it's a misdeed,  
You may dislike but the princess of his dreams,  
You are his life, his love and his need.

When beauty is touched in a lonely dreamland,  
It's a shower of the soul in exciting moonlight,  
Why to blame the body it's just a slave,  
On commands from unseen it dances in the night.

Are not you excited when he is in dreams!  
Are not you proud of your beauty and power?  
If a proud that increased your beauty and charms,  
I see you in warmth of a mild hot shower.

If a youth won't dream may be sick and insane,  
Dreams pacify and avoid violence,  
If not so he will rape someone,  
Dreams bring patience and peaceful tolerance.

Akhtar Jawad



## Early Morning Of 28th September,2015

As usual I arose in the early morning,  
and went to the roof of my house,  
I saw the beautiful moon on the eastern skies,  
it was looking more beautiful,  
like a woman who faces an eclipse every month,  
takes bath and when she dries her hair after the bath,  
with a comb in her hand she goes to the roof,  
facing the sun she stands like a plant of rose,  
she combs her silky hairs,  
and when her hairs are dried and dressed,  
comes back on the ground floor,  
sees her lover with an inviting smile,  
as if she says, come on sweet heart,  
I am beauty, I am love, I am pleasure and peace,  
and I shall remain so always.  
Thanks dear moon, for fools it was a dooms day,  
for a lover it's a day of love!  
I did some naught starring at the moon,  
with my smiling right eye,  
I repeated it with my left eye,  
moon smiled and vanished in clouds,  
how shy is the moon!  
Then I turned to the western sky,  
Venus was there, bold and bright,  
my naughty eyes did the same thing,  
with the sexy Venus,  
and she responded,  
I know you'll say,  
it was her twinkling,  
but I saw something that you cannot,  
with my heart filled with passion,  
I came back and heard,  
the call for the prayers,  
water the drink of Adam,  
washed my hands, my face and feet,  
I bowed my head before my super ego,  
and my super ego whispered to ego,  
eclipses are my signs,  
dooms day is definite,

but when and how,  
I, too, don't know!

Akhtar Jawad

# Earth In Universe

Universe, when I watched in a map,  
Doesn't has a point to show,  
Our planet the big one, we know,  
An arrow has been trying to trap.

Our sun and its system, fine, descent,  
We know and see them all,  
But the system is so much small,  
A point couldn't represent.

Instead, I found written there,  
I was sad and grieved to see,  
In the great Milky Way, where are we,  
Our Solar System, somewhere here.

Do the humans have anything  
To raise their rating in universe?  
Our acts, our thinking, all adverse,  
Need to think and do something.

Limited resources, rising population,  
Shortage of water, weapons of war,  
Might is right, our ideal so far,  
Proceeding we are towards destruction.

Why not use resources and wealth,  
To look a planet, in the space,  
To save our planet, to save our face,  
To shift our people relieving the earth.

Help yourselves and help all,  
Loving, pleasant and descent,  
Make the earth significant,  
Love every one, big or small.

Akhtar Jawad

## East Or West Home Is The Best

My friends say I have never written a poem on Pakistan!  
I picked my pen several times to write a poem on her,  
and to write a poem when I started looking at her,  
tears came in my eyes and when I saw blood,  
on her head, on her face, on her entire body,  
what the sons are doing with their own old mother,  
and many foolish children of her say,  
it's all being done by our hating enemies!  
It's United States, India and Israel,  
who are financing the cruel extremists,  
and providing arms to them.  
All right, you may be right,  
but who is greedy of money,  
who is using these arms,  
aren't Pakistanis?  
Still when someone says to me,  
leave Pakistan,  
I say, 'No, still it's better for the old man's rest,  
East or west, home is the best! '

Akhtar Jawad

# Ecstasy

Who should be blamed for this hijacking?  
Was it me something who was lacking?  
My sweet dreams were hijacked,  
The kite couldn't be tracked,  
Ecstasy! Silently enjoyed my kite's off tracking!

Akhtar Jawad

## Ecstasy In The Rains (Inspired By Haiku No.17 By Mahtab Bangali)

Hills may be different  
but clouds are the same,  
raining at both of us,  
while bathing in the pleasant showers,  
I feel a sexy and exciting touch,  
So you are also bathing in the rains,  
the naughty bird is singing,  
"May it continue for many hours! "  
O he is at a greater height  
starring at you,  
so you are also burning in desires,  
but rains cannot extinguish it.  
It's fire of love,  
stop at once bathing in the rains,  
it'll will give air to this exciting fire  
and muddy stains, too.  
Your hill is not far from here,  
if ecstasy increases  
I may be there.

Akhtar Jawad

## Egg, Tea And Me

How much salt needed in an egg you fry?

You are not an egg so do not pry.

Madam! You yourself are a salty sea!

No sugar is needed in the tea,

The trio needs a touch, see all are dry!

Akhtar Jawad

# Ego

My grandson and my granddaughter,  
quarrelsome!  
Always passing indecent remarks on each other,  
I am now fed-up of their uncalled fights.  
They will never improve their behavior,  
I am frustrated.  
But just now I saw something else,  
Their cousins came at our house,  
the children started playing cricket,  
my four grandchildren played as a team  
the rivals were also four,  
umpire was taken from the batting side,  
I was sitting behind the bowler,  
While my granddaughter was bating,  
and she was just in front of the stumps,  
a low ball hit her right leg,  
keep it in your minds she is a right hander,  
the bowler appealed for lbw,  
my grandson shouted, "Not out."  
Fortunately or unfortunately,  
they did not have action replay facility,  
a quarrel started between two sides,  
cousin of my granddaughter used abusive language  
against her.  
My grandson became so much rash!  
I haven't seen him earlier.  
"How dare you to use abusive language  
against my sister.  
I repeat,  
AGAINST MY SISTER.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ego And Echo

I always like the lonely roads to dwell and walk,  
I am always in search of paths that lead to a place,  
where there is love and beauty no ego?

I always like the lonely hills to whisper and talk,  
I am always in search of a cave with grace,  
where there is a voice that is not my echo?

Can't I get rid of you why you appear in ego?  
Cant' I get rid of you why you're heard in echo?  
Why it's me whatever I see, me only me wherever I go!

Akhtar Jawad

# Ek Bharpoor Muskan

Dekh rahi hooN,  
deewar ph latki hui mere man ki tasveereN  
ek ke bad ek.  
Ye sunder chaviaN jo mere din ko jagmaga deti HayN,  
aor mere adhroN ko ek bharpoor muskan deti hayN,  
Main teerath asthanoN ki yatra karti hooN  
Yeh Radha jaisa mera kal  
aor yeh Meeraa jaisa mera aaj,  
jeevan ki wuh madhur ghadiaN  
jinheN yad karna bahut suhana lagta hay.  
Mera vishwas hay abhi bahut sare sunder chan is jeevan ke rahte hayN  
abhi bahut si chaviaN hayN jo is deewar ko dhaNk leN gi,  
ye badhta hua ekant thahar jaye ga  
phir maiN akeli nahiN hooN gi.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ek Bhojpuri Kavita

Kaounu kam na kaj ka,  
Sasura shatru haiy anaj ka,  
Chahe lagao eko sonta,  
Chahe maro danda,  
Ghat talak na jaehe bhaiya,  
Ladi na uthaehe bhaiya,  
Khara khara chillaheeye bhaiya,  
Khancha bhar ke khaehe bhaiya,  
Dolatti bhi chalaeehe bhaiya,  
Dantwa bhi dekhleehe bhaiya,  
Jane keker hay jana,  
Sasura khawat hay chana.  
Eker bigral ba chalaniya,  
Jab bhi dekhat hay nachaniya,  
Ab ka hum batlaen bhaiya,  
Kaeese tumhen sunayen bhaiya,  
Aur agar batla bhi den to ee ho jaehe censor,  
Pornhunter wale nahin rahne den ge member,  
Laloo ji ko phone kiya to hanse bahut aur bole,  
Ee to vidyavan haiy janta hi bas tole,  
Ya to bhejo Bharat eko ya rakho Pakistan,  
Do din mein ban jaehe bhaiya ee to sabka pran,  
Awat hay chunao bhaiya ee ban jaehe cheeta,  
Mano ya na mano ee to hoihe sabka neta.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ek Dost Dhoondhta Hoon

Ek dost dhoondhta hoon jo abtak nahin mila,  
Koi mere junoon ka roke to silsila.  
Keyun muskura rahe ho nazar shokh ho gae,  
Shayed tumhare dil mein koi phool hay khila.  
Bheegi yeh aankhein dil mera tarpa hazar bar,  
Lekin mere kheyalon ne pai nai jila.  
Tumse nahin khud aap se rootha hua hoon main,  
Maine nahin kiya hay koi aap se gila.  
Main uth ke aa raha hoon sanbhal jaiye janab,  
Taskheer kar ke baithoon ga maghroor yeh qila.  
Madhosh ho ke aap se keh doon main dil ki bat,  
Ek roz mujhko jam koi aisa bhi pila.  
Keyun mangoon woh jo de nahin sakta koi mujhe,  
Kisko mila hay apni wafaon ka yeh sila.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ek Ladke Ka Azm

Main to abhi ek ladka hoon,  
mere bazoo abhi kamzor se hayn,  
lekin mera zehn abhi se  
keya keya sochta rahta hay.

Meri aankhon mein khawab suhane hayn,  
wuh aane wale zamane hayn,  
main chupke chupke sochta hoon,  
door kahin ek ladki hay,  
kalion ki tarah jo pawan hay,  
aur kes mein jiske sawan hay,  
jab bhi kabhi wuh hansti hay,  
wuh barkha ban ke barasti hay,  
phoolon ki tarah wuh mahke gi,  
wuh itne rang bikhere gi,  
wuh itni khusboo samete gi,  
jab phool banegi aur uske,  
yeh rang chaman mein phailen ge  
yeh khushboo dilon ko choo le gi,  
jab charche uske phailen ge,  
ek boodhi aurat pooche gi,  
yeh ladki kahan per rahti hay,  
main isko dekhne jaoon gi,  
gar wuh itni sunder hay,  
use apne ghar le aaon gi.

Main to abhi ek ladka hoon,  
mere bazoo abhi kamzor se hayn,  
wuh achi ladki jo jane kahan,  
mere sapnon mein khoi rahti hay,  
us ladki ki khatir yeh azm mera,  
mujhe acha ladka banna hay,  
mujhe padhna hay mujhe likhna hay  
mujhe uske qabil banna hay.  
Bhala main kayse yeh dekhoon ga,  
uski gulabi hatheli jismein,  
mere nam ki mehndi rachti hay,  
wuh pheeki dikhe badrang si ho,  
bhala main kayse yeh chahoon ga,

jin aankhon mein mere sapne hayn,  
un aankhon mein aansoo aa jayen.  
mujhe uski gudaz si bahon mein,  
apne bache dekhne hayn.

Main to abhi ek ladka hoon,  
mere bazoo abhi kamzor se hayn,  
zara aane do meri jawani ko,  
kutch batein hayn khud se samajhne ki,  
na kahne na batlane ki.

Mere hathon mein meri qismat hay,  
main inmein phurti bhar doon ga.  
Meri bahein abhi kamzor sahi,  
main inmein chusti bhar doon ga.  
Main cheer ke sagar ka seena,  
wuh seep nikal ke laoon ga,  
jismein peyar ka moti ho.  
Main paharon ko tod ke rakh doon ga,  
main sangemamar laoon ga,  
aur aysa ghar main banaoon ga,  
jis ghar mein koi gard na ho,  
jahan farsh pe bache khelen aur  
un bachon ke kapde maile na hon.

Main to abhi ek ladka hoon,  
mere bazoo abhi kamzor se hayn,  
phir inmein taqat aaye gi,  
main mehnatkash hoon mehnat se,  
is ghar ko bharon ga khazanon se,  
sab dekhne ge isko bahanon se,  
aur jab mere bazoo dobarah phir,  
paththon ke dard se tadpein ge,  
ghutnon ka dard rulaye ga,  
main kahoon ga janan jata hoon,  
tum meri yad mein mat rona,  
in bachon mein,  
bachon ke bachon mein,  
bas mujhko dekhti rahna tum.  
Jab darde judai had se badhe,  
tum mere pas chali aana.



## Ek Udas Sham

Tanha tanha shamon mein phirna chupke chupke raton mein rona,  
Jane wale wapas na aaye kabhi phir kis liye apne jee ko khona,  
Tum jisko shafaq samjhe ho yaro khon hay mere armanon ka,  
Doob rahi sagar mein dekho peyar ki chandi yar ka sona,  
Apna andhera main laya tha phail geya akash pe dekho,  
Tare ban gaye mere aansoo bhar geya dekho kona kona,  
Jispe likha hay nam tumhara jispe likha hay nam hamara,  
Usi darakht ki chaon mein sar ko kalai pe rakh kar sona,  
Keyun dekhe wuh khawab kabhi jo poore nahin ho sakte they,  
Band aankhon mein bikhre sapne, sona bhi bas nam ka sona,  
Kahan gaye wuh kandhe tumhare jispe sar rakh kar roye hum,  
Maine kaha is aanchal ko armanon ke bahte khon se dhona,  
Tumne kaha majboor hoon main mujhko bhula do tum sajna,  
maine kaha khamosh raho aage kutch ab aur kaho na.

Akhtar Jawad

# Electable

Electable are those who are wealthy,  
I may be handsome and healthy,  
I may have many talents,  
Talking dollars having only cents,  
Respect to vote of a voter unworthy!

Akhtar Jawad

# Elimination

I was annoyed of rats and reptiles,  
So what if a kitten is dead on the tiles,  
I don't kill anyone, I just eliminate,  
The kitten was only a victim of his fate,  
Why he chased the foolish ugly rat?  
I'm a lover of beauty, see my hat!  
It's a symbol of power and the might,  
Don't you know it's might that's right?  
No mosquitoes and the cockroaches,  
Can't tolerate if dirt approaches,  
My house should remain neat and clean,  
I'm above the law as I am a dean,  
To keep my kitchen hygienic and neat,  
For the rats, scattered poisonous meat,  
Trespassed the door, my unlucky kitten,  
Sorry to see dead in neat clean kitchen.

(In February 1989, two years before the fall of the Soviet Union, a research paper by Georgian historian Roy Aleksandrovich Medvedev published in the weekly tabloid Argumenti i Fakti estimated that the death toll directly attributable to Stalin's rule amounted to some 20 million lives .....With thanks to International Business Times)

Akhtar Jawad

# Emancipation Day

Still it's not a day so bright,  
still it's not a day of sunlight,  
still it's not a pleasant moonlight,  
may be a day or starry night,  
I am still a slave,  
of old forecasts,  
that make so many promises to me,  
and I am sure that promise that is made to me,  
is the real one  
while others are dreaming like an ignorant Niger  
whose emancipation  
is in the hands of the Angel of Death,  
still I am fighting with my fate,  
I am blind in love and belief.  
All my efforts are to prove that  
my dreams will come true.  
Who can fight with his fate?  
We all are like the innocent Niger  
And I see the Angel of Death,  
Is approaching all of us,  
and when our sleep will be broken  
and if a little hatred is left in us,  
we shall not hate anything else  
other than the old forecasts  
that kidded us to dream like the ignorant Niger!

Akhtar Jawad

# Emotional Asylum

Come out, Come back,  
How long you'll remain in an emotional asylum?  
Though all the fine artists and the poets,  
Created their works of art in an emotional asylum,  
But it was written in their fates,  
They will remain away from the home,  
In a world of fairy lands,  
Where there are dreams,  
A garden of flowers,  
With sweet songs of the birds,  
And an amazing greenery,  
Where one becomes a part of an enchanting scenery,  
Where emotional needs are fulfilled,  
By the friends and admirers,  
They enjoyed a bigger family,  
And they performed for a bigger audience,  
And the readers,  
They were born artists.

When I see the nature's art,  
I find nature is the best artist,  
Was He in an emotional asylum?  
When He created these marvels of art,  
Was He frustrated by someone?  
Who it can be?  
He was all alone,  
Was He frustrated by He Himself?  
Is He still in an emotional asylum?  
I see the universe is still dynamic,  
Every day a new work of art is unveiled,  
Let Him remain there in an asylum,  
He is the one,  
Who writes His fate Himself!  
Now I understand the need of sins,  
If He will come back,  
We will not be here to watch,  
A cold and static universe!



# Empire And Vampire

The cruel Imperialist! Why did you forget,  
Time does not remain always the same!  
While sucking blood of weaker people,  
And that too, in His great name!

The slave is dead, you are also dead,  
But what you did without any shame,  
Still alive in the pages of history,  
It's soul of the slave, do not blame.

How strong is now that slave of the past,  
I don't see now your great empire,  
How weak is it, soul of a great emperor,  
And that of a slave has become a vampire!

Akhtar Jawad

# End Of Corruption

A new officer was posted at a police station,  
He decided to end the corruption,  
In his first address to his subordinates,  
He warned them to finish the corruption,  
Or otherwise the corrupt will be seriously dealt,  
And he may be removed from the services.

A few days later a constable was promoted as Head Constable,  
All the colleagues pressed him to give a treat,  
The Head Constable said it's the season of mangoes,  
I shall treat you all with the mangoes,  
The officer warned him you must purchase mangoes,  
I shall get it verified, if not so, you will be reverted.

The Head Constable went to a whole sale dealer,  
He told the owner your logistic cell is violating the traffic rules,  
All your delivery vans are overloaded, and parked at a prohibited area,  
The dealer said, sir, please come in let us talk at a better place.  
The talk was successful like that of super powers of the worlds,  
The Head Constable came back with a bag of 10kg of mangoes.

He went to the retailer and the retailer immediately took a currency note,  
And tried to silently give it to the Head Constable, He said, no more bribes,  
I have come to you to know at what rate you purchase mangoes from the whole  
seller,  
The retailer informed him and he disposed the mango bag to him,  
Then he went to a poor hawker, who was selling mangoes just in front the police  
station,  
He asked the rate of mangoes and the hawker informed him the rate,  
The Head Constable exclaimed it's too low Bring 2 kg of mangoes in the police  
station.

The poor hawker thought he was not going to get any money there,  
Helpless he went inside the police station with a bag of 2kg of mangoes,  
In front of the officer the Head Constable paid the price and said,  
You are too poor and you favored me by bringing this bag here,  
Have another 50 rupees for this act of kindness.

The officer was amazed and said I shall bear the cost of this honest treat,

How successfully I have finished the corruption, Oh God! I am thankful to you,  
He further said I shall forward your name for another promotion,  
And gladly gave 300 rupees to the constable.

Akhtar Jawad

# Endless

Oh End! Where are you?  
And if you let me know,  
You are there,  
I shall ask what after that?  
And where is your beginning?  
And if you let me know,  
I started there,  
I shall ask what before that?  
Oh Time! Oh space!  
It's you, who forced me to believe,  
Someone was here and there,  
Someone is here and there,  
Someone will be here and there,  
Otherwise,  
I would have said,  
There is no God.

Akhtar Jawad

# Enemies May Be Friends

It's too dark,  
I think I should lit a new candle,  
but I have only one candle in my bag.  
Irony of fate!  
The match box, too, has only one stick.  
I am moving in a dense forest.  
Snakes and other poisonous reptiles  
are flowing in the water  
Difficult to walk in sticky mud  
the boots have become too heavy.  
Mud stuck with the boots  
has made every step a tiring fatigue.  
I don't think the rains will ever stop!  
The wind is blowing with all its might,  
If I try to lit the candle the match stick may extinguish  
even if I succeed to lit the candle  
shall it survive in the violent blows of the winds?  
Oh rains!  
Oh lightning!  
Oh thunder!  
Oh mud!  
Oh darkness!  
Oh wind!  
You all are my worst enemies!  
Having lost my way in a dense forest  
I don't know whether I shall find my way again  
or buried in a swamp without any funerals.

Is it only me who is afraid of the winds?  
I think dark clouds are also afraid of the winds.  
I see the clouds are now running away.  
What a pleasure to see a glimpse of the moon!  
Clouds defeated by the shining stars  
but the scattered and defeated clouds  
sometimes look backwards  
like a defeated wrestler  
and use abusive language for the victorious rival.

Lightning now showing the reptiles

thunders warning to beware of the swamp  
darkness making the moon and stars more bright  
and guiding to the highway  
mud making difficult for the reptiles to attack.  
Everyone who were my worst enemies a short while ago  
look now changed in helpful friends.

I have found my way,  
There is the highway  
shining like the Milky Way  
in the moonlight.  
The wind blows are now back in their barracks  
Bravo!  
The victorious army of the winds!

I am on the highway  
I lit the last candle  
hoping before it's exhausted  
someone will lift me up  
and  
will carry me to the nearby town.

Akhtar Jawad

# English Translation Of My Urdu Poem Keya Poocho Ho

Why do you ask my name,  
I myself do not remember,  
I am scattered being broken,  
not settled like you.  
Why do you ask my condition,  
leave it as it is,  
I am on a pleasant bed of sand.  
It's an evening at the shore,  
let me sleep.  
Why do you ask my address,  
I am homeless!  
You may see vagabonds,  
anywhere, yes, anywhere,  
in the morning you may find,  
in a place of prayers.  
In the evening at bar,  
being frustrated,  
sunk in my own blood,  
in the broken glasses of wine,  
thirsty and broken like me.  
I am confined in myself,

(This is a translation of my Urdu poem Keya Poocho Ho. It was asked by my great poet friend Kelly Kurt)

Akhtar Jawad

# Establishment And Media Moguls

Caws of crows in the talk shows,  
Someone before whom the whole nation bows.  
Establishment a name of God?  
My submissions with a nod!  
But the meaning! Laughed at the crows.

Akhtar Jawad

# Eternal Smile (Being Inspired By A Photo Of Poet Amitava Sur)

Last night's dreams reflected  
but hidden below heavy eye lids,  
the smile is exposing  
salient features of the sweet dreams,  
when I awake I found  
I am the same helpless man!  
But while sleeping  
I did swim against the streams.  
I know this life is too short,  
and lovely dreams may not come true in it,  
but believe and hope this life is a dream,  
shall awake in a new world  
where I'm not a misfit.  
On that day  
my eyes will not hide anything,  
on that day  
you will see my smiles,  
I shall try to kiss someone on the Mount Everest,  
I'll find only her soft and milky feet,  
I shall kiss it but my ambitions are more and more,  
Sweetheart! You may be taller than the tallest  
In a second I shall fly thousands of miles,  
to find your lips with eternal smiles.

Akhtar Jawad

# Eureka! She Is Now Eighteen

Born in twentieth century I never thought  
I shall fall in love with a teen aged gal  
Who was just seventeen yesterday till midnight  
Whatever I may be I am a lover over all!

At zero hours, she shouted with tears,  
"I am now an adult and can make my decision.  
Though an old man but you're capable of love,  
Your attention, please! No, it's not an illusion.

Swimming in a pond for seventeen years  
I was harassed by ugly men sitting around  
I see you beneath a tree writing a poem  
You don't look like a hungry bloodhound.

Can you see these ugly naked men,  
Having dangerous weapons, ready for a duel,  
You're the only ray of hope, being a poet,  
These are insane rulers and are too cruel!

Write a poem inviting the crowd to interfere  
These men are ruling this garden of the pond  
Make the crowd, emotional and so much hostile,  
That they throw the rapists out of the garden,  
Look at me I am so weak and so much fragile,

Think I may be destroyed if raped by these animals  
They have stolen my dress it was hanging on the tree  
They have captivated my ancient old mother  
Only poets and the writers can get her free."

I wrote and invited the crowd to protest  
The ugly rulers were dethroned with their teams.  
I am afraid they will rape another century  
Alas! Such uprisings we see only in the dreams!

(I am sorry twenty first century, poets can write only)



# Evening In Paris

My mother was much sensitive to cleanliness,  
She was fond of perfumes and fragrant flowers,  
She was famous for her kindness,  
And hard works, in the suns and showers

She loved all children, particularly her own,  
She was fond of sweets and ice-creams,  
She was married at an age, not much grown,  
She remained a girl with teen aged dreams.

She liked melodies and fine arts,  
She was fond of fictions and movies in the hall,  
Knitting, stitching and cooking, her crafts.  
My father a contrast to her at all.

After working whole day, since early morning,  
Restless lady took some rest mid day,  
A shower and change of dress, in the evening,  
The small blue bottle of perfume, for the tired day!

(I still feel fragrance of "Evening in Paris", a perfume in a small blue bottle)

Akhtar Jawad

## Everything Is Mine (A Reply To Seeing Eye)

When I am touched by your beauty,  
My eyes start kissing your silky hairs,  
I dive in the deep ocean of your eyes,  
Taste your coral lips that have éclairs.

When your beauty invites me to love,  
And when you are spooned in my arms,  
From head to feet you are a trapper,  
My heart is trapped by your charms.

I live in a prison of the beauty-grills,  
Until you come in dreams to set me free  
During my dream your portrait I paint,  
You are a bird sitting and singing on a tree.

No doubt it's your portrait, it's your beauty  
But the brush is mine and the colors are mine  
I change you in a moon reflecting the sun,  
Dear rose! Delicacy is yours but odors are mine.

Akhtar Jawad

# Exams

Exams are close, bigger horror than your breaths,  
More terrifying, the terror, than your breaths,  
I study in the days I study in the nights,  
I even study in the candle's dim lights,  
I live in a nation of energy crisis,  
Motivated I am with your maiden kiss.

Being tired I sleep in the early morning,  
You come with the sleeps and look so charming,  
It's you in my dreams and you comb my hairs,  
Your magic soft fingers on the upstairs,  
Giving me a peace that is hot and deep,  
For a few hours with you I sleep.

I wake up in the morning I'm fresh once again,  
For a hard work with no mental strain,  
Love is great if true and motivating,  
Summer vacations are ahead for dating,  
Let me sew in the earth the flowers' seeds,  
It will beautify our future needs.

We shall fly together and sing like birds,  
In the nest you'll see cute charming buds,  
The buds that are still shining as stars,  
Shall come on the earth to remove the scars,  
Listen to the whispers of a sister to her brother,  
Thanks to our father, thanks to our mother.

They are working hard for our welfare,  
They are running for us like a horse and mare,  
Rest assure they will built a nest,  
Safe and sound on a tree that is best,  
Ahead of us is a life of charms,  
Wish to come soon into lovely arms!

Akhtar Jawad

# Exchanging Hearts

By the way, if you can't see what I see  
I know you have blue eyes and I have black,  
But the human eyes are meant for the vision,  
Let us exchange and see what we lack.

Now when we have exchanged our hearts  
I see a lovely smile on your charming pink face  
How lovingly you are looking at me my friend  
I see in your face a friendly, a heavenly grace.

You are a nice friend but love is something else  
I don't think we can live long together,  
We can share some things as true friends,  
But sharing life with each other forever?

We are friends and let us remain good friends,  
Marriage may be a risky adventure, think twice,  
Think about the blended children in the society  
May pay an unbearable and intolerable price.

And when the exchange of hearts was reverted  
I am the same and you are the same, only a friend  
I am satisfied and so is my heart but my black eyes!  
Any how I'm stopping but tears they intend!

Akhtar Jawad

# Excuse Me I Am Blind

On the doors of my heart,  
I wrote sweetheart,  
Trespassers will be prosecuted,  
But the order was rejected,  
I was just a juvenile,  
With a sweet smile,  
A whisper I rewind,  
Excuse me I am blind.

(Being inspired by Durgesh Prajapati's post at Facebook)

Akhtar Jawad

# Expectations And Reality

Sitting and dreaming of a sexy life  
After a couple's daylong old age strife  
Evening was even more boring  
Having no alternate of outing  
Anyhow old man accompanied his beautiful wife.

Akhtar Jawad

# Exploitation

History initially His Story,  
Although a glory,  
But it was dominated,  
By some sort of exploitation!

Adam's passion was exploited,  
And then a serial started,  
Man always exploited,  
Human sentiments,  
Religious beliefs,  
Superiority complexes,  
On account of race,  
Color and creed,  
And nationalism,  
No exception I saw.

But a question,  
Always irritates me,  
What does the Creator,  
Wants to exploit!  
A bye product,  
For the sake of,  
A desired product!  
Anyway, how helpless I am!

Alive but in coma,  
In a creepy world full of dead,  
Yes, dead bodies,  
Is it a crematorium?  
Where do I live?  
Where everyone is waiting,  
His turn of cremation,  
What is our fate?  
Who will cremate?  
Shall we be melted in creosote?  
For the real and desired product!  
Unlike others,  
I have a problem,  
I regret I am still alive!

Akhtar Jawad

# Faces Of God

So it were you!  
who touched my heart,  
when I was in a helpless infancy!  
Thanks to a mother,  
who not only gave birth to me,  
but gave me protection of her lovely arms,

So it were you!  
who touched my heart,  
when I was in a needy childhood!  
Thanks to a sister,  
who willfully was defeated in games,  
and taught me how to win.

So it were you!  
who touched my heart,  
when I was in a tide of passion!  
Thanks to a friend,  
who tactfully calmed down,  
a youth aggressive and wild in instincts.

So it were you,  
who touched my heart,  
when friendship was modified in union!  
Thanks to partner,  
who has been fulfilling,  
all her promises even in old age.

So it were you!  
who touched my heart,  
when I needed service!  
Thanks to a daughter,  
who served her old sick father,  
ignoring her duty to husband and children.

So it were you!  
who touched my heart,  
when I lost my interest in life!  
Thanks to a granddaughter,

who gave me a reason to live,  
I should live, yes I should live for her.

So it were you!  
who touched my heart,  
throughout my life!  
Thanks to a God,  
who covered and protected me,  
by changing His faces in the lovely Eves.

Akhtar Jawad

# Fairy Doors

Sometimes, it looks beautiful and lovely,  
our thoughtless acts and thirst of beauty,  
by causing harm to the sweet beloved,  
We ultimately stop the outburst of beauty.

Making fairy doors in the stems of trees,  
looks beautiful and charms exploiting,  
just like giving poison to a beautiful girl,  
to make eyelids heavy and more exciting!

Please don't poison the sweet girlfriend,  
don't make fairy doors in the friendly stems,  
she will die and her death we cannot afford,  
life is dependent on the green earthly gems.

Akhtar Jawad

# Fairy Of Dreams I Welcome Your Allures

So what if sometimes I dream,  
She is a lovely and sweet sixteen,  
Seventeen, eighteen or nineteen,  
And in a park, enjoying ice-cream,  
Cold beverages and spicy snacks,  
Life is there in delicious packs.  
So what if we're roaming in park,  
So close that we listen to the breath,  
The branches bow to their underneath,  
Trying to watch what's there in the dark.  
Shadow of a tree or a place of bliss,  
Lovers come here for a maiden kiss.  
Jealous or jolly or excited too much,  
The naughty jasmine with her showers,  
Joining love scene with the white flowers,  
Obliging lovers with aroma and a touch,  
The full moon asking to do more in love,  
Winds with songs of adore in love.  
An old man looking for fire in ashes,  
But I don't find any harm in it,  
Instead I find a charm in it,  
When life gives many painful slashes,  
Dancing dreams then come for the cures,  
Fairy of dreams I welcome your allures.

Akhtar Jawad

# Farewell To Arms

The hunter is lost in a wild forest,  
It's a moonless night,  
Trees are dense; He can't see the stars,  
Beats of his heart by second and second,  
Shooting up, high and high on the frightening roars,  
Clouds came to reinforce the terror so wild,  
Lightning, thundering clouds are laughing,  
In flashes of lightning he can see the snakes,  
And the beasts that run for the hunt in dark,  
All round he sees the pair of eyes,  
That shines like stars in the dance of lightning,  
He has a gun and a belt of bullets,  
Can it save him from beasts all around?  
Can it kill the crawling snakes?  
If no, who'll save the helpless hunter?  
In the mud he throws his gun and the belt of bullets,  
Surrenders to love of motherly earth,  
Resting his head with the stem of a tree,  
He sleeps whole night,  
And when he listens to the twittering birds,  
He sees a dawn peeping down the trees,  
The pleasant wind is playing with the leaves,  
Making a window to peep out and see,  
At a short distance a shining road!

Akhtar Jawad

# Fearless Sleep

When I was standing,  
it was standing with me,  
when I was sitting,  
it was sitting with me,  
when I was sleeping,  
it was sleeping with me,  
but when I started dreaming you,  
it went at an arms length from me,  
and,  
when you started dreaming me,  
the evil ran away.  
The charms of love whispered,  
now it's me,  
have a fearless sleep with her.

Akhtar Jawad

## Feel In Hot Arms, His Marvel On It.

Muhabbat ko agar hona ho ho jati hay baton mein,  
Kaho apni suno meri kabhi jago to raton mein.  
Yeh meri bhi zaroorat hay tumhari bhi zaroorat hay  
Tumhen mujhse muhabbat hay mujhe tumse muhabbat hay,  
Agar samjho to dunya mein yehi to ek haquequat hay,  
Yeh jag ki ek rawayet hay yeh rab ki ek inayat hay,  
Yeh khushboo hay yeh naghma hay yeh shokhi hay yeh aadat hay,  
Yeh Hawa ki qyamat hay yeh Adam ki shararat hay,  
Yehi hay zindigi apni isi mein to musarrat hay.  
Kabhi chal kar to dekho tum mehekti shahrahon mein,  
Khuda mil jaye ga tumko kisi ki garm bahon mein.

Translation

Love will spare neither him nor her, but if they talk,  
Awake in the nights, listen to, and jointly walk  
This is my need and this is your need,  
The abstract reality one may call it a greed,  
You love me; I love you, a bliss top listed,  
If you think, is the only reality that existed,  
An old custom and the first preference,  
A habit, a song, a romance, a fragrance,  
Naughtiness of Adam and Eve's lovely wit,  
This is life and joy, enforced by His writ.  
The love is a highway travel on it,  
Feel in hot arms, His marvel on it.

Akhtar Jawad

# Fertility

I was just a soil unaware of my fertility,  
You made me aware how fertile I am,  
It's your magic I knew how versatile I am,  
O fertility! You are an amazing utility,  
I am painting you on the canvas of earth,  
Soon I shall know my wonderful real worth!

Here I see one with plough and seeds,  
There I see a woman swinging below sky,  
Here I see growing crops tending to fly.  
There I see one carrying love deeds,  
Here birds have come for the grains,  
There is a cute infant after some pains.

Adam kissed the Eve and danced on the earth,  
&quot;In the gardens we were not so much fertile,  
Without labor and labor pains life was futile,  
Earth is a nicer place I acknowledge its worth,  
But I'm thankful to one for fertility, a nice gift.  
Good Bye Heavens and I thank you there's no lift.

Now I shall show my talents what I can create,  
I shall take colors of the rainbows from the sky,  
I shall take wings from the birds that love to fly,  
To make a brush and paint, with Eve my first date,  
My body is mine and it will be buried in the clay,  
Soul is yours, play with it whatever you play.

I shall use the bamboo pipes to make a flute,  
My son Krishna will call Radha though its tune  
My sons will change this brown earth's fortune,  
Solvents are in abundance and my love is solute,  
My fertility will invent many other instruments,  
In the beats of music the lyric of my sentiments!

To make a pen I shall use the useful dry reeds,  
For inspiration I shall risk my life in romance,  
I shall sing melodies, with Eve I shall dance,  
I have a long list of my instinctive needs.

Shall love nature but next to my beautiful Eve,  
Even writing a poem, my Eve I shall never leave.

Akhtar Jawad

# Festival Of Lights

My love, well wishes and the happy feelings,  
To all my friends who know art of healings,  
Their wounds, their pains on a day of joys,  
With lovely fireworks and amazing toys!

Down come on the earth the amazing skies,  
And beauty is scattered, all round it flies,  
Hates are put when aside and love rules all,  
May be olds or youths, whether great or small!

I remember the idols that are made of sugar,  
I remember all eyes that are filled with nectar,  
I remember my friends and the lovely embraces,  
How lovely were the nights with passion and graces!

At least we forget our pains in such night,  
Festivals are a source of heavenly light,  
If meant for light it's brighter than bright,  
We see someone who is out of the sight.

Akhtar Jawad

# Fidelity

My Lord!

I do not plea guilty.

as a vassal my fealty,

you know better than me.

Being bound by pledge of your love,

my allegiance, loyalty and devotion,

you yourself always appreciated.

But then a female child, only thirteen,

from a poor family of a minor community,

when became pregnant in our house,

and when her father was forced to marry,

her minor daughter to one of your slaves,

not from her community,

everything was shaken,

my love for you,

my trust in you,

my conjugal life,

I recollect when I became your wife,

at the age age of thirteen,

it was also a case of child abuse,

but I have forgotten it,

as I am your first cousin.

But I can't forget the case of another child,

as she became wife of an innocent slave.

Thanks to the activists,

fighting for human rights,

the case is now in a court of law.

But meanwhile,

several rainy days were passed,

several moonlit nights were passed,

and the naughty nature played its role.

The girl and the slave came closer and closer,

and they are now in love with each other.

My mutiny is against your injustice,

but I cannot challenge fidelity of mighty nature.

Akhtar Jawad

# Fidget Spinners

I see my grandchildren all times  
never without a fidget spinner  
whether it's the dining table  
or it's their soft and hot bed.  
I am annoyed when they come to me  
for help in their home works,  
and when I am explaining how to solve  
a difficult and confusing sum,  
with their eyes concentrated on the rotating spinner  
they say they have fully followed me.  
I wonder and when I ask them to solve a similar sum  
they solve it correctly to my satisfaction.  
One day when they went to their schools  
I took a fidget spinner and rotated it.  
Unconsciously I started thinking about the universe  
and its creator.  
A difficult and confusing sum for me.  
I solved it,  
the creator rotates the spinner once,  
the natural laws keep it rotating  
as long as the friction of certain worldly things  
allow it to rotate.  
But during the hypnotizing spinners' dance  
there is beauty of love and romance.  
I went to the gates of my house  
I found there my lovely spouse  
We exchanged smiles  
she pointed out with her index finger  
the school van bringing home  
our dearest fidget spinners!  
God! Stop the old spinners,  
and give their time to the new and pretty ones,  
let them dance for a longer time!

Akhtar Jawad

# Fighter Against Terror (Translated On Request Of My Friend The Poet Poet)

Though my arms were always extended to the heaven  
but I saw a fog affecting my visibility, control your sighs.

Your feet are delicate and difficult are my stony ways  
I had already told you not to be insane in my love.

Though I advised you not to follow me on the path of martyrdom  
I don't know why I turn my face backwards on the cross roads.

Wolves come out from every cave of extreme hard mountains  
but I left my home to give my life for my green sweet home.

My ambition was to die for peace and love  
Know, life in a safe and secured greenery is lovely and nice.

I was a soldier and I was destined to die as a martyr  
if you love me do not come out with tears and undressed dry hairs.

Before giving my life for a cause I have crushed the terror  
I am not dead, I am listening to you, please do not cry.

Akhtar Jawad

# Filtrate

Brain, precaution and prevention,  
Heart, hidden love a cure within us,  
Man a blending, ethics and passion,  
Age slaps one still immature within us.

Brain leads to God hard to ignore,  
Belief his ally turns eyes to the heights,  
Heart points to the waves that kiss the shore,  
And to the birds that love during flights.

Brain asks to wash the dirt in the rains,  
Heart says to live in rains one must die,  
A little more dirt and a few more stains,  
Brain stupid wise owl, always tells a lie.

Solvent and solutes insoluble,  
Lovely neighbors but a bit quarrelsome,  
The isosceles triangle is valuable,  
As long as man is a poet, truly handsome!

Innocent poet, moderates and resolves,  
A sweet lovely tweet and back to the nest,  
Poet is a filter keeps beauty that dissolves,  
Filtrate is the poem, he leaves the rest.

Rimes, the colors, thoughts and the flavor,  
Music is fragrance makes the drink a delight,  
When the reader is drunk and asks for on more!  
A poet is accelerated with velocity of light!

Akhtar Jawad

## Fine Arts Of A Rose

The pink rose flower charming always,  
Exciting always and warming always,  
Why her color is brighter today,  
Why her aroma is nicer today,  
Swinging everyday but dancing today,  
Aggressive and boldly romancing today,  
Where have been in preceding night?  
On your pink face I see moonlight!  
Nectar that's shining as the glory,  
May I read your love story?

My aroma appetizing my color exciting,  
I feel myself more inviting,  
At arm's length like a gentleman,  
Kiss me from the eyes if you can,  
Touch me not I'm soft and fragile,  
Can watch my petals and the style,  
And much more hidden in me,  
Yes, as a poet you can see,  
Can you peep in a flower's heart?  
See My God's charming fine art!

Akhtar Jawad

# Fire And Movement

I know sweet heart your arms of beauty,  
I know sweet heart your charms of beauty,  
You moved with all the forms of beauty,  
You attacked my heart with storms of beauty.

I remember your art how you captured my heart,  
I remember your eyes that injured my heart,  
I remember your lips that tortured my heart,  
I remember your cheeks that procured my heart,

.  
On the borders of emotions you fired from eyes,  
Your silky hairs were missiles from skies,  
With the roses of cheeks ignoring my cries,  
With the ropes of love and knots and ties!

In the cover of this fire pinning down my brain,  
Killing troops of wisdom and my refrain,  
Like Cleopatra captured, no blood no stain,  
You came dancing in the tyrant terrain.

You shattered all lines of defense I had,  
Paralyzed the guns of offense I had,  
I couldn't withdraw, with the pence I had,  
I forgot all whence and thence I had.

Keeping climax of love in reserve you marched,  
The dressing of my soul you nicely starched  
Hot iron of your hands gave a shining award,  
My soul was unmoved and a victim of retard.

No ally came for the rescue and helpless I was,  
My wisdom shown his back thoughtless I was,  
Deaf and dumb, blind in love, harmless I was,  
Unconditional surrender, cause arm-less I was.

You are ruling my heart, about five decades!  
Mutiny of my soul although still in the shades,  
Go ahead, are the signals with divine upgrades,  
Independence from you, and the worldly trades!

(In the terminology of battles Fire and Movement is a tactics to capture the enemy's post. Troops are divided in three sections. One is kept reserved to meet any sudden failure. One of the sections opens fire to pin down the enemy and the second section marches forward settles at a suitable place and opens fire. In cover of this fire first section marches and is settled at another suitable place and opens fire. Now the second section attacks from the rear of enemy for the final dog fight.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Fire In The Bosom

What happens after death?  
If nothing happens at all,  
no worry.  
But if something happens,  
it will happen with the immortal soul,  
as the body is mortal,  
and it will be decayed  
below tons of clay overlaid.  
If I have a soul it must be a soul of the Creator,  
I shall be worried only if I am asked to decide  
whether me,  
the accused is guilty or not.  
How I shall find Him guilty of sins,  
and how I shall award punishment to His soul?  
And if He is the justice,  
I shall plea it was all done by Your Soul,  
not by the clay decayed in the clay,  
even if it was done by the breathing clay,  
it has been deprived of its breaths now,  
all my touches felt by all parts of my body  
became a sigh with my last breath!  
Isn't it as if I have been sentenced with senselessness  
without a fair trial.  
A court billions of light years away from the earth  
had no jurisdiction to listen to the allegations of sins  
committed on the earth.  
My death is an extra judicial killing.  
I cannot decide who is guilty of the sins!  
My body is just a set of levers,  
if it felt pains and pleasures,  
it were You running in my nerves.  
Otherwise who I am!  
And if You think I am something  
send me back to the earth  
where I had committed the sins,  
to be tried in an open court of law.  
Someone smiled and said,  
&quot;I am going to do the same thing,  
but a single moment of the endless space

takes billions of years  
while travelling on the hyperbola of time.  
You took billions of years to come to me  
you'll take another billions of years  
to go back to the earth,  
that is at the moment a burning sphere of gases,  
it will be green once again in the next moment.  
My next moment billions of years!  
Start your return journey without any senses  
just with thinking,  
the immortal thinking,  
that was dormant when you were committing a sin.  
On way you'll see many earths green and colorful,  
and many men and women  
who saved their thinking from dormancy.  
As desired you'll be tried on the earth once again.  
Earth that could never cool down the fire in its bosom! &quot;

Akhtar Jawad

# Fire Works

Nature is always ahead of us,  
in love we can't overtake the nature,  
how naughty is the nature!  
When one thinks to retire,  
it comes with works of fire!

How many more wonders it has,  
how many more grandeurs it can show,  
it has a gun loaded with beauty!  
When one is almost dead,  
it fires a rose and it's red!

And when one is burning in fire,  
it sends the clouds that rain,  
how naughty are the clouds!  
They don't extinguish the desires,  
Instead they add fuel to the fires!

And when the fire starts sleeping,  
it sends wonderful wet winds to awake,  
with a renovated love just dreamed!  
Anomaly of showers I admire,  
they give new life to the dying fire!

And when I think the show is over,  
a sweet fragrance calls with color and aroma,  
I see flowers and leaves washed in the showers!  
Thankful, obliged, blessed and blissed,  
what else I could do, once again she is kissed!

Akhtar Jawad

# Fireworks

I am a colorful flower of your fireworks,  
What a fire worker you are sweetheart!  
A mortal tube with filled in explosives,  
Sleeping on a shelf like a work of art.

And when you ignite like a naughty child,  
I scatter some light in the dark universe,  
I show my beauty and turn into ashes,  
Otherwise it's ugly and too adverse.

Would have disobeyed but instinct of love!  
Water is there would have made me wet,  
Pleasure is there in burning and blooming,  
How tactfully, you have made me a pet!

The impulsive pleasure is a lovely bribe,  
Ignite and burn I shall show my flowers,  
But assure at least when turned into ashes,  
You'll favor the earth by peaceful showers.

Akhtar Jawad

# First Experience Of Sex

Amoeba when beautified at vertex,  
Excited, twisted her body, enjoyed the apex,  
Was broken in two, the pleasure of sex!

Akhtar Jawad

# First Flower Of The Springs

Curfew was imposed in many parts of it  
The city was shaking with the naked violence  
Ugly satanic politicians with their all ill intentions  
Had sent their activists to spread disturbance!

In such a dangerous state of a cosmopolitan city  
No public transport was seen on the roads,  
Every next moment the roar of the bullets was heard  
All lives were turned in the tiring loads.

A selfish politician sitting in a luxurious house abroad  
And another was, the chief executive no less ugly,  
Crying for the innocent ants kneaded below the boots  
Sound of the boots of law enforcers was heard clearly.

What of the city the whole being ruled by radicalism  
Had made the citizens tearful hopeless and dejected  
Sons of Adam and Eve will never be the desired humans  
So what if he was also sad and so much frustrated.

An unfair operation against a particular ethnic group  
Against people, not against a radical political party  
How could he forget the day he became annoyed of life!  
Simply the operation was excessive and too dirty

How to move his daughter, in labor pain, to a hospital  
How to save the child that had yet to come in the world  
The proof of his existence, his thinking, he had lost  
To describe his helplessness he didn't have a word!

Having no alternate they came out on the roads  
Thanks to the law enforcers who checked and allowed  
Their car rushed, immediately to a maternity clinic.  
What he could do if they would have disallowed!

When he saw the beauty, his first granddaughter  
Recollecting Tagore, "Every child comes with the message  
God is not yet discouraged of the man."  
Where there is love to pass by there is a passage.

Moving forward in the showers of injuring stones  
They arrived at the clinic with prayers and fears  
God helps the helpless just a trust is required  
A heavenly smile follows the earthly tears.

After a long spell of the leafless dry autumn  
They passed by all the sadness and the dejection  
Happily they came back with a cute pink bud  
With a delicate hope in arms, no more frustration!

First glimpse of beauty in smokes of gunpowder,  
Beautiful sights of a rose still soft and delicate  
Breathing in the spring winds, God bless her!  
Bestow upon her the best of a human's fate!

Akhtar Jawad

## First Kiss In True Love

My ignorant eyes could see only your apparent charms  
With my heart on my palm I stretched my arms  
You governed my whole business of day and night  
An overnight change, was it love at first sight?  
I mistook a call of instincts as love, I don't regret,  
As this call brought us together and I can't forget  
When we lived together for so many years  
We shared the smiles we shared the tears  
When for some time I missed you  
Then you came back and I kissed you  
It was the first kiss in true love I realized  
Your true charms my heart recognized  
We then knew we can't live if not together  
Love starts after sharing a hostile weather.

Akhtar Jawad

# First Love

I don't know how I was created,  
When I felt my existence I was not alone,  
so many like me were floating with me,  
in a thick ocean of pleasure.  
Someone whispered from inside  
run away to your destined land,  
there is a room for one only,  
join the race and win,  
or otherwise you will be no more,  
a panic was there,  
everyone was running,  
I also ran and won the race.  
In a lovely and nice home,  
I started growing,  
no worry of food,  
no excreting,  
no problem of breathing,  
I went on growing,  
how happy I was, just sleeping,  
no days, no nights,  
a carefree life!  
Then with blood and pain,  
I was turned out,  
I cried for the first time,  
and started breathing,  
with every breath in and breath out,  
life became a problem for me,  
hunger and thirst,  
excretion and dirt,  
suddenly I felt a pain in my stomach,  
helplessly I cried,  
but then I found a soft warm touch,  
someone hugged me and inserted  
a miracle in my mouth,  
and something so sweet and soothing,  
gave me a peaceful sleep,  
and when experienced excreting, □  
I cried once again,  
someone cleaned me,

and I slept once again.  
Soon I started feeling a smell,  
a smell I awaited and I dreamed,  
I started recognizing that lovely smell,  
and when I started recognizing her face,  
I came to know she is one very special for me,  
I started dreaming her,  
I desired she should remain with me always,  
and I should see her face all time.  
Do you know why?  
I fell in love with her,  
How lovely is a mother!

Akhtar Jawad

# First Poem From Earth

What has happened on the earth?  
The sky has completely changed!  
Nature is silent in deep dense thoughts,  
I see moon in search of the sun,  
Begging more fires from his gun,  
Asking and requesting some more light,  
Stars have gathered round the moon,  
With the pale faces looking too dim,  
Offering supreme sacrifice of life,  
What's that everyone is afraid of?  
Is the earth at war with the sky?  
Milky Way looks dim and frustrated,  
Why moving so fast, this pleasant night,  
Sun is ready for a dawn premature.

Earth asked the oceans to raise the clouds,  
And cover every corner of the blue sky,  
Ordered the winds to remain static,  
So the army of clouds may not retreat,  
Obstinate and firm to prolong this night,  
To prolong this night as long as,  
Her son is dreaming and making a portrait,  
A portrait of his beautiful beloved,  
The colors of words have frightened the nature,  
Rimes are shaking the scattered sky,  
If he succeeds in writing a poem,  
The first poem from the earth,  
May snatch all beauty of skies,  
But the dawn was delayed and the night prolonged  
The poem sketched the beauty of an eve!

Akhtar Jawad

# First Summer Showers

Walking on the Milky Way, only in dreams!  
I'm not walking; I am swimming in streams,  
Aromatic and pleasant and wild windy waves,  
For the damaged age have brought new paves,  
Sweet naughty winds having kissed the flowers,  
Neat and clean in the first summer showers,  
The magician demented everyone with dirt,  
So what if me too, who put off his shirt,  
See the old man is behaving like a child,  
Roughness of age is now soft and mild,  
Running on pavements in a so muddy tide!  
Let me put dormancy on the farther side,  
Let me run, let me shout, let me play,  
Wish me sweetheart a lovely rainy day,  
A day of revival for the dusty greenery,  
Let us become a part of exciting scenery,  
For love and romance the stage is set,  
Nothing is dry even thinking is wet,  
It's love I breathe; it is love I drink,  
It's love I think; and it is love I ink,  
Weather is romantic so enjoy my flirt,  
Let my clothes hug muddy clay and dirt,  
Let me slip down and purchase new pains,  
You are with me to wash the stains.  
Stay with me till the clouds fly away,  
Stars will appear but after a delay,  
Let the glow worms start their dance,  
Stars will forget the heavenly romance,  
Not here, there in the covers of a tree,  
For a minute only, careless, carefree,  
Let us mix the wetness of the thirsty lips,  
Let us suck life from the nature's drips,  
Having kissed in the rains, after heat strokes,  
I shall tell sweetheart a few untold jokes.  
Whistling on streets with shoes in hands,  
We shall go back leaving wet green lands,  
Tonight I shall see the life you have sucked,  
All what you sucked and what you ducked.



# First Thing First

First thing first, and what's that first thing,  
Other than learning, is there anything!  
Learn more and more as knowledge is power,  
Step by step, it's a beacon tower,  
Clean your souls, it's a bath of knowledge,  
Be proud of school when you move to a college.

First thing first, and what after it,  
Respect your teachers, don't be a misfit,  
Cooperate and love your lovely class mates,  
It's love and respect that makes your fates,  
With hands in hands and a pleasant smile,  
Plow the fields of learning fertile.

First thing first but I can't overrule,  
Oh colorful flowers! At the moment an ovule!  
Your games your plays and celebrations,  
Your innocent naughts are your elevations,  
Your teachers know how to keep moderate,  
And how to make your future and fate.

(A message of a grandfather on the grandparents day at school)

Akhtar Jawad

# Fitrat Ki Saheli (Based On Kirti Sharma's Poem Woods)

Jangal meN sahi phirbhi akeli to nahiN hooN  
Wesey maiN darakhtoN ki saheli to nahiN hooN  
YuN tanha bhatakne ka mujhe shauq nahiN hay  
DekheN ge to samjheN ge paheli to nahiN hooN  
Khusboo hay alag meri mera rang juda hay  
Tode ga mujhe kaun chanbeli to nahiN hooN  
Seene meN muhabbat hay dhadakta hay mera dil  
Aabad hooN veeran haveli to nahiN hooN  
Hota hay koi sath maiN tanha nahiN hoti  
Fitrat ki saheli hooN akeli to nahiN hooN

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Woods - Poem by Kirti Sharma

I'm not alone in the woods,  
as you might see that way.  
Only true lovers of diverse life  
would call it a date with nature.

Akhtar Jawad

# Flowers

In the auburn hairs of the earth I see,  
Divinity of fragrance that says it's Me,  
Diversity of beauty in Halloween of rainbows,  
Femininity, Eve brought from the high meadows.  
Keeping Adam's eyes diverted to the moon,  
In the flowers she hid this beautiful boon,  
How lovely you are, you are so much feminine,  
Oh pretty lovely flowers! You all are mine.

Who gave golden ratio to the petals of flowers?  
It was in her body that rained like showers,  
Elitism that rained with a layer of grace,  
For butterflies of hearts it made a face,  
The throne of style and crown of stigma,  
Love is no more a mystery or enigma,  
Flowers you promote a love that is precious,  
You, naughty cocktail! With a taste so delicious!

Akhtar Jawad

## For Beauty And Love (A Post Of Marie Shine Inspires Again)

When she managed to melt a stone in the falling love,  
Matter designed to be a base of diamond ornaments  
After a geological storm that brings physical changes  
It became too much soft with emotions and sentiments.  
Beauty of nature is so feministic, exciting, sexy and delicate  
The geological storm was outclassed by a storm of delicacy  
The hard stone was modified in a soft and beating heart,  
Cleverly fooled the Angels and escaped for a privacy.  
Earth, the fine artist, was waiting for the escaped prisoners  
With places where stones melt and fall in the depths of heart  
With uncountable paintings of love in privacy of a lovely couple,  
Let us be a model of a new painting, for a new work of art.  
No regrets, if with the modification death came as a side effect,  
For a day passed in love let me die hundred times with the Eve,  
If I die hundred times the earth will paint our love hundred times,  
Forget the gardens, forget the gardener, a rose I cannot leave!

Akhtar Jawad

# For One Who Loves It But It Does Not Know

My heart is mine and who can stop,  
let it do what it desires to do,  
with a brush in its hands,  
with a ladder on its shoulder  
and canes of colors  
hanging on the back of the ladder,  
in a bright sunny day,  
no clouds, no rains.  
Let it go where it desires to go,  
he says he will paint a new rainbow,  
that will show eight colors in it,  
seven for you my dear lovely friends,  
but one he intends to add on this day,  
the Valentine's Day,  
for one who loves it but it does not know!  
Can't you ignore, it has been insane in love,  
it's still insane in love.  
Don't you see stains on his shirt,  
I think this time it will fall from high mountains  
and will be buried in snow somewhere,  
even if survives it will come back,  
with what else,  
other than a few new stains.

Akhtar Jawad

# For The Sake Of Love Only

Sweet, lovely and naughty girl of nineteen!  
You think your love is the best adventure.  
No, you haven't seen this amazing world yet.  
You are a girl born in the eastern society,  
where parents keep their daughters confined at home,  
very few liberties they enjoy but when they fall in love,  
they learn how to lie in love,  
telling their parents  
that they are going to attend birthday ceremony  
of one of their class mates  
they come to meet their boy friend here at the lonely beach.  
And so you did.  
But sitting at the noisy shore,  
my eyes are not at the silent couple,  
I know you are looking at me,  
at this lonely place you don't see anyone else,  
and when you see me looking at the kite,  
flying at the sky,  
you get an opportunity to kiss each other,  
I see a kite full of passion  
flying against the wind,  
the thread is in someone's hand,  
blow of sea breeze is mighty and strong enough  
to break the thread,  
and it broke the thread,  
I can see the kite flying uncontrolled,  
I don't know where it will go,  
but I know its fate,  
It will fall somewhere in the deep ocean.  
I don't want to see your end like that of a kite!  
I wish like salmon and herring,  
after enjoying this romance,  
this adventure in the ocean,  
you go back to the fresh water  
swimming against the streams  
for breeding of life,  
and when time spreads molten silver at your head,  
you come back again at this lonely beach,  
to recollect the gone lovely moments,

and wish to another couple,  
what I wished to you,  
for the sake of love only.

Akhtar Jawad

# Forbidden Honey

The dictating monarch,  
a queen in the beehive  
just passing orders to the obedient passionless slaves  
as there was none to disobey her  
desired someone  
who could disobey her  
at least once under a blue moon.

When the stars dance around the moon  
and guards are removed from the Milky Ways.  
When breath outs of the queen of night  
are blended with the breaths of white sexy flowers.  
When the seas jump and try to kiss the skies.  
When the tides with the shells of love,  
hiding within them the colorful pearls,  
make the sand wet  
and settle it to sleep in a content peace  
and dream the next blue moon,  
with more excitements and adventures  
of the blind love.

When the buds say good bye to their virginity  
and spring in flowers to wink  
the stern but loving dear sun.  
She created a couple of honey bees  
that had no wings  
but two legs to dance  
and,  
a throat to sing,  
two hands to hug  
and,  
two lips to kiss.

Honey was forbidden to the bees  
they could dance but could not fly.  
And then she involved a clever slave  
in this attractive affair,  
colorful with song and dance.  
The clever slave came  
to the female bee so beautiful,  
long silky hairs,  
a face prettier than the moon,

deep blue eyes with stars brighter than Venus,  
with coral lips softer than rose petals,  
with cuts and curves  
the sources of honey,  
quick to be fermented in the wine.  
What the queen lacked,  
she managed it for the princess  
who was flying a colorful kite,  
wishing her kite could bring  
knowledge as to why she was restless?  
Thinking and thinking,  
in a garden,  
singing a song with lyric  
meaning of that she did not know.  
Dancing and dancing  
in joy without knowing  
what her steps needed.  
Looking and looking,  
at her mate she only knew  
He is something  
who can do something,  
to counter her restlessness,  
and can bring calmness.  
The naughty boy,  
a play boy of the future,  
was unaware of the play,  
but he was also restless.  
The clever slave  
excited the virgin to learn  
and understand the song  
and,  
to dance correctly with the right steps,  
and asked her to taste the honey.  
When she tasted honey  
it was fermented within her,  
she was a bottle of wine then!  
And when her mate  
hugged and kissed the bottle of wine  
the queen enjoyed this disobedience.  
She threatened them to punish,  
as the parents sometimes warn their kids.  
But the couple of disobedient wingless bees

took it seriously,  
managed to escape somewhere else.  
Where they could go?  
Endless is the garden of flowers and fruits  
and it has no borders.  
The queen forgot  
and they inherited,  
or,  
she willfully transferred  
a little of her creative instincts  
to the disobedient couple.  
The couple started creating obedient slaves,  
Philosophy and Fine Arts,  
Science and Technology,  
Medicines and Surgery,  
Literature with the Beauty of Poetry,  
above all,  
soft and cute embryos  
to grow in innocent charming buds,  
to further grow in the disobedient flowers.  
The queen had already realized her mistake,  
and immediately after the escape  
had started using the fading  
a cruel obedient slave,  
but the escaped couple  
is faster than that cruel slave.  
The disobedient flowers are now in billions.  
They have crossed the limits of garden.  
They are now above the barriers and the fences,  
perhaps,  
making a plan of another escape.

Let me sleep in a content peace  
let me know what happens after I sleep.  
Even if, nothing happens,  
there will be no news from my side,  
as I heard none of those who have been sleeping,  
but,  
no news is a good news.  
Let me dream as long as I can dream,  
off course,  
after tasting the forbidden honey for the last time,

with hopes of a new lovelier adventure.  
Life among flowers and life above shining stars  
both are adventures,  
let me go now  
the Milky Ways are open for me.

Akhtar Jawad

# Forest Of Love Trees

Ninety nine times it all ends well  
but between one and hundred  
there is a number  
at which the pendulum of probability is interrupted  
by a human hand that errs unconsciously,  
or by an unforeseen twist of nature.  
Unlucky is the one who is at that number.  
Well, that is right for my friends living in a developed nation.

Ninety nine times it all ends unwell,  
but between one and hundred  
there is a number  
at which the pendulum of probability is interrupted  
by a beautiful human hand that reverses the direction of oscillation,  
or by an unexpected favor of nature.  
Lucky is one who is at that number.  
Well, that is right for me living in an underdeveloped nation.

I wonder it's the same sun spreading the same sunlight,  
it's the same moon spreading the same moonlight,  
and it's the same stars twinkling in the same romantic manner,  
but the earth below my feet,  
and the atmosphere above my head,  
water in my rivers and seas  
and air in my skies  
and snow on my mountains,  
all have been polluted by the ugly hate,  
the sun, the moon and the stars,  
the mountains, the rivers and the seas,  
give a different touch to my retina  
and my nerves, when carry the signals  
to my brain and my spinal cord,  
my thoughts are also polluted.  
Thanks to my heart it beats as it beats anywhere else.  
Thanks to the clouds that give acidic rains in the beginning  
but when I oblige the clouds with a love song,  
they listen to my song of love,  
remix it with the music of purified showers,

and when I listen to my remixed song,  
I see it's the same sun, the same moon and the same stars  
and it's the same mountains, the same rivers and the same seas.  
The embryos came out of the womb of my heart  
and are developing in the trees of love.  
I may not,  
but my descendants may see a forest of such love trees.

Akhtar Jawad

# Forgotten Unforgotten

We don't remember those extra ordinary men  
In fact we have forgotten those unforgotten  
They lead us in the struggle of independence  
And when we got it they were forgotten.

Some of them were killed by the extremists  
Some were overthrown by the opportunists  
Ceremony of changing guards at the tombs!  
But is it enough for the great selfless activists?

The great men who were the men of principles,  
The ideals they gave to their sincere disciples!  
Ignored and forgotten by the selfish might  
And law! It justified undemocratic cripples!

What a law is Law of Necessity, just a fun,  
Love child of Miss Pen and Mr. Mighty Gun,  
A justice who takes dictations becomes malice  
A pen controlled by gun becomes a pun!

If any color we see if any aroma we feel still  
It's coming from the tombs it's not from a drill  
Hippocratic celebrations do not prove anything  
You have forgotten them; your drill lacks the thrill!

Akhtar Jawad

# Forty Eight Years

Sometimes happy and I smile,  
Unhappy sometimes, still smile,  
I don't know how she reads my smile,  
I could never note a difference in the two,  
I don't know how she notes it very well,  
I asked her to explain it one day,  
She replied  
You tell many lies to me,  
But I know when you speak a truth,  
And I know when you tell a lie,  
You are not a block of ice,  
A sensitive and sentimental man,  
You are exposed on your face,  
You are exposed in your eyes,  
You are exposed in your touches,  
You are exposed in your words,  
When you are unhappy,  
You call me by my name,  
But when you are happy,  
You know how you call me,  
Your false smile may deceive the others,  
Not me,  
I have passed forty eight years with you!

Akhtar Jawad

# Four Sexy Wings

Sometimes faith in love is lost.  
Cold is the weather  
and it is frost.  
Visibility becomes too low.  
The same old story  
repeats in a new show.  
The sun rises again,  
warms up  
and removes the pain.  
Spreads her wings to fly  
high in the blue sky,  
the poor dove!  
She thinks  
she has lost her love!  
Alone she goes  
for a solo flight!  
Unaware!  
Someone is back  
for a sexy night  
in the safest nest  
with all the best.  
In the evening  
when she comes back  
She is pleased to see  
a lovely gift pack,  
colorful with many rainbows,  
it is light coming through the windows  
kissing the shining fancy silver packing  
a nature's art of colors-making,  
The naughty moon winks an eye  
and sleeps in the clouds.  
An overnight magic  
the winter in shrouds!  
The dawn comes  
with the colorful aromatic springs.  
Pink and yellow,  
blue and white,  
all round I see  
the spring flowers.

In love sometimes one is wet  
with some unseen showers.  
Come again and again  
for lovely springs!  
Flying like colorful kites,  
customary in Punjab to celebrate the season of love.  
In the sky,  
instead of two,  
I see four joyful wings.

Akhtar Jawad

# Fragility

All your constituents are fragile,  
Even your tears and the smile,  
You dress your hairs as a work of art,  
In the cage of fuzz you dream a heart,  
With pleasant soft fingers a comb in love,  
Wish in the nest will remain the dove,  
And sing for you in all the seasons,  
When the tide is over go back sea-sons,  
The pearl your power, your wining trump card,  
Didn't play cleverly you weren't a wizard,  
For the daughter of earth frustrations and fears,  
A broken heart and wet eyes in tears,  
Like your whole your tears are fragile,  
You stood up with a new smile,  
Life is full of diamonds and pearls,  
Redressed your hairs with lovely new curls,  
Son of the sea came back with a tide,  
And proposed you to become his bride,  
You turned down with a bitter smile,  
I was wrong you are not fragile!

Akhtar Jawad

# Frame Of References

I know you are not wrong,  
you saw from your own frame of reference,  
and did what you thought was the right,  
but it didn't prove that I am wrong,  
I have a different frame of reference,  
and I did what I thought to be right.  
If both are right,  
should we exchange our frames of references?  
A true love can perform such magics!

Akhtar Jawad

# Framework Of Sight

Framework of sight?

Illusive!

varying from person to person,  
from place to place,  
creating a rainbow,  
and the white light,  
just smiles!

Akhtar Jawad

# Freedom, Free Of Domination

How can I get freedom?  
I am a slave dominated by my ego!  
Life is a network of none else,  
it's me, my and mine.  
Still I like this life,  
it's my life!  
I like my beliefs  
I like my culture  
I like my nation  
I own all of them  
they all are mine.  
So I do not like anyone else  
I like me myself.  
I liked to remain dominated.  
But love can free the humans,  
I love someone who is not mine.

Akhtar Jawad

# Friendship Bread

Their strife is amazing,  
In the morning they fought in a manner,  
As if they can't walk now together,  
And when she says I am leaving this house,  
And I will not come back,  
It means she will cook tonight at home,  
Once again the friendship bread,  
Do you know what friendship bread is?  
Make two rounded dough,  
Having shape and beauty of the breasts,  
Spread ghee in between before you roll,  
Bake it on a hot iron plate,  
Like two hearts joint as if,  
Even death can't separate the two,  
One more thing to enjoy the friendship bread,  
You will have to spend some money,  
In purchasing a beautiful gift,  
For blossoming of the queen of night,  
Re-union in the evening will make you one,  
In the night you'll be turned in friendship bread!  
I don't know what's going on in the west,  
In the east it happens like this!

Akhtar Jawad

# From Dependency To Independency

I was born to live for myself!  
A selfish infant,  
I knew only my mother  
as she fed me.  
She fulfilled all my needs  
So I developed a trust in her.  
I had no alternate but to love my mother,  
I was a dependent on her.  
I loved her silky hairs.  
I loved her gorgeous face.  
I loved her helping hands.  
Then I started growing,  
my dependency was gradually changed into independency.  
Silky brown hairs were now rough and white,  
face though more graceful but not gorgeous  
hands though still arose for prayers but helpless to help,  
and the day on which a cup of tea  
fell down from her hands and broken  
I saw helplessness in her eyes  
I cried!  
I regretted!  
Why independency was changed into dependency  
and why dependency was changed into independency!

Akhtar Jawad

# From Earth You Will Carry Only One Memory

The sea of love is the human heart,  
and mind is a river from the mountain of beauty,  
on the mountains  
is frozen ice,  
it needs sun  
to be melted in water,  
but from where came this frozen ice,  
vagabond clouds!  
It's all your naught,  
you stole water from the sea,  
I know you are son of the shining sun,  
you are carefree while performing the naughts,  
you know your father is there,  
he will forgive you  
and avenge your naughts!  
The vagabond is relieved a little,  
he has been too naughty in the life,  
but he is not much worried,  
he knows,  
climbing on skies  
and walking on the Milky ways,  
neglecting rainbows,  
the moon and stars,  
the vacuum inside his thirsty soul,  
couldn't repel the beauty misleading,  
he knows,  
his father will smile and say,  
My Child!  
I know why you couldn't repel the beauty,  
but you don't know,  
where there is beauty,  
it's me only me,  
and my light created,  
magnetizing fragrance,  
hypnotizing colors,  
softening touches,  
just to keep you aside,  
satanic hate.  
My child!

You are better than saints,  
who passed their nights,  
kissing earth with stony foreheads,  
as their days were passed in killing each other!  
I know you passed your whole night,  
with your lips everywhere,  
where you saw my beauty,  
and your day was passed in sleeping and dreaming,  
you my beloved son!  
You ask for skies and heaven,  
you don't know what I have created,  
beyond the limits of skies and heavens,  
with your existing brain,  
you can't think of that,  
with your existing eyes,  
you can't see what's that,  
with your limited sense of hearing,  
can't listen to the music of the lovers' garden,  
You have only five senses,  
before sending you to the garden,  
I shall give you infinite senses,  
you will forget who you were on the earth,  
what did you do on the face of the earth,  
you will carry only one memory from the earth,  
your charming, appealing, beautiful sweetheart!

Akhtar Jawad

# From My Heart To Your Eyes

In a night show of the milky lights, the blue back ground,  
Song of the moon, dance of stars, me on the Milky Ways,  
Calm and stillness, no noise, no traffic, no pungent fumes,  
No suffocation, a man has speaks, machines are silent,  
I inhale aroma of white flowers, The Queen of Night,  
Open the corked bottle of ecstatic perfumes?  
It's you Sweetheart! Where you are? Who you are?  
I am fine, though not fine, without you how can be fine!  
I think of you, so I love you, I see you in various costumes!

I see a moon in your face, and blue stars in your eyes  
I imagine I see you changing your dress one by one  
Every color suits you but that one! It is shocking pink,  
In a silky pink suit I see you as a flying butterfly  
How many colorful prints of flowers are there?  
How many words I'll have to think before I ink!  
Move inside me like a wave and move my pen  
I am living I am breathing but how long I can  
My thirsty pen can draw your sketch, just a drink!

It's dipped in my heart; I'm lying on death bed,  
Think why it was blue, and now why it's red,  
Read me sweetheart! Before it's dried and dead!

Akhtar Jawad

# Frustration

Dear God,  
I am looking for you,  
I went to Kaba,  
I went to Kashi,  
I went to Kailash,  
I went to Karbala,  
I went to Jerusalem,  
I asked the learned men,  
Where is God?  
They smiled at me,  
As I smile,  
When I see an insane,  
They asked me to read,  
The tomes they have,  
I read these tomes,  
I was more confused.

The money that I had,  
Was about to finish,  
So I came back,  
To the dirty street,  
That remains dark,  
Due to energy crisis,  
To my house that is thirsty,  
Due to shortage of water,  
And tried to make,  
A cup of tea,  
But the gas in stove,  
Could not boil the water.

Frustrated and dejected,  
I started walking,  
On the dark street,  
Two men came on a bike,  
And snatched my cell phone,  
On gun point.

I decided to come back,  
To my house of problems,

That has a generator,  
That has an UPS,  
That has a water pump,  
But during my absence,  
All went out of order.

I am still alive,  
I still survive,  
And worked hard,  
To solve the problems,  
A few have been solved,  
And a few are remaining,  
Should I accept all that?  
As my written tough fate,  
A punishment of my sins,  
Or a game of probability!

But the question remains,  
Where are you?  
Don't have you sometime?  
For a weak old man.

And not only me,  
My nation and my world,  
Is a place of sufferings,  
With pains and strains,  
With bloods and wounds.

The nation is standing,  
Very close to a ditch,  
And the leaders of the nation,  
Are playing games of chess!

Akhtar Jawad

# Fueling

No doubt her love is too grueling,  
She is cause of the deadly dueling,  
But she has no alternate,  
Love is man's ancient fate,  
Man is fire and woman is fueling.

Akhtar Jawad

## Full World's Choice

Fine Arts and Literature beautified by you,  
Is there anything not dignified by you?  
Where there is beauty it's not a man,  
It's a woman and it's only a woman,  
We walk and she moves like winds of springs,  
We talk but she doesn't as she always sings,  
We loose our beauty with the growing age,  
But you! Mother Teresa the beautiful sage!  
May be black or brown, may be white or pink,  
A woman, a write of heart in colorless ink,  
She is a rhymed poem in a touch script,  
Close eyes, open heart to read the encrypt,  
You say you are only the half world's voice?  
Sweethearts be sure to be full world's choice!

Akhtar Jawad

# Funny Americans

US women defeated Japanese women,  
Since then tweets are raining cats and dogs,  
The funny Americans twit they have taken revenge of the Pearl Harbor,  
How ignorant they are, they don't read history,  
They had already taken revenge of the Pearl Harbor,  
By dropping nuclear weapons on Hiroshima and Nagasaki,  
Anyway it's better to take revenge before crowd at the play grounds,  
Let humanity hope a sporting future,  
Let India and Pakistan fight with bat and ball.

Akhtar Jawad

# Game Of Life

Naughty Nature!

Can't you spare me now!

You played with me when I was an infant,

you played with me when I was a child,

you played with me when I was a boy,

you played with me when I was a youth.

You played with me even when I was matured,

and I always defeated you.

Now I am old,

and you are taking revenge of your past defeats.

All right, play and defeat me once again,

life is a game,

may be a win or a defeat,

It's a lovely fun to play this game!

Akhtar Jawad

# Gaza I Condemn The Butchers

I had a few friends,  
Having modern trends,  
Sacrificing with bends  
Always ready for the mends,

A broad outlook,  
Like showers of a brook,  
Like verses of a book,  
That attracted and shook,

Everyone they met,  
And the hearts to let,  
All eyes were set,  
And their eyes like a net,

Made a room and place,  
With appeal and grace,  
Won an smiling face,  
Having beauty and glace,

And they convinced when they talked,  
Were followed when they walked,  
And the thoughts they stacked,  
They had nicely racked,

Poets were we all,  
They were large and tall,  
It was me the small,  
In the shining hall,

The hall of fame,  
Although had my name,  
Far behind in the game,  
I deserved the same,

Then I wrote a line,  
On Gaza, Palestine,  
For the feelings of mine,  
Am I in quarantine?

I may lose everything,  
Knocked out in the ring,  
I may lose a wing  
Shall continue to sing,

For Gaza and others,  
Anyone who suffers,  
Shall not hide in buffers,  
I condemn the butchers.

Akhtar Jawad

# General (Retd.)raheel Sharif The Trend Setter

Though he looked handsome in his uniform,  
but he was not born to look handsome,  
he was born to set the trends,  
and he performed his duties of setting the trends.  
How graceful he looked standing in a queue  
for casting his vote,  
like any other graceful ordinary Pakistani.  
Reflections of his graceful trend making,  
in the general elections,2018  
I shall watch tonight with a joy  
and I shall go to bed with a sigh of relief.  
I know when I am a day dreamer  
how my peaceful sleep can be free of a dream  
my dreams have stolen some new trends  
and grace of the trends set by him  
will be reflected in my smiles.  
I am sure if anyone watches sleeping me tonight,  
he will take me as an innocent child  
smiling in his dreams.

Akhtar Jawad

# Generalization (A Special Message To A Special Friend Roseann Shawiak)

A specific bad and bitter experience of anyone,  
may hurt your heart may shake your brain,  
your body may shiver with a painful strain,  
take it as individual evil of some one.  
Don't blame his religion or his culture,  
if you did that he won the game,  
you are now his pet that plays on his tame,  
you joined the group of ugly caricature.  
Don't generalize individual misdeeds,  
Say I'm out of reach of your foolish misleads!

Akhtar Jawad

## Getup Old Flower

Getup old flower, having seen your apex,  
I love the manner you enjoyed a climax,  
The way you invited the cute butterflies,  
The way you excited the sweet honey flies,  
From bud to a flower your amazing beauty  
Explaining what's love, was your prime duty,  
You performed your duty in a so hot noon,  
Not only under a pleasant full moon,  
In the monsoon rains, you bravely stood,  
Even in the winters saw a smiling mood,  
An amorous adventure by rainbow colors,  
Ecstasy you spread by the drunken odors,  
For a fruit you opened to insects the style,  
For a pollen grain your amazing kyle,  
Sacrifice to be dried for the sake of seeds,  
You so much realized the nature's needs!  
Now leave the seat for a growing bud,  
I see your petals smiling in the mud!

Akhtar Jawad



## Ghazal - Batein

Dil ne chaha ke suna doon use main bhi batein,  
Yad aane lageen guzri hui bheegi ratein.  
Aaj chingarian sholon mein badal jane do,  
Aa bhi jao, na chali jaen sulagti ratein.  
Subh ban jayen gi chehre pe sajao to inhein,  
Tummein dikhti hayn abhi kitni mehekti ratein.  
Mujhko bikhrane do zulphon ko, sanwar jaen gi,  
Sath pao ge bahut sari sanvarti ratein.  
Aaj chalne do zara rat ka rangeen jadoo,  
Azmane do zara mujhko bhi bhooli ghatein.  
Jeetne wale kabhi har ka chakho to maza,  
Zindigi keya hay yehi peyar ki dilkash matein  
Khamushi rat ki khushboo hay to chane do ise,  
Subh aayegi to kar lenge hum aisi batein.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal – Muskura Ke Dekh

Aa hale dil pe thode se aansoo baha ke dekh,  
Main hans padoon agar to mujhe muskura ke dekh.  
Yeh aankhen muskuraen gi inko mila ke dekh,  
Yeh dil bhi hans pade ga ise gudguda ke dekh,  
Jane ko dil na chahe ga chahoon ga isqadar,  
Youn door se na dekh zara pas aa ke dekh, .  
Hairan mehr-o-mah ko kardegi roshni,  
Is thandi thandi aag mein tan man jala ke dekh.  
Aa ja lutere loot le is dil ki daulatein,  
Gar yun pasand aaon to muflis bana ke dekh.  
Main dekhte hue tujhe dekhoon hazar bar,  
Nazrein utha ke dekh nigahein jhuka ke dekh.  
Aati nahin hay neend to chupke se mujhko soch,  
Lagta nahin hay dil to kabhi dil laga ke dekh.  
Khud per hay aitmad to khud ko na azama,  
Mujhper hay aitmad agar azma ke dekh.  
Is ghairiyat ka mitna to lamhon ki bat hay,  
Lamhon mein ek ghair ko apna bana ke dekh.  
Apnon ki tarah dekh ya ghairon ki tarah dekh,  
Tu jaise chahe dekh magar muskura ke dekh.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal Jate Jate??? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

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Jate jate kuch sunte jaeN  
Keya jane kab laut ke aayeN.  
Sunte sunte kuch kahte jaeN,  
Ayse to nah aankheN churayeN.  
Chori chori sunEn snaeN,  
Khol ke apna dil to dikhaeN.  
Dil ko dil ki baat bataeN,  
Chupke chupke yuN samne aayeN,  
Mud kar mujhko dekhte jaeN,  
Lot ke mere gale lag jaeN,  
Aanso mere pochtey jaeN.  
Dheere dheere paas to aaeN.  
Koi nishani dete jaeN.  
Aap ka keya phir aayeN nah aayeN.  
Bas eek wada karte JaeN,  
Ab aayeN to kabhi nah jaeN.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal Zindagi Dheere Dheere Na Chal Pai Hay

Qurbaten faslon mein badal to gaeen yad lekin na dil se nikal pai hay,  
Ishq ka rog hay husn ka sog hay yeh tabiat na ab tak sambhal pai hay.  
Maine koshish bahut ki magar keya karoon zindagi dheere dheere na chal pai  
hay,  
Chal chhalao hay is zindagi ka magar teri chahat na dil se nikal pai hay.  
Husn walon pe uthti hay ab bhi nazar tak aur jhank ka aaj bhi shauq hay,  
Kaun sa shahr mein woh haseen shakhs hay jispe tabiat na meri machal pai hay.  
Aap aaye abhi aur chal bhi diye do ghari to mere pas baithen zara,  
Birha ka deep to bujh गया hay magar wasl ki shama ab tak na jal pai hay.  
Aap aahi gaye meri bahon mein par aankh uthti nahin hont khulte nahin,  
Barf si sard hay sang si sakht hay uf yeh ranjish na ab tak pighal pai hay.  
Jab koi poochta hay mera halchal, hans ke kahta hoon ache hi hayn hal-o-chal,  
Han chalan to hay bachpan se bigra hua, han yeh fitrat na ab tak badal pai hay.

Dosti ek thi jo ke chahat banee, aarzoo ek thi jo ke hasrat banee,

Uf woh hasrat ke jisko fana hi nahin na to puri huwee na nikal pai hay.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal-Ab Dhoondhta Hoon Aaj Magar Lapata Hay Jee

Keyun pagalon ki tarah use dhoondhta hay ji,  
Na janta hay usko na pahchanta hay ji,  
Keyun tere pas rahne ko un chahta hay ji,  
Ab tak samajh na paya ke keya mangta hay ji.  
Tum pas they to tumse koi bat tak na ki,  
Ab door ho to kahne ko kutch chahta hay ji.  
Do pal ka sath rog bana sog ban ge ya,  
Who lamha ek pal ka sahi mangta hay ji.  
Ek bat kah ke who to kahin door ja base,  
Ab main bhi door jaoon yahi chahta hay ji.  
Sab ke uthe to apne bhi yeh hath uth gaye,  
Kahte hue khuda se bhi ab kanpta hay ji.  
Uthi jo yeh nigah to sakit hi rah gayee,  
Allah in khalaon mein keya takta hay ji.  
Kal tak to mere pas tha phir jane keya hua,  
Ab dhoondhta hun aaj magar lapata hay ji.  
Likha tha jo naseeb mein who kab ka mil ge ya,  
Jo mil sake kabhi na wohi mangta hay ji.  
Har shay mein ek tu hi nazar aa raha ho jab,  
Pardon mein keya chupe ga tujhe dekhta hay ji.  
Tum socho ya na socho mujhe schone to do,  
Socho agar to socho ke keya sochta hay ji.

(Lamha        Moment  
Lapata        Having no address/Whose whereabouts are not known  
Naseeb        Fate  
Shay         A thing)  
Sakit         Unmoved, static

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal-Ajnabi Se They

Woyese to hum mile na kahin, ajnabi se they,  
Rishte na jane kaise kahan ke kabhi ke they.  
Dekha jo unko aankhon ne chupke se keya kaha,  
Alam ajeeb dil pe mere bebasi ke they.  
Majboor kar ke jane kahan ja ke chup gaye,  
Andaz badalon se dhanki roshni se they.  
Who din bhi kaise din they ke unke liye mere,  
Asar thore thore se deewangi ke they.  
Mujhko pata chala hi nahin le gaye woh dil,  
Dil ke irade unse zara dillagi ke they.  
Thori si cher char per roothe they kistarrah,  
Andaz thore thore zara berukhi se they.  
Ghusse ki chadar orhkar kab tak chupao ge,  
Honton ke zaviey to tumhare hansii ke they.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal-Akhtar Yeh Dil Bhi Aap Ka Bigra Huwa Nawab Hay

Mana ke roshini teri taron main lajawab hay,  
Akhtar-e-sham bujh bhi ja aamade mah-e-tab hay.  
Kaisi giran muhabbaten jane kahan lutai haiyn,  
Akhtar yeh dil bhi aap ka bigra huwa nawab hay.  
Aariz damak ke kah gaye, naguftahaye raz-e-dil,  
Akhtar tumhare dost ka chehra khuli kitab hay.  
Akhtar tumhem quasam meri jao na aaj rat tum,  
Kali ghataen chai hain, mausam bara kharab hay.  
Akhtar yeh lams-e-aatisheen jam-o-subu men bhi nahin,  
Ek ahmareen sharab hay ya ghuncha-e-gulab hay.  
Akhtar baja hayn aap bhi lekin zara bataiye,  
Peshani aap ki huzoor keyun aaj aab aab hay.  
Akhtar barha to hat gaye, Akhtar khincha to aaye pas,  
Keya dilnasheen yeh khel hay, kitna haseen sarab hay.  
Akhtar tumhen jo jeena hay to khawab dekhte raho,  
Ke zindagi woh khawab hay jo khawab bin azab hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal-Barham

Ay kash mujhe wuh neend aaye jo rat mein phir na toote kabhi,  
subh ko jab main so ke uthoon wuh bichde mujhe mil jaen sabhi.  
Han abhi jag raha hoon main jane keyun neend aati nahin,  
lekin tum keyun jagte ho aa jao sula doon tumko abhi.  
Wuh jadoo abhi tak bhoola nahin tum aao to cha jaye ga,  
tum abhi aa jate ho lekin bhoole bhatke kabhi kabhi.  
Yeh hont sakat kho baithe hayn chup rehna acha lagta hay,  
yeh aankhein abtak zindah hayn yeh bol rahi theen abhi abhi.  
Chahat bhi keya jurm hay yaro na karte to acha tha,  
Jinse muhabbat maine ki barham se hayn wuhi sabhi.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal-Chand Aansu Hum Ne Pee Dale Chand Peetey Peetey Beh Bhi Gaye

Kutch gham woh mile ke tadap uththe, kutch aise mile jo sah bhi gaye,  
Chand aansu humne pee daley chand peetey peetey bah bhi gaye.  
Toofan na jane kitne uthe sab jhele humne chup hi rahe,  
Aankhon ke ubalte ashkon se hum apne fasane kah bhi gaye.  
Do hont laraz ke tham hi gaey woh bat zuban tak aa na saki,  
Kai bar kisi ke samne hum do palken utha kar rah bji gaye.  
Armanon ki chakki mein pis kar dil khoon huwa aankhon se baha,  
Is ek muhabbat ki khatir hum lakhon masaib sah bhi gaye.  
Paththar pe asar keya maujon ka takra ke bikhar jati hain khudhi,  
Jazbat ke sarkash dharon mein hum tinkon ki manind bah bhi gaye.  
In jagti aankhon ke sapne deewana bana kar choren ge,  
Woh nazren jhukae aae yehan aur deir talak phir rah bhi gaye.  
Hansti huwi chanchal aankhon ne jhuk jhuk kar uthna seekh liya,  
Jo kah na sake they hum ab tak woh sari baten kah bhi gaye.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal-Jise Main Apna Samajhta Raha

Woh ek shakhs jo hamraz-o-hamnasheen tha mera,  
Jise main apna samajhta raha, nahin tha mera.  
Jo le uda tha qurar aur chain dil se mere,  
Sukoon-e-dil bhi wohi dard-e-dilnasheen tha mera.  
Makeen koi na tha hadsa jab aaya pesh,  
Yeh dil jo toot gaya, kitna doorbeen tha mera.  
Qudam qudam pe sahara diya hay jisne mujhe,  
Woh uski zat nahin, zat par yaqueen tha mera.  
Main jisko ghair samajh kar talash karta raha,  
Woh apna tha, isi dil men tha aur yaheen tha mera.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal-Kam Se Kam Ghairon Pe Chahat Ke Bharam Rahte They

Yeh Wohi ghar hay ke jismen kabhi hum rahte they,  
Han kabhi aap ke Akhtar pe karam rahte they.  
Aao is dil mein zara jhank ke dekho to sahi,  
Yeh woh mandir hay ke isme bhi sanam rahte they.  
Zindagi bhar ki kamai woho chand roz to hain,  
Jin dinon aap ke is dil pe sitam rahte they.  
Choti choti si woh khushian bhi theen kitni sadah,  
Kitne masoom they is dil mein jo gham rahtet they.  
Rooth jate they to baton mein laga deta tha,  
Tum khafa rahte they lekin zara kam rahte they.  
Apni khafgi ko tum auron se chupa lete they,  
Kam se kam ghairon pe chahat ke bharam rahte they.  
Kash apna lo woh andaz dobarah Akhtar,  
Jab sitam karte to mael bah karam rahte they.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal-Keya Kho Geya Keya Pa Geya

Zidigi ay zindigi tujhse main ukta geya,  
Yeh jagah hay kaun si main kahan per aa geya.  
Apon ne ayse dukh diye jinka beyan mumkin nahin,  
Keya kahoon kisse kahun keya kho geya keya pa geya.  
Keya bataoon reza reza hoke keyun bikhra hoon main,  
Main khud apne aap se ghabra geya takra geya.  
Tujhko kho kar yun laga shayed khuda bhi kho geya,  
Tujhko pakar yun laga tha main khuda ko pa geya.  
Phool kante bun gaye dil mein jakar chubh gaye,  
Na zamin hi hil gayee na aasman tharra geya.  
Pehle hi keya pas tha han ek bharam tha jo geya,  
Loot kar rehzen bhi mujhko aaj to sharma geya.  
Chup raho Akhtar ke khamoshi hi mein hay aafiat,  
Keya zamana kho geya aur keya zamana aa geya.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal-Keya Mere Is Dil Mein Hay

Aainon ko tootte dekha isi mehfil mein hay,  
Keya bataoon aap ko Keya mere is dil mein hay.  
Hamnasheen main tujhko apna dil dikha sakta nahin,  
Dagh tere nakhunon jaisa bhi ek is dil mein hay.  
Zindagi ka lutf to aaghosh mein maujon ki hay,  
Zindagi woh zindagi keya gharq jo sahil mein hay.  
Kaif woh jo justujoo mein tha kahan per reh geya,  
Aaj main kahne laga hoon rakha keya manzil mein hay.  
Mere hone ya na hone se bhala keya farq hay,  
Aap chup to khamushi chai huyee mehfil mein hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal-Khamoshi Achi Lagti Hay

Jab aankhein batien karne lagen khamoshi achi lagti hay,  
Ab hosh ko rakh kar keya karna behoshi achi lagti hay.  
Koi hosh urane wala ho aur aur toot ke chahne wala ho,  
Aur shanon pe zulfein bikhri hon madhoshi achi lagti hay.  
Koi dekh na le koi sun na le, gul kar do sari shamen ab,  
In narm achoote honton ki sargoshi achi lagti hay.  
Zara dekho iski shararat ko yeh har singhar ke barse phool,  
Yeh chadar kaisi urhai hay gulposhi achi lagti hay.  
Main tummei chupa tum mujmein chupe, koi dhoondh raha,  
Yeh chand hay aur yeh kahta hay ruposhi achi lagti hay.  
Jab gal ki rangat nikhri ho jab aankhon mein masti utri ho,  
Ay chasme ghizalan chalakti raho may noshi achi lagti hay.  
Jab hont hon kaliyon ki manind jab phool ke jaisa paikar ho,  
Bareek gulabi libadeh mein khushposhi achi lagti hay.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal-Khudshanasi

Khudshanasi khuda shanasi hay,  
Aagahi phir bhi kitni peyasi hay.  
Phir muhanbbat ki yad aai hay,  
Jazba taza hay rooh basi hay.  
Phir dhamaka huwa hay jane kahan,  
Har taraf chayee ek udasi hay.  
Log lashon ko raundte bhage,  
Badhawasi si badhawasi hay.  
Khudkushi, qatl, Jannaton ki talab?  
Bat choti si hay zara si hay.!

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal-Lagte Hain Bhaley

Mujhko to bas woh usi waqt hi lagte hain bhale,  
Roothe hote hain manata hoon woh milte hain gale.  
Woh bure to nahin lekin bahut ache bhi nahin,  
Aa to jate hain magar aate hi kehte hain chale.  
Rakh ho jae yeh dil rah-e-wafa ho roshan,  
Main to din rat dua bas yehi karta hoon jale.  
Rat aayee hay magar aap nahin aaye hain,  
Mujhko keya lena hay is rat se dhalti hay dhale.  
Waqt keya aaeya gawarah nahin nafrat mujhse,  
Woh ghari aai hay mujhpar ke jo taale na tale.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal-Rat Ke Pardon Mein Sahmi Si Mulaqat Nahin

Rat ke pardon mein sahmi si mulaqat nahin,  
Ek muddat se woh mehke hue din rat nahin.  
Teri madhosh jawani ki inayat nahin,  
Shokh nazron mein woh rangeen isharat namin.  
Bat keya apni sunaen jo teri bat nahin,  
Woh tasawar hi nahin ab woh kheyalat nahin.  
Ab nahin waslke hangamon mein lazzat baqi,  
Ab tere hijr ke woh pehle se sadmat nahin.  
Dost hangamae dunya mein hain hum tum uljhe,  
Fursale Ishq kise hay ke woh halat nahin.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal-Roshni Ko Maut Aai

Khuloos-o-mehr mite dosti ko maut aai,  
Yeh kaisi aag lagi roshni ko maut aai.  
Woh jazba jisse haseen lag raha tha aaina,  
Kahan geya ke meri dilkashi ko maut aai.  
Woh kaun tha woh kahan ka tha bolta keya tha,  
Keya itna kafi nahin aadmi ko maut aai.  
Main rahgeer tha ek bezarar sa shahri tha,  
Main kab mara hoon meri bebasi ko maut aai.  
Woh barson sath raha nam tak na poocha kabhi,  
Mere pados men ek ajnabi ko maut aai.  
Tu qatl karne chala tha to mar raha tha khud,  
Tu baz aaya agar khudkushi ko maut aai.  
Na jane kaun kahan paye tere lasheh ko,  
Yeh koi bhi ho utha aadmi ko maut aai.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal-Teri Namaz Aur Hay Meri Namaz Aur

Hum aashiquon ke hote hayn razo neyaz aur,  
Teri namaz aur hay meri namaz aur.  
Kahte ho jisko Ishq woh dikhta nahin mujhe,  
Meri muhabbaton ke nashebo faraz aur.  
Jo dill ko loot ley woh lutera mujhe pasand,  
Mahmood mera aur hay mera Ayaz aur.  
Roe jo tere gham pe wohi aankh muhtaram,  
Main keya karoon ke dil ke hain andazo naz aur.  
Jango jadal ke tabl se sahama hua sa hoon,  
Qudrat ne mere hathon ko bakhsha tha saz aur.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal-Who Bholi Bali Aurat Jab

Jo shaiy apnon mein unqua hay who beganon mein milti hay,  
Muhabbat darhaqueequat sirf deewanon mein milti hay.  
Farishta jurm karta hay to sharminda nahin hota,  
Khataon per pasheemani to insanon mein milti hay.  
Wh bholi bali aurat jab kabhi kutch kho si jati hay,  
To mere dil ke chote se nihan khaanon mein milti hay.  
Parishan zulfon wali shan pariyan jaisi teri hay,  
Tu ghazlon mein bhi dikhti hay tu afsanon mein milti hay.  
Hay teri mamata chai hui sari khudai per,  
Tu insanon mein milti hay tu haiwanon mein milti hay.  
Who jiski chonch mein zaitoon ki ek shakh hoti thi,  
Who zakhmi fakhta janon na anjanon mein milti hay.  
Diya jo jhonpri mein jal raha hay roshni uski,  
Na masjid na kalisa na sanamkhaanon mein milti hay.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal-Woh Chupke Se Aa Geya

Bujhte huye chiragh ko phir se jala geya,  
Jhonka hawa ka yad tumhari dila geya.  
Apnon ki ghaireyat ka bahut dukh raha magar,  
Ek ghair keya mila ke harek dukh bhula geya.  
Jaisa bhi tha wohi to mera ek apna tha,  
Jhagrah ana ka usko paraya bana geya.  
Aankhon se neend jab bhi udi fikre dahar se,  
Aa kar tera kheyal mujhe phir sula geya.  
Yun dilshikan bahut tha magar ek bat hay,  
Yeh hadsa judai ka chahat badha geya.  
Main faslon ke husn pe hairan hoon aaj tak,  
Kyun koi isqadar mere nazdeek aa geya.  
Aankhen kisi ki mujhse mukhatib hain aaj phir,  
Shaed kisi ko mujhpe bahut peyar aa geya.  
Yeh rahe ishq thi mujhe manoos si lagi,  
Dil se chura ke aankhen main aage chala geya.  
Aql-o-khirid ke pehre sabhi rah gae dhare,  
Aana tha jisko dil men woh chupke se aa geya.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ghazal-Woh Jo Bas Peyarethey Ab Peyar Hhuwe Jate Hain

Aur hain koi jo sarshar huwe jate hain,  
Hum to bas yun hi gunahgar huwe jate hain.  
Bebasihaye muhabbat ke mile gham jinse,  
Wohi monis wohi gham khawar huwe jate hain.  
Irtaqa ishq ka keya jane khilae keya gul,  
Wo jo bas peyare they ab peyar huwe jate hain.  
Tumne acha na kiya meri tamanna keyun ki,  
Aaj hum apne talabgar huwey jate hain.  
Jism ke ghao to bhar sakte hain lekin aiy dost,  
Rooh ke zakhm giranbar huwe jate hain.  
Jan aur dil tabahi to koi cheez na thi,  
Apne afkar bhi beemar huwe jate hain,  
Itni arzan to nahin jins-e-muhabbat yaro,  
Lo yeh Akhtar bhi khareedar huwe jate hain.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal-Yeh Kiska Intezar Hay

Khushi o gham ki dhoop chaon kitni khushgawar hay,  
Kabhi theen unse ranjishen aur aaj kitna peyar hay.  
Yeh kaun aa geya yehan ke bam-o-dar chamak uthe,  
Hawa bhi kutch mehek gai fiza bhi lalazar hay.  
Khizan ka raj ujar geya har ek kali chatakh gai,  
Uthaoon jistaraf nazar bahar hi bahar hay.  
Shikaeton ki sari gard chahaton se dhul gai,  
Nazar men phir khuloos hay dilon men phir se peyar hay.  
Jhuken ge hum bbadho to tum yeh fasley mitaen hum,  
Gale milen miten gile yeh kiska intezar hay.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ghazal-Zindigi

Jo guzar gai woh thi zindigi jo guzar rahi woh sawal hay,  
Tum ise bhi kahte ho zindigi yeh to apna apna khyal hay.  
Ye hawa ke jhonke kabhi kabhi yeh jo gugdgudi si lagate hayn,  
Kabhi rote rote jo hans pada in hawaon ka yeh kamal hay.  
Na to main raha na to tum rahe yeh zamana kitna badal गया,  
Yeh jo phool humne khila diya yehi baqi ek jamal hay.  
Yeh safar to sara hi kat गया jo bacha hay usko bhi kat lein hum,  
Zara kakulon ko woh kham to do woh jo kabka inse nikal गया,  
Kabhi bole tum jo lagao se to lohoo bhi ruk गया ghao se,  
Koi bheegi aankhen bhi hans padin koi ghamzada bhi bahal गया.  
Kabhi socha tumne jo paya hay kabhi socho keya keya ganwaya hay,  
Koi uska dhoondo jawab bhi tum ke yeh zindigi ka sawal hay.  
Main to mutmain hoon naseeb se jo sila mila woh bahut mila,  
Woh jo aaj tak na mila kabhi mujhe kutch na uska malal hay.  
Mera mazi mujhse bichar गया main use kabhi na bhula saka,  
Magar iska husn bhi kam nahin ke bada haseen mera hal hay.  
Yeh jo dhoop chaon ka khel hay ise khelna hi hay zindigi,  
Kabhi bheeg jati hay aankh agar yeh to ek waqti ubal hay.

Akhtar Jawad

# Gift Of Santa Claus

Xmas is approaching near and now close,  
A female child prettier than a pink rose,  
Living with her mother missing her father,  
So silent and sad a divided one rather,  
How naughty, when they lived together,  
How sobers she is without her father,  
When her father asked to expect a brother,  
She rushed, kissed the belly of her mother,  
'I shall now go with a brother to school,  
I shall play with him, shall swim in a pool,  
I shall share my candies, toys, story books,  
I shall kiss my brother on his lovely looks,  
I shall not be alone he will be with me,  
He will standby with me, I can see.'  
But then her dear father left the house,  
Leaving alone the child and spouse,  
The shocked mother aborted the child,  
In an accident while driving too wild,  
Missing smiles and the childish tears,  
In months she grew so many years,  
Started living with her mother's father,  
Then came the lovely month of December,  
On Christmas eve an Angel in a red dress  
When the child was in a great distress,  
Came to her with a bag full of gifts,  
Including an apple that ends the rifts,  
With a message to invite her unhappy dad,  
To make happy the one who was so sad,  
Christmas then came with the jolly joys,  
Her father came back with so many toys,  
As advised by the old Santa Claus,  
The child whose name was Zanta Haus.  
Brought the golden apple from her bag,  
With a pink Christmas greetings tag,  
And tried to cut it with a sharp knife,  
Willfully cut her finger to end the strife,  
Parents could not see their common blood,  
Tears came in six eyes like a tide or a flood,  
The parents rushed for a bandage lost,

A golden night cleared then all the frost,  
In a dinner suit the old Santa Claus,  
Provided first aid to Zanta Haus  
Magic of the same old apple I believe,

Akhtar Jawad

# Gifts

When I am in a dire need of smiling  
I need someone to whom I may gift  
attractive colors and sweet perfumes.

In the drought of loneliness  
she suddenly comes like the clouds  
in my favorite and colorful costumes.

When I look at the prints of flowers with her  
shining on the summer suit gifted by me  
my eyes smile with the colors she brought

to send the smile to my heart I gift her perfumes,  
my sweet granddaughter then becomes a rose  
to end my painful and deadly drought.

Then comes the evening of a grandmother  
she gathers her courage for a dinner-outing  
a happy moment for the dolls of clay!

My smile when turns in life full laughter  
refreshing, recreating and rebuilding,  
what a lovely role the gifts can play!

Akhtar Jawad

# Girls Are Pleasant Showers

We are daughters of your grandchildren.  
We are yet to born,  
you don't know but we think,  
though we cannot ink,  
but we have waves  
that can travel in the past,  
and in the future as well,  
these are colorful waves,  
but most of you are color blinds,  
you are confused in colors,  
you can't feel us,  
but a few of you think,  
and transform our colors,  
in a tearful write,  
and they are reading it,  
a message in simple words,  
what a world you are going to give us,  
air polluted,  
water polluted,  
crops polluted,  
earth polluted,  
even thoughts polluted,  
at least keep the thoughts neat and clean,  
please leave something nice for us.  
Why don't you think of us!  
Give us a world like a delightful colorful stage,  
we assure you grandpa we shall sing sweet songs,  
we shall dance like charming butterflies,  
we shall bloom like aromatic flowers,  
and we shall come to you like pleasant showers.

Akhtar Jawad

# Give A Name To Him

He was a religious leader,  
the only leader,  
who was an amazing thinker,  
a very good politician,  
a social reformer,  
an outstanding jurist.  
He faced tortures of ignorant extremists,  
and migrated to a friendly place,  
whereat he organized a society  
that was free of in-discrimination,  
and the place became capital of a state,  
where there was real justice.  
A great general,  
who never attacked a foreign land,  
he was not an imperialist.  
And when the extremists  
attacked his lovely state,  
he with a few hundred followers,  
defeated an army of thousands.  
He was a great diplomat,  
with only thousand followers,  
when he went to perform pilgrimage  
at his native place,  
the extremists didn't allow him  
to perform pilgrimage,  
he believed to resolve the issues  
through dialogues,  
and after dialogues,  
a treaty was signed,  
enforcing him to go back,  
and for pilgrimage they might come,  
next year.  
There were more clauses in the treaty  
that appeared humiliating  
to so many of his followers,  
but it was a perfect victory,  
as he was recognized a ruler  
of an independent and sovereign state  
and the tribes were at liberty to become his allies.

The foolish extremists broke this treaty,  
and when with more than ten thousand followers and allies,  
he entered his native place,  
he forgave even his worst enemies,  
the real victory,  
he won the hearts,  
and made his enemies,  
true and faithful friends.

Akhtar Jawad

## Go Lover Go

Go lover go, go in the arms of a lovely mother  
she's waiting for you with her greenery to feed  
fragrance to the soul and colors to the eyes.  
In the valley of mountains besides a river  
close to the dense and tall trees of a forest  
there is a hut covered with trumpet vines  
adjacent to the hut there's a garden of pink roses  
behind the hut the queen of night is wildly creeping.  
The green valley is full of fruits and flowers  
birds and butterflies love to live here  
clouds love to rain at this lovely soil  
and the river when passes by this valley  
slows down to watch the amazing scenery.  
Clouds come here from three sides  
to kiss the melting mountains.  
Earth is place of fairy's dreams  
Why do you insist to remain in your mother's womb?  
You say earth is a dirty place  
with hatred in the hearts it's ruled by mighty persons  
with destructive weapons it will be destroyed by them.  
No, my dear infant! Come on now.  
As soon as you are born you are born  
You'll find yourself the two kind arms  
And when she will feed you  
You'll find a different life.  
Still you are reluctant to come in this world  
well, have a look at this beautiful image  
after a few years, a few months and a few days  
she will come in this world for you only  
It will be 30th of July and she will come with the rains.  
Suddenly the Angels listened to the cry of a newly born infant  
and the beauty that was born on this day  
took a few years, few months and few days  
is celebrating her birthday, to-day.  
Happy birthday to a beautiful beloved,  
happy birthday to a descent wife  
happy birthday to a sacrificing mother  
happy birthday to a loving grandmother.



# God

Follow me old man,  
Follow me if you can,  
The black children,  
The white children,  
The brown children,  
Yes, all children,  
Have come out today,  
In a rally to protest,  
The terror they face,  
The horror they face,  
In the name of God,  
They are looking for the God,  
Should they go to a mosque?  
Should they go to a church?  
Should they go to a temple?  
Where they should go?  
Where is God?  
I don't know,  
You don't know,  
We don't know,  
But in the name of God,  
We kill our children!  
And we don't know,  
In the children we kill,  
Is God only God!

Akhtar Jawad

# God Helps

She was stranded on the green belt,  
between two busy roads,  
carrying the consequence of love,  
in the busy morning hours,  
she looked in pain,  
and he was not there,  
to help her in crossing the road,  
pleasure is shared by both,  
but pain is only for female,  
I was there to drop my granddaughter to school,  
I was also stranded on the green belt,  
and so was my six years old granddaughter,  
the wild traffic near the boundary walls,  
of a school was unconcerned.  
In the morning hours six wheelers are not allowed,  
on Abul Hassan Ispahani Road,  
linking super highway with the National Highway of Karachi,  
still trucks of sand and gravel were wildly running on a road,  
that has so many schools at it,  
the currency note having picture of the founder of Pakistan,  
is the real power, powerful even more than army and rangers.  
I knew my God will help the stranded persons and the animals,  
but how and when I didn't know.  
Sudden a car hit another from the rear,  
a quarrel started on the road,  
the stranded helpless creatures got an opportunity,  
to cross the road,  
my granddaughter entered the school,  
and she went in flower plants with the boundary wall of school,  
and I saw she gave birth to two lovely kittens.

Akhtar Jawad

# God Save The King

My God!

Be kind enough to make me a sovereign ruler of my empire  
a dictator who can dictate  
whatever he has  
from skies to the oceans  
whatever he sees  
from east to west  
and from north to south.

The people of my empire are too naughty!

They always think, agitate and act  
to be independent of my control.

Throughout my life

I had to fight against mutinies of my slaves.

Sometimes it was a mutiny of my eyes

sometimes of my nose and ears

sometimes of my vulgar tongue

sometimes of my hands and legs

sometimes of my hidden parts.

I fought against all the devils

and I was defeated many times

but at last I won all the wars.

With a naughty but shy smile

may I remind you

off the records

of a pleasant and beautiful mutiny of my heart

when I fell in love,

in that I was defeated and I am still defeated.

You know my queen who sits behind the curtains

I am her slave!

I rule the rest but she rules me.

Dear God!

Save the queen and her slave!

Keep my slaves in my control.

Give me courage and power

to rule my empire.

God, save the empire!

God save the king!



# Gojal Lake Hunza

Graceful Old Lady!

Though you are always crazy in love,  
and selfish in creating beauty,  
still I love you.

Sometimes when you take precious lives  
in creation of a work of art,  
I kiss you with my mixed feelings.

The land sliding took many precious lives  
but your bitterness was sugar coated.

It created a blue lake in the hard and frozen rocks.

With tears in my eyes,

When I look at the images of high mountains and blue skies  
dancing with your breasts,

my heart starts dancing on your heart beats,  
and when I remove my lips from your lips,

I see my vibrating image

in the waves, of a chilled lake,

waves of love and beauty created by icy breeze,

acknowledging sacrifice of human lives,

you took in the course of creation of beauty.

I wipe my tears and I smile.

You naughty old lady,  
you'll never grow old!

Akhtar Jawad

# Gold Man

Aye sound of a ladies bicycle's bell,  
Old Man! Old Man! Old age is hell.  
Two big containers hanging both sides,  
That's why we see your sexy rides.

Aye sound of a ladies bicycle's bell,  
Bold Man! Bold Man! Your call with yell,  
Men, women, children all on the gates,  
Everyone is fighting on the rates!

Aye sound of a ladies bicycle's bell,  
Fold Man! Fold Man! He is broken I tell!  
Having lost his son and his own left hand,  
With a bent of back he came to this land!

Aye sound of a ladies bicycle's bell,  
Many things in containers, brings to sell,  
Besides bread and butter, cheese and eggs,  
For the children many more in the kegs!

Aye sound of a ladies bicycle's bell,  
He is a victim of terror I smell,  
For survivals of his family working hard,  
His poetry of peace has become a ballad!

Aye sound of a ladies bicycle's bell,  
Gold Man! Gold Man! He is gold I tell!  
When I said, may God help you in life!  
I can help myself, with Him my strife!

Aye sound of a ladies bicycle's bell,  
Cold Man! Cold Man! Know you very well!  
Five times in the mosque I see your shows,  
How sincere and tearful are your bows!

Akhtar Jawad

# Good Bye Grandfather

Good Bye Grandee, not leaving you alone,  
Leaving behind the beauty and charms,  
For you only you, nobody will share,  
In our absence the care taking arms,

Love and affection we collected from her,  
Shall carry with us to the lonely father,  
And when he will kiss our kissed foreheads,  
He will kiss his mother's forehead rather,

Your parting kisses the precious ones,  
Shall send on air at the greater heights,  
For all grandees and all grannies,  
To brighten days and enlighten nights,

After passing our summer vacations,  
When we come back we hope to see,  
Two birds in the cage of children's love,  
Flying too high as we set them free!

Akhtar Jawad

# Good Bye Tomes

Tomes!

there was a time when you guided me,  
you did a wonderful job by keeping me in control,  
you saved me from mental disorders,  
and many foolish acts.

When I came to know love is my only instinct,  
and all other instincts are slaves of love,  
and now when I fell in love with beauty,  
I find beauty is enough for me,  
and it's scattered not only on the earth,  
but all over the universe,  
space less,  
timeless,  
and,  
bounds less!

Now I don't need a tome,  
So with love I bid farewell to you.

Good Bye Tomes!

(Here is my new poem Bri Edwards, and you inspired me to write it)

Akhtar Jawad

# Good Luck Bad Luck

How happy I was when I won the race!  
I shall now see the beautiful world  
I shall listen to the melodies of life,  
I shall smell the scented flowers,  
I shall taste the fruits,  
I shall feel the pleasure of touches.  
All my five friends congratulated me  
and I thanked them.  
But the sixth friend remained silent  
and when I asked him  
why didn't you congratulate me, my oldest friend?  
He replied, &quot;It's not as nice as you think.&quot;  
Now having seen this beautiful world,  
having listened to the melodies of life,  
having smelled the scented flowers,  
having tasted the fruits,  
having felt the pleasure of touches,  
when I turn back  
to the moment when I was conceived,  
I don't find any of my five lovely friends,  
but the sixth friend is still standing there.  
&quot;No need of being so much pessimistic  
be a little optimistic  
get yourself prepared for another race.  
Good luck and bad luck come in cycles.  
Hope this time you win the race once again  
and find yourself in a different world.  
All the best! &quot;  
Thanks my lovely sixth friend,  
you are my best friend.

Akhtar Jawad

# Good Morning God

Good Morning God,  
today, when I saw you in an aurora at dawn,  
I didn't see your lovely smile,  
and when I asked the reason of your grief,  
you didn't reply.

Good Noon God,  
It's Easter, my friends are celebrating it,  
how happy they are and planning to visit a park,  
in a lovely afternoon but unaware that many of them,  
will come back with dead children!

Good afternoon God,  
what a beautiful scene, children on seesaw and swing,  
in new and colorful dresses,  
I saw your smile,  
it's here on the faces of children.

Good Evening God,  
a blast by terror,  
blood everywhere,  
smiles have gone,  
just blood and tears,  
do you see it unconcerned like us?

Good Night God,  
I looked for your lost smile in the buds  
sprung in flowers with a few drops on it,  
were it your tears or merely dew drops,  
do you cry like us!

Akhtar Jawad

# Good Night My Child

I see you creeping above to the sun so bright  
Though you failed to hug the sun  
But you came down with a warm sunlight.  
I see you peeping out through the windows  
Though you failed to touch the Milky Ways  
But you went to your bed with moonlight.  
I see you beeping from space to the earth  
With the missed hugs, touches and kisses  
I know you are dreaming the speed of light!  
I see you sleeping in a suit with stitched diamonds  
Though you failed to kiss the twinkling stars  
Your smile says you're thinking, so good night!

Akhtar Jawad

# Gori Chali Piya Ke Des

Dil ne ki jab peyar ki bhool,  
Chehra bana gulab ka phool,  
Masti bhari nigahon mein,  
Shokhi aa gai bahon mein.  
Dekho badly badly chal,  
Tan man dono hayn behal,  
Chupke chupke sari sakhiyan,  
Samjhati hayn peyar ki batiyan.  
Chehre pe apne rakh kar hath,  
Baithi sakhion ke hay sath,  
Bhabhi ne kanon mein kaha,  
Sharma ke gori ne suna.  
Dulha bhai cherte hayn,  
Jane keya keya bolte hayn.  
Baji ki danten sunte hayn,  
Phir bhi chup nahin hote hayn.  
Kaisa aaya yeh baisakh,  
Jhukne lagi gori ki aankh.  
Fasleyn katin aur khuli lagan,  
Chanki payal phir chan chan.  
Aayen ge sajan leke barat,  
Mehke hue hon ge din rat.  
Gori ne orhi lal chunariya,  
Aayen ge lene uske sanwariya.  
Gori ne leli sunahri khes,  
Dulhan ban ke chali pardes,  
Keyun bojh bani peyari beti,  
Kal tak to thi dulari beti.  
Bahta kajra kahta hay,  
Dil mein dar keyun rahta hay.  
Keya jane bhag mein keya likha hay.  
Beti ki shadi ek jua hay.  
Bhaiya kal lene aana hay.  
Kutch din to aana jana hay!

Akhtar Jawad

## Graceful Granny

A tweet was heard in the gardens of skies,  
The tweeter cheated the wardens of skies,  
Waves of His tweet were pasted on the clouds,  
Moon wrapped it in the light of shrouds,  
Stars decorated its lovely ear rings,  
Venus made the tweet mandolin's strings,  
Rainbow then brought a colorful dress,  
Winds favored with a shining press,  
White hairs were dyed by aurora sprays,  
Paradise roses for the lips in decays,  
Around its neck was the Milky Way,  
And then it was turned in lovely clay.

The sun smiled and gave her wings,  
Decorated her fingers with bright golden rings,  
In the cover of pleasant lovely showers,  
Spreading fragrance of heavenly flowers,  
Down came on earth like a nascent bride,  
With all the gems of the nature's tide,  
On the earth were standing grandchildren,  
She protected the chicks like a white feathered hen.

Akhtar Jawad

# Grand Children

When I am annoyed of my son and daughters,  
My grand children come to me,  
In a hot summer the soothing showers,  
A rainbow pleasing to see.

My room becomes a lovely garden,  
A spectrum of pretty colorful flowers.  
My room becomes a watchful warden,  
Of birds and butterflies flying in showers.

How can I ignore the plants, I had seeded,  
From whom I got the loving beauty?  
My children, grand children, both are needed,  
To love and look after, isn't my duty?

Akhtar Jawad

# Great Friends

Nations may have disputes  
on political or religious issues,  
friends may have difference of opinion  
but friendship is like the stream of a river.  
Once a glacier starts melting,  
it falls from the high mountains,  
on every step of its journey,  
exposing the beauty of nature,  
sometimes in the shape of enchanting falls,  
sometimes joining another river like the insane lovers,  
somewhere it runs and jumps like a virgin,  
somewhere it flows like a sobers lady,  
it travels to the ocean like a bride,  
with dreams in her eyes and love in her heart.  
When an obstacle, may be a hill,  
interrupts its march of love,  
ignoring the obstacle it changes its course.  
The journey of love never stops.  
So are the great friends and such is their friendship!

Akhtar Jawad

# Greed

Limited is the need,  
Unlimited is the greed,  
Engaged in misdeed,  
I ignore your bleed.

Two pieces of cloth and a piece of bread,  
Can keep me alive, I'll not be dead,  
Shelter of a roof not touching the sky,  
I can walk with feet don't need to fly.

But I want the greed,  
How dire is the need,  
Of a peace making deed,  
See the painful bleed.

Peace of hearts and peace brains,  
I should have it, no refrains,  
Unlimited is this need,  
And limited is my greed.

Akhtar Jawad

# Green In Love

House is the name of greenery of a woman,  
who springs colorful flowers.

Nature sends her messengers  
in the shape of honey bees  
and pretty butterflies.

Who cares for a paradise  
if he gets a woman  
who is green in love.

When I see a beautiful house,  
it's secret of beauty,  
is not hidden to me,

let me reveal,  
there must be a woman,  
a beautiful wife,

a mother so lovely,  
a kind daughter-in-law,  
who knows the art,  
of concealing her tears,  
in beautiful smiles.

Again a secret I reveal,  
when a woman like this,  
smiles in her house,  
nature smiles with her!

Akhtar Jawad

# Ground Realities (A Comment On Pramila Khadun's Post)

The Post

A home for the body may not always be a home for the heart.

Ground Realities The Comment

But the home for body when loves its inhabitant  
and a flower is sprung,  
that has hypnotizing colors and ecstatic odors,  
the hardness of this unwanted home starts softening  
the home for the body starts sharing from the home for the heart,  
what was reserved for the heart only.  
The feelings and emotions of the heart do not die,  
but shifted to the basement of the house.  
The sleepwalker when casually visits it,  
the dormant feelings become a colorful bird  
and fly in the sky of dreams,  
beyond our reach,  
we have only a flying kiss for the beautiful bird  
Slowing we move on the stairs and come to the ground floor,  
where there are realities of life.

Akhtar Jawad

# Gulluism

Just now I heard on a TV broadcast,  
A new word is going to be added,  
In Oxford Dictionary,  
It is Gulluism.

It means being power drunk,  
And supported by someone strong,  
Damaging public property.

Gullu Butt, is a political activist,  
Supported by the ruling political party,  
And was used to disturb,  
Demonstrations of another political party,

At Lahore he was seen on TV,  
Breaking the window glasses,  
Of cars and other vehicles,  
He served soft beverages,  
Looted from broke open shops,  
To the police officials,  
He was embraced by,  
A superintendent of police,  
The courts while confirming his bail,  
Remarked as to why the SP is not arrested.  
The embracing video was also seen on TV.

Thanks Gullu Butt, and congratulations,  
For adding a word in a reputed dictionary,  
And to to earn fame in a manner,  
To become a top class leader,  
And even a ruler of time.  
This is how languages develop.  
This is how leadership is developed!  
This is how democracy runs in an underdeveloped nation!

Akhtar Jawad

# Gumsum Gumsum

Kitni peyari theen woh ghadiyan gumsum gumsum rehte they,  
Sara alam kho jata tha humtum humtum rehte they,  
Jane keya kutch kehte they aur jane keya keya karte they,  
Tum humko dekh ke jeetey they hum tumko dekh ke marte they.

Hum aaj chalein ge door kahin yeh rat bitaen ge bahar,  
Khana bhi bahar khaen ge har reet nibahen ge bahar,  
Yeh chand to poora dikhta hay ismein to tumhara chehra hay,  
Ye tum jaisa sharmeela nahin yeh khulkar batein karta hay,  
Tum chand se batein karti ho jo mujhse keh nahin pati ho,  
Woh sari batein chand se tum chupke chupke keh jati ho,  
Yeh bhi nahin sharmata hay aur tum bhi to na jhijhakti ho.  
Is umr ki har larki ki tarah keya keya sochti rahti ho,  
Kitne woh masoom se hayn jin khawabon ko tum bunti ho,  
Apne aap se kahti ho apne aap se sunti ho,  
Jab chand tumhare kanon mein chupke se sab kah deta hay,  
Woh chandni sari samet ke in do aankhon mein bhar deta hay.

Is rat ke joban ko dekho dulhan ki saheli lagti hay,  
Kanon mein keya keya kahti hay yeh ek paheli lagti hay,  
Yeh uthti lahrein sagar ki jab sahil se takrati hayn,  
Bocharen inse ur ur kar tan man mein aag lagati hayn,  
Zara chand ke aks ko dekho to pani mein kaise nahata hay,  
Aur apni roothi chandaniya ko yeh kaise kaise chirhata hay,  
Jal pariyan ke peeche bhagta hay aur kaise kaise satata hay,  
Phir badal mein chup jata hay aur usko kahin le jata hay,  
Aur chandni jab sharmai hui badal se bahar aati hay,  
Woh apni aankh jhukati hay woh apne badan ko churati hay,  
Kutch kehti nahin chup rehti hay aur chupke se muskati hay,  
Yeh jadoo dekho muhabbat ka, fitrat keya gul khilwati hay,  
Zara chand se jakar poocho to keya jado kiya chaye badal,  
Lo hum dono bhee bheeg gaye aur ret hui jalthal jalthal,  
Aao ab wapas chalte hayn na chand hun main na chandni tum,  
Ab aur yehan keya mumkin hay baithe hain yunhi gumsum gumsum.

Jab thndi hawaein sahil ki jimson ko dehka deti theen,  
Jab lehrein machalte samunder ki har shay ko behka deti theen,  
Woh lamhe kitne qeemti they hum jane kahan kho jatey they,  
Aur wapas aa kar khoey hue do bahon mein so jate they.

Akhtar Jawad

# Haiku Of Hockey

She had lovely fast running legs,  
And mighty arms reaching bottom of the kegs,  
Adventurous lips, winning wine filled in pegs,  
Romantic and exciting to watch her moving,  
How nicely she dodged and succeeded in kissing.

In the left and right the beauty for backing,  
In the center at half the sexy tracking,  
An artist she was in her lovely love making.

Classical hockey was a poem of Keats,  
Hockey on astroturf is a battle of beasts.

I no more watch her wild ugly kissing.

Akhtar Jawad

# Half Doctors

After suffering from diseases for several years,  
The patients who become the half doctors,  
Come to me with advice,  
And I pay high price,  
Sickness increases by the honorary half scholars.

Akhtar Jawad

# Happiness (Being Inspired By A Bengali Poem Of Khairul Ahsan)

Every step of life brings a new painful problem  
Don't give up this journey,  
If the moments of peace and pleasure disappeared like camphor  
The moments of pains and problems will also end like a dark night  
When there is no moon on the sky  
But the stars are smiling and writing something with light  
Their write I am trying to read  
I am sure somewhere in the book of nature  
I shall find my snap as well  
Kissing the soft pink coral lips of the happiness  
Nobody knows what's stored in the future.

Akhtar Jawad

# Happy Birthday

Happy Birthday

My daughter was in the labor room,  
I asked the gynecologist, though not wild,  
What the ultra sound reports bloom?  
The report has shown a female child.

A mother of one male and two females,  
My daughter wanted a male child this time,  
We're praying and praying to Divine Scales,  
To balance the stanza with a handsome rhyme.

One hour after the last ultra sound,  
My daughter gave birth to a handsome child,  
A piece of beauty making every one bound,  
To look at him, and kiss like a wild.

There are certain things that God only knows,  
Fate, some thing definite and some are hanging,  
Hung fate changes by prayers and bows,  
Definite is definite, may be pleasing or paining.

And today is the birthday of that lovely nice boy,  
My dear Hassan, I wish and pray,  
A lovely long life with the moon light's joy,  
Have a happy, happy, happy, very happy nice day.

(25th of May, the birthday of Hassan, son of my daughter,)

,

Akhtar Jawad

# Happy Birthday My Grand Doll

I put glasses on my aesthetic blurred eyes  
On a beautiful doll has stopped the slot  
Blessed again by the uncertain skies  
I heard a squall, come to me in a cot,  
I shall teach you how to crawl and stand  
If you are so sweet I am also the grand.

I remember when with my walking stick  
You had been learning how to walk.  
My Papa, You're tired are you're sick?  
That's how you learned how to talk  
Come and hold me help me in walking,  
Make me happy in the same old talking.

Time never stops but it stopped in my heart  
The astonishing beauty of a cute lovey doll  
A work of art, I dreamed and I thought,  
I brought colors and you wrote on the wall  
I was annoyed but in fact I was so happy  
Search you hidden in a white wash, baby!

On your sixth birthday with a box of colors  
Waiting for you with the gifts I could bring  
Come to me my rose bud I'm missing odors  
Wish on the piano for you I could sing  
Come on sweetheart paint again on the walls  
Listen to the old wall through the cracks it calls!

Akhtar Jawad

# Happy Birthday Pakistan

With pains and tears with frustration and tears,  
I see you now sixty eight, happy birthday,  
May God bless you with an unending life!  
And little character to the corrupt politicians!

Sweetheart, Pakistan is at war with Pakistan herself.  
I was taught Pakistan was created for Islam,  
It's written in the constitution,  
But none was sincere to it,  
If sincere why they don't clarify,  
What's Islam, Like Saudi Arabia,  
Whereat Islam as explained,  
By Imam Ahmed bin Hanbal,  
Is the official Islam,  
With no restrictions on other sects,  
We have broken constitution and suspended it,  
Amended it many times,  
Why don't we add a clause?  
Clarifying that Islam means,  
Islam believed by majority of Pakistani Muslims,  
Are we afraid of powerful minorities?  
Who are engaged in terror!  
And our army is fighting with them,  
And has made sacrifices,  
I see thousands of widows,  
And children of martyrs!  
Or our political needs,  
Don't allow us to clarify Islam?  
Whatever it may be but the failure,  
To explain and implement Islam,  
Is itself an attack on the roots of Pakistan!  
Is the cause of a deadly civil war!  
As minorities of Muslims want to impose,  
Their Islam on an absolute majority!

Anyway, I love you Pakistan!  
And I wish,  
A happy, peaceful and prosperous lasting life,  
Still not frustrated,

I am hopeful!  
Like you sweetheart!

Akhtar Jawad

# Happy Birthday Sweet Heart

Rains bring many pretty charms for me,  
But the charms are there for others too,  
A beautiful gift of clouds, I mean you,  
Came with the showers with arms for me,  
That hugged me, hunted and hypnotized,  
A model of beauty that truly mesmerized!

Years passed the cruel time didn't stop,  
I saw many changes that made you old,  
For me you remained a glittering gold,  
A song, a dance an amazing pop,  
An old grandmother in the hot daylights,  
A sweet sixteen in the moonlit nights!

A happy birthday, my fairy of dreams,  
I miss you, I'm alone, and you are away,  
But I see you on the Milky Way,  
Your charms are flowing in the rainy streams,  
Believe it or not you are sleeping on my arms,  
With all your appeals and all your charms!

Akhtar Jawad

# Happy Birthday To A Friend I'M Missing

A friend I am missing for so many days,  
As if I am missing the bright sun rays,  
Is the philosopher poet now tired of thinking?  
In a lonely corner cold beverage he is drinking.

Or somewhere he is playing Ping-Pong,  
Or thinking to write a divine sweet song,  
The heart is moving with movements of the ball,  
While the brain embroidering a poetic shawl.

Knitted wool may help the ailing human race,  
A shawl decorated with a green love lace,  
Words that may save the world from destruction,  
That makes us warm to stand for construction.

An Aquarian like me bare feet in a lake,  
With closed eyelids it's the rest we take,  
Our hearts are submerged in an ocean of beauty,  
But our thinking brain performs its duty.

Brotherhood, coexistence and peace we desire,  
We dislike all wars, we hate the fire,  
We wish and dream moonlight for all,  
We want to hide the world in a shawl.

Being human being we are often frustrated,  
When we are ignored and we are underrated,  
Many of us commit poetic suicide,  
There is limit of patience and abide.

My friend I know you have been injured,  
Come back to your friends you'll be cured,  
It's your birthday, born again in your bower,  
Wish you a warm and thoughtful shower.

Refresh your wings; come back like a dove,  
Fly high in skies with the clouds of love,  
We need your beautiful nicely knitted shawls,  
Your friends await and reprove withdrawals.

So many lovely returns of the day,  
To a missing friend wish a Happy Birthday.  
Happy than happier rather happiest,  
All the good and better and the best.

Akhtar Jawad

# Happy Birthday To An Autumn Flower

Some we see only in the springs,  
Attractive colors, a pleasant surprise,  
Late autumn, no flowers are seen,  
But a lovely friend in flower's disguise!

When appeared, it ruled the garden,  
The garden that has lacked greenery,  
Bare brown trees no rainbow colors,  
Friendship can change even this scenery.

Friends blossom all round the year,  
Can withstand in the heat strokes,  
Appear with showers of the rains  
Laughter on pokes and their jokes,

All friends are dear and always near,  
But one sprung in the autumn season,  
Sure, is a nature's wonderful boon,  
For bringing smiles a smiling reason.

I might not see, might not survive,  
But now hopeful, I shall be here,  
At least until next colorful show,  
When flowers' rainbow will be there,

Thanks to my dear autumn flower,  
Giving me courage for winter to come,  
May be cold breeze or the snow fall,  
I will overcome like a healthy handsome.

Listen to the music of all my friends,  
But the autumn wind's friendly blow!  
Now need more the colors and aroma,  
To survive at least until flowers show.

Happy birthday to the autumn flower,  
Live happy, live long, thousand springs!  
I heard it in the calls of mosques,

Listen to it, when the church bell rings.

Akhtar Jawad

# Happy I Go Unhappy I Go

I don't know my friends where I go,  
Leaving pieces of my heart somewhere I go,  
Happy I go, Unhappy I go,  
I wish handsome and pretty I go,  
I go anyway to the Milky Way,  
I don't know where it carries the clay,  
Unhappy with myself and happy with you,  
Thanks for the time that was pretty with you,  
You can excise my luggage, I have stolen something,  
Nothing else I stole just only one thing,  
It's drug of your love I stole my friends,  
That's all my luggage as a whole my friends,  
My dear friends, yes I am an addict  
I need your heart can't live without it,  
And the theft of your heart, may I explain?  
But please allow me to keep and sustain,  
I needed a heart, as I was heartless,  
While stealing your heart I was merciless,  
With your heart I shall live and I shall fly,  
To a fairy's land in the blue sky!

Into hundreds of pieces I cut my heart,  
I found the blood of hate sweetheart,  
Washed the pieces with tears so hot,  
Removed the stains in a truly big pot,  
Colorless, odorless, I made it clean,  
Bold and fearless when I found the lean,  
All over the world, dispatched to my friends,  
After a fatigue of bends and mends,  
Those accepted it in a too far land,  
Put it on the palm of the lovely left hand,  
Smiled and touched with their loving right palms,  
I can feel the touch of the friendly arms,  
They were amazed to see, it turned colorful,  
The piece so ugly was now beautiful,  
It was color of friendship a rainbow refracted,  
And a fragrance they felt, it was love reflected.  
As a newly come out of an egg it was kissed,  
I can't describe how much I was blisssed.

But I was now heartless and I needed a heart,  
How a heart is stolen I know the art.

But I confess my friends I am a criminal dove,  
I am a drug smuggler, the drug of your love,  
I have hidden it at place you cannot see,  
Please don't excise, I shall carry it with me,  
To the fairy's land, I hope and expect,  
A humble request with a due respect,  
To the fairy's land, I hope and wish,  
A silver mermaid or a golden fish,  
A handsome return, I shall get for it,  
Please let me carry it for a great benefit!

Akhtar Jawad

# Happy New Year

Years come and go  
and so,  
are we!  
Leaving behind  
a few foot prints,  
time never stops,  
I am reviewing,  
foot prints of the preceding years,  
and I have decided,  
to follow  
that foot prints of the current year,  
in the year proceeding,  
that lead to  
love,  
friendship,  
coexistence,  
and,  
peace.  
I know during my journey to a dream island,  
I shall have a few friends only,  
so what?  
Even a single nice companion,  
a hand in my hand,  
two eyes in my eyes,  
and the hearts exchanged,  
will make my journey a pleasant one.  
I shall ask my friend to sit beneath,  
A tall and large and dense love tree,  
and write a poem on the journey of love.  
Meanwhile I shall survey the green island,  
I shall search for some delicious fruits,  
for my friend,  
I know I may fail to find many fruits,  
so what,  
I know I shall find at least one,  
The fruit forbidden,  
but lovely and sweet,  
my friend will write a poem on sand,  
with a pen made of a branch of olive,

a long poem describing the sun,  
from dawn to dusk,  
and when my friend,  
will be sleeping and dreaming,  
I shall lift that pen and start completing  
that poem of the journey,  
how among the shining stars,  
moon traveled from dusk to dawn.  
I hope the first ray of sun of a happy new year,  
will call the clouds to blur the sunlight,  
will call the winds to knit a blanket of sand,  
and cover the friends,  
sleeping on island of love,  
with arms in the arms,  
and lips on the lips,  
with the kissing eyelids  
pregnant of the dreams  
dreams of  
love,  
friendship,  
coexistence,  
and,  
peace.

When we shall rise  
We'll be amazed to see,  
we are hidden in a blanket  
and the blanket is made  
of the fine silken threads  
of the words and lines  
of the poem of love,  
we jointly wrote.

(HAPPY NEW YEARS' WISHES TO ALL MY FRIENDS)

Akhtar Jawad

# Happy World Sleep Day

Happy World Sleep Day to all my friends,  
specially to the older ones who pass their day in snoozing,  
and during the sound sleep at night,  
break the grills of their old age,  
come out from the cage,  
sit and sing on the flowery trees,  
look at the blue sky,  
and fly,  
with the clouds,  
and when clouds start down pouring pearls,  
they add the shine of their smiles in the down pours.  
Wish a sound sleep to all such friends,  
Sleep soundly, nurture life.

Happy World Sleep Day to all my friends,  
specially to the older ones who still dream,  
they are a prince flying on an unicorn,  
or a fairy having golden wings to fly,  
and looking for an island where there is love for them,  
where there is a hut for them,  
beneath dense trees of yellowish white jasmines,  
surrounded by roses of various colors,  
with windows covered with creepers of white flowers,  
doors guarded by the queen of night,  
where they don't think they are no more needed now.

Akhtar Jawad

# Har Mausam Hay Peyar Ka Mausam

Har mausam hay peyar ka mausam to aao na hum peyar karein,  
Main band kamre mein leti hoon bahar to loo aur garmi hay,  
Na jane kahan tum phirte ho aa jao yeh kamra thanda hay,  
Dopahar bhi hay sannata bhi aur chai hui khamoshi hay.

Wuh dekho badal jhoom ke aaye thandi hawaen chalne lageen,  
Aao hum chat pe nahate hayn yeh barish bhi zor ki hoti hay,  
Na jane kahan tum baithe ho kis soch mein gumsum rahte ho,  
Yeh barkha rut na kho jaey sun to lo keya kahti hay.

Balon mein chandi chamakne lagee aur patte peir se girne lage,  
Aankhon mein abhi tak kajal hay haton pe abhi tak mehndi hay,  
Aao to sahi phir dekho ge keya kehti hoon keya karti hoon,  
Yeh dil to aaj bhi zindah hay aur peyas abhi tak lagti hay.

Main kanp rahi hoon thandak se tum aa ke chupa lo bahon mein,  
Main band kamre mein leti hoon bahar to bahut hi sardi hay,  
Keyun roothe ho is mausam mein aa jao mana loon gi tumko,  
Is neend ka koi bharosa nahin yeh chupke se aa sakti hay.

Wuh dekho kaliyan chatakhne lageen baghon mein panchi chahakne lage,  
Is rang-o-boo ke toofan mein ithla ke hawa bhi chalti hay,  
Tum aae to ithla ke uthi phir phool bani aur main mehki,  
Main kamre se bahar aa hi gayee yeh kaisi chai masti hay,

Sandes neya lekar aai jab tum aae to bahar aai,  
Lo main phir se zinda hui ang ang mein dauri masti hay,  
Balon mein khizab lagakar main mazi mein phir laut aayee hoon,  
Dekho to zara is aurat ko is umr mein kaisi behki hay!

Akhtar Jawad

# Has The Man Born

Has the man born,  
but I don't see,  
either I see Gods,  
or Satan like me,  
tears on humiliation of humanity,  
smiles on claims of being a human,  
silence of midnight is broken,  
someone mad in love asks  
has the man born?  
And his replies to himself!  
Old sterile woman,  
blind, deaf and dumb,  
how can she reply,  
how crazy I was,  
to love,  
and to love such a woman,  
whose existence,  
not much better than non existence!

Akhtar Jawad

# Hate (Being Inspired By &quot;Love&quot; A Poem By Is It Poetry)

Hate, what is hate?  
a deceived heart still in love,  
sending a false signal through the nerves.  
&quot;I hate him.&quot;  
This time being deceived by himself!  
A hairline still exists on the cracked heart  
though injuries healed up long ago.

Akhtar Jawad

# Hay To Koi ?? ?? ????

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Aesey hi lekin kabhi kabhi mera dil kuch mangne lagta hay  
Dil bhi kitna pagal hay keya keya chahne lagta hay  
MaiN apne dil pr hansta hooN aor dil hansne pr rota hay  
Hanste rotey rotey hanstey dil dil meN jhankne lagta hay  
Andr keya hay wahshat hay ya yeh kisi ki muhabbat hay  
Tang aakar yeh pagla dil baahar jhankne lagta hay  
Andr keya hay andhera hay khamoshi hay sannata hay  
Baahar peyar se jisko dekhooN gane nachne lagta hay  
Andr keya hay jmood hay Chaya rooh lrzti rahti hay  
Bahar dhoop ki grmi hay jo tan bhi tapney lagta hay  
Insan ke seene meN yeh dil kitna bebs kitna beks  
Khof ki mari dunya meN thr thr kanpne lagta hay  
Is dunya se door kahiN keya jane kahaN hay to koi  
Yaro hm to sone chale koi lekin jagne lagta hay  
Phir aaj nsheley khoaboN meN awaz kisi ki maiN sun looN  
Kon mere andr baitha aek raag alapne lagta hay  
Is raag ko sun kr lgta hay koi mujhse muhabbat karta hay  
maiN usko mangne lagta hooN wuh mujhko mangne lagta hay



# Hayley Okines,136 Years Old Teenager Dies

When a child is born with a rare disorder,  
That can't be cured and is carried till death,  
My Lord! I raise my eyes to your high skies,  
Why you spring such a painful flower?

Every ethics has a funny reply,  
I smile; yes I just smile, as these replies,  
Are merely to defend their chosen belief,  
I see a blank blue board, how high I fly!

The teen aged girl, a patient of Progeria,  
She was seventeen, the sweet seventeen,  
When she died she looked as a too old lady,  
Are such children, a nature's Hysteria?

Who can reply the hysterical misdeeds?  
Hayley Okines is a question mark,  
Is living matter just an accident?  
No, says the heart, but it bleeds!

Hayley Okines, I am restless,  
May your soul rest in peace!  
Hope we shall meet one day,  
And see you as a beautiful piece!

(Hayley Leanne Okines (3 December 1997 – 2 April 2015) was an English girl with the extremely rare aging disease known as progeria. She was known for spreading awareness of the condition. Although the average life expectancy for sufferers is 13 years, Hayley was part of a drug trial that had seen her surpass the doctors' predictions of her projected lifespan. However, she died on 2 April 2015 at the age of 17 due to complications with pneumonia,4 years beyond the doctors' initial predictions and after attending a full scholastic year in college. Diagnosed in 1999, at 2 years old, Okines was born with progeria, a genetic disease that causes her to age eight times faster than the average person. This put her projected lifespan at thirteen years.[6] She frequently travelled to Boston to receive new treatments in the United States. In 2012, an autobiography of Hayley Okines was published titled *Old Before My Time*. The book was co-authored by Hayley Okines, her mother Kerry Okines, and contributor Alison Stokes.

Hayley was living in Bexhill-on-Sea, East Sussex, with her mother Kerry, her father Mark, and younger siblings Louis and Ruby (neither of whom has progeria) . She was attending Bexhill College.)

Thanks to BBC Urdu First Page and to Wikipaedia.

Akhtar Jawad

# He And She

They meet twice a day,  
And I see the aurora of the lovers,  
In a blue back ground,  
She sleeps whole day and awakes with the dusk,  
He having waited for her in the bright sun shines,  
Finds his sweats are dried with the wind,  
That rises from the seas and kisses the lands,  
He is relieved of the pain of waiting a beloved,  
Leaves her with her friends, the moon and moonlight,  
With the heavy eye lids looks at her,  
And climbs with a smile on the Milky Ways,  
With dreams of beauty in his thirsty arms,  
I see the nature as a loving masculine.

They meet twice a day,  
And I see the aurora of the lovers,  
In a blue back ground,  
He sleeps whole night and awakes with the dawn,  
She having waited for him in the cool moon shines,  
Finds her beats went all in vain,  
Beats of her hearts with the music of love,  
Leaves him with his friends, the sun and sunlight,  
With the heavy eyelids looks at him,  
Dives in the ocean of mermaids and dolphins,  
With the dreams of love in her thirsty arms,  
I see the nature as a loving feminine.

But the twinkling stars and colorful flowers,  
Tell a love story when their parents had met,  
And loved each other but when and where,  
Was there a dusk when moon was delayed?  
Was there a dawn when sun was delayed?  
Bring your ears a little close to my lips,  
What if my lips touch the pinkish cheek?  
Both are thieves and they knew the art,  
How to steal a moment of love,  
From the iron safe of the cruel time!  
And me! You are familiar with my so many thefts,  
Let my lips steal on a valentine day.

Akhtar Jawad

# He Is The Same Man Who Lived In A Cave

The universe is designed to be ruled by power,  
Here might is right and mighty is the ruler,  
The weak has to pass his life as a slave,  
How nice he may be how worthy and brave,  
The weapons outclass his morale and braveness,  
The cowards invented to feed their madness,  
To exploit the resources of weak petty people,  
How badly they are treated being weak and feeble,  
Not only men but animals and trees and all the earth,  
Have lost their grander have lost their worth,  
Men are treated like insects and reptiles,  
Palaces have blood in their beauty of tiles,  
But the merciless time ne'er spares anyone,  
The weak stands and the done is undone,  
Thousand years it may take but they become wild animals,  
The descendants pay back the snatches of criminals  
The history has preserved all crimes of the might,  
For the time being their might was right,  
And the violent adventures are now facing the revenge,  
Descendents of victims are pleased with avenge.

Man will never improve his behave,  
He is the same man who lived in a cave.  
Why the poet is aggrieved his end is near?  
Just for descendents of my children my dear!

Akhtar Jawad

# He Still Peeps

I closed the door of my heart,  
for a friend I was unhappy with,  
I closed the windows as well,  
but I could not close the cracks of its bleeding walls,  
I get only a glimpse of his tearful eyes,  
but he sees me,  
when in cold winter of loneliness,  
the dry cracks are painful,  
his tears make the cracks humid  
and as long as he peeps from the cracks,  
I am relieved of the deadly pain.

Akhtar Jawad

# Heart Is Not An Onion

Peeling away the layers of an onion,  
that have been for years a companion,  
avoid, in it are the frozen tears!

Past was a lovely and pleasing smile,  
present is teasing and too fragile,  
future doubtful, has so many fears!

Let the layers do their job and hide,  
no core, just a sleeping dormant tide,  
layers are keeping portraits of dears!

Heart is heart don't treat it as onions,  
deposits are memoirs of friendly unions,  
let the heart beat with all its gears!

(Source of Inspiration: -  
Micropoem. - Poem by Marie Shine  
Like an onion  
a heart has many layers  
Only love can peel them away  
to reveal the core)

Akhtar Jawad

# Heavenly Drink

The drink was sweet that fermented within myself,  
most of the time was passed in sleeping and dreaming its source.  
I had nothing to do,  
two kind hands did everything for me,  
two loving lips kissed my forehead,  
my palm and my cheeks,  
though I was no more than an animal  
as I recognized her with her pleasant smell,  
but when awoken I saw so many many faces.  
An old face with cheeks depressing inside no teeth at all,  
though I disliked it  
but I liked its smell as it was a little similar to my favorite smell.  
A beautiful innocent face with soft but weak hands  
always trying to pick me up in her arms  
and sometimes when I fell down  
calling that lovely face for help,  
and all my pains were changed in pleasure  
as I was provided untimely with the same sweet drink.  
Gradually I learned the first lesson of strange human desires,  
and I wished the soft and weak hands should pick me up frequently,  
I may fall again and again  
and get untimely drink more frequently.  
And when that kind and loving face kissed that friendly face,  
I disliked that innocent face as it was kissed by my favorite lips,  
In fact I became jealous of it.  
But I could not be be socialized until a smiling face  
sometimes came in between me and the lady with sweet drinks.  
That was the face that became my my loving patron in the future,  
as it brought many tins of soft drinks for me,  
so many amazing and entertaining toys,  
without that face life would have been a curse for me,  
but the fact remains it was the first face I hated!

Akhtar Jawad

# Helpless

Suddenly I came to know  
my internet connection is unsecured  
I can't log in to Face Book  
and so many other websites.  
I don't know who is responsible for it?  
Even at I can only read  
and I can't write even comments on the poems I read.  
Thanks God, I was allowed to log in.  
But when I repeated the exercixe to log in to the Face Book.  
It did not work.  
I don't know how long I 'll be tolerated at PH.  
My Dear Friends!  
If Akhtar Jawad disappears from the websites,  
don't be surprised.  
Just pray for me,  
and share this poem  
or whatever it is  
at Face Book,  
so that my friends should remain informed  
that windows are being closed,  
I can not see beautiful faces of my friends  
I don't know why it happened with me  
but a few days ago I submitted a poem at PH  
and shared it with the Face Book.  
Poem's title is  
How Easy Is It To Kill.

Akhtar Jawad

# Helpless And Helpful

Having found myself so insignificant  
in the hands of time endless  
and the space infinite  
I concluded that I am helpless!  
Neither my father nor my mother,  
neither my brother nor my sister,  
neither my friends nor my beloved,  
not even my great teacher!  
Nobody can help me.  
I am an optimist and I hoped  
there is someone who can help me,  
but who is that someone?  
Since then I am trying to define the helpful  
failing again and again  
I once again became helpless.  
The only definition that brought peace to me  
is that he is one who cannot be defined,  
but he exists.  
Since that day the he became He for me.  
For me he is helpless and He is helpful.

Akhtar Jawad

# Helpless Trees

Can save me from heat and chill  
But I can't save me from twibill  
If I get a hand with will  
Will be a human I shall kill.

Akhtar Jawad

## Her Qaum Rast Rahe With English Translation

Mashriq mein bhi Khuda hay,  
Maghrib mein bhi khuda hay,  
Kaise sanbhaloon dil ko,  
Makkah ko chal pada hay,  
Manoos rasta hay,  
Sahra ki yeh hawa hay,  
Main dil se hoon mukhatib,  
Dil mujhse kah raha hay,  
Zara dekh mere ander,  
Tera yar hans raha hay,  
Jise dhoondhne chala hay,  
Wuhi tera humsafar hay,  
Sattar baras ke bache,  
Tu abhi wuhin khada hay,  
Maine dil se kah diya hay,  
Yeh safar hay ek bahana,  
Maine usko dekhna hay,  
Jo habib hay khuda ka,  
Tu hi kah karoon bhi keya main,  
Yeh majaz hay jo rusta,  
Main isi pe chal pada hoon,  
Mujhe bhi khabar hay ay dil,  
Main jahan kahin khda hoon,  
Mera yar hay wuhin per,  
Main to ustaraf rawan hoon,  
Jahan ishq dhal geya hay,  
Wuhi roza aur wuh masjid,  
Maine pehle bhi hayn dekhi,  
Meri peyas bujh na pai,  
Mujhe jam phir hay peena,  
Mujhe chedta hay keyun tu,  
Main Medina ja raha hoon!  
Main ghuma chukka hoon chehra,  
Kisi kajkulah ki janib,  
Mujhe bhi khabar hay ay dil,  
Mera yar her jagah hay!  
'Her qaum rast rahe, dine va qibla gahe,  
Man Qibla rast Karden, bar taraf kaj Kulahe.'

## Translation

He is in the east,  
He is in the west,  
How can I control my heart,  
It's proceeding to Makkah,  
The way is not strange,  
It's the same breeze of desert,  
I am talking to my heart,  
My heart is talking to me,  
Why don't you look into me?  
The beloved you are searching for,  
Is smiling in me,  
He is your companion in the journey,  
You seventy years old child,  
You are still standing at the same point,  
I told my heart,  
This journey is just an excuse,  
I want to see,  
The beloved of beloved,  
I am helpless,  
This virtuosity is the path of reality,  
I have no alternate but to move on this path,  
That casts truth in a solid love,  
The tomb and mosque of the Holy Prophet!  
I have seen many times,  
But I am still thirsty,  
Let me drink more,  
Why are you teasing me, Oh Heart!  
I am going to Medina!  
I have finally turned my face,  
To one with an inclined cap,  
I know it Oh Heart!  
My beloved is everywhere!

('Her qaum rast rahe, dine va qibla gahe,  
Mun Qibla rast Karden, bar taraf kaj Kulahe.'

(Everyone is right in his religion and vision  
I have turned my face to one whose cap is inclined)

The first line is from Khawaj Nizamuddin Aulia and the second line was added by  
Hazrat Amir Khusro.

After morning prayers Khawaja Nizamuddin with Amir Khusro was walking on the bank of Jumna at Delhi. He saw a Hindu Brahmin, taking bath in the cold water of Jumna. It was a freezing morning of winter. Khawaja Nizamuddin twitted the first line, . Amir Khusro asked what did he mean, was that Brahmin also right? Khawaja Nizamuddin replied, yes, he was also right. After that Amir Khusro added the second line.)

Akhtar Jawad

## Her Sixth Sense

You were a pink rose when you were born,  
she painted a fairy with a bouquet of pink roses,  
but when she smelled a pink rose she cried,  
her painting lacked sweet fragrance of a rose  
and when the winds waived a branch with the roses,  
she cried again, her painting lacked the music  
that was created by touch of the naughty winds  
a kiss that wasn't seen still its sound was heard.  
She decided not to paint anymore  
as her painting was far from the realities of life.  
But then her sixth sense inspired her for another painting  
and she painted a dead body  
badly damaged in an attack of a suicidal bomber,  
a religious extremist, an ugly terrorist.  
She never knew that she was herself a model of the painting,  
the beautiful child was killed in a blast by a terrorist.  
Alas! She couldn't smile with joy on the reality of her second painting.  
Alas! She could have become a lovely artist!

Akhtar Jawad

# Here Bloom The Flowers

Every day I see the golden rays  
titillating the partly open dreaming eyes.  
The virgins open a little,  
show a glimpse of their colors,  
keeping fragrance intact,  
with a mild inviting smile  
go back in the land of dreams.  
But the sun with his infinite naughty hands  
slowly and silently slips down.  
Removes their green night gown  
so slowly that the buds are not disturbed,  
but their dreams are now changed.  
They had been playing with the pleasant moonlight  
entering in their whole  
and giving silky gentle touches.  
So shy were these buds that the friendly clouds  
arrested the moon and put him in a lockup.  
But the moon has millions of friends  
the twinkling protesters can shake anything  
the army of clouds got the moon free.  
But who can stop the sun?  
The dawn comes at last,  
the night of romantic dreams comes to an end.  
Here starts the day of life.  
You'll have to spring in a flower.  
You'll have to expose your colors.  
You'll have to spray your scent in the garden.  
The beauty must spread all over the earth.  
Honey bees and butterflies  
all enchanted in love,  
are waiting for you in the dress of petals.  
And lo!  
Here bloom the flowers  
with colors and scents of love.

Akhtar Jawad

# Here Comes The Night

The day ends and collecting scattered sunlight,  
Colors smile, on guitar of air fragrances dance  
Whispers of love I listen to in a red rose light  
Parting day kisses evening for a night romance.  
I see a lonely star and it's not yet bright  
Looks like a teen aged gal, at a glance  
Let me see the hidden moon with its moonlight  
Will you come at the doors give me a chance  
To see, where you hide stars and the night  
In your springy steps may I see your prance  
There goes the day here comes the night  
Expose all you have, put me into a trance.

Akhtar Jawad

# Here He Lies Who Was A Man

Can I write something for my grave?  
I'm neither a coward nor too brave,  
I'm neither too good nor too bad,  
Sometimes gloomy sometimes glad,  
Casually I lie but mostly truthful,  
Deceived only me that I'm youthful,  
May be a sinner but not a beast,  
Naughty one, but a lover at least,  
Engrave my children if you can,  
Here he lies who was a man.

Being INSPIRED BY

(Robert Louis Stevenson: 'Here he lies where he longed to be'  
Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me;  
'Here he lies where he longed to be,  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.')

Akhtar Jawad

# Here Is A Woman Deceived In Love

The toy is now broken,  
And you have come once again,  
For a new play,  
But I love you,  
Let me try to join the pieces of toy,  
Your joy is my joy,  
I know you will play with the mended toy,  
You will break it once again,  
You will leave it alone,  
But the toy is helpless,  
Who will accept a broken toy?  
If anyone else accepts the toy,  
He will also play and leave it alone,  
It's the fate of a toy,  
And if it's so I welcome you,  
Come and play,  
But this time break it in uncountable pieces,  
And leave it to sleep very deep in the clay,  
I have already written a verse for the grave,  
Here is a woman deceived in love!

Akhtar Jawad

# Hidden Beauty

The Hidden Beauty

Whenever I go to a beautiful place,  
I look for something I am missing,  
Whenever I look at something beautiful  
I miss my eyes as to what these are kissing

Whenever I listen to a pleasing voice  
I search who is so nicely speaking  
Where the melody of words is touching  
And from where the honey is leaking

I went to a shy bud and asked her to guide  
The bud smiled and opened as a rose  
I saw, I listened to, I smelled, and I touched  
Snapped the rose in a pinkish pose,

I don't find anything other than Him,  
He is so bright and yet so dim.

Akhtar Jawad

# Hidden Breasts

Why do you fight for the resources?  
Though I am old and weak still I can feed  
My children black, yellow, brown or white  
Explore a hidden breast, that's all you need.

In the depths of a desert I have oil  
In the barren mountains I have minerals  
Below frozen hard tops there's a soft soil  
Even in the oceans I have pearls and cereals.

Akhtar Jawad

# Hidden In Ashes

You ignored me many times,  
As if,  
I am a stranger to you,  
When you look at me,  
In the crowds of a gathering,  
You don't smile,  
And you prefer to sit at,  
A place,  
Quiet far from me,  
When I talk to you,  
You utter,  
Just two or three words,  
When you see me on a road,  
You don't wave your hands,  
When we discuss politics,  
You don't oppose me,  
Your silence is painful,  
But I take it as a color,  
Of the lovely rainbow,  
That is beauty of friendship.

I am not annoyed,  
My friend,  
I know there is something,  
In me, yes in me,  
That has annoyed you,  
But that something,  
Is annoying me,  
I'll not ask you,  
I know the art,  
Of studying myself,  
My conscience,  
Is self-accountable,  
I am a human being,  
What so if I commit,  
Something wrong,  
I am not aware with.

But I assure you dear,

A day will come,  
When my conscience will send,  
A message to me,  
Being aware of my guilt,  
I shall mend it at once,  
And I'll come to you,  
And embrace you dear,  
And your lovely smile,  
Will blossom the flowers,  
Of a dormant friendship,  
Buried alive in ashes,  
Still hot with passion,  
The twinkling sparks,  
Like hidden stars,  
In the thick dense clouds,  
Facing suffocation,  
Still alive!

Akhtar Jawad

# Hidden In Me (A Comment On Butterfly - Poem By Yoonoos Peerbocus)

Clouds that steal colors of love from the seas,  
Lightning, thundering; aggressive and passionate,  
Lose all they have in ecstasy of love,  
Who writes such a romantic fate?

Just for droplets to act as the diverging prisms  
To make a selfie, a nude of bows and arrows,  
Are you just a watcher of life's live porn?  
I doubt! Hidden in me you enjoy rainbows.

When the rainbows disappear you turn your eyes  
When the clouds are gone you spring as flowers  
O you the ancient sweetheart! You become butterflies  
Colors kiss the colors in aromatic showers.

Why to blame the earth for relaying the porn,  
O you the ancient beauty! It's your naughty telecast  
Not only humans, birds and beasts, plants and trees,  
All are outputs of you in love and a lovely blast!

Akhtar Jawad

# Hidden Meaning Of My Poem Hum Kachi Umr Men Pakne Lage.

Why I started thinking you, my immature thoughts were beautiful  
though a little matured now but more confused about you,  
thinking in love and believing you are only for me,  
I now hate my dear friends who also love you in their own way.  
When I left all others I am lonely and isolated.  
If you were perfect why you reflected yourself in the nature?  
Why do you appear in the veils of colors and fragrance?  
Why do you appear as the moon and the stars?  
When the oceans kissed me you became a cloud!  
Like a kite when I followed the clouds you came to me as downpours.  
I changed myself in a river, could you swim in my currents!  
When dissolved in you and entered the soil you sprung as flowers.  
My seven tunes! Thanks for modifying it in a rainbow!  
Well, now you can see me in the fields  
as crops for all humans,  
animals,  
insects,  
and the birds.  
Instead of loving you I now love life.

Akhtar Jawad

# Hilary Playing A Contract Of Six Hearts

Like Sir Edmond Hillary climbing slowly  
along with the great Tenzing Norgay,  
and who's this mighty Tenzing Norgay?  
I saw him through a big telescope,  
O My God!  
He is made of millions of men and women!  
They are singing an epic wrote by Abraham Lincoln,  
but they don't have any weapons in their hands,  
and what they are singing?

We are not climbing for a war,  
we're marching and climbing to play  
the catching cards game of bridge,  
with rivals, let the ace of trump stay,  
our contract is only six hearts,  
we shall play, we shall play and play.  
Let the rivals win a trick and go home,  
we shall win all the remaining twelve tricks.  
you'll see how he is defeated and injured,  
and with his bitter tongue the ace he licks?  
Clubs and spades, hearts and diamonds,  
Equality, tolerance, weapons of love,  
I'm sure she'll play a nice contract,  
No extremism, realities and peace- dove.

Go on licking trump card of the ace,  
the injuries given by hearts and diamonds  
and mighty support of the black cards,  
clubs, spades, for Hillary her friends!

Akhtar Jawad

# His Story

His story when narrated by crawling cockroaches  
The moody king enjoyed their funny approaches  
Lost a game of golf  
When his mood was off  
He hit the ball on his coach's crotches.

Akhtar Jawad

# Holy Mother Marry Is The Primal Evidence

Yes, one is a master of cloning,  
can fertilize the sperms in a test tube,  
still how helpless!  
may not need a father,  
but one that has no substitute,  
is the womb of a mother,  
all mothers are in fact evidences of God,  
but the Holy Mother Marry,  
is the primal evidence,  
of a primal existence.  
Thank you, Holy Mother,  
You are a true singular!

Akhtar Jawad

## Home Alone, Prose Not A Poem

Carbon Monoxide a colorless odorless gas,  
A compound of carbon due to inadequate supply of Oxygen,  
It is highly combustible and one of the two of the water gas,  
The other is Hydrogen also combustible.

It's homes are water underground tanks,  
Wells and man holes,  
And even our bed room with closed windows and doors,  
The Split Air conditioner cools and circulates imprisoned air of the room,  
Gradually Oxygen is decreased and Carbon Dioxide is increased,  
But distributors say, not a luxury at all.

And in such an environment if anything is continuously heated,  
Due to scarcity of Oxygen, Carbon Monoxide is produced,  
Being colorless and odorless, not felt at all,  
It destroys hemoglobin.

Hemoglobin a gauge of your health,  
That absorbs Oxygen and carries it to heart,  
A survey shows it is low in middle class,  
Middle class that makes the trends and brings revolutions!

Akhtar Jawad

# Home Sweet Home

My home sweet home!  
You are better than Venice,  
You are better than Rome,

Your streets with crimes,  
Explosions and killings,  
You have lovely rimes.

I know the dwellers,  
I can talk anyone,  
Don't find the strangers.

Whereat I can walk,  
In the powerless nights,  
And complete dark.

Where dogs on way,  
Don't bark at me,  
Fearless of bites and betray.

I know your demerits,  
I am used to with it,  
And love your merits.

Whereat I can drive my old lovely bike,  
And can go to a place of my choice and like.  
Everything is familiar and nothing is new,  
May be it a fog or it may be dew.  
They all know me and I know them all,  
At home, I know what to do if I fall.  
Nice may be Venice and lovely may be Rome,  
I want to go back to my home, sweet home.

(This poem is written at Riyadh, Saudi Arabia)

Akhtar Jawad

# Home, Sweet Home

Alas! They flew away!  
An immigrant they became,  
they were born in a cage,  
and passing a happy life in it,  
sometimes strife that ended in love.  
Four utensils of clay,  
the largest one their bed room,  
where they laid eggs,  
and incubated in turns,  
the smaller one to sleep separately  
during the strife,  
another for grains,  
they ate together,  
and the fourth one a lake for them,  
for drinking and dancing,  
loving and romancing  
two rings for sitting  
separately during the strife,  
but mostly I saw them,  
on the same ring,  
kissing each other with the hard nibs,  
I wished they would have been blessed,  
with soft lips like us,  
and a free life,  
flying with the clouds,  
chasing each other,  
on the green branches of trees,  
among the colorful fragrant flowers,  
eating semi ripen fruits  
and drinking water collected  
in depressions of the earth,  
making love while flying in the air.  
I never knew  
those who are born in a cage  
don't know the art of flying.  
The birds were handed over to me  
for only a few months  
by a friend  
who was proceeding abroad

I was requested to take care of the birds,  
my friend a master having knowledge  
never knew I shall prove myself  
an ignorant friend for the beautiful birds,  
colorful, green and yellow,  
two small parrots,  
the female was mostly green  
and the male was mostly yellow.  
And when I opened the door of the cage,  
they didn't come out,  
I left them alone and started peeping  
from the windows of my room,  
the female was incubating her eggs,  
the male came out after sometimes  
and started jumping like a frog,  
sometimes on the roof of the cage  
sometimes on the greaser  
sometimes on the top of the door  
and the female just watching her spouse.  
Next day I saw the female  
repeating the same exercises.  
Days passed and I saw  
two young ones In the cage  
and when these young ones  
started taking their food themselves,  
the couple disappeared.  
Next day I saw tiny bones,  
green and yellow feathers of the immigrants!  
Roof of my house is ruled by the vagabond cats.  
I rushed to the ground floor,  
the young ones were in the cage,  
they should remain in their home,  
sweet home where they were born,  
I closed the doors of the cage.

Akhtar Jawad

# Honeysuckles

In between you and me there is a thick and high wall  
We cannot break this wall, we shall only break our bones,  
It's too high and I found its roots are too deep  
This wall is made of unbreakable very hard stones.  
It's between you and me restricting us to only talk  
I am making a green pavement where I can walk.

I never saw you and you never saw me still I feel  
On the other side of wall there is a beautiful face  
I assure you I may not be handsome but not ugly too  
My poems have grace and your songs have glace  
But I think my poems and your songs lack fragrance  
This wall is dusty, needs our care and maintenance.

I am removing the dusty and thorny bushes from the wall  
While digging the earth I found its roots are too deep  
Soon you will feel fragrance of flowers having two shades  
Soon I shall plant honeysuckles that will quickly creep  
Feel fragrance of honeysuckle and wait for a few days  
Flowers will hang on your side in moon light and sun rays.

Can you instead of trying to break this wall  
Repeat the same exercise to form the rainbows?  
Leave it on winds when this wall is a little weaker  
I promise you I shall make in it a little windows.  
While enjoying a rainbow promise me a bliss  
Starring on each other you'll not mind if I kiss.

Love is a magic it's a gift of God can do anything  
Everything in this world is mortal but Love is immortal,  
It's aftereffect of the wars of hate that built this wall  
That demon of war expired but the dove is immortal.  
Again leave it on time when there may a day of door  
We might be dancing with honeysuckles on the floor.

During the dance if you feel pressure of my palms,  
You will kiss my bosom and just smile in my arms.



# Hope

She comes in the room through closed windows,  
A flying fairy from eternal meadows,  
From the milky way With crescent in eye brows.  
An athlete of nature who very well knows.  
Moves like a dancer and never disturbs,  
Whatever may be bricks whatever may be curbs.

She comes with the stars in my restless nights,  
She comes with the moon like a creeper of lights,  
My dark bed room then shines with brights,  
It waits all time for her rainbow sights.  
Flying like a bird and swimming like mermaid,  
A layer of joy in the room is laid.

When I'm sleepless when I increase my gloom  
Until I sleep she remains in the room,  
I go to the world of blessing and bloom,  
The youth comes back and I find me a groom, ,  
The cruel world when looks like a hell,  
I listen to this pleasing sound of the bell.

From my deep inside she peeps out like a pet,  
Through the windows of heart so red and wet,  
I want to die all are ugly I met,  
Animals are the men please call a vet,  
And me! See my charms I am your hope,  
Hold my hands and get up from the slope.

Akhtar Jawad

# Hope And Frustration ??? ??? ?????

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Asha aor Nirasha

Bheegi si ek sham hay aor dil udas hay  
Dil ko guman koi yahiN aas pas hay  
Ab keya bujhe gi aor badhegi yeh tishnagi  
Hona to kutch hay aaj agar itni peyas hay  
Yeh keya hua kh yas ka badla mizaj hay  
Jane kahN se dil ne chura li yeh aas hay  
Hum keya kareN jo yeh nahiN mane kisi ki bat  
Hum kayse man leN kh koi aor udas hay  
Din dhal geya hay koi nahiN aaye ga yehaN  
Ab dil bhi thoda thoda sa dikhta niras hay.

Hope and Frustration

A wet evening and my heart is sad  
Yet it's looking for someone here and there  
The thirst will not extinguish, rather increase  
I smell a tragedy with me, I'm too thirsty  
Who is changing the taste of my frustration  
From where my heart has stolen this hope  
I am helpless it doesn't listen to anyone  
How can I believe someone somewhere is also sad  
The day is over none will come to me  
I see now my heart too is a little frustrated.

Akhtar Jawad

# Hope You Shall Wait For Me

You please wait,  
I am just coming  
let me collect a few sun rays  
let me steal smiles from the lips of an innocent child,  
looking for an aromatic forest  
for catching a few butterflies.  
If you could wait for me!  
I promise to come back.  
Meanwhile I shall catch a few glowworms.  
I go alone always,  
Do not be frightened if there comes the night  
I know the art of finding my way through the stars.  
I tell you,  
for the sake of dreams of the overfilled eyes,  
I have brought you, too, with me.  
Hope, you shall wait for me  
rest assure I shall come.  
I repeat my words,  
Will you please really wait for me?

Akhtar Jawad

# Hopeful For Another Dream

The same old dream of my youth age,  
I have forgotten it but it wasn't dead,  
it was stored in the unconscious cells,  
and today it was activated some how.  
It's me, it's you and it's a garden,  
walking in a pleasant evening,  
your hand in my hand,  
we aren't talking,  
we are thinking of the child  
still in his mother' womb.  
Dreaming the child may be healthy and cute!  
The refreshed dream has changed a little,  
it's me me, it's you and it's a garden,  
a child with one hand in your hand,  
and the other hand in my hand,  
who is this that created a distance  
between you and me,  
again I think it's a beautiful mighty link,  
assuring a lovely future,  
like an insurance policy.  
Now I know why the dormant dream,  
has been activated.  
The same old sweet child is in the labor room,  
and sitting on the chairs of a maternity clinic,  
we are not talking,  
we are just dreaming,  
to walk with our grandchild,  
with one of her hands in your hand,  
and the other in my hands.  
Distance between you and me will be increased  
but the link will be strengthened.  
Though I am not sure,  
but let me hope,  
this beautiful dream will be activated once again,  
after a couple of years,  
but who knows!

Akhtar Jawad

# Hopes For 2016

Where politicians are failed,  
humanity is derailed,  
innocent children  
and helpless women,  
are stranded in a closed lane,  
by the hate insane,  
where religious extremists  
and cruel nationalists  
are mad and insane,  
another year gone in vain,  
where helpless mothers  
avoided looking into their children's eyes,  
and raised their wet eyes to the skies  
for a savior from sky.

I don't deny,  
but nature is not much worried about us,  
not in hurry to reply,  
to the silent questions  
of the ailing humans  
and tearful cries.

The careless skies  
know only two arts  
create and destroy,  
who knows why the earth is ignored,  
probably it has no significance,  
who knows what's stored  
in the year that has born today,  
has it born with the same old horn,  
with an ugly face,  
without a grace!

Fed up of earth now seems nature,  
Is ahead of us a deadly future?  
Is it a global warming,  
or a nuclear war,  
a sudden war without an alarming,  
or a deadly sphere from the space,  
is going to hit the earth,  
who knows the future of humans  
who knows their fates,

but the eggs that nature incubates,  
may crack in the new year,  
that has born today,  
nature now looks frustrated,  
is our earth now out dated!  
Let us be a little optimistic,  
let us hope the best  
from the year that has come,  
can reply the silent questions?  
All I can say,  
promised lands are the greatest lies.  
Don't wait for a savior from skies,  
we shall welcome him when he comes,  
but I see the writers,  
and the poets,  
the singers of love,  
the painters of dove  
and all the fine artists,  
promoting with courage and confidence,  
a culture of love,  
peace and coexistence,  
they may give a call,  
they may break the wall,  
that has closed the lane,  
by the hate insane,  
they may open a highway,  
to a peaceful Milky Way,  
that leads to a place,  
of a shining grace,  
and the silent question,  
of the restless children,  
my be replied,  
may not be applied!  
Sweethearts!  
Ahead of you is a great future.  
You will survive on the mother earth,  
Every newly born is cute enough,  
being optimistic and hopeful,  
let us pray,  
the baby becomes a nice handsome.



# Hoping I Shall Be Proved Wrong By Someone

When I suffer from a disease  
and I am in pain  
I don't blame anyone else,  
I blame myself and my sins.  
When an innocent child suffers from a disease  
and he is in pain  
I don't know who I should blame.  
Should I blame the child and his sins?  
I shall not ask it from the nature,  
neither nature will listen to it  
nor it will reply to me.  
I shall ask it from myself  
and I shall reply it to me.  
Deaf and dumb and blind is the nature,  
it throws on the earth packs of life  
pleasure quoted painful packs!  
Without knowing what's inside the pack  
one is happy to catch a pack.  
How lucky were those who could not catch a pack,  
how unlucky is the one who caught a pack!  
I am not a pessimist and being an optimist  
I still pray for the ailing child  
Hoping I shall be proved wrong by someone.

Akhtar Jawad

# Hot Pearls Of My Eyes

You still sleep in the same bed room,  
the portrait of a newly married couple is still hanging on the wall,  
pleasant winds coming from the Arabian Sea still titillating,  
through the western window like a thief they come.  
Failed to steal what they wanted to,  
have now become violent,  
now they enter the room like a robber,  
and reach the deepest places of heart and soul,  
what for they come,  
what did they want to steal,  
the queen of night adjacent to the window,  
smiled and whispered,  
they want your precious loneliness,  
that inspires you to write the poems,  
the wind will give this inspiration to the moon,  
and the moon will write a lyric on the stars.  
The wind loves to sing it.  
And the stars love to listen to.  
When the summer clouds become too dense,  
and when the monsoon comes from the east,  
dancing like an untouched virgin,  
being ecstatic in love,  
the two clouds hug each other,  
and the pearls of rains fall on the thirsty earth,  
the queen of night gives birth to the fragrant white flowers,  
that has a magic to activate everything on the earth,  
even the coldest hearts are melted,  
that have been frozen by the cruel time,  
and when the frozen hearts melt,  
many new love stories start,  
you do not snooze  
sitting on a chair in your dining room,  
the romantic comedy forgotten by someone,  
that has so many melodious lyrics of love,  
is staged once again.  
Lo suddenly the naughty clouds came.  
Downpours on the queen of night  
blossomed white fragrant flowers.  
The snoozing poet felt a touch on his shoulders,

Perhaps it's she,  
perhaps she has taken out the frozen dishes from the deep freezer  
perhaps she has refreshed it in a microwave oven,  
perhaps she will dine with him once again,  
but then he awoke fully  
snoozing ceases,  
he couldn't see her.  
It was merely a half dream  
during a half sleep,  
How can this frozen woman be melted  
Alas! She is still frozen!  
The touch was a naughtiness of a hoping human heart!  
My painful loneliness you are so much precious,  
you have your own charms.  
He was dreaming to dine with her.  
to talk and discuss with her,  
what's missing in the life.  
Relations are like the delicious dishes frozen in a deep freezer  
and are required to be heated in the heart.  
But how to melt a frozen beloved,  
plucked the flowers,  
made a bouquet,  
put it in the empty flower pot.  
The wall clock struck twelve times,  
the time to pass the nights lonely has now come,  
and once it comes,  
it never goes back.  
The clock struck again and again,  
and now it struck five times,  
telling the times of dinners and suppers are over.  
Ahead is the loneliness only.  
And Oh! The loneliness of a grave!  
Just waiting for a call to get up,  
how long the loneliness will continue?  
Nobody knows.  
Listen to the call for the morning prayers,  
get rid of snoozing and waiting a frozen beloved,  
brush the teeth,  
boil water in a kettle,  
make a cup of tea,  
have some biscuits,  
that's the only way to bid farewell to a lonely night

and to welcome a day,  
to be followed by another lonely night,  
the brightest feature of such a night  
is a poem on loneliness,  
or on cruelty of time.

A rewarding output of loneliness!

Dear winds!

Though it's the only joy left in the life,  
still if you need it  
you can steal it.

I cannot carry the joy of writing poem in my grave,  
so let me clean my body and soul,  
let me bow my head before the eternal beloved  
and let me hope the beloved  
who was never frozen,  
and who will never be frozen,  
will be in my grave to dine with me  
the eternal breakfast,  
the lunch and the dinner.

Let the poem written in the ending lonely night  
be stolen.

I am sure if it has a pleasant fragrance  
the wind may spread it,  
otherwise,

I am now used to with the pains,  
so what if another pain!

Loneliness is the ultimate fate  
let me write another poem  
that I may carry with me  
in my lonely grave.

But being a human being

I am helpless

if it brings hot pearls in the sleepless eyes!

Akhtar Jawad

# Hot Roll

Go on pressing me as much as you can,  
you are decreasing my per unit volume,  
now I am dense enough,  
I have a definite weight,  
press me more,  
give me a definite shape,  
and will you please press me more?  
Make me a solid,  
increase my per unit weight,  
thanks.  
Now I am firmly standing on the earth!  
Don't commit a blunder,  
if you press me any more,  
I shall become a vast sheet,  
that will wrap all you have,  
you face, your body and your silky legs  
you will be turned in a Hot Roll,  
and I don't want to see you as a Hot Roll.  
I love you sweetheart!

(Message of someone too weak)

Akhtar Jawad

# How Can I Believe

It was a single breath,  
a singular heart beat,  
but many flowers say,  
fifty years have passed,  
How can I believe?

Right now I took her hands in my hands,  
and I kissed her in early springs,  
but the birds sing a golden song,  
How can I believe?

In the cold winter rains,  
we took shelter in a hut,  
but the clouds say we stayed there for half of a century,  
How can I believe?

It wasn't more than fifty seconds,  
all right, my be fifty minutes,  
the calender on the wall shows it's 2017,  
How can I believe?

The sun and the moon keeping silence just smile,  
The stars tell it's the last day of our teen age,  
but each day durated for thousand days,  
How can I believe?

The stock flowers, still fresh, still fragrant,  
are these flowers more than 18000 days old,  
these flowers say never mind they are liars,  
Thanks, you are truthful, in you I believe.

Akhtar Jawad

# How Can I Forget You

I can forget you, how did you say?  
My dear Eve I am Adam's clay,  
Listen to my eyes they are talking with you,  
See my legs they are walking with you,  
Look at the paintings my eyes reflect,  
Don't see the mirror as it may defect,  
See your arms I am chained in it,  
See my naught I'm trained in it,  
My face carries your colorful courtships,  
From hairs to eyes and eyes to lips,  
The melodies coming out of my Romeo's heart,  
Is a song for beauty in a fairy cart,  
The Juliet came again with golden wings,  
Like pleasant winds of sweet springs.  
A beauty like you I haven't yet seen,  
You took my heart like a bandit queen,  
Either left or right or to and fro,  
With you I stop with you I go,  
It's close to you without refrain,  
Cage are your eyes the prisoner will remain,  
Hypnotized, mesmerized and enchanted,  
A heart in love is no more oriented,  
Where else it can go what else it can see,  
Its roots are fixed it's your garden's tree,  
It cannot sing new song Juliet,  
Your arms are cute and strong Juliet,  
It calls you a dream; it calls you a sleep,  
It's drowned in an ocean, calm and deep,  
Listen to this heart in your house of dreams,  
Why don't have a bath in its hot streams,  
It says all its corners are perfumed by you,  
Whatever it had, been consumed by you,  
A flower of colors that shines in day lights,  
A fragrant flower that blossoms in the nights,  
Blossoms even autumn and fresh always,  
May be cold nights or hot summer days,  
Milky in color with the pinkish shades,  
No fading with time any dirt of decades,  
The poetic eyes look drunk all times,

Like two lines in harmony of rimes,  
How silky is your skin smooth and fragrant,  
Especially designed for my hands so tangent,  
The lips remind a soft pink rose,  
Let me have a snap please keep the pose,  
The soft white palm when red with alkanet,  
The long pointed fingers with a lovely garnet,  
The tired moonlight kisses your lips  
While she goes for day time dips,  
I see you in the light I see you in the dark,  
Don't you see their induced spark,  
Your long silky hairs gave a shed in sunlight,  
Your moon shying face in the dark so bright!

Services and loyalty care and sacrifice,  
How can I pay its Himalayan price!  
Your words are wrong and I regret you!  
How did you say I would forget you!  
I shall follow you sweet heart wherever you go.  
Death can't separate our love is so!

Akhtar Jawad

# How Charming Is She

How cute you are!  
And do you know?  
One day I was so!  
But then I lost  
to the cruel knowledge  
my ignorance,  
and my innocence!

How content you are!  
And do you know?  
One day I was so!  
But then I was deprived  
of breast feeding,  
and I had to digest,  
cooked solid foods!

How excited you are!  
And do you know?  
One day I was so!  
Playing with the winds,  
in bright sunny days,  
but then my flowers  
attracted butterflies!

How true you are!  
And do you know?  
One day I was so!  
telling harmless lies,  
about my flirts,  
with a sweet butterfly  
what a truly true lie!

How shining you are!  
And do you know?  
One day I was so!  
When my heart whispered,  
You are now in love,  
pearls in your eyes,  
and roses on your lips!

How happy you are!  
And do you know?  
One day I was so!  
Waiting for the day,  
to listen to her yes,  
and the day when your mother,  
said at last, &quot;I love you! &quot;

How lovely you are!  
And do you know?  
One day I was so!  
You the handsome growth,  
In nursery of my arms,  
I would like to see,  
How charming is she?

Akhtar Jawad

# How Easy Is It

The world is full of worries and pains,  
How difficult is it to remove sadness  
And here I have so many stains!  
How can I get rid of my madness?  
My thanks to those who ask for helps!  
Like Napoleon may I say there're no Alps?

The world is full of soothing showers,  
Let me enjoy like a child juvenile,  
How easy is it to collect the flowers!  
And here I have my lips to smile,  
Help someone make your day so bright,  
Make others happy have a gleeful night.

Akhtar Jawad

# How Easy Is It To Kill

How easy is it to kill anyone,  
in India blame him of cow slaughtering,  
in Pakistan blame him of blasphemy,  
in US blame him of using chemical weapons.  
Nobody cares if you confess at a later stage,  
that your blame was baseless!  
But whom should I kill?  
Unfortunately I do not hate any one so much,  
that I need to kill him!  
Fortunately I have so many friends  
with humanistic thoughts,  
a belief in an universal ethics,  
and you know it very well,  
love others and let others love you.  
So let me pray for all,  
specially for my lovely friends.  
Long live my friends,  
to spread this universal ethics!

Akhtar Jawad

## How Many Stops She Has

Men are born but women are evolved,  
See me I am almost the same as I was born,  
See a female infant,  
Eyesight never stops anywhere,  
Now see a woman but before that,  
You must have in your basket,  
Your breakfast, lunch and dinner,  
And a thermos flask of cold water,  
And another one of tea or coffee,  
Roasted cashew nuts may help a lot,  
Traveling from her lovely hairs to the beautiful feet,  
May take a day and a complete night,  
I could never count,  
How many stops are there in a woman!

Akhtar Jawad

# How Naughty I Am Born

"Is it the night that follows a day  
Or it's a day that follows a night  
Dear sun do you follow the moon  
Or moon is the mirror for your light."

"I love a naughty girl orbiting round me  
She is sexy beautiful and so much bold  
Oceans in her eyes, hills in her breasts  
Lava in her bosom, but a face so cold,

Dancing on its axis all day all night  
Teasing me always, I'm here or there  
I want to hug her kiss her and love,  
Could catch her one day somewhere!

Orbiting round me she's inclined always  
Absorbs my love according to her will  
Some parts of her body she keeps so cold  
Some she warms to remove the chill,

I am throwing warm light on all her parts  
Content by watching only her exciting porn  
Waiting for a day when this girl is excited  
I shall let her know how naughty I am born! "

Akhtar Jawad

# Hum Dono Muhabbat Karte Hayn (With Translation)

Jab log tumhare nam ke sath mere nam ko padhte hayn,  
Jane keya keya sochte hayn, Jane keya keya keya kahte hayn  
Jalne do inhein jalte hayn agar aag mein sab hi jalte hayn,  
Ek aag mein humbhi bhunte hayn, jalte aur pighalte hayn,  
Aur yeh jo jalne wale hayn, yeh to sirf ubalte hayn,  
Hum pighal ke peyar ke sanche mein keya roop badalte hayn,  
Kabhi chand bhi hum ban jate hayn kabhi tare bake chamakte hayn,  
Kabhi panchi ban ke chahakte hayn Kabhi ban ke gulab mahakte hayn,  
Kabhi shabnam banker rote hayn, kabhi ghuncha banker hanste hayn,  
Kabhi badal banker udte hayn, Kabhi barkha ban ke baraste hayn,  
Hum din mein sapne dekhte hayn hum rat mein kavita likhte hayn,  
Tum keya jano jatan hamare hum kayse chupkar milte hayn,  
Ab yeh to tumhei bata nahin sakte mil kar keya keya karte hayn,  
Hawa ka jhonka bhi gar aaye hum darte aur sahamte hayn,  
Lekin tum to dost ho apne tumse to nahin hum darte hayn,  
Kar lo jo kutch karna hay hum dono muhabbat karte hayn.

(College life! It was cold winter of December. We were sitting on the lawn just in front of girls' common room. Girls were sitting below a eucalyptus tree. Someone gave a line - Kar lo jo kutch karna hay hum dono muhabbat karte hayn. I was famous for my romantic poetry. He offered tea and samose for all those who were sitting there, if I could write at least 10 lines, in ten minutes, all rhymed according to the given line. I wrote these lines and we all enjoyed tea and samose. What a life it was!)

Translation (Almost, it's a difficult poem to be translated in rhymes)

When they read your name with my name,  
On the black board and on Wall of Shame,  
They think excessive,  
They speak excessive,  
They are jealous, let them burn in fire,  
Smile on taunts, laugh at satire,  
We are also melting since our lips met in a night,  
And we were merged in the moonlit night,  
Sometimes we look like a moon on sky,  
In inverted Blue Ocean swim and fly,  
When I titillate you to see the dimple,  
Many stars in your eyes twinkle,  
While flying when we hug, like a dove,

We shine like Venus, the star of love,  
After having dew's lovely cold showers,  
We are mended in the pink soft rose flowers,  
Sometimes we are changed in pearls of tears,  
Unforeseen for love are the fears,  
Sometimes we are changed in smile of hopes,  
And we don't fear to walk on the ropes,  
Sometimes we are clouds to rain on ourselves,  
We dream something to pain ourselves,  
We write poems in awaken nights,  
How we managed to meet in stars' dim light,  
How can I tell what we do in a hide?  
Haven't you seen a full moon tide?  
How we are frightened with a windy blow,  
As you are a friend I can tell and show,  
We love each other do what you can,  
She is a woman and I am a man.

(Wall of Shame was actually the wall of nearby hostel on that boys used to write taunts, sometimes vulgar)

Akhtar Jawad



Tum banker phool mahakne lage  
Meri sargam tumne bana di dhanak  
Aor panchi ban ke chahakne lage  
Zara dekho humari adaeN tum  
KhetoN meN hum bhi lahakne lage.

Akhtar Jawad

# Hum Tum

Tum mazi bhee ho hal bhi ho museaqbil per bhi chaye ho,  
Mujhe iski koi fikr nahin tum apne ho ya paraye ho,  
Tum dost bhi ho tum dushman bhi nazdeek magar tum aate nahin,  
Main chahoon to tumko choo loon magar tum mujhse aankh milate nahin,  
Main tumko bulata rahta hoon tum pas mere keyun aate nahin,  
Dharti bhi wuhi akash wuhi keyun badal ban kar chate nahin,  
Mana ke kabhi mil sakte nahin lekin yeh safar to sanjha hay,  
Na tummein ab woh Heer bachi na mujhmein ab woh Ranjha hay,  
Wuh Heer jo Waris Shah ki hay keyun door se mujhko sunate ho,  
Tum ab bhi ache lagte ho tum ab bhi acha gate ho,  
Kisi chandni rat mein chup chup ker tum mujhse milne aa jao,  
Jab peyar se dekhoon main tumko ek bar to phir sharma jao,  
Hay rah mein koi Chenab agar tum Sohni se jurat le aana,  
Is bar na doobne doonga main is bar nahin tum ghabrana,  
Bas bheegi bheegi rat mein tum pas aa ke Heer suna do mujhe,  
Mujhe tum bin neend nahin aati ek bar to aa ke sula do mujhe.

Akhtar Jawad

# Human Hearts

I am a hill too small and you are a high mountain,  
Still I stand in front of you making a green valley,  
On the right a green carpet on the left a fountain,  
At your bosom I see the beginning of an alley,

That vanishes somewhere below the hard stones,  
I know you and I know your magic of creation,  
Waterfall is your art I listen to its noisy tones,  
Did you ever think my magic of lovely recreation,

For beauty and love it's a corner bench,  
My heart that got art of love from nature,  
Is deeper than unexplored Mariana Trench,  
Who knows it completely and its rapture,

A lonely bench in total dark, totally closed,  
When my beloved sits with me in the night,  
The deepest corners of hearts are exposed,  
And the narrow alley showing you so bright,

With a kiss of her lips is tightly closed,  
The alley vanishes in the depths of a heart,  
O Mount Everest! You may vanish here  
Careful! Do not try magic of human art,

Just watch, a fountain of love is there,  
Thanks for the alley and water of the fall,  
In the closed trench enough water is here,  
Please leave us alone and that's all.

Akhtar Jawad

# Humanity Grown Old

Every wrinkle with a record how it saved itself from sharp stones,  
How it fought the war of survival against the metallic weapons,  
Black marks of gun powder penetrated from skin to the bones,  
Ignoring the question how it'll save itself from nuclear demons,  
It has conquered the moon and is now walking in the space  
Facing there many challenges with a smile on its wrinkled face.

If there is one hardworking laborer to move a man pushed vehicle  
Elevating humanity to the heights on difficult ascending elevations  
Inhaling service, adding love in the blood, sending it to the auricle  
I see ventricle sending love to the brain polluted with depressions,  
May the breathed out hate be consumed by the deadly demon!  
Let the weapon breath out coexistence as trees breath out oxygen.

The humanity is still charming like a couple enjoying life on the hills  
No worry love is still the most powerful instinct of the sick old man  
I hope this slave of his instincts though weak can face the thrills  
That come on his way on a hill station; can he love, yes he can,  
It's not yet dead, it thinks more, the humanity might have grown old  
With silver on its head, in its heart it has a thick mass of glittering gold.

Akhtar Jawad

# Hunting A Girl

Fears of rejection,  
Tears of dejection,  
She is an ordinary girl,  
A dark complexion!

A few women are coming,  
To see her,  
They want a match,  
For a promising youth,  
She is excited,  
Her heart is beating,  
She is twenty nine!

She is attractive.  
She is lean and smart,  
She is educated,  
A working woman,  
A bank officer,  
She is famous for her cooking,  
She is famous for her sewing,  
She is famous for her knitting,  
Well behaved,  
Nice manners,  
Has a kind heart,  
Ready to serve,  
And helpful!

She had made up,  
Her eyes like stars,  
She has dressed her hairs,  
Shining and silky,  
She has selected,  
The best dress she has.

At the scheduled time,  
The promising youth,  
With her mother,  
And two younger sisters,

All having dark complexion,  
And a bulky body,  
And the belly of the youth,  
A real fun!  
Came to see her,  
They saw her,  
They talked her,  
They asked questions,  
About her job and her salary,  
And while leaving,  
The old woman said,  
Although her complexion is dark,  
Although we don't expect,  
A handsome dowry,  
Still, We select her.

After their departure,  
The girl went in her room,  
And started crying,  
She could not say her mother,  
They haven't selected me,  
They selected my income!

Akhtar Jawad

# Husn Chala Kuch Jhenpa Jhenpa

Cha gae badal halke halke,  
Chand ka aanchal dhalka dhalka,  
Gesuye geeti mahke mahke,  
Rat ka ka paikar bheega bheega,  
Kon yeh aaya dheere dheere,  
Waqt ka dhara thahra thahra,  
Mang men afshan cham chamke,  
Sar per joorah mehka mehka,  
Nain kisi ke kale kale,  
Gal kisi ka gora gora,  
Hath badhe do jhijhke jhijhke,  
Phool sa paikar simta simta,  
Hont kisi ke kanpe kanpe,  
Jism kisi ka toota toota,  
Zabt ke bandhan toote toote,  
Sara badan hay dahka dahka,  
Aaj hain arman machle machle,  
Sans ka toofan biphra biphra,  
Husn ke taivar bahke bahke,  
Ishq ka saghar chalka chalka.

Surkh se lub kuch pheeke pheeke,  
Aankh ka kajal phaila phaila,  
Bal kisi ke bikhre bikhre,  
Hath ka gajra toota toota,  
Kan ke bale tedhe tedhe,  
Mehka aanchal maska maska,  
Jhuk gain palken uthte uthte,  
Husn chala kuch jhenpa jhenpa.

Akhtar Jawad

# Hussain-Tasveer-E-Ishq

Tasveer to thi kamil lekin,  
Yeh rang na tha,  
Yeh jan na thee,  
Yeh shan na thee.  
Yeh kiske lahu ne rang bhare,  
Tasveer wohi shahkar bani,  
Jo pheeki thi,  
Berang bhi thi.  
Yeh karb-o-bala men kaun aaya,  
Keya shan hay is matwale ki,  
Yeh jan hay ummat wale ki.  
Is ret ke tapte maidan men,  
Yeh rang anokhe laya hay.  
Yeh Akbar hain,  
Yeh Quasim hain,  
Yeh Ibn-e-Hasan,  
Yeh Asghar hain,  
Yeh qous-o-qazah ke rang hain ya,  
Phir noor ke rangeen dhare hain,  
Yeh Ahmed ke ghar wale hain,  
Quran ke natiq pare hain,  
Nayab sahi,  
Nadir bhi sahi,  
Yeh rang bahut kamyab sahi,  
Tasveer yun hi rah jaegi.  
Koi pani lado thora sa,  
Yeh rang bahut he peyase hain.  
Asghar ko liye yeh kaun badha,  
Woh teer chala,  
Woh khoon ubla.  
Kiskis ke lahoo se ishq ki is  
Tasveer ko ranga jaye ga.  
Quasim bhi gaye,  
Akbar bhi gaye,  
Asghar bhi gaye!  
Ab koi nahin,  
Ek hujjat hay, so rahne do.  
Tasveer ke lekin qalb men yeh,  
Berang sa kaisa halqa hay,

Dekho to zara keya likhkha hay,  
Keya sibt-e-Nabi ka nam hay yeh!  
Lo yeh bhi chale!  
Ek shor utha,  
Sijde men mujahid par kisne,  
Yeh waar kiya, yeh waar kiya!  
Tasveer hui rangeen teri,  
Tayyar hui,  
Shahkar bani,  
Kamyab sahi,  
Nadir bhi sahi,  
Tasveer teri nayab sahi,  
Fankar mere batla de zara,  
Keya beete gi ab Zainab par!

Akhtar Jawad

# Hypocrisy

We are breathing in a society,  
Declining some more with the every new breath,  
Hypocrisy that ruled the world even when angles came on the earth,  
Is still rotating like electrons,  
In various orbits,  
Around the nucleus of all the ethics,  
The orbits whether legislature, judiciary or executive,  
Have the same electron of money.

Properties of matter depend on the electrons,  
That dance in the outermost orbit,  
And not on the nucleus, may be beautiful and nice,  
We are chasing the money,  
We are breathing for money,  
And there is no exception in it.

I can see various elements,  
Of periodic table!  
May be a scholar of ethics,  
A justice or a general,  
A dirty politician,  
No doubt in it, all is hypocrites!

Being a common man,  
I am a little better,  
Not enjoying powers to blackmail,  
No arms no guns, not even law of necessity,  
No media on my back,  
Thanks God, I am not a yellow journalist,  
I am not a justice or a general,  
I am not a politician or an executive,  
I am not a scholar, who delivers a sermon,  
I am a common poor man,  
Enjoying only few and limited joys,  
And insufficient money to meet the both ends,  
Thanks God my pains and problems are also a few!  
I am living with a peace of mind,  
No powerful man knows the insect,

Off course, sometimes in explosions on the roads,  
I am often killed or injured,  
I don't complain, that was written in my fate.  
Who can fight with a deaf and dumb, cruel bind write!

Dear powerful men,  
I just want to remind you all,  
Above all the laws, power and arms,  
There is a natural law,  
Nature is slow but when activated,  
It reshuffles the universe,  
Including this earth,  
That is what I found in all Holy Books.

Akhtar Jawad

# Hysteria

The hearts crawling on each other,  
Were satisfied and content,  
But time was jealous and could not see,  
The two innocents in love only love.  
It started snatching the beauty of life,  
One by one everything was gone,  
Emotions were gone,  
Sentiments were gone,  
Passions were gone,  
Understanding was gone.

The cruel age,  
Coated a layer on everything,  
A layer that needs a name,  
Distances were increased,  
The beloved when turned,  
In a living hysteria,  
The act was reacted,  
And one day the lover,  
Broke two glasses,  
Were it merely the glasses,  
Or the hearts were broken.

Many days gone,  
Time started reverting,  
They didn't talk each other,  
They are sleeping in different bed rooms,  
The nature intervened,  
And gave wings to the hearts,  
With a bitter smile,  
Asked the hearts to fly,  
And to go back,  
In her lovely arms,  
For an unending sleep,  
And the dreams unseen,  
Well in advance,  
Before the cruel time,  
Manages to snatch,  
The beauty of love!

(I started submitting my poems on 23rd of March,2014 but it was 22nd of March according to their time. Anyway, it's my first birthday at PH, being celebrated alone with a poem you just read)

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am A Man But An Animal Too

My children planned a visit to a zoo,  
They invited me, I replied with a shoo,  
I already have a zoo inside, within me,  
I cannot show and you cannot see.

All the animals are present in a man,  
You can see them with an honest scan.  
Both for the friends and their enemies,  
They have long, very long memories.

Like funny camels, like large elephants,  
Whether old or youths or innocent infants.  
They often behave like a beast so wild,  
They don't hesitate to abuse a child.

For many centuries they've been killing fellow men,  
They have misused their sword and their pen,  
Most of their killings were in His religion and name,  
Man was never shy of this bloody game.

Men cast their thinking in a too old mold.  
Those adventurers seeking silver and gold,  
Left footprints of animals in fact,  
I see in the prints many criminals in fact.

On the other hand like birds they twit,  
Under blue moons are lovely and sweet,  
Loyal and faithful like horses and dogs,  
Swim and jump just like the frogs,

Entertain the children like a dolphin or a monkey,  
Before pretty women they flirt like a donkey,  
Like a peacock they dance in a hall,  
Like a sweet cuckoo, girlfriends they call.

They are handsome when they love fellow men,  
Praise them with their words and use their pen.  
I don't need to watch a zoo,  
I am a man but an animal too.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Alive

They are human beings,  
They have emotions,  
They have sentiments,  
They have passions,  
They feel and they think,  
What's wrong in it?  
If they want a change!  
If they desire,  
A needful revolution!

They have been constrained,  
To stand on a road,  
Wherein all forks,  
Have been blocked,  
Behind them is a gun,  
Before them is a sun,  
Shining just on their heads!  
But enlightening paths as well!

The rotten system,  
The dirty politics,  
The selfish politicians,  
Corruption and violence,  
Ignorance and illiteracy,  
Communal riots,  
Terror and extremism,  
Unemployment and street crimes,  
Rapes and robberies,  
And above all,  
The hungry poor men,  
Discussing all time,  
The conditions and situation,  
Now ripe to burst,  
For a change and revolution!

I didn't see my shadow,  
I was alone,  
How helpless I looked!

But truth is power,  
Could I speak the truth?  
I could not!  
For nine months,  
I regretted my past,  
I condemned my present,  
Too worried for my future,  
It wasn't only me,  
Everybody knew,  
What's going on to happen.  
In a cold night of December,  
After a long bloodshed,  
After a deadly war,  
My heart was cut,  
Into two pieces,  
It could have been done,  
Without bloodshed!

Afternoon is it,  
Length of shadows,  
Show a linear propagation,  
Soon these shadows,  
Will disappear,  
But why don't you think,  
That may be a deadly night,  
Of a bloody revolution!

For the sake of men,  
For the sake of women,  
For the sake of children,  
For the sake of nation,  
Can't you get rid of ego,  
For a while only!  
And accept the fate,  
And move to a side,  
And avoid bloodshed!

Let them come forward,  
Let them change the world,  
If they succeed,  
It will bring some good,  
To you even, sir.

And if they fail,  
The angry mobs,  
Will sweep them out,  
Like a dirty garbage.

I remind you, sir,  
Waleed told to Quraish,  
Let Muhammad (pbuh) continue,  
If he succeeds,  
Will be honor for Arabs,  
And if he fails,  
He will be no more,  
But he was ignored,  
And I know it well,  
You will also ignore,  
Feeble voice of time!

(This poem has an especial reference to the present political disturbances in Pakistan)

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Already In Love

The pair of eyes that I have,  
is restricted and limited for a few colors only,  
the rainbow I see is amazing,  
but I know the divine artist has trillion of colors,  
I couldn't see yet.

The beating prism, a spectroscope,  
makes a spectrum,  
having all the colors,  
the white screen placed at the focus,  
makes a real image,  
the deficient eyes cannot feel.

Being tired of my converging lenses,  
I brought a pair of diverging lenses,  
my thoughts are better to feel,  
the virtual image with all the colors.

when I saw all the colors,  
the beating prism once again,  
played its ancient role,  
my exercise was futile,  
as the colors were converged once again,  
in the white color of love,  
and I am already in love!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Also A Computer

Like a computer I too have disks,  
My hard disk is made by God,  
My operating system is installed in it,  
But I have derives in that I insert,  
A removable disk of my choice,  
My naughty beloved,  
Has infected my hard disk,  
What a virus is she!  
I tried to see porn of a beautiful girl,  
I don't know how I found myself,  
And my beloved on the LCD,  
Oh! We look so ugly while loving each other!  
I am going to format my hard disk,  
Not worried at all I am connected to God,  
I shall re-install the operating system,  
With a latest version of an anti-virus program  
I am at all not worried,  
The porn is saved in a removable disk,  
I never knew the virus of a real beloved,  
Cannot be cleaned and repeated attempts,  
May end in the failure of the old hard disk,  
I forgot my operating system is reserved with God!

(Just a fun, hope the readers will enjoy it)

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Also Smiling With The Naughty Nemesis

In old times, in this area,  
dejected lovers used to sit in restraint  
at the doors of an unkind beloved,  
a complete hunger strike,  
no food no water,  
until the beloved,  
usually a sex worker,  
obliged the lover with a sexy night.  
Neither were they true lovers,  
nor she was a true beloved,  
his hunger strike was for lust  
and her unkindness followed by a kindness,  
was just for money.  
During the fight for independence  
Mahatma Gandhi used this weapon  
against the colonialism,  
perhaps because Indians did not have power  
to fight the mighty British masters.  
Though Subhash Chandra Bose  
With the help of Japan,  
formed Azad Hind Fauj,  
(Indian National Army)  
but how he could win the war,  
when Japan itself lost the war.  
Here in Pakistan the selfish politicians  
sowed the seed of sitting on the roads  
in restraint,  
but no hunger strike,  
delicious food and soft drinks were served to them  
by the rivals in politics.  
I wonder what they were restraint of,  
was it a beautiful and kind sex worker?  
Or perhaps the traffic jams  
caused by school goers,  
and workers going to work at the factories.  
No doubt in it,  
the atmosphere was free of Carbon Mono Oxide.  
Anyway,  
Nemesis was smiling on them!

Now dejected activists of those political parties  
are sitting at the doors of the palace of their great leader,  
protesting in favor of their favorite candidates  
who were not given ticket to contest  
in the forthcoming general elections.

Any way,

What can I do if one studies at Oxford and Cambridge  
still he remains illiterate,  
perhaps because he is a leader of the nation  
where majority of the people is illiterate.

I am also smiling with the naughty Nemesis!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Always Unhappy

When I saw her first glimpse,  
I was amazed, what a beauty was she!  
but then I found I am unhappy with her,  
I wanted to see her more and more.  
When I saw her in my sunny daylights,  
and in my starry moonlights,  
Oh! Here is she with the charms of an Eve!  
But when she left with a promise to come soon,  
I was again unhappy with her.  
When she walked with me,  
and talked with me,  
I looked in her deep brown eyes,  
nothing came out of thirsty lips,  
when she gave her soft and pinkish right hand,  
in my rough and hot left hand,  
I was again unhappy with her.  
I wanted a hug but she left me standing,  
I just watched her back and waist,  
slowly moving away from me,  
suddenly she turned waived her hands,  
and left me alone!  
When she blossomed on blossom,  
and I kissed her, I was too unhappy,  
I wanted something more,  
While leaving me alone,  
she pointed the partition of her silky hairs,  
she shown me her empty wrists,  
there were no rings in her pinkish ears,  
she enveloped her neck,  
there was no necklace round it,  
this time she was unhappy with me!  
And with her I was also unhappy!  
Then she came in a lovely night,  
with colors on her palms,  
with jewels for her charms,  
with her open arms.  
I saw an Eve has tides and storms,  
and the pearl of love when came with a wave,  
I, the naughty Adam! In fact a knave,

I was once again unhappy,  
I wished the courtship would have prolonged some more!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Amorous Nature

I am light, neither I am black nor I am white,  
These are the objects that react and write,  
Having many radiations of several wave lengths,  
And the objects grasp according to strengths,  
Properties and approach they have in all,  
Some digest all whether large or small,  
Keeping seven radiations of my lovely kite,  
They appear as black but their soul is white.

I am not sticking, the objects have glue,  
I'm neither violet nor indigo nor blue,  
Nor green nor yellow nor orange nor red,  
Neither I'm alive nor am I dead,  
Invisible I am and colors I grant,  
That depends on reflection and its want.

One reflects the seven and white is the write,  
I like colors, keep a few and reflect the elite,  
Sometimes appear as the printed violets,  
On indigo uniforms of girls' sweet sonnets,  
As blue sun glasses of a beauty on a bike,  
Like green belts their belly I strike,  
Like yellow ribbon in the silky hair,  
Like orange socks in the soft cute pair,  
Like red shoes I kiss their feet,  
This is how the beauty I love to treat.  
Extremely amorous I am the nature,  
And you're my carvings and sculpture.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Beloved Of A Poet

My smiles are buds,  
my laughter are flowers,  
my hairs are silk,  
my eyes are stars,  
my cheeks are aurora,  
my teeth are diamonds  
my lips rose petals,  
neck, a bottle of wine,  
my face is a moon.  
Do you know who I am?  
I'm beloved of a poet!

My complexion is fair,  
my skin is butter,  
my sweat aromatic,  
in my round soft arms,  
I have so many charms,  
my body has waves,  
my thighs are knaves,  
my leg is smooth,  
my feet are small,  
Do you know who I am?  
I'm beloved of a poet!

But above all,  
I have a heart,  
it has love inside,  
not only for humans,  
for animals as well,  
and when my poet,  
a perfect human,  
becomes animal,  
I, too, become a beast,  
I cut him into pieces,  
don't leave any piece,  
I take all of him,  
and when he is dead in my arms,  
and in my unkind thighs,  
I stitch his pieces,

and kiss the joints,  
he is alive once again,  
Do you know who I am?  
I'm beloved of a poet!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am In Love

I am often so attracted,  
Mesmerized and enchanted,  
Having watched pretty things,  
With magic in their wings,  
Flying at human height,  
Touching eyes like a light,  
Getting inside very deep,  
With a pleasant soul peep,  
Then my eyes smile,  
Making heart juvenile,  
And I say to myself,  
Put book in the shelf,  
Watch beauty an' sacrifice,  
Your self, may be nice,  
I then sing like a dove,  
I am now in love.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Killing My Mother

I am a killer,  
Yes, I have a slow poison,  
It is pollution,  
I have polluted the air,  
I have polluted the water,  
I have polluted the rivers,  
I have polluted the oceans  
I have shaved the forests.  
I am trying to kill my mother,  
How ignorant I am,  
I know she will survive always,  
If anyone is to die it's me,  
I am born to die,  
But before my death,  
I am leaving behind my children,  
I am struggling for their present,  
I am struggling for their future,  
But what will be the future of my grand grandchildren?  
My mother will not die,  
Even if she goes in coma,  
She will get up once again,  
With my green brothers and sisters,  
My race will die,  
But she will give birth to another race,  
Just a matter of time,  
Even if it takes millions of years,  
My mother will come out of the coma,  
But I will not see that spring,  
I will not see the virgin snow falls,  
I will not see those lake and streams  
I will not see the virgin rivers,  
I will not see the virgin oceans,  
That will be a virgin race of my brothers and sisters,  
Smiling in the cradle of her lovely arms!

The ozone belt if damaged too much,  
Will increase temperature of the earth,  
Glaciers will melt,  
Sea level will rise,

Most of the earth,  
Will turn into oceans!

A mother is a mother,  
It's a matter of time,  
The mother can replace the existing sons,  
Like me with slow poisons!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Now A Man

I felt her fragrance from a distance  
and then my love brought her close,  
her delicacy,  
her colors  
and her hidden charms,  
my eyes were thanked by my lips  
and thanked by my arms.  
When she was opened for me  
my whole thanked,  
my deep penetrating eyes.  
She is a delicate rose!  
But she is too naughty  
she changes her colors  
she changes her perfumes.  
How many dresses she has?  
When my eyes walk in love  
in a moment she is white,  
next moment she is pink,  
she is in lilies,  
she is in jasmines,  
and she is in daffodils.  
Is it my eyes or it's my sight  
changing colors,  
I cannot ink!  
My heart's adventures in love  
lead me to the joys  
and lead me to the thrills.  
Where there is beauty  
there is she  
and where there is she  
there is love  
where there is love  
there is me,  
but you cannot see  
I cease to exist as me  
as my colors have gone,  
feel my aroma if you can.  
Now I realize  
I wasn't a man

in love I am changed  
I am now the beauty  
I am not a man!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Running Faster

Friends, I can't run with you,  
But I enjoy all fun with you,  
You do something and me a talker  
You are splinters and I am a walker,  
Even my jogging is not uniform,  
How can I what you perform.  
Present is for you I am living in the past,  
It does not mean a complete contrast!

Wait, I recall her lovely long jumps,  
Sexy, beautiful her high strong jumps,  
Attractive exposure during javelin throws,  
Her lips, her arms and the lovely eye brows,  
When javelin went high and far in skies,  
The javelin of beauty through my dim old eyes,  
Put a magic in the heart and vigor in me,  
I am running faster, can't you see!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Still Wonderful

Weaker are my eyes  
And weaker are my arms  
Gone with the time  
One by one all my charms!  
Blocked are my arteries  
A stone in gallbladder  
Twice a day I inject insulin  
But I am still a dreamer!  
I don't know how and why  
I am a perfect youth when I dream  
Three cheers to my heart it still smiles!  
It's still a source of a hot stream.  
Thanks sweetheart it's your love  
I borrow my power from a powerful  
You are still charming like a new bride  
No wonder if I am still wonderful.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Supreme

I am the soul,  
I am immortal,  
But I am dependent on a mortal body,  
Whenever I wish to do something,  
I have to use my hands,  
Whenever I want to look at something,  
I have to use my eyes,  
Whenever I want to smell something,  
I have to use my nose,  
Whenever I want to listen to,  
I have to use my ears,  
Whenever I want to think,  
I have to use my brain,  
All these are electromagnetic impulses,  
These impulses touch me,  
And I rebound it to the body,  
The body then feels pleasures and pains,  
That is why I created mirrors,  
These mirrors reflect my virtual image,  
Immortality depends on the mortality.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Am Waiting

Many bright days have ended in the nights,  
Many moon lights have ended in sun lights,  
I am still waiting, I have no alternate,  
Hope you'll come you are always late,  
Your face I see in the lovely full moon,  
Sitting at the bank since early afternoon,  
Aroma of your love I carry with me,  
Springs have gone now an autumn I see,  
Your house boat now inhabited by rats,  
Don't go inside but I see the bats,  
Come out during nights and look at me,  
As if they say a stranger they see,  
The spiders have knitted a web inside,  
Is it for me, a groom-less bride?  
A web knitted by the human spiders,  
That captures the amateur riders,  
It's easy to go, difficult to come back,  
It's swamp of terror, that can hack,  
To paradise it leads or to the hell,  
Who knows it and who can tell?  
May be in paradise but I'm in a hell,  
That's the truth certainly I can tell,  
Wish could know you are sleeping in me,  
Day by day you are creeping in me,  
One that shares breaths-in and out,  
I am just waiting for his sprout,  
You went on the bank that is other side,  
I cannot swim and I cannot glide,  
Giving you in the arms of your mother once again  
I shall go inside with tears and pain,  
I am a weak woman can't cut my throat,  
I can make a hole in the bottom of the boat,  
Can row the boat to the bank other side,  
River is a river not an ocean of tide,  
If it is sunk, we shall meet somewhere,  
Paradise or hell any place anywhere,  
I know the risk I may be shot dead,  
My story will be written and widely read,  
Shall make an attempt to get you out of the swamp,

That's all I can do, to get rid of the cramp,  
I am a woman having cleared many tests,  
Have tears in my eyes and milk in the breasts,  
Humanity I create in elastic womb,  
Being over-raged I can built a tomb,  
My milk gives life my tears a flood,  
Beware of the fire I have in the blood,  
I shall bury the terror alive in the tomb,  
The helpless insect of a woman's womb!  
Determined and firm not a mental slave,  
Doomsday I may bring when I am brave!

(Story of a woman whose husband is in the swamp of terror. She is carrying his child and she imagines his child will be just like her husband. The emotional wife decides she will handover the child to his grandmother and cross the river to the front line battle field, with an intention to bring back her husband or otherwise finish her life)

Akhtar Jawad

# I Can See You Even In Dark

I can see you even in dark,  
You did not believe me,  
Come to me in a too dark night,  
Off the lights and hide yourself,  
Anywhere in the house,  
I shall count up to hundred,  
And shall go straight,  
At your hiding place,  
I know your soul.

In complete dark,  
You call any part,  
Of your charming body,  
I shall touch it sweet heart,  
In a single attempt,  
I know your body.

If I fail to do that,  
I shall allow you to kiss,  
My thirsty dry lips,  
But if I succeed,  
You will have to allow,  
To kiss you anywhere,  
That will be my love,  
That will be my choice.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Confess

Lying on my bed just before sleeping  
often I think something to write  
but I sleep.  
When awake I forget the thought.  
I cry for you sweetheart!  
Wish I could have stitched a blue skirt for you!  
I could have dressed you in the zero power green bulbs!  
I could have beautified you in the dressing table of my heart!  
I could have managed white stockings and black sandals for you!  
With a bag full of words arranged in lines,  
I could have said good bye to you  
wishing a happy time in the school of poets!  
But I slept!  
I couldn't send you  
where admiration and adore were waiting for you!  
I confess,  
I am a killer of beautiful thoughts in the womb of my brain  
that could have born like a cute infant  
that could have grown in a popular poem  
like a sweet and sexy teenage girl  
who is grown to be loved.  
I confess,  
I am killer of love.  
My love is not true,  
Otherwise I would have left my bed and picked my pen.  
Alas! My lazy lips and the gone forehead!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Count On Akhtar Jawad To Do So-Kelly Kurt

Commenting on my poem, A Necklace of Pearls,  
a great poet with a singular style,  
Kelly Kurt, my thinker friend says.  
&quot;I could never write like this and so  
I count on Akhtar Jawad to do so.&quot;  
Kelly! Poets like you put life in the lifeless clay,  
I am not a poet, I am a lover,  
I love the clay fermented by you,  
I make it a singing and dancing doll,  
let me love this doll.  
If I write something like that of a poem,  
It's not poetry, just a magic of love,  
transformed in words and lines,  
Dear Friend! The bitter truths,  
about the Creator and the Creatures,  
when make me suffocating on the earth,  
and my Dr. Heart prescribes beauty  
as a medicine to restore my breaths  
and to wash ugliness of human caricature,  
I survey the earth and its beauty,  
And I ask to myself,  
&quot;Is there anything more beautiful other than love?  
And is there anything more lovely than a doll?  
So I write poems on the beauty of a doll,  
That's all I can do at this stage of life.  
But when my breaths are restored,  
and ugliness is decreased to a certain extent  
I look into other matters,  
and write some poems,  
that make me sick once again,  
a doll comes again in my dreams  
and inspires me to write one more love poem.&quot;

Akhtar Jawad

# I Do Not, But The Dog Has Some Worth

Proceeding to my office, I was on my bike,  
I noticed an open man hole in the street,  
Welcoming the visitors to adore and like,  
The grander of the hole with smells so sweet!

The addicts had stolen and sold its covers,  
The police being paid every month by purchaser,  
A handsome sum for it and others,  
Popularly known as 'bhatta', a right of enforcer.

I saw a dog in the open man hole,  
Trying hard and hard to get out of it,  
He looked at me with his hopeful sole,  
Please help me, my lord, just a bit.

I was so late and I knew it well,  
If I help him I'll have to change,  
My affected dress with a bad smell,  
A struggle was inside, with my goodness in a cage.

Meanwhile a sweeper with a bamboo in his hand,  
Came for the rescue of the helpless dog,  
He was looking like an angel, great and grand,  
Helped the dog who jumped out like a frog.

He moved his tale, the nature had trained,  
Looked at the sweeper with his grateful eyes,  
If I would have helped him! I exclaimed,  
The sweeper's name I saw at the skies.

You are much taller and greater than me,  
We are men with garbage, and you are the cleaner,  
The lord of the moment you are taller than me,  
It doesn't matter that you are a sweeper.

And what of myself, a selfish white collar!  
The worst on the face of this lovely earth,  
Never thankful, to my helpful Master!  
I do not, but the dog has some worth.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Don'T Know

For an equilibrium,  
Three forces are needed,  
For equilibrium of my heart,  
The first force is truth,  
And the second is evil,  
And the third force?  
I don't know.

My heart is hungry,  
My heart is thirsty,  
My heart is dirty,  
My heart is a slave,  
Of desires and emotions,  
And my soul!  
I don't know.

I tried to clean,  
I tried to sweep,  
I removed the dust,  
I removed the rust,  
Why so sticky?  
The layer of frust!  
I don't know.

Sometimes I am good,  
Sometimes I am bad,  
Why it's so?  
Someone from inside,  
Replied me dear!  
The third hidden force,  
Is nothing but moderation!

Extremism is a sin,  
Be moderate,  
Moderation is essence,  
Of ethics at the vertex  
Wash it with tears,  
And remove the frust,

Live carefree.

Who replied me?  
Was it truth in me?  
Or the evil in me,  
Was it my soul?  
I don't know.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Forgive Everyone Not Because I Am A Saint

Forgive me Oh God!  
For what I did openly,  
and what I did secretly,  
What I got I in aurora of a dawn,  
I didn't see in that of dusk,  
I lost beauty with the sweats,  
sweats melted the color  
you gave to my face,  
where is my glace,  
where is my grace,  
ahead of me is a night,  
whether a dark night,  
or a moon lit night,  
I don't know,  
so I forgive every one,  
who gave me pains,  
and in return  
I hope the same,  
I know lives  
that have senses to feel pains,  
if forgive me,  
God will erase the guilt  
from my conscience,  
that is how He forgives us,  
I am hopeful  
I shall sleep  
with a neat and clean conscious,  
this neatness  
this cleanliness  
will get in my sub conscious  
and from there to my unconscious,  
with a holy ego  
I shall hug and kiss my super ego,  
and through out the night,  
I don't know  
how long it would be,  
I shall dream of beauty,  
beauty that leads to love,  
love that leads to peace,

I am hopeful of a pleasant sleep,  
till an eternal dawn,  
with aurora  
that will not melt with sweats,  
so I forgive every one,  
who gave me pains,  
not because I am a saint,  
I am a selfish man,  
I forgive every one  
because  
I need the same from others!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Found You At Last

Sweetheart, sweetheart where are you?  
I smile for you, I cry for you,  
I live for you, I shall die for you,  
Here are you or there are you,  
who are you and where are you?  
Sweetheart, sweetheart where are you?

I sleep for you, I dream for you,  
Can't see my eyes' stream for you,  
See my heart it's beating for you,  
me myself it's cheating for you,  
you are in hope or in fear are you?  
Sweetheart, sweetheart where are you?

Helpless you have made an idol of clay  
blindly I touched everything in my way,  
clay, water, air, even fire and light,  
I kissed everything that came in my sight,  
I never knew so near are you,  
Sweetheart, sweetheart where are you?

I became a cloud vagabond for you,  
with a rope of love a bond for you,  
with thunder when I fell on earth one day,  
lightning took over the thundering clay,  
saw here and there everywhere are you?  
Now know sweetheart that where are you!

Love is my worship and you are in my heart,  
It's a church or a mosque or a temple of art,  
odorless I go and come back with aroma,  
from the top I see now clay's panorama,  
giving us a rainbow white color are you,  
Sweetheart, sweetheart where are you!

Where ever you were now tied in my heart,  
living as a prisoner now play your part,  
How can I leave you I shall not let you go,  
May peep out from my eyes saying only lo,

may go for some time at the places of love,  
they too are lovers who bow faces of love,  
who think only there only there you are,  
they will never know as to where you are,  
Aren't you happy so dear are you,  
Sweetheart, sweetheart where are you!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Have To Go To A Fairy Land (A Translation Of Mujhe Kohqaaf Jana He By Shazia Batool)

I want to go to the Koh-e-Qaf,  
let me go to the fairy land,  
I have some important works when I arrive there,  
I have to dedicate the moonlight's wine in the name of eternal happiness,  
I have to talk to the glowworms in the forests  
there I have to built a small courtyard  
and I have to decorate it with roses,  
and do you know most of the roses of Koh-e- Qaf are thorn less,  
I have heard fairies of Koh-e-Qaf sing sweet melodies,  
I shall tell the stories of humans to them,  
I know they will be astonished.  
I have heard butterflies fly there and with their colors make beautiful scenery,  
I also want to see that.  
As I have heard in the light of glowworms tears are forgotten,  
and I have to forget my tears,  
Listen to me I am not going to come back,  
I know the journey is tiring but destination is soothing,  
somewhere in my depths exists the story of my childhood.  
And there the moonlight scattered on the ways appears charming,  
where in the markets tears are sold at the rate of pearls.  
Inside me a smile still breaths,  
to walk here on the ice bergs is now difficult.  
But I don't have much luggage,  
A few dreams, a few interrupted sleeps and my few hopes!  
It's a long journey and I am short of time.  
Listen to me, let me go this time,  
I have to go there,  
let me go there,  
And I shall not come back.

(The Lake Isle of Innisfree

W. B. Yeats, 1865 - 1939

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping  
slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket  
sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

While reading the beautiful poem of Shazia Batool I recollected this beautiful  
poem of W.B. Yeats)

Akhtar Jawad

# I Know A Little Girl

I know a little girl who is too innocent  
In love and trust she is so much ignorant  
That she thinks I can do anything for her,  
Things that cannot be done by his father  
Things that cannot be done by her mother  
Things that cannot be done even by her grandmother.  
She thinks that can be done by me not by any other.  
Unaware of the limitations of an old man,  
What he can't do and what he can.  
Old man not much interested in living for many more years,  
Her love and trust brings in his eyes white blood called tears,  
She forces the old man to raise his hand to the skies  
With her love and her trust in his doubtful eyes,  
May God give many more years just for her!  
For her beautiful sisters and for her handsome brother.  
May God bring her up to the age of knowledge!  
I shall love to see her in the uniform of a college,  
When she learns limitations of a man!  
What I can't do for her and what I can,  
May she live long and become a lovely grandmother!  
She is my granddaughter and I am her grandfather.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Love Them Though They Are Wrong

When I came from my office,  
My father told me,  
Man reached moon,  
I rushed to the balcony,  
Started starrng at the moon,  
Soon I realized my simplicity.

A few days latter,  
While going to office,  
I heard some men,  
It is a lie.

The illiterate and ignorant,  
Simple on the other hand,  
One of them a little literate,  
Looking wiser than others,

Said not yet the man,  
Has reached Kohe Quaf,  
Where fairies live.  
How can reach,  
The moon so far?  
Definitely a lie.

Sometimes latter,  
I read a news,  
In a leading newspaper,  
Neil Armstrong,  
Heard on the moon,  
A call for prayer.

How simple are the men,  
They do not know,  
Sound needs a medium,  
For propagation.

And on the surface,  
Of the moon,  
There's no atmosphere,

No medium.

All our senses, are a touch,  
When a sound wave touches,  
The hearing sense,  
We feel a sound.

What is important,  
These simple men,  
Although simple,  
Although ignorant,

Don't kill anyone,  
Women or children,  
May be illiterate,  
May be ignorant.

They are not one of,  
The hating terrorists,  
They are not one of,  
Killing activists,  
They are not one of,  
Religious extremists,

How simple are the men,  
Deserving a song,  
I love them,  
Though they are wrong.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Love You

To me you're not a lovely one,  
To me you're the one, only one,  
To me you're not like a moon,  
To me you're beauty of a boon,  
To me you're not simply a flower,  
To me you're a fine flowering shower,  
To me you're not a moment's fragrance,  
To me you're sweet smell of endurance,  
To me you're not helpful and nice,  
To me you're a model of self sacrifice,  
To me you're not merely a need,  
To me you're an eternal living deed,

I remember the day when we met,  
What did I say? How can I forget!

For me, you are made, for you I shall die,  
Look into my eyes and say it's a lie.  
"I love you." is so much abused,  
Your smile now says, you are amused,  
Although I am a teen aged boy,  
But I don't want to play with a toy,  
My heart says, "She and only she"  
No one else I want to see,  
No more, none else, nothing more,  
Starring at your ways and crazy in adore,  
I want a doll for the whole of my life,  
Loyalty I assure and assure no strife,

Akhtar Jawad

# I Love You As A Whole

Sweetheart!

Why do you love only your continent,  
why do live only for your nation,  
why do you sing only for your culture,  
and,  
why do you die only for your religion?

See me,

I love your silky shining hairs  
brownish clouds,  
hiding a moon.  
Your hairs have a lovely Milky Way,  
that descend to your forehead,  
a pink sky challenging the blue umbrella too old,  
below the pink I see two naughty twins,  
with umbrellas on the head,  
always smiling,  
singing and dancing,  
and then obstacle for my amorous sight,  
exciting encouraging to climb and descent,  
on the other side of the lovely hill,  
and what I see!  
Are these petals of a rose!  
Or it's something that was stolen,  
while Eve was leaving the eternal garden,  
may be the crater of an active volcano,  
when its static it's a bud,  
and when dynamic,  
either it's a source of flowers of words,  
or a hot stream of sweet lovely songs.  
Between the dimples of cheeks,  
and above the nimble chins,  
are your pink soft lips,  
one may live for it,  
one may die for it.

Sweetheart,

I don't know who are you?  
What's your name?

Where do you live?  
Your religion, your color,  
occupation and age,  
but I believe,  
your lips are sexy and appealing!  
Even then,  
for exciting and inviting lips,  
I can't forget the rest of of your face,  
and what ever you have,  
from head to the feet,  
and I don't send a flying kiss to your lips,  
I send millions of flying kisses,  
to each and every part of your body,  
because my love is not confined to your lips,  
I love you as a whole,  
and I know you soul remains in your heart,  
and I know your heart needs this bribe,  
he is the guard of your soul,  
everything is fair in love and war,  
I shall bribe your heart,  
and then my soul will embrace your soul,  
and the souls will then see,  
no continent, no nation, no culture, no religion,  
just a land where there is nothing other than love!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Love You Too

I wanted to share my joys with you,  
I never wanted to share my pains with you,  
but suddenly a painful smile of my lips,  
was shared by you,  
the sharing that let me know,  
how much I love you!  
And that, you love me too!  
(To my lovely friends)

Akhtar Jawad

# I Made God Laugh

I was walking on the roof of my lovely house,  
being annoyed of my hysterical spouse,  
I saw energy being converted with a flash of light,  
a strange human, an amazing sight,  
converted matter watched was an alien, 'Male or female? ',  
I asked the alien. 'Not matters, you are old and stale',  
but I can renovate you in a youth, be it so,  
by the way, bisexual, don't need a spouse,  
we are gypsies, don't built a house.'  
I felt within my heart a to and fro!  
'Thanks Mr./Ms. Alien, now I shall marry once again,  
I am a charming youth, why should I refrain? '  
The alien laughed like a cut throat knife,  
'Have a look at the garments of your wife.',  
The garments I had washed in the early noon,  
looked quiet new in a light of the moon.  
Smaller in size dancing like a teen aged girl,  
Appeared shrink with a diamond and a pearl

Akhtar Jawad

# I Neither Am A Devil Nor Are You A Demon.

We both were created in a lovely river,  
Coming from the peaks of the highest mountains,  
Together took showers in the cleanest fountains,  
We played together we danced together.  
Our song was the same and the dreams were common,  
I neither was a devil nor were you a demon.

We went to school in the white uniform,  
And jointly did our all home work,  
Same was the dawn and same was the dusk,  
We stood together in deeds and perform.  
Our worship was friendship and love was the sermon,  
I neither was a devil nor were you a demon.

The river still flows but the banks are different,  
I am on the west and you are on the east,  
We can see each other and talk at least,  
And the friendship is alive although it is dormant.  
Bodies have been changed but the soul is common,  
I neither am a devil nor are you a demon.

We are now old our hair are now white,  
But in our depths we are still loving friends,  
Our thinking is unchanged with all old trends,  
Still the springs are enjoyed with a kite.  
In many fields is reflected the relation,  
I neither am a devil nor are you a demon.

We both are children and still juvenile,  
Could we swim together in the river's waves!  
The river is unchanged in all her behaves,  
Could we share our tear and share the smile!  
The hearts are beating with the same old passion,  
I neither am a devil nor are you a demon.

Could we walk together on the banks of the fate!  
Could we talk each other all day all night!  
Could we fight with the time with all our might!  
You are my friend and I am your mate.

Now wait for embrace in the great deep ocean,  
I neither am a devil nor are you a demon.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Never Knew Nuclear Weapons Follow Me

I never knew just six months after my birth,  
The sons will cut the breasts of the earth,  
The mother will have to watch the porn of sons,  
The terror and sadism of the nuclear weapons,  
Would've refused breast feeding, or my birth!

(I was born on 8th of February, 1945 at 8 AM, IST)

Akhtar Jawad

# I Never Travelled Alone

I never travelled alone,  
Wherever I went,  
I was always chased,  
By a shadow,  
With long hairs,  
Lovely ear rings,  
And a body,  
Swimming like a mermaid,  
And flying like a bird,  
Away was her face, ,  
Coming downwards,  
Lips were closer than hairs,  
Bosom was closer than the lips,  
And so on, until,  
The feet touched the feet,  
Who was she?  
And where was my shadow?  
I asked her but she didn't reply.

When I arrived,  
At my destination,  
The shadow disappeared,  
But she came once again,  
In my sweet lovely dreams,  
I knew her very well,  
And I asked her, sweetheart,  
Your shadow chased me,  
And my shadow was missing,  
Was it a magic or something else?

She replied proudly,  
I merged your shadow in that of mine,  
Your brain is yours and the rest is mine,  
I protected your heart and all its slaves,  
I am an eve with the writ,  
I am half of you.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Shall Continue Writing Worthless Poems

Writing a poem is not a craft,  
If a man inside has a poetic heart,  
If a man is born with eyes so deep,  
Through opaque deep inside he can peep,  
What is loudly told is heard by all,  
A poet responds to a silent call.  
He smiles with others with others he cries,  
Swims with mermaids with the birds he flies,  
He can put himself into enemy's shoes,  
He understands very well his enemy's views,  
With customs and taboos he's ready to fight,  
God has given him a lovely insight,  
And above all is a man of deepest thoughts,  
He writes a poem that wins the hearts.

Nothing I have, still write, do you know why?  
I know my worth but I love to fly,  
Behind night birds for the moon of sky,  
I may be crazy but at all not shy,  
Why to shy for love, I'm bold in it,  
I know I'm not glittering gold in it,  
I know where from I get hates and dislikes,  
But I don't know the source where from I get likes,  
My silent lovers I salute your affection,  
You hidden hits wipe out my dejection.  
As long you like and love and inspire,  
As long my substandard verses you admire,  
I shall go on flying and dreaming for the moon,  
Life smiles in dreams and smile is a boon.  
With my worthless poems I shall fight the thwarts  
As I have a heart that is filled with thoughts.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Shall Go Back Alone

Her visa has been extended,  
And i shall go back alone,  
I always wished,  
Her visa may not be extended,  
But I couldn't tell her,  
Like so many feelings,  
And sentiments,  
I have stolen from myself,  
I stole another one,  
Leaving pain alone in the heart,  
And making me lonely again,  
My visa could also be extended,  
But I did not,  
My son is away from his children,  
My grandchildren need me,  
I shall go back alone!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Shall Love Anyway

If I have forgotten any promise,  
Help me to remember and recollect,  
Come to me in a wet and cloudy night,  
Like spring winds in me to inject,

The forgotten lesson you brought from skies,  
The seed you sown in the restless clay,  
That caused springs and flowers on the earth,  
That ended in a promise I shall love any way,

Above is the moon, the clouds and stars,  
Below are the scented sexy white flowers,  
Between earth and skies I am alone,  
Teased by the naughty unseen showers,

Now I recollect how naughty you were,  
Running in the narrow grassy pavements,  
The romance of being teased by a beauty,  
Breaths ending in the appealing movements,

What else the helpless Adam could do?  
In ecstasy he made a promise to the teaser,  
I shall love you anyway my sweetheart,  
Forgot man is lessee and time is the leaser,

I recollected the promise I had made,  
But I shall not force you to recollect,  
We make promises and many are broken,  
It's the life in that nobody is perfect!

But love! Who can stop anyone to love,  
I loved you and I shall love you anyway,  
Gold will always overshadow the silver,  
My heart is gold, not made of the clay!

Akhtar Jawad

# I Shall Share The Winter

One,  
Sometimes so hysterical and obstinate  
that I leave someone alone in the room  
and come in the adjacent room  
where my personal computer  
invites me to write a poem.  
But what should I write?  
The story of my life,  
a story of all the seasons,  
pleasant winds of the early springs  
colorful flowers of the late springs  
moon lit nights of the summer  
showers of the rains, no sun, no moon,  
but the one,  
always with me.  
Firmly standing as a brave tree in autumn!  
Now it's winter,  
And I have left one alone in the room!  
I listen to one's coughing.  
Leaving this poem incomplete  
I am going to one to share the winter  
I think one needs a glass of water.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Shall Wake (Main Jagoon Ga)

Tum baithi raho main jata hoon,  
Do lamhon mein wapas aata hoon,  
Wuh door pahari ke neeche,  
Us oonche per ke kutch peeche,  
Ek phool dikhai deta hay,  
Ek geet sunai deta hay,  
Wuh geet main sunkar aata hoon,  
Wuh phool main lekar aata hoon,  
Joore mein tumhare tankoon ga,  
Mazi mein zara sa jhankoon ga,  
Main boorha sahi per bhagoon ga,  
Tum chaho to rat mein jagoon ga.

## Independent Translation

You just sit here I am coming back right now,  
I shall take only two minutes, I don't know how,  
But below that distant hill I see a flower,  
I listen to the song of a mild cold shower,  
I want to listen to that song of love,  
See nature has disguised herself in a dove,  
I shall bring that pinkish flower for hairs,  
Don't stop, I know there are no stairs,  
Yes I am weak I know I am old,  
You know it well I am still gold,  
I want to go back in my lovely past,  
I shall bring that flower you'll see at last,  
If you wish I shall wake for the whole wet night,  
I can run, I can love, my eyes, still bright.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Surrendered, Will You?

They can see Him,  
But they don't see,  
They can listen to Him,  
But they don't listen to,  
They can touch Him,  
But they don't touch,  
Cause they can think,  
But they don't think.

They say He is on the skies,  
I say He is everywhere,  
They say we go to skies,  
I say the skies come down.

They say life is a dream  
They say life is a mirage,  
They say life is mortal,  
I say death is an illusion.

They say life was evolved,  
They say life was planted,  
They say life is an enigma,  
I say you are partly right.

A beauty of truth I see in all,  
Consciously or unconsciously,  
We all witness an ancient power,  
We all witness we are helpless before.

We can't fight Him,  
We can't change Him,  
We have no alternate,  
I surrendered, will you?

Akhtar Jawad

# I Will Rise Once Again

Sweetheart!

So what,

if you have started ignoring me now,  
I know you have billions of lovers on this earth,  
and trillions, perhaps more than that,  
on uncountable earths like this.

I know you have so many faces,  
and you want to improve the beauty of my present face.

I remember I was an ugly insect,  
you ignored me so many times,  
the pains of your ignoring killed me every time,  
but then I took a bath of fire  
and got an improved face,  
you burned my ugliness,  
and made me beautiful.

I know it was my dream that came true.

I am dreaming once again,  
ignore me to kill.

Let me take another shower of fire,  
I know once again I shall rise  
with a lovely face,  
You'll love to kiss it.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Wish

I wish you could utter the words  
that are like the waves of a river.  
Words that could be raised by the wind,  
that could touch the distant skies  
that could raise my heart settled in the deep river of time,  
that could reopen the closed doors of my soul,  
that could revive fading colors of a pink rose,  
that could resend me in the time  
when I needed nothing except you  
and I needed you, only you.

Akhtar Jawad

# I Wish I Have Loved Someone Who Never Loved Me

I wish I have loved someone who never loved me,  
I wish I have seen someone who never cared me,  
I only recognize and know him from behind,  
To me ignorant rather too careless too unkind,  
Who wastes his time, writing poems playing chess,  
Writes worthless poems and defeated in games,  
Who is called by others with many funny names,  
May be old and futile an annoying mess,  
Who is at all not needed by a friend or a foe!  
What of life even death has nothing but a toe!  
When he asks Him for two yards of land,  
Silently He smiles says wait for the rand,  
He does not understand His smile and rand,  
Remains engaged in ifs and buts and and,  
Narrates love tails of his youth that are lies,  
Could not move on earth but claims the skies,  
I don't know where he is and in what disguise,  
If you know him, send a pen picture but precise,  
I shall say I love you shall not wait for the fate,  
I know his response will be nothing but hate.

At least his hate won't result in tears,  
But the hate, whom I loved, nears and dears!

Akhtar Jawad

# I'm A Programmed Sinner

Why do I think?  
Can't I keep my brain free of thinking?  
Could I keep it blank!  
My thinking is the worst sinner in me,  
I think of a sin,  
Go on thinking,  
Then comes a day,  
I commit that sin.  
I am helpless,  
I'm a programmed sinner.

Again I think,  
Can't I keep my brain free of thinking?  
Could I keep it blank!  
My thinking is designed to regret the sin,  
I regret my sin,  
Go on regretting,  
Then comes a day,  
I forget my regret,  
I'm a programmed sinner.

I think once again,  
Can't I keep my brain free of thinking?  
Could I keep it blank!  
My thinking is designed to confess the sins,  
I confess my sins,  
Go on confessing,  
Then comes a day,  
I have no sins and I lie,  
I'm a programmed sinner.

Akhtar Jawad

# If Columbus' Ship Would Have Lost In Bermuda Triangle

What if Columbus' ship would have lost in Bermuda triangle,  
you have your angle, I have my angle,  
live in the present and forget the past,  
as the four sides of the two will not meet in a rectangle.

Akhtar Jawad

## If You Don't Count Me

How can you forget that moon lit night,  
Earth was milky and stars were bright,  
Winds were pleasant and weather inviting,  
Inverted blue ocean was further exciting,  
Flowers were dancing on the music unseen,  
Bare footed on a carpet wet and green.  
It was the grass that kissed your feet,  
It was only moon with a twinkling fleet,  
That watched you and your virgin walks,  
Warm in your breaths and sleepy talks.  
You were not at all in anyone's arms,  
Wren't with one in the lonely farms,  
Lips yet a bud never kissed someone,  
With tearful eyes never missed anyone,  
Breaths of bosoms don't mount me,  
You are truthful you don't count me!

Akhtar Jawad

# Ignoring A Good Comment

When you ignore a good comment  
on your works,  
apparently a work of art.  
One who watches your apparent beauty  
starts thinking  
perhaps he slipped in understanding you.  
With an injured knee when he stands up again,  
he looks at you once again  
and finds in your face  
there is something ugly,  
may be a flat nose  
the small eyes  
or your fish like mouth.  
He gets so many things to regret his comment  
on your poem that appeared one day,  
a piece of beauty.  
He just smiles and forgets that foolish day  
saying to himself  
regrets are also parts of life.  
But the individualists sitting  
sitting on a throne of ego  
say,  
'Grapes are sour.'  
Anyway,  
life in that  
there is no regret  
is an incomplete life.  
Regret and complete your life.

Akhtar Jawad

# Illusions In Love

Throughout my life I remained in love,  
my heart used my eyes as two brushes,  
one in the right hand and the other in left,  
my right hand painted bitter facts of life  
and the left painted fantasies and dreams,  
as there was only one canvas,  
the painting became wide open for the viewers.  
Love how naughty you are!  
Like a beautiful girl of sweet sixteen,  
you always shew fantasies and dreams to my heart.  
Now I am an old man but you still play with me,  
Though nature of fantasies and dreams have now changed  
and now when I see beauty of a lovely painting  
two old constructions, on a green grassy land,  
flowers making it colorful,  
and birds flying in the sky,  
the painting appeared to my heart,  
two warships of a fighting nation,  
having realized how much destructive will be a war,  
are hugging and kissing each other,  
and the blackish brown elevated constructions,  
look like missiles with nuclear warheads,  
the green grassy land looked a sea to me  
and the birds as fighter air crafts,  
the flowers appeared soldiers of two fighting infantry,  
exchanging bouquet of flowers with each other.  
That was fear of a destructive war approaching closer and closer.  
But the left hand not sitting idle,  
performed its work nicely,  
it blended the painting with rainbow of love,  
and my heart is now dreaming,  
these are two ancient lovers,  
who remained in love for more than thousand years,  
the cruel hatred changed their faces,  
but their love was not dead,  
they are friends once again,  
the fighting troops are changed again in flowers,  
the fighter air crafts in the beautiful flying birds,  
the missiles in green trees,

the violent sea in a grassy land,  
and hatred in love.

(An impulsive reaction on Kathrine Guilfoyle Mulligan's painting, Me Myself And I,  
having watched photo of a painting by her)

Akhtar Jawad

# I'm A Child Once Again

I forgot what I have lost,  
I love what I have found,  
I lost my infancy,  
I lost my childhood,  
I lost my youth,  
I lost my age when  
I was really matured,  
I'm not an old man,  
I'm a child once again,  
I play with my grand children,  
I smile with them,  
I cry with with them,  
I have a careful look,  
I see the old lady is sleeping,  
I walk like a clever cat,  
I've a key of her cold refrigerator,  
I steal chocolate and candies,  
I run on the stairs like a mouse,  
I see my grand children follow me,  
I sit on the roof in a cold winter,  
I enjoy what I stole from the cold pantry,  
I enjoy sharing it with my grandchildren.  
I feel hug of the sun approving my theft,  
I share it on their fine foreheads,  
I see prints of chocolate lips,  
I see a write of God on it,  
'I have created you for a theft,  
I saw you forgot stealing,  
I, therefore, made you once again a child,  
I hope by the night coming after dusk,  
I'll see you grown up for further stealing,  
I am already working on the old lady,  
I know what she is dreaming for the night'

Akhtar Jawad

# I'M Sorry Sweetheart

I see her, I feel her and I touch her,  
I love her but she does not exist,  
She always comes to wipe my tears,  
When I am unhappy with the truth,  
I love a lie and the lie is molded,  
In a beautiful girl, a beloved,  
I bring smooth and shining clay,  
Add my tears and make the dough,  
Add my blood for a pinkish shade,  
I put the dough on a wheel of thoughts,  
I enjoy then making the body a doll,  
I willfully delay the process of making,  
See again and again a cypress tree,  
The curls of her body I touch and retouch,  
Moon, my friend then becomes her face,  
I bring brown silky hairs from the dusk,  
And pink milky roses from the dawn,  
For the cheeks of a sweet and sexy doll,  
Blue stars are then turned in eyes,  
And the rose petals take the shape of lips,  
When I kiss the doll she opens her eyes,  
With a shy smile she steals her body,  
She whispers sweetly, "A dress I need."  
I request the clouds to become her dress,  
And the moon is hidden in the broken clouds,  
When lie turns in a dream, the truth interrupts,  
She whispers sweetly, "I'm sorry sweetheart."

Akhtar Jawad

# Imagination

I know someone who never knew me,  
I know when she goes to bed,  
And when she awakens in the morning,  
I know how she stands before a mirror,  
How she dresses her hair with a comb,  
I see her when she is swimming in a pool,  
I listen to her when she is singing on piano,  
I know what her favorite dishes are,  
I know her favorite colors and designs,  
I know where she lives and dwells,  
The flowers she likes,  
The weather she enjoys,  
I know many more things about,  
How can I tell you all that?  
You will let her know and she will be cross,  
If she doesn't come in the poet's dreams,  
The poet will lose all his worth,  
The inspirational wealth,  
Let me imagine that beauty alone,  
Have a look at her in the poems I write.

Akhtar Jawad

# Improvisation

She, the lovely lady from the South,  
Who followed him with her open mouth,  
On the Tanga at Lahore,  
Enjoying life, no more bore,  
Fell in love with Punjab's magnetic couth.

(Tanga - A Horse driven cart

As I am afraid of my dear teacher Bri Edwards I paste the meaning of couth,  
otherwise my readers don't need it.

couth

humorous

adjective

1.

cultured, refined, and well mannered.

'it is more couth to hold your shrimp genteelly by the tail when eating'

noun

1.

good manners; refinement.

'he has no couth, no brains and doesn't know the meaning of the word  
diplomacy')

Akhtar Jawad

# Imran Khan Though Sincere

I do not doubt in his integrity.  
I do not doubt in his sincerity,  
I am afraid the serious problems he'll fail to solve,  
This hung parliament he will himself dissolve.

Against him in politics are the feudal lords,  
Not the gentlemen of sporting England,  
It's not a test match at Leeds or Lords,  
These are masters ruling for centuries the yielding land.

If he makes compromises his book will be back on the shelf,  
What of allies his own lieutenants in the parliament,  
Are the same old lords drunk in power and pelf,  
Still I wish success to this nascent element!

(Imran Khan's full name is Imran Ahmad Khan Niazi. He was born on November 25,1952, at Lahore, Pakistan. Pakistani Ccricket player, turned politician became a national hero by leading the Pakistani team to a World Cup victory in 1992, Later entered politics as a critic of government corruption in Pakistan. In the current elections his political party Pakistan Tehrike Insaf emerged as the single largest party in a hung parliament. He is expected to be the next Prime Minister of Pakistan.)

Akhtar Jawad

## In A Foolish Mood

I love me when I am in a foolish mood,  
I think of you whenever I am foolish,  
I make you something I like.  
When I think how beautiful you are!  
I make you a fairy  
who suddenly landed at the roof of my house.  
When I think how appealing you are!  
I make you a bride,  
coming slowly downstairs towards my bed room.  
When I think how delicious are the dishes you make!  
I make you a house wife  
working in the kitchen and baking a chicken.  
When I think how hysterical you are!  
I interchange the two,  
and love a hen baking a hysterical wife.  
But when the dish is served on my dining table  
In that moment foolish thoughts become stale.  
I am no more foolish once again a hungry male.

Akhtar Jawad

## In A Rainy Day I Became A Thief

Sitting in the room an old man on an old arm chair,  
Watching the clouds the glasses of the closed windows,  
Wiping sweats in the artificial touches of ceiling fan's air,  
Waiting for diverged light in seven colors of the rainbows,  
I forgot myself, forgot the pains of my back and my knees,  
So much inviting was the dance of green old trees!

I wished to throw all but threw only my shirt and the trousers,  
Ignoring my growing pains of aging just in the undergarments,  
Forgetting all the doctor's prescribed precautionary measures,  
Once again I responded to the call of instinctive indents,  
Ran out in lightning and thunders, followed by the heavy rains,  
My probable losses countered in advance by so many gains!

For the body, touches of cold blows and kisses of showers  
And the same for the heart too hot like the burning fires,  
I became drunk when I saw the ecstatic colorful flowers,  
What of me, the whole god ship I saw insane in desires,  
Beauty unveiled itself in steps one by one during the dance,  
Life was, life is and life will always be a risky romance.

"Come back in the room, with the grand children, like old men."  
I ignored her as I had ignored one day my loving grandmother,  
Time was reverted, I played with mud, danced with my grandchildren,  
Rains stopped, rainbow appeared, smiling face of a kind lovely mother,  
I send a flying kiss to my mother, she received it, and it's my belief!  
Came back with the stolen childhood, in a rainy day I became a thief.

Akhtar Jawad

# In A Wonderland

Don't know how in a wonderland,  
It looks like earth, its landscape  
Amazing color and attractive shape,  
All round I see a grassy green land,  
It's full of fragrant colorful flowers,  
Fountains and falls for soothing showers!

Colorful flowers no chimneys of mills,  
Jogging rivers that aren't steep,  
Walk other bank it isn't too deep,  
I see a palace in the valley of hills,  
No signs yet of beasts or humans.  
Animals, that are purely vegetarians!

I now started climbing on the hill,  
No boundary wall no lock no gate,  
I heard a voice, 'Go back, you're late.'  
Go back to your world of heat and chill,  
This land is meant for children and infants,  
Neither for sages and nor for the saints!

Who died innocent before youth age,  
Lucky enough not to kill anyone,  
No sin with them to be undone,  
Who never lived in a violence-cage,  
Not for sinful women and men,  
It's reserved for non-violent children!

Akhtar Jawad

## In An Eating Mood

I enjoy myself when I am in an eating mood,  
I don't think of myself when I am an eater,  
Everything is forgotten it's only dish and my hunger.  
When I think now I have grown old!  
I start looking for the remains of enzymes in me,  
and when I get one I remain sticking to it.  
When I think what a heavy dish I used to eat  
I make myself a sick man,  
who has been suffering from indigestion  
and he can not take heavy enriched diets  
he has no alternate but to eat light food she serves  
that I can digest easily.  
But when I think what an enriched dish she used to serve  
I forget my indigestion  
and I don't know how I manage to make the light food  
the same old baked brownish chicken  
with exciting lemon juice and appetizing salads  
and spread of tomato ketchup on a spicy chicken.  
She knows me very well  
and keeps a bottle of cold beverage in the refrigerator  
it all ends well with a kiss of lemon and lime.

Akhtar Jawad

# In Bengal Sky Is Crazy For The Earth

The beauty of nature that I saw at Rangpur,  
A city of North Bangla Desh,  
I can't forget it was so much amazing,  
Believe it or not the sky was flowing on the earth,  
And the stars uncountable in numbers,  
I saw swimming in the ocean of winds.  
Riding a bicycle I felt I was on a ship,  
And the ship was travelling to a destination,  
Where a moon was waiting for me,  
In a bansbari, a house made of bamboo sticks.  
Black clouds my faithful true friends,  
Having captivated the moon for me,  
I didn't see a star on sky,  
And the moon not unhappy,  
Dreaming and singing the song,  
That is sung while waiting for a lover,  
The sun had set after fine rainfalls,  
The gust of wind and mud sticky,  
Was obstructing the lover,  
The message of crickets and its music,  
Was inspiring the lover to reach at the hut,  
And he was moving on with a procession,  
Like a prince of the earth,  
To the princess of the hut,  
With millions of glow-worms,  
Twinkling on the earth like real stars,  
Silently lighting the path of love!

Akhtar Jawad

# In Search Of Beauty

Instinct that titillates in timorous teen age,  
Initiates a search of beauty and charms,  
I have passed a sweet and amorous teen age,  
Beauty I found in so many forms.  
The search started in the middle of teens,  
Titillations were pleasant in the beauty inside,  
Nature taught me an art of preens,  
I found within me a sweet lovely tide.  
I thought nothing else is more beautiful,  
Titillations that brought sweet dreams and lull!

Soon I was tired of the beauty within me,  
Accelerated was the search of beauty once more,  
Embryo of a poet grew enough to see,  
Fine arts and literature having beauty of amore!  
To watch Moti Mosque in the fort was amazed,  
I saw pearl of love on my twentieth birthday  
On the bank of Jamna my eyes what gazed,  
An immortal beauty, no signs of decay!  
Again I thought it's beauty at apex,  
It will remain in the mind for ever as annex.

And then it was her lovely first sight,  
I then knew that beauty is an eve,  
Love of a maid in a moon lit night,  
Beauty of the days I still conceive.  
When days were passed in waiting for nights,  
When beauty of dawn was annoying for me,  
Dusk was inviting for the missing lovely sights,  
With embracing eyelids, I remember and see.  
What else is beauty I thought nothing was left,  
I am proud of my youth for its charming theft.

Now at this age when she's old and sick,  
I thought it's all over and beauty is dead,  
Clay is roasted in a cold hard brick,  
A chapter of beauty in a morning I read.  
The sick old woman came out of the blanket,  
Went to kitchen and prepared breakfast,

And then I heard a new tune of clarinet,  
I am alive and I am still steadfast.  
A promise I saw in her wet brown candles,  
I shall soon recover till then please wait,  
Don't you know love creates miracles,  
Yes I shall come back to you straight.  
Beauty I knew, true beauty I now know,  
She is the same girl with the same old glow.

Akhtar Jawad

# Incomplete Completion (The Essence Of Mom's Smiles By Me Poet Yeps Poet)

Delicious fruits and colorful flowers  
Canals of flavors, aromatic showers,  
An immortal youth, a lovely mate,  
What else one can get from the fate?  
A pleasant night, a romantic day,  
Still sad and restless is a doll of clay  
Finds incomplete her final completion,  
Blended is the joy of her destination!  
What else she wants in this lovely paradise  
Not on earth but here she regrets her demise,  
At a place of light in her hands I see a lantern  
Who is she with such a painful concern?  
A loving mother! Looking for her lost children!  
A grandmother crying for her grandchildren! !

Akhtar Jawad

# Indecision

After so many right and just decisions,  
Sometimes it seems dictation in backward nations,  
Decision by court of law,  
Having a clear visible flaw!  
Let me sleep and dream with indecisions.

Akhtar Jawad

# Infinity

I am a truth and so are you  
and infinity,  
it differs from person to person.  
If you love the moon  
and it's beyond your reach,  
it's your infinity,  
neither you can hug it,  
nor you can kiss,  
you can just dream it!  
You can wet your eyes,  
in starring at the moon  
and your tears may inspire you  
to write poems on the beauty of moon,  
but the moon cannot read your poems.  
You love the moon so much,  
and the moon unaware of your love!  
Even if you reach the moon  
you will find it suffocating and lifeless.  
Frustrated when you raise your head  
towards the blue color of infinity  
for your eyes.  
You see a beautiful shining planet,  
you'll fall in love with it,  
it's bigger than the moon,  
its phases are more wonderful  
than that of moon,  
it's brighter than the moon.  
Come a little closer to my lips.  
Oh No, I am not going to kiss you,  
I am a messenger from that shining planet,  
my name is Awareness,  
and I always talk in whispers.  
My whispers for you,  
that planet is not infinity,  
It's a truth,  
no suffocation there,  
it's full of life  
and,  
it loves you, too.

Do you want to go on that planet?  
It's within your reach,  
I can help you baby  
to arrive at that planet,  
just allow me to titillate you,  
it's enough,  
nothing more,  
now open your eyes.  
Forget infinity.  
Here is a truth,  
you are now at that wonderful planet,  
Enjoy life at this beautiful truth.

Akhtar Jawad

# Infinity And The Finite Nature

God speaks through the nature  
we can't listen to God and respond directly.  
When we respond to the beauty of nature  
we respond to God.  
Rains add music to the song of nature,  
Rainbows add colorful vision to it.  
I am at an infinite distance from the creator,  
in the galaxies I see the distant stars  
my past.  
In the gardens I see the colors and aroma of the flowers,  
My present.  
Throughout the day I struggle for a peaceful sleep,  
for sweet dreams of the future.  
Alas! I could not add anything to the infinity.  
If I could,  
I would have seen what happened to my ascendants in love.  
Alas! I could not subtract anything from the infinity.  
If I could,  
If I could I would have seen what happens to my descendants in love.  
Alas! Infinity cannot be multiplied by infinity.  
If I could,  
I would have seen the first act of this show.  
How this love started and how I became crazy in love?  
Alas! Infinity cannot be divided by infinity.  
If I could,  
I would have survived to see the climax of this show.  
How the lovers meet after an infinite separation?  
Alas! I failed to raise infinity to any positive index of power  
So I went on raising it to a negative series of indexes of power  
Getting nothing but the imaginary confusing puzzles.  
Alas! I couldn't gather courage to multiply infinity by zero.  
To get the real result,  
that is one,  
and it's none else other than me.  
Yet nature is so close to me,  
like a beautiful maiden in love,  
that I see my image in her eyes,  
and I see her lips on my lips.



# Injustice

A justice should speak through his judgment  
During hearing a case his satirical comment!  
One is constrained to think  
What he's going to ink.  
An injustice, bad in law, and indecent!

Akhtar Jawad

# Inksar Humble ??????

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Kyea shakhs tha jo guzra badi khamushi ke sath  
Insan tha wuh hansta bhi tha sadgi ke sath  
Dekhe hayN uski aankhoN meN aansoo kabhi kabhi  
Toota hua wuh dil tha magar dil lagi ke sath  
Chup chap hi kisi ki muhabbat meN mar गया  
Jeena bhi jiska jeena tha bechergi ke sath  
Gum tha wuh apne aap meN sabse juda juda  
Dekha na usko humne kabhi bhi kisi ke sath  
Jab maut ne kaha keh chalo keya hay zindigi  
Roya wuh photo photo keh lekin hansa ke sath  
Apni muhabbatoN meN magan subse beniaz  
Nafrat kiye bina hi marabebasi ke sath  
Ho ga bura hameN to wuh acha laga sada  
Mail bah inksar tha har ajnabi ke sath

What a man he was who silently expired  
modestly he smiled being so simple  
sometimes I saw tears in his eyes  
a broke heart still so jolly!  
Silently he died in someone's love  
so what he was living a life of helplessness.  
He was living in himself and different from others  
I didn't saw him ever with anyone.  
Death said, "Let us go, what a life is it?"

He burst in tears with a mild smile.  
He was so busy in his love affairs  
Alas, he died without hating anyone!  
He might have been bad; to me he was nice,  
What of me, he was humble even with the strangers.

Akhtar Jawad

# Innocence

You can walk on the road I cannot walk,  
You can balk your hate but I cannot balk,  
You can talk to God but I cannot talk,  
Whether it is land or air or a beach,  
For the innocence, nothing out of reach!

The day on which innocence will fly,  
The earth will lose the umbrella of sky,  
How bold you are and how much shy,  
Innocence thy charms are infinite,  
Innocence thy beauty is kingly elite.

Your holy journey I am sure will be nice,  
Innocence is magic and will get the price,  
Innocence is beauty, beautiful His vice,  
Saw your photographs in the cockpit,  
I salute your wit, I salute the writ!

Akhtar Jawad

# Innocent Elders

Looking for innocent lovers of a child?  
My skin once again is ugly and rough,  
Need again an oily bath in a trough,  
Some oil on the skin and pleasing the mind,  
Taking off dirt of the body and the heart,  
Making child fit and looking smart!

Come back with all interesting ignorance  
A gun in the right and a hand in my hand,  
Hunting a few birds in a grassy land,  
More innocence than a child's innocence!  
When the child asked to shoot an eagle in sky,  
"They live thousands of years, let them fly.

Might have seen Muhammad and Jesus Christ,  
Can't kill him, my naughty child,  
No uncalled killings, I am mild though wild,  
Eagles will be killed by the Antichrist."  
"Who is Antichrist and where is he?  
How he appears I want to see."

"He is Hitler, still alive not yet dead,  
Hiding somewhere and learning magic,  
From fifth Vedas in a language terrific,  
He'll rise once again when the book is read."  
"And who is Hitler, I want to know,  
Do you have his photo, can you show? "

"A Nazi dictator, an ugly racist,  
Thought he's superior to all other races.  
He is the ugliest in many ugly faces!  
Quiet, I see a bird I can hunt,  
Pick knife from bag, that's sharp not blunt."

(Hindus have four religious tomes, called Vedas, it is believed there is a missing fifth Veda. .... The only difference I see in allied and Axis Forces is that Hitler's Knives were blunt while Churchill's knives were sharp)



# Instinctive Pinches

Rare in the days are the lovely sights,  
I see her in the moonlit nights,  
She is beauty and appeal and inspiring joy,  
When the child is crying she disguises as a toy,  
When the child does not sleep she comes with a tale,  
For the naughty Grand Father she works as a gale,  
She tells a tale of the sleepless princess,  
The old man starts his instinctive pinches,  
She sings sweet lullaby for the child,  
And Grand Father turns bold and wild,  
Eye lids of the child when kiss each other,  
Vanishes like a Jin the cunning Grand Mother,  
The old man tries to grip her hands,  
Dreams are ahead of the past dream lands,  
In a twinkling of the eyes she becomes acrobatic,  
Dynamic dreams in an age so static!  
Having no alternate the poor old child,  
Like ice cream cone turns soft and mild.

Akhtar Jawad

# Institutions In Asian, African And Latin American Countries

Institutions In Asian, African And Latin American Countries

Somewhere, somewhere, I don't know where,  
but I believe there is a place in the body of institutions,  
of many Asian, African and Latin American countries.

Like a typical girl of these areas,  
who starts looking for a life partner,  
keeps her virginity intact for him,  
immediately after her puberty.

But the same innocent girl sacrifices her virginity  
to win a spouse.

The girl is supposed to be a virgin at her wedding night,  
a typical bridegroom in these areas never accepts a bride  
with a broken virginity.

Somehow, somehow, I don't know how,  
the institutions here undergo through such periods.  
The institutions here keep their virginity intact,  
and dream on their heads a charming Huma Bird,  
but sacrifice it to a super power,  
to become a lusty page for the book of history.

So plain and simple are the people of these areas,  
they like striping of time,  
welcome undue changes in the beginning,  
come on the roads to protest against the porn,  
but at least after a decade.

Akhtar Jawad

# International Anthem

Rise up Adam, Rise up Eve,  
Whatever you speak whatever you believe,  
Wherever you live let others live,  
Let the petals live and let the feathers live,  
Let us sing together, let us walk together,  
The talks of love let us talk together,  
Rise up old men, rise youths with passion,  
Yes, your motherland is a lovely nation,  
Yes, full of love is your nice religion,  
Yes your language is a lovely tweet,  
Yes your culture is pretty and sweet,  
Rise up lovely women, rise up pretty dolls,  
Rise up, listen to your mother, how dearly she calls,  
Bravely, boldly, firmly shout and raise your hands,  
At sea, in the air, or on the lovely lands  
No hot war, no cold war, no proxy war,  
Say nay to the terror, be a love star,  
Your mother earth is full of beauty and full of wealth,  
Let your mother survive with all her worth.

Akhtar Jawad

# International Women's Day

I see you marching in purple dresses  
Caress, caress, a lot of caresses,  
Cross all the obstacles Jump as a juvenile  
I read, understand and love your profile  
Shake the track on that are stones scattered  
Be the phenomenal women and don't be flattered  
They will try to off track you by praising your beauty  
But to reach the finishing line is your duty  
Run if a teenage girl walk if you are old  
Whatever your age may be you are gold  
Pick the stones and throw back on the scoundrels  
Arrive at the church; I am waiting for the victory bells.

Akhtar Jawad

# Intezar

Aana to tha sooraj ke sang, chand ke sang aa jao sathi,  
Sara din to tadpa hoon main, sham ko na tadpao sathi,  
Subah ka bhoola sham ko aaye to bhoola kahlata nahin,  
Subah se ab to sham huei tum ab bhi aa jao sathi.

Sham dhale poorab se uththeen kali kali ghataen sathi,  
Rat andheri sar par aai, tum bin kaise bitaen sathi,  
Barkha rut men dost ki doori, dushman bhi mahfooz rahe,  
Thandi thandi mast hawaen dilmen aag lagaen sathi.

Tum aao ya neend aae ya maut hi aa jae sathi,  
Kuch to aisi bat ho jisse rat yeh kat jae sathi,  
Rimjhim rimjhim badra barse chamcham chamcham chamke bijli,  
Bheegi bheegi rat ka joban pal pal uthta jae sathi.

Akhtar Jawad

# Introduction

We were not so close but we were not too far  
I don't know how the current of friendship induced  
Just connected on a website, but never met.  
To each other, we are yet to be introduced!

From which nation is he, what's the language he speaks?  
Age and sex, his religion and culture, can I guess? Yes I can.  
No introduction is needed now, I know him very well,  
My friend thinks like me, like me he is also a man.

We both are natives of the same dream land  
An island in the vast ocean of emotions and sentiments,  
One may take it only as a piece of blood and flush  
For us, it's larger and denser than the continents!

Akhtar Jawad

# Introspection

Study yourself, test yourself, and rate yourself,  
But it will be a fatigue that may make you tired,  
Leave it for others who see you all at a glance,  
May be you deserve to be high rated and admired.

It's a risk; you are beautiful but may underestimate  
Introspection like any other thing has an alternate  
Why don't you love someone and just look into one's eyes,  
Swim in a deep blue ocean; fly in the light blue skies,  
Your loved one will overlook all that's not smart  
He will find what's in you is a work of art  
Love can block even your thoughts polluting your charms  
Your styles of talking, walking and stretching the arms  
May be a stone in your bosom, love can make it a heart  
For a rover of love it will be a boat with a soft thwart.

Akhtar Jawad

# Invited Calamities

When man cried and prayed.  
O beneficent and merciful God!  
You are killing us in large numbers.  
Why it's so?  
Enter with us O God!  
Let us know why we are being killed,  
sometimes in earthquakes,  
sometimes in in deadly hurricanes.  
He found God is already in him,  
and what he thinks in that moment  
when he manages to feel Him  
he gets a reply from God.  
And what the man thought?  
He committed many sins  
every time God forgave him,  
but when he started killing his brother men,  
God warned him several times.  
but he could not improve his behavior!  
The quantum of warnings went on increasing.  
Tsunamis and earthquakes became intense.  
Alas! Man is yet to improve his behavior! !

Akhtar Jawad

# Iou

I owe you, yes; I owe you my mother,  
Anyone like you, none no other!  
You stole me from the garden of flowers,  
Wrapped me in a blanket after washing in showers,  
The blanket of warm and secured lovely arms,  
Wish an infant could describe its charms!  
You fed me to grow as a healthy man,  
Many more sacrifices I can't scan,  
Saved me from the dangerous heat strokes,  
Your lullabies and your nursery jokes,  
Your science in training how to walk,  
Your art in teaching how to talk,  
Love and restlessness seeing me restless,  
Took care of me when I was helpless,  
A guide, a teacher an umbrella in rains,  
A reliever, a soother in cries and pains,  
And today celebrating the Women's Day,  
I owe you is all I can say!

Akhtar Jawad

# Is Barack Obama An Alien

The world wants to know  
why the dead body of Osama Bin Laden  
was not shown to the world?  
Was Osama killed and buried in Afghanistan  
years ago before the operation in that  
he is alleged to be killed?  
Does Obama, son of a Muslim,  
has a soft corner in his heart for the Muslims?  
Osama's name was used by both  
the Muslim extremists  
and by the champions of war on terror, too.  
Perhaps Obama, an Alien, is a disguised human.  
I doubt if the extremists are sincere Muslims,  
as Islam does not permit terror.  
So I put myself into the shoes of Obama  
for the time being I am an Alien  
I am just like the humans  
I sit with the humans  
I talk to them  
I eat and drink like them  
they are my cousins.  
As every human is my cousin  
Muslims are also my cousins  
and I love them as well.  
In fact I love the whole world  
and I want to save the world  
from destruction of a deadly Third World War  
or the first ever Nuclear War!  
I decide that drama of Osama  
that may lead the world to the destruction  
should now come to an end.  
So I write the last episode of the drama  
and I tell a lie that Osama has been killed  
in my planned operation.  
The world wants to see the end of Osama  
not much interested  
when and how he was killed.  
Alas! I didn't know leadership of the world  
will be passed on to the leaders

more dangerous  
than Osama Bin Laden!  
(It's just my naughty imagination and I don't know the truth.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Is It Pornography

One day my heart told me,  
I can speak and I talk to you,  
I can listen to you,  
and I feel you,  
but I am blind,  
I cannot see.  
I feel I am in a cage.  
Allow me to come in your eyes,  
I want to see the world,  
I allowed him.  
I never knew my heart  
is master of naught,  
As soon as he came in my eyes,  
he snatched my sight,  
and jumped outside in a lovely garden,  
kissed the roots of a tree,  
and started climbing upwards,  
I was chasing my heart,  
but the tree has so many wonderful branches,  
what of a heart  
the entire universe  
can play the game of hide and seek  
in such a dense tree,  
in the lakes and fountains,  
in the valley of hills,  
in the deep blue ocean,  
in the tresses of long hanging roots.  
one hanging on the left side hill,  
and the other on the right,  
making a contour deep inside,  
From front or from back,  
the landscape is a lovely sight,  
nature was teaching geography to my heart,  
and my hands were reading the book of the heart,  
for a poet for a painter,  
a model for art,  
so what of a heart!  
a blind son of cupid's naught!  
I was just searching my heart,

like a blind man in dark,  
who looks for anything with his hands.  
as the naughty heart took with him,  
my eyes, my sight,  
My heart when knocked at the doors of ears,  
while dancing on the two long soft stems,  
and when my hands reached there,  
he jumped in the lake,  
and when my hands went there,  
he went on other bank of the lake,  
it was on the hills, laughing at me,  
then it crawled on the high mountains,  
and started singing in the pink valley,  
I listened to the echo and my whole,  
trembled in an earthquake,  
being blind in the moment,  
couldn't read the scale,  
might have been above seven,  
as I was acrobatic in heaven,  
what a naughty boy!  
He went on teasing me,  
from brown earth to the pink flowers,  
and from flowers to the tresses of the creeper,  
while the heart was roaming,  
and hands were chasing,  
the sleeping tree arose with thunders,  
'So it's you! The hungry lizard! ',  
she caught my heart as it was a lice,  
and threw it outside from the garden,  
not like Adam!  
He was thrown all alone,  
thanks God!  
My hands fielded well,  
and he was caught on the slips,  
back to pavilion,  
I caught him by neck,  
and pushed him to his native place.  
He was crying,  
'I haven't seen the world yet! '  
'Shut up, you have seen mountains,  
you have seen the oceans,  
you have seen the plains,

what else is remained! '  
'I couldn't swim, I couldn't fly,  
I just walked.'  
'Leave it for tomorrow, and like a good boy,  
go back to bed room, now you should sleep.'

You are my friend,  
it should remain between me and you,  
he was always in my reach,  
but I willfully didn't catch him.  
You know it why!

(Just a fun to amuse me and my friends)

Akhtar Jawad

## Ishq (Love) With English Translation

Har rah meri chah ki ek rahguzar hay,  
lillah na poocho ke mili kisse nazar hay.  
Jeena bhi yehi ishq hay marna bhi yehi ishq,  
ab ja key eh jana ke muhabbat to safar hay.  
Har rat naye roop ke pardon mein chupa jo,  
rat aai amavas ki to urian wuh qamar hay.  
Tasveer to bheji nahin tehrir mili hay,  
mujhko na sahi usko magar meri khabar hay.  
Main ban गया kafir to musalman bana wuh,  
us shakhs ki is shakhs pe duzdeedah nazar hay.

### English Translation

All the ways lead to my beloved,  
for God's sake don't ask who is she?  
This love is both, my life and my death,  
now I knew, love is a journey.  
Every night I watched her in a new veil,  
and she striped in a moonless night.  
She didn't send a photo but got an unanimous letter,  
I don't know her, but she knows me.  
When I became a denier, she became a believer,  
That someone has an eye on this someone!

Akhtar Jawad

# Ishq Husn Aur Shair

## Ishq

Main tumko dhoondh nahin paya han apna aap ganwa aaya,  
Ab khud ko dekh ke sochta hoon yeh main hoon ya hay mera saya.  
Ab jo bhi chehra dekhta hay pehchan nahin pata hay mujhe,  
Is ishq mein keya kho kar aaya is ishq mein maine keya paya.

## Husn

Koi mere siwa keyun pehchane main apna hoon sab begane,  
Is ishq main aysa hi hota hay jo khud se bane hayn anjane,  
Wuh Qais nahin rah pate hayn majnoon wuhi kahlate hayn,  
Sahra mein bhatakne walon ke duhrati hay dunya afsane.

## Shair

Keya hum mitti ke khilone hayn kirdar hayn hum afsanon ke,  
Keya husn o ishq bhee haqeeqat hay ya khawab hayn yeh deewanon ke,  
Kisi aur ke bare mein keya main muhe khud apni hi khabar hi nahin,  
Mitti pe gire hum qatre hayn do toote hue paimanon ke.

## Akhtar Jawad

## It Happened In 20th Century

He found himself in a different land,  
When he saw so many of his friends,  
With chained legs and working as slaves,  
He thought perhaps he is dead,  
And due to his sins he has been sent to this hell,  
He was standing in a queue,  
Waiting for his duty to be assigned,  
By the dusk standing hungry and thirsty,  
An oral work order was given to him,  
His legs were chained,  
He was driven to a cave like animals are driven,  
Where there was no light,  
It was an unpleasant summer night,  
Ruled by big mosquitoes,  
A few armed guards came with food and water,  
The food he never ate in his lovely house,  
Tasteless but he took some of it,  
And bad smelled water he drank anyhow,  
At midnight few guards came in the cave,  
Selected a few handsome boys,  
Unchained them and took them somewhere,  
Just before the call for pre-dawn prayers,  
The guards came again and he saw,  
Blood below the belly of innocent boys,  
Next day he worked in the labor camp,  
Hungry and thirsty and at dusk,  
They were driven back in the cave,  
Given food and water,  
After night prayers the guards came again,  
Selected the boys and he was one of them,  
While they were carrying the boys somewhere,  
He ran away and the guards opened fire,  
The clever boy in cover of the bushes,  
Took a U-turn and remained hidden whole night,  
At the dawn he started running towards the south,  
The brave boy managed to come to the capital,  
Of an agency of the northern tribal areas,  
Whereat he was handed over to the political agent,  
And the kidnapped boy was repatriated.

My dear readers it did not happen in sixteenth century,  
It happened in twentieth century!

Akhtar Jawad

# It May Be Done By Love Only

Who says do not love your color,  
but for that you need not to hate any other color,  
keeping your color intact,  
why don't you spread lovely colors of your pink existence?  
Why don't you become yourself colorful first,  
and leave no alternate for others,  
but to be wet in the rainbow of your nice colors?  
Your ego can provide the appealing colors.  
One day give sleeping pills to your ego,  
give an opportunity to the superego,  
to add the scents of love in the colors of ego,  
rest assure your ego in its dreams,  
will be changed in a pink flower  
and then you will see when your ego is awaken,  
your enemy will be astonished with your beauty,  
with your colors and with your aroma,  
and when your enemy will say,  
'What a lovely rose you are! ',  
the enemy will be changed in a friend.  
What a victory it would be!  
Do more and wait for the day,  
when friendship is changed in love  
that makes one ready for super most sacrifices.  
May be in an ecstatic moment,  
you get what always you dreamed to get from your enemy,  
but neither it can be done by terror,  
nor by the wars,  
It may be done by love only.

Akhtar Jawad

# It's My Story

In this world nothing is static,  
Everything is dynamic,  
The expanding universe gives a message,  
I am expanding, I am changing,  
I was just a point, with a weight infinite,  
My volume was tending to zero,  
I am still changing,  
Every moment my beauty increases,  
I welcome changes, I am not obstinate.  
And one who says I cannot change,  
He is an egoist, who remains thirsty of love,  
He remains concentric and confined in himself,  
My friend when you say I cannot change myself,  
You are fighting with nature,  
You argue you are true and right,  
And a true love never changes,  
It changes sweetheart,  
In the first stage it's attraction,  
In the second stage it's a flirt,  
In the third stage it's a romance,  
In the fourth stage it's a friendship,  
In the fifth stage understanding is it,  
In the sixth stage it's sacrifice,  
In the seventh stage it's conjugal affection,  
Now it's up to you how many stages you can cross,  
My friend I have narrated nothing else,  
Like it or dislike, it's my story.

Akhtar Jawad

# It's Not A Love Story

Yes, It's not a love story,  
It's story of two Pakistanis,  
Sharing their pains on The Face Book,  
A great website of social contacts,  
Bringing a girl in her early twenties,  
An emotional and sentimental poetess,  
And a seventy tear old poet,  
So close,  
As if they are in front of each other!  
They have never met,  
For the poet the poetess is still a mystery,  
Is she really a girl of twenty?  
Or she is a grown up lady,  
Who has disguised herself for certain reasons,  
The poet does not know her pains,  
But he believes she has some pains,  
That constrains her to awake in the nights,  
Probably she is a Eurasian,  
Her father is a Pakistani Muslim,  
And her mother is a British woman,  
But nothing is definite,  
I told you she is still a mystery!  
She says she knows seven languages,  
But she is not proficient in Urdu,  
The national language of Pakistan,  
For every Urdu poem,  
She requests to translate it in English!  
The poet a middle class old grandfather,  
Has been a romantic youth,  
Lucky or unlucky,  
That his first love affair,  
Was materialized in marriage,  
His wife is a beautiful, loyal and helpful lady,  
His son and a daughter are out of the country,  
The eldest daughter lives in Karachi.  
The poet lives with his grandson and granddaughters,  
The area in that he lives in particular,  
And Pakistan in general,  
Is facing an energy crisis,

And problem of scarcity of water,  
Where terror and religious extremism,  
Has put human flush and blood,  
On the mercy of so called true Muslims,  
Where children are attacked and killed in schools,  
Where Mosques and Churches are attacked,  
Where women are burnt alive on the charge of a sin,  
Where leaders are corrupt,  
Where constitution is broken again and again,  
Where democracy is the government of hoodlums,  
By hook and for fools!

The poet loves his country,  
He is an Indian immigrant,  
But he was told, sea is before you,  
Right to say,  
We have to live and die now in Pakistan,  
So what if a terrorist kills the poet!  
He lived for Pakistan,  
He will die for Pakistan.

Let me come back to my story now,  
That is not a love story,  
The water is supplied on alternate days,  
The supply starts at mid night,  
The poet has to awake on every alternate day,  
To beg water from the main line,  
Through a sucking pump,  
If beloved of corrupt rulers,  
I mean electric supply,  
Allows him to do so,  
He has to check the underground tank,  
On regular intervals,  
If it overflows,  
The road becomes a canal,  
And his loving neighbors,  
Start abusing the poet,  
What are the abuses?  
I cannot write.  
On every alternate early mornings,  
The poet awakes and passes his time,  
Either on ,

Or on the Face Book,  
He was introduced to the poetess,  
A young princess,  
A sweet little fairy,  
A rose bud yet to blossom,  
Beautiful and smart,  
Having nice control on English,  
Capable of describing her lovely sentiments,  
And deep feelings,  
In impressive and heart touching poems,  
They exchanged their poems,  
And the pleasantries,  
Gradually she became an inspiration for the poet,  
And the poet wrote many poems on her,  
This relationship that is nameless,  
Has grown to the extent,  
That the poet described himself,  
As a shadow of Wordsworth,  
And described the poetess,  
As a shadow of Lucy,  
Lucy was mere chit of a girl,  
And Wordsworth wrote many poems on her death,  
The poet knows neither he is Wordsworth,  
Nor she is Lucy,  
No harm in dreaming!  
May God bless this Lucy a happy long life!  
Yes, he loves her!  
Still he says, it's not a love story!

Akhtar Jawad

## It's A Poem On You

When silky words slip from your eyes,  
to deep very deep inner of your heart.  
When lines rearrange their shape and color,  
and start resembling your curved eye brows.  
When passion of the poem increases heart beats,  
and beats start sending musical waves,  
to your cold still lips  
and awake the sleeping beauty curvatures.  
When curvatures start vibrating  
and move the inner plates of your body,  
you say hello to the fault belts,  
and welcome the delayed earthquake.  
When you desire the shocks to be more intense,  
and wish it could activate the dormant volcano.  
Rest assure it's a poem on you!

Akhtar Jawad

# It's A Sunday Based On Upendra Singh Suman's Poem 'aaz Rawiwar Hai'

It's a Sunday,  
my friends smile with the joyful hearts,  
dance if you can and show your arts,  
sing for the charms of a lovely weak rest,  
after six days' fatigue with all the best,  
sun at the dawn and moon at night,  
don't see anything that is not too bright,  
a star from skies for the poor tired clay,  
to love, to be loved, He gave this day,  
it's a Sunday!

See it has changed the climate of life,  
sweetheart forget whole weak's strife,  
all festivals in a day are confined,  
souls of the seasons in a day enshrined,  
in the streets I see a lovely rainbow,  
the dance of life in a green meadow,  
for the restless laborers a gift to play,  
enjoy and rest pay thanks and pray,  
It's a Sunday!

Akhtar Jawad

## It's All Fare In Love

In a corner close to windows,  
A rose bud in the dark shadows,  
Something she is writing,  
And the shoulders exciting,  
And her silky neck enjoying a kiss,  
By shine of hairs enjoying a bliss,  
The unhappy neck lacking the charms,  
For someone's hot and lovely arms,  
The unhappy lips in dreams of a kiss,  
For several days a painful miss,  
Unhappy innocence never knows,  
Her mild smile and dark eye brows,  
The golden ring with the diamond shines,  
The piece of paper having zigzag lines,  
He knows very well the meanings of the lines,  
If it's love every path has shines.  
Nature is reflecting all in the glass of naught,  
To the thirsty fiancé with an art of draught!

Akhtar Jawad

# It's All The Same

How you shall change the centuries old ancient game,  
It's all the same, it's all the same, and it's all the same  
A daughter of chief minister of the largest province  
Whose men beat a salesman could not convince  
How she was excused by the affected poor man,  
Threatened, bribed or beaten once again?

A female politician slapped a female polling officer  
Performing her undesired duty, though a teacher,  
A powerful member of the ruling party of the province  
Was also excused but her reply could not convince,  
How she was excused by the affected woman,  
Threatened, bribed or slapped once again?

A newly elected member, one of the feudal lords!  
An ordinary man was beaten by him and his guards.  
Member of the party of a man, against the VIP culture,  
Though heard he is upset on his lieutenant's caricature,  
I wonder how he tolerated this charming feudal prince,  
Irony! Even leader of the nation could not convince,  
How the prince was excused by the beaten man,  
Threatened, bribed or tortured once again?

In a nation where all institutions have lost armature,  
The executive, the judiciary and the legislature,  
Like unnecessary hairs remove the uncalled aristocracy,  
Change if you can this luxurious and expensive bureaucracy,  
Teach the media to grow now in the matured adults,  
Teach the scholars, terror will not bring the desired results,  
Wish you could change this centuries old dirty frame,  
At the moment it's all the same, it's all the same!

Was Pakistan founded to safeguard the interests of feudal lords?  
Where ordinary men may be beaten by a feudal and his guards!

Akhtar Jawad

# It's Bri Edwards (Who Helped Me To Improve My English)

Life is so green it's Bri Edwards,  
But brown is unseen, it's Bri Edwards,  
Left its fruits in countryside,  
Enjoying greenery and horse ride,  
Eighteen may be nineteen, it's Bri Edwards!

(Who says Bri is 65, he is still an innocent teen aged boy, I believe)

Akhtar Jawad

# It's Bri's Gleaming (On A Limerick For Bri By Valsa George)

I'm deaf and dumb on his screams,  
When in winter he's denied ice creams,  
He jumps from winter to summer,  
Missing springs becomes a drummer,  
Poor drums sound rough, it's Bri's gleaming!

(A Limerick For Bri - Poem by Valsa George)

A friend of mine eats lots of ice cream  
At its sight his eyes would gleam  
His name is Bri  
Though a nice guy,  
If denied ice cream, he would scream)

Akhtar Jawad

# It's Midnight Let Us Write A Love Story

"The old clock of my late grandfather  
has struck twelve times.  
We have too much talked!  
We talked about our childhood,  
when you chased the colorful butterflies  
and I chased a girl watching the attractive movements  
of a growing body from the back.  
The buds of beautiful rose plant  
with glimpses of delicate pink petals  
singing the song of a promise,  
assuring,  
soon I'll be a beautiful pink rose."

"Let me chase the beautiful butterflies,  
I know you can run faster than me,  
still you love to follow me.  
You are waiting for the time  
when a volcano is erupted in me,  
and I am beautified with a valley of mountains,  
I become a green landscape of flowers  
with a frozen lake that melts  
and overflows in a romantic summer."

"I know on that day you'll run faster  
and overtake me.  
How nice,  
you really overtook me.  
It's midnight and it's my turn once again  
I have turned my face to you  
watch me from the front  
I have grown in beauty! "

"A beautiful woman is capable of striking  
many musical melodious bells.  
My long silky shining hairs  
I promise to record in my every hair  
the stories of golden nights with you,  
my forehead on that your name is written  
as my fate ultimate,

my two eyes that twinkle like stars,  
my two lips like a boat in a calm lake,  
my two skies like arms to cover the entire  
yes, I am a woman and I move with a vast universe.  
Many more,  
many more you'll see when you begin your journey.'

'Look at the smiling moon, it's my face,  
before you start the journey of love  
I want only one promise from you.  
When my hairs ripe with your crazy stories  
you will not forget writing the love stories!  
For my ripen hairs,  
I shall borrow colors and shine from my heart  
and in return I shall give love stories to my childish heart! &quot;

Akhtar Jawad

# It's Not Poetry ?????? ?????

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## English Translation

### It's Not Poetry

The sun arose, but there is not light,  
May it not be so, no life though I breath.  
Could be able to empty my mind,  
I think a lot but without awareness.  
My claims I am still in love!  
To prove it there is no craziness in love.  
A friend in friends and a rival in rivals,  
I don't accept it as a friendship.  
Buds what happened to your shyness,  
Flowers have lost their color and fragrance.  
The far end of the space in the darkness,  
It's my eyes' light I see, it's not yours.  
Oh evening! Be a little naughty,  
Since long didn't see a deviation in the heart.  
Clouds! Cry here, and laugh somewhere else.  
Moon is here but I don't see moonlight.

Night! Show me a beautiful face,  
I said something, but it's not poetry.

Akhtar Jawad

# It's Not So Easy To Read A Woman

She was sleeping and I was watching her,  
is she dreaming?  
If so, let me guess,  
what her dream may be.  
But let me watch her some more.  
She is a newly married woman,  
It's honey moon period,  
what else she can dream?  
It's me only me.  
Angles of her lips say,  
she is kissing someone,  
she took a pillow  
and put it on her right arm,  
slowly moving her left arm  
on the pillow.  
I am now sure,  
she is dreaming me,  
thanks God you gave me  
such a nice loving woman!  
Suddenly she raised her shirt up,  
brought the pillow too close to her breasts,  
and started singing something,  
I brought my ear close to her mouth.  
My God! She is singing a lullaby!  
It's not so easy to read a woman!

Akhtar Jawad

## It's Not Yet Too Late A Comment On Rini Shibu's Poem Scratches)

Some unspoken words touch softly  
titillate the heart without any pleasure  
cause the tiny nerves carry a message  
to be stored in the unconscious parts of the brain  
and the brain drafts a reply saves it but doesn't send it to the heart.  
A smile lifts its first step to dance on the lips  
but stops,  
for a moment more beautiful, more lovely.  
Season goes on changing  
after harvesting many crops of emotions  
after facing many failures and deceptions  
the drafted message is sent to the subconscious parts of the brain  
in a lonely moon lit night it's converted in a dream  
she finds herself enchanted in the arms of the unspoken words.  
Alas! She was mesmerized in the magic of spoken words  
and ignored the unspoken words.  
And when she saw him she thought to tell something to him  
but before she could tell anything she listened again some unspoken words,  
A reply of the message she could not send,  
It's not yet too late.  
An affair that gave only little pain but no scratches.

Akhtar Jawad

# It's You Only You

I never loved you,  
It's me only me,  
Myself, my image, my ego,  
I loved.

I loved my eyes,  
For beautiful sights,  
For poems I read,  
For watching a mirror.

I loved my ears,  
For hearing the others,  
For the tunes I like,  
For hearing my own speech.

I loved my tongue,  
For speaking the others,  
For tasting something delicious,  
For expressing myself.

I loved my nose,  
For smelling the fragrance,  
For exciting my apathy,  
For my own appetite.

I loved my body as a whole,  
For joyful touches,  
For all my acts,  
For me only me.

I never hated anyone,  
It's me only me,  
Myself, my image, my ego,  
I hated.

I hated my eyes,  
For ugly sights,  
For my foolish writes,  
For my face in a mirror.

I hated my ears,  
For hearing myself,  
For my bathroom singing,  
For the tunes I dislike.

I hated my tongue,  
For abusing others,  
For tasting the medicines,  
For the foods I dislike.

I hated my nose,  
For smelling something bad,  
For breathing troubles,  
For sleeping opened mouth,

I hated my body as a whole,  
For my pains and allergies,  
For my all ugly acts.  
For me only me.

Please wait I'm wrong,  
I forgot my soul,  
My soul loves you,  
It's you, only you.

Akhtar Jawad

# It's You Who Made Me Cry ?? ?? ?? ??? ????? ?? ????? ???? ?????

Is it the way of talking is it the way of meeting?  
One shouldn't be cross for such a long time.  
Your eyes have no glimpse of previous acquaintance  
Like strangers you are meeting your lover.  
I have tolerance to listen to your grievances  
Don't listen to me but tell whatever you want.  
At least a message of two lines you should have sent  
Just expressing yourself in poems! Write a letter.  
I want to cry with my head on your shoulders  
But you don't meet me alone now.  
Meeting again is our fate may be today or tomorrow  
I don't see anyone like me and you are also singular.  
After a lot of laughing we are crying now  
I cry to laugh for ever otherwise I don't cry.

Based on my Urdu Ghazal

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Akhtar Jawad

# It's Your Love Sweetheart

I saw a color that enchanted my eyes  
I brought my eyes too close to it,  
the color entered in me.  
I saw an aroma that hypnotized my nostrils  
I brought my nostrils too close to it,  
the aroma entered in me.  
I saw pink delicacy that mesmerized my lips  
I brought my lips too close to it,  
the delicacy entered in me,  
I then listened to a melody coming from my inside  
I brought my ears too close to it  
I myself entered in me.  
Now I find myself being touched by a beautiful heart  
I wonder it's no more a human heart!  
Who changed my heart into a lovely flower?  
What else can be it?  
It's your love sweetheart!

Akhtar Jawad

# Jamal-E-Yar

Sabz bheege pairahan men paikar-e-marmar ko dekh,  
Tune keya dekhe naheen barsat men joohi ke phool,  
Samne uske main kyun na sari baten jaoon bhool,  
Kakul-e-uswad ke neeche aariz-e-ahmar ko dekh.

Dekh le uski jabeen par do darakhshandah hilal,  
Teergi se jinki sharmata hay noor-e-mahetab,  
Gesuaon men doob jata hay chamakta aftar,  
Nargisi aankhen hain ya shair ka hain rangeen khyal.

Dekh aa kar uske nazuk lub ke jinke darmian,  
Bijlion ki fauj saf ara khadi tayyar hay,  
Dant hain ya motion ka kondta ek har hay,  
Muskurahat hay yeh uski ya bahar-e-gulfishan.

Woh to bus raanaion ki rang bhari tasveer hay,  
Shair-e rangeen taba ka ek nadir khawab hay,  
Woh kitab-e-husn ka mehka hua ek bab hay,  
Qudrat-e-rangeen bayan ki dilnasheen tehreer hay.

Akhtar Jawad

# Jane And Joe, The Twin Paradox

Jane and Joe were twins alike,  
Jane the sister, went high in the sky,  
Velocity of the ship was that of light.  
Joe the brother, he did not not fly.

Dwelling in space for a few days only,  
Jane came back and she was surprised,  
Her brother has grown, too old than her,  
But the youth and beauty of Jane survived.

Jane was traveling with the speed of light,  
Biological clock turned slower, same on the wrist,  
At enormous speed time is relative,  
Albert Einstein was a great scientist.

Akhtar Jawad

# Jangal

Kaun kehta hay main akeli hooN  
In darakhtoN ki main saheli hooN  
Aap ko main akeli dikhti hooN  
HaN main fitrat ki ek Paheli hooN  
Dil ki aankhoN se dekhiye mujhko  
Ek dulhan nai naveli hooN  
Meri khushboo bikharne wali hay  
main to ek ghuncha-e-chanbeli hooN.

Akhtar Jawad

# Jeete Rahen Gey???? ???? ??

Hanste hue jeete hayN to hum hanste mren gey  
Jo beet gai hum pe bhala kaise kaheN ge  
Hum kis pe mare kis pe mite bhool chuke hayN  
khamosh sada se hayN to khamosh raheN gey  
Such aankhoN se kh deN gey zubaN jhoot kahe gi  
Jo tumne sikhaya hay wuh hum kaam kareN gey  
Is gham ko chupane ki baht mashq hay humko  
RoeN gey bahut hum magar aanso nah gireN gey  
Aasan nahiN ho ga bhulana hameN ay dost  
khawaboN meN chale aayeN gey aor tang kareN gey  
MaiN dekh raha hooN sada dhadka yeh rahe ga  
Saye ki tarah aapka hum peecha kareN gey  
Ek bar agar kah do kh mujhse hay muhabbat  
Wallah kabhi marne ki bateN nah kareN gey.  
Marna to muhabbat meN zara bhi nhiN mushkil  
Tum jeena sikha do to yuN hi jeete raheN gey

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Akhtar Jawad

# Jester And Justine (1) Excessive Joke

Jester and Justine were two lovely friends.  
Jester was a singer and Justine a dancer,  
they both performed together in a theater.  
they got photographed themselves in a photo shop.  
Their photograph was so much beautiful and attractive  
that the photographer pasted it on the glass of windows.  
Jester when saw it he made mustaches on her lips  
but no beard.  
Justine when saw it she made beard on his chins and cheeks  
but no mustaches.  
A misunderstanding developed between two friends.  
And Justine refused to dance with Jester.  
The producer had to cancel the show and suffer heavy losses.  
He then with Jester and Justine went to the shop,  
And wanted to erase the mustaches and the beard,  
The photographer disallowed them to do so and said,  
'So many stop by my shop to see the stars with mustaches and beard,  
and many of them now come in to be photographed.  
The stars with mustaches and beard are promoting my business,  
and that too, free of any charge.'  
Jester asked, 'What's the problem? '  
Justine replied, 'You made me a fun  
still I made you like Abraham Lincoln.'  
'Oh! I forgot,  
Abraham Lincoln had beard but no mustaches.'  
The two friends laughed and hugged each other.  
Forgetting their mustaches and beard,  
they came back on the stage for the next show.  
Jester promised not to be excessive in the jokes  
Justine Promised not to overreact.  
'All is well that ends well.'

(Justine

It is of Latin origin, and the meaning of Justine is 'fair, upright'. Feminine of Justin. Justina was the original form. According to legend, Saint Justina (fourth century) was a Christian maiden who converted Cyprian, a powerful sorcerer.

Jester

a person who is given to witticisms, jokes, and pranks.2. a professional fool or clown, especially at a medieval court.)

Akhtar Jawad

## Jester And Justine (2) - Lesbian

"No doubt in it you are an appealing dancer,  
but you cannot sing,  
whereas I am a singer who can dance.  
The show is popular due to my performance.",  
said the naughty Jester to Justine  
during a rehearsal.  
Justine lost her temper and rushed to the producer,  
"In the next show I shall also sing with Jester,  
Otherwise I shall quit."  
The whole night the producer went on smoking  
and asking Jester, "What will happen to the show? "  
She left the rehearsal and came back to her apartment  
started singing while standing at the windows.  
It was a lyric sung in praise of the beauty of a woman.  
Sweetheart when you talk flowers spring,  
sweetheart when you bath the showers sing  
your body writes a poetry when you dance,  
give a date to me for love and romance,  
I am restless please you bring back at ease,  
Shall you please, for God sake please.  
While standing and singing at the windows,  
She was seen and heard by an old woman,  
Who lived in the apartment just opposite.  
"Thanks, I know it's me you are singing for  
I live in the apartment right in front,  
least worried if you are an American,  
an European, African or Indian,  
For me it's enough you, too, are a lesbian.  
Please open the doors I am coming to you  
The poor Justine rushed to the telephone,  
Rang Mr. Alpha the producer of the show,  
I am sorry I cannot sing in the show,  
But I shall dance as usual.  
Mr Alpha hugged Jester shouting  
She has decided not to sing but dance as usual.  
"All is well that ends well."  
(Justine  
It is of Latin origin, and the meaning of Justine is 'fair, upright'. Feminine of  
Justin. Justina was the original form. According to legend, Saint Justina (fourth

century) was a Christian maiden who converted Cyprian, a powerful sorcerer.

Jester

a person who is given to witticisms, jokes, and pranks.2. a professional fool or clown, especially at a medieval court.)

Akhtar Jawad

## Jester And Justine (3) - Pilgarlic

Jester was in dire need of money,  
He needed at least one thousand dollars.  
Being tired in rehearsals,  
being bored by post lectures of ,  
Jester and Justine decided to go and watch a movie.  
They disguised themselves as an old couple,  
Jester with a white beard  
and Justine with a white wig,  
both with glasses.  
They were surprised to see a familiar pilgarlic there.  
Justine in a naughty mood asked Jester  
&quot;You may win two hundred dollars  
if you slap on the head of the pilgarlic.&quot;  
Jester accepted the challenge,  
he went behind the pilgarlic  
and slapped on his head.  
&quot;Hey Trump!  
You are here  
and we were looking for you in the race course.&quot;  
&quot;Excuse me I am not Trump.&quot;  
&quot;Oh! I am extremely sorry, my apologies.&quot;  
Justine after giving two hundred dollars to Jester,  
&quot;You may win three hundred dollars if you slap again.&quot;  
Jester again accepted the challenge,  
Went to the pilgarlic and slapped again,  
&quot;You liar! I am sure you are Trump.&quot;  
The pilgarlic had no alternate  
but to go and sit somewhere else.  
Justine paid three hundred dollars to Jester and said,  
&quot;If you slap once again I shall pay you five hundred dollars.&quot;  
Jester once again accepted the challenge.  
He went to the pilgarlic and slapped once again,  
&quot;You idiot! You are sitting here  
and I am mistaking someone else for you.&quot;  
The pilgarlic, none else left the hall.  
Justine paid five hundred dollars.  
Jester got one thousand dollars he needed.  
&quot;All is well that ends well.&quot;



## Jester And Justine (4) - Forecast

During a trip of an Asian Country  
Jester and Justine met an astrologist,  
The astrologist claimed he will reply any question  
at a charge of Rs.100 only.  
Justine gave Rupees hundred to him  
and asked if the astrologist could tell her  
where her future husband was on that moment.  
The astrologist replied he was within a circle  
having a radius of one foot only,  
with Justine as its center.  
Jester after a loud laughter said  
I also have a question,  
here are Rs.100,  
please tell me whether I shall slap you or not?  
The astrologist replied that he would try but fail.  
Believe it or not,  
as soon as Jester tried to slap the astrologist,  
Justine caught his hands,  
with tears in her eyes she said  
she just wanted to stop him from an illegal offence  
and that he should not take it otherwise.

Akhtar Jawad

# Jesus! Please Come Back

Jesus! You are needed once again,  
The world is sick,  
Besides old diseases like leprosy,  
Many new diseases are spread on the earth.

Jesus! We need your love once again,  
Before tears are frozen,  
And we see another ice age,  
Many eyes are starring at the high skies.

Jesus! We need your kindness once again,  
The world is now too unkind,  
Please come back with a shower this time,  
Wash out the dust and diseases from the earth.

Jesus! You cured leprosy,  
It's spreading once again,  
Kiss our souls and make us conscious,  
To fight this disease with all our might!

Jesus! We need you once again,  
We have forgotten your lessons,  
To be kind and helpful to those who suffer,  
From a sickness physical or mental!

Akhtar Jawad

# Jogging (A Comment On Speak To Our Hearts - Poem By Robert Murray Smith)

&quot;When eyes met and they are talking  
Don't you feel many others are jogging? &quot;  
&quot;Enough for the first date  
Here is my apartment's gate,  
Goodbye and thanks for this together walking.&quot;

Akhtar Jawad

# John Milton

Who wants to be captured?  
Who is she?  
Who wants to be captured!  
Who went to a writer?  
Who asked him to write her story?  
Who replied neither he knew her beginning nor he knew her end?  
Who went to an artist?  
Who asked to paint her face?  
Who replied he did not have colors of her face?  
who went to an actor?  
Who asked to play his role on the stage?  
Who replied I haven't seen you playing?  
Who went to a poet?  
Who asked to write a poem on her?  
Who replied I cannot see you I am blind?  
To write a poem I need a touch,  
touch me if you can,  
a flying kiss to his eyes and he felt her beauty.  
That's how Milton wrote his poem Paradise Lost!

Akhtar Jawad

# Just A Night

Just a night!  
My pleasure,  
My delight,  
With you,  
The loveliest sight!

While in transit,  
Travelling to a place,  
I haven't seen before.  
You know all its grace.

Sweet heart!  
My thirsty eyes,  
Kissed you,  
The beauty of skies!

I want to touch you now,  
I want to embrace you dear,  
I am so much ugly!  
May I face you dear?

But you remained a dream,  
I want to taste the stream.  
I want to have a shower,  
That will make me a flower,  
Resembling in colors,  
And the pleasing odors,  
With the flowers of the gardens,  
I shall cheat the wardens,  
With a coating of your love,  
I shall fly like a dove.

I shall take your name,  
I shall use your fame,  
Can you wash my face?  
Can you give me some grace?  
Can you make me a boon?  
Oh Dear Lovely Moon!



# Just A Ray Of Muhammad (Peace Be Upon Him)(On 1446th Birthday Of Prophet Muhammad)

Tears in my eyes and my heart is crushed into pieces  
I have failed to praise Muhammad, I am disable  
How can I add beauty in him when God has made him perfect  
He has beauty of God, God is light and he is a candle  
How can I write anotherpoem when Verses are final  
Writing these lines for inner strength, my heart is feeble  
When I arrived in Medina I was deaf and dumb  
Not enabled to talk when God talks to him, may He enable!  
I can't love him more than my God  
How can I sit with God on the same table  
In my dreams he may come to make me cry  
I want pain of love in my heart though weak and feeble  
If I could see his eyes I'll manage to see Him there  
I shall not see anyone else, shall extinguish my eyes' candle  
If his hand comes in my hand the two worlds will be in my hand  
I'll hold the whole universe, from Muhammad's side if permissible  
If I kiss his feet I will kiss the seven skies  
The dust of his shoes make them static when skies tremble  
I shall ask Him for a recess if I am close to him  
If I forget to bow forgive me It wasn't possible  
My dark black heart needs a ray of Muhammad  
I'm a little blinking star, make me a moon stable.  
(A translation of my Urdu Naat)

Akhtar Jawad

# Just Before Death

You gave food to me when I needed food,  
you gave water to me when I needed it,  
you touched my head and played with my horn,  
I still feel your palm on my neck and on my back,  
in fact you touched my heart,  
though you kept me chained  
but walking with you in the early morning,  
with one end of the chain around my neck,  
and the other in your hands,  
was a pleasurable beginning of a new day,  
wherever I needed, you were there,  
but in this fearful moment when I needed you most  
the butcher has tied my legs,  
and I see a sharp knife in his sadistic hands,  
I am missing you, where are you?  
It was my fault, I forgot you are a human!  
The worst animal on the face of this earth!  
Oh death! You give us only physical pains,  
Oh life! One cannot define the pains you give.  
Good Bye Master! So long if we meet again,  
and for ever if it's all over,  
I forgive you for your missing in the time of need,  
as your love was main attraction in my life.  
I am going to die with a single protest,  
if you had to do it,  
you wouldn't have loved me so much!

Akhtar Jawad

# Just The First Step

Just the first step,  
that's all you need from me,  
once with your hand in my hand,  
put your legs on the green pavements,  
where there is grass,  
peeping out from the joints of stones,  
watching colorful flowers,  
on both sides of the way,  
in ecstasy of aroma,  
you'll forget the pains of your feet.  
By now you walked on the soft carpet,  
and when you fell down,  
you weren't hurt,  
but that wasn't life,  
carpets lead to you to an artificial world,  
colorful paper flowers,  
air conditioner's cooling,  
light of bulbs,  
but life is somewhere else.  
Life is the name of soft aromatic flowers,  
Hot sunlight and pleasant moonlight,  
Come on and walk on the pavements of a garden,  
be careful,  
if you fell down,  
you'll hurt yourself.  
I am with you,  
and I shall guide and help,  
but soon you'll have to walk all alone,  
I promise if you walked with courage,  
in love of a fairy land,  
that looks far from here,  
soon you will find yourself in a wonder land,  
whereat a fairy with a bouquet in her hand,  
is starring at your way,  
struggle and make yourself worthy of the princess,  
get up once again if you fall,  
continue your journey,  
though it's tough and tiring,  
destination is soothing and pleasant,

don't give-up my child,  
the fork has come,  
I shall go to the right  
on a way that leads to heaven,  
and you on the left  
on a way that leads to a place on earth,  
where there are flowers,  
music and dance,  
love and romance,  
life is lovely,  
make it a beauty by love,  
struggle and work hard,  
to have a room in the framework of beauty,  
best of luck my child!

Akhtar Jawad

# Justice And Truth

What for God has created the man,  
I could not understand even if I can,  
I can't understand his amazing plan.

What for God gave me this brain,  
That while thinking has no refrain,  
It thinks a lot but can't sustain.

Did he conceal himself in me,  
Tried many times but could not see,  
He is in Adam or in Eve is She.

Adam and Eve were living in Him,  
Why He separated and made them slim,  
Eve in the center and Adam in the rim!

As a neutron like a child enjoys,  
Games of love are merely His toys,  
Hearts He breaks and soles destroys.

If feels the joys should have felt the pains,  
Integrated with love are many strains,  
If love is the purpose say nay to refrains.

If love is duty be a player dutiful,  
Come to me if you are truly beautiful,  
Beauty is justice and truth plentiful!

Akhtar Jawad

# Kaho ???

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Thoda sa aor pas aa ke kaho  
Phir yehi bat muskura ke kaho  
Apni garden zara jhuka ke kaho  
Bas nazar se nazar mila ke kaho  
MaiN padhooN to yeh ankahi keya hay  
Chalo aankhoN meN tum chupa ke kaho  
Jao khidki se taroN ko dekho  
Acha tum chand ko suna ke kaho  
Apni koi ghazal sunao zara  
In hawaoN se gunguna ke kaho  
Khushboo phaili sufaid phooloN ki  
Gule shabbo ke pas ja ke kaho  
Motia ho chanbeli ya juhi  
So rahi hoN to tum jaga ke kaho  
Tum to khud rat rani ho janaN  
Apni khusboo meN kasmaa ke kaho

Akhtar Jawad

# Karachi

Karachi kal bhi zinda tha,  
Karachi aaj bhi zindah hay,  
Karachi kal bhi zinda rahega,  
Wuh to ek haseena hay,  
Jo nachti hay aur gati hay,  
Wuh phoolon ko mahkati hay,  
Wuh kalion ko chatkhati hay,  
Bhookon ko roti khilati hay,  
Yeh kapde bhi pehnati hay,  
Is mulk mein ahle ilm-o-fun,  
Khairat pe iski palte hayn,  
Toofan to aata rahta hay,  
Per iske sadquon ka band jo hay,  
Wuh itna mazboot hay peyare,  
Toofan ka rukh mud jata hay,  
Koi isko mar nahin sakta,  
Ab itna bhi kamzor nahin,  
Yeh zinda hay aur zindah rahega.

Yeh aaj agar hay roothi hui,  
Tum dekhna kal man jayegi,  
Yeh uski chahat ka dam bharne wale,  
Dakoo aur lutere, bante hayn rakhwale,  
Humne pehle bhi dekhen hayn aise aane jane wale,  
Chupchap jo ghar mein baithe hayn,  
Jab hawa chali yeh niklein ge,  
Yeh sabko ura kar rakh dein ge,  
Koi girega ja ke samundar mein,  
Koi ret mein jal bhun jayega,  
Keya karna hay ja ke kahin,  
Saiyah yehin per ruk ja zara,  
Aa dekh le shahre Karachi ko,  
Chota sa sahi per iske andar,  
Poora Pakistan hay zindah!  
Aur yahan yeh zindah rahega.

Tum iska pani mat cheeno,  
Tum iski roti mat cheeno,  
Tum iski roshni mat cheeno,

Keyun isko adhere dete ho?  
Yeh to tumhara dil hay yaro,  
Keyun isse dharakan cheente ho,  
Keya tumko yeh maloom nahin,  
Gar dil ki dharkan ruk jaye,  
To jism ko murdah kahte hayn.

Kutch humse bhi bhool hui,  
Kutch tumse bhi bhool hui,  
Tum bin humbhi adhhore hayn,  
Hum bin tumbhi adhoore ho,  
Jhank ke dekho dil mein zara,  
Wuh peyar abhi tak zinda hay,  
Nazrein to milakar dekho zara,  
Yeh yar abhi tak zinda hay!  
Yeh hajib aur raqueeb hayn jo,  
Inki nazron se bachke kabhi,  
Lahore ki thandi naharke pas,  
Han Moghalpura ka pul hay jo,  
Paighame muhabbat lekar main,  
Matiar se milne aaon ga,  
Chadar odh ke rat mein tum,  
Cupti cupati aur lajati,  
Sohni ki tarah aa jana kal,  
Mahiwal main bankar aaon ga,  
Lahore ki ek matiar ko main,  
Leke karachi aaon ga.

Kutch batein meri kadwi theen,  
Lo sheer se inko dho dala,  
Aao ab hum mil lein gale,  
Main to sada se tumhara hoon!

Akhtar Jawad

## Karachi (English Translation)

Karachi was alive yesterday,  
It's alive today,  
It will be alive tomorrow,  
(By the grace and blessings of God!)  
She is a beautiful woman,  
She sings and dances,  
And blooms colorful flowers,  
Aromatic and attractive,  
She has a pleasant sea breeze,  
That changes buds into lovely flowers,  
It provides bread to the hungry men,  
It provides a dress to the poor,  
And the religious educational institutions,  
All over the country,  
Depend on it's alms,  
Every year many cyclones rise,  
But the power of alms,  
Repel them somewhere else,  
It's not so much weak as you think,  
It's alive and shall remain alive.

If it's unhappy today,  
Tomorrow it will be in your arms,  
The corrupt politicians!  
We have seen many like you,  
Coming and going,  
When the breeze will change its direction,  
The silent persons sitting in their homes,  
Will come out,  
Some of you will be thrown in the sea,  
And some in burning deserts.

You are a tourist!  
You have come to see Pakistan,  
Just see Karachi and see Pakistan,  
Stay here,  
Entire Pakistan is here,  
And shall always remain here.

And you the rulers and the center of power,  
Your centrifugal force is now painful,  
Don't snatch water from her,  
Don't snatch bread from her,  
Don't snatch light from her,  
Don't push him in darkness,  
Of a closed lane,  
It's your heart sweetheart!  
Don't you know when heart beats stop,  
The body is called a dead body!  
Somewhere I am wrong,  
Somewhere you are wrong,  
I am incomplete without you,  
You are also incomplete without me,  
Our love is still alive,  
Look into my eyes the friendship is alive,  
And those who claim as leaders and protectors,  
Or a rival in love,  
I am going to Lahore,  
To a beautiful maid,  
And you, the maid!  
Veil yourself,  
Come on the cold lanes of canal,  
Positively tomorrow,  
Yes, at Moghalpura,  
Careful! Nobody should see you there,  
Come like a thirsty Heer,  
The Ranjha will be there with a message of love,  
And I shall bring a bride from Lahore,  
To Karachi who direly needs her beauty,  
When she comes here,  
Karachi will turn once again,  
In the City of Lights!

I have been a a bit bitter,  
Now I have washed my lips from sweet milk,  
Be ready for a hug,  
At the moment a sweet flying kiss,  
I was always yours,  
And I shall always be yours.

(Heer Ranjha is a classical Punjabi long poem, a love story of Heer (the heroine)

and Ranjha (the hero)

Akhtar Jawad

# Karachi Can't Survive As An Independent And Sovereign State

No agriculture, no minerals,  
no water and no gas,  
Karachi cannot survive  
as an independent and sovereign state.  
Those who believe Karachi  
will be liberated from Pakistan  
are living in a fool's paradise.  
Read history,  
disintegration brings  
some ad hock reliefs,  
with a lot of killings,  
but in the long run,  
miseries for the people,  
who become a puppet  
in the hands of selfish politicians.  
And what of Karachi,  
If Pakistan is further disintegrated,  
we'll see a few chess and drought boards,  
for the superpowers,  
and that will neither be  
in the interests of the people of Pakistan  
nor in the interests of of our neighbors.

Akhtar Jawad

# Karachi Roshnion Ka Shahr

YahiN jeena, yahiN marna, yeh hay dharti ka kinar  
Motor cycle hay mere pas tere pas hay car  
Petrol to lena hay bhale layeN udhar  
Teri khatir hay CNG tu hay aaqa maiN ghulam  
Is Karchi ke to hayN bas yehi subh yehi sham.

Load Shading ke andheroN meN hay cellphone china  
Mere mahboob jiye jate hayN batoN ke bina  
Ek muddat se na soonghi tera hathoN ki hina  
K-Electric ki tarah hay tera ek khufia nizam  
Is Karchi ke to hayN bas yehi subh yehi sham.

KahiN kachra kahiN machar hay drainage ka ubal  
Khal public ki sabhi khenchte leader bakamal  
Kahin PP kahiN poN poN yeh traffic ka wabal  
Ab to London hay halal aor Karachi hay haram  
Is Karchi ke to hayN bas yehi subh yehi sham.

KahiN ulta kahin palta kabhi atka kabhi latka  
Hum to duble hue wuh ho geya aundha amatka  
Pee ke whiski wuh kara deta hay sabka jhatka  
Bura hota hay bure kam ka lekin anjam  
Is Karchi ke to hayN bas yehi subh yehi sham.

(Being inspired by a lyric of Majrooh Sultanpuri, Zara hat ke zara bach key eh  
hay Bombay Meri JaN, from movie CID)

Akhtar Jawad

# Karachi Waiting For The Clouds

What else are the Hell even birds unwell!  
Flowers dried and died on the ground they fell  
Still breathing and whispering in faint voices  
Terrorist is the sun extremist in his vices  
Dear Mother Earth! Order your eldest sons,  
Winds, the beloveds may join the oceans  
Hop, soon the fighters, will take off, and intercept,  
The satanic old sun must be defeated,  
But exiled only to come back in the winter  
Having learnt some affection that of a father!  
Karachi is waiting for the clouds of love,  
A bird has come out, welcome, it's a dove!

Akhtar Jawad

# Karachi Where Light Is Dead

Khuloos-o-mehr mite dosti ko maut aai,  
Yeh kaisi aag lagi roshni ko maut aai.  
Woh kaun tha woh kahan ka tha bolta keya tha,  
Keya itna kafi nahin aadmi ko maut aai.  
Main rahgeer tha ek bezarar sa shahri tha,  
Main kab mara hoon meri bebasi ko maut aai.  
Woh barson sath raha nam tak na poocha kabhi,  
Mere pados men ek ajnabi ko maut aai.  
Tu qatl karne chala tha to mar raha tha khud,  
Tu baz aaya agar khudkushi ko maut aai.  
Na jane kaun kahan paye tere lasheh ko,  
Yeh koi bhi ho utha aadmi ko maut aai.  
Woh jazba jisse haseen lag raha tha aaina,  
Kahan geya ke meri dilkashi ko maut aai.  
Akhtar Jawad

## Translation

Sincerity and hospitality has been eliminated,  
Friendship is dead,  
What a fire is it the light is dead!  
Who was he? Wherefrom he came? What language he spoke?  
Isn't it enough a man is dead!  
I am a pedestrian, a harmless citizen,  
It's not me; my helplessness is dead!  
For many years he was my neighbor,  
I never asked his name,  
In the house adjacent to mine a stranger is dead!  
When you went for a homicide, you were dying,  
You changed your mind your attempt of suicide is dead!  
Who knows where your dead body will be found by whom,  
Whoever he may be pick up his body, a man is dead!  
The feeling due to which the mirror was beautiful,  
Has been lost somewhere, my beauty is dead!

Akhtar Jawad

# Karmanye Vadhikaraste Ma Phaleshu Kadachana, (You Have The Right To Work Only But Never To Its Fruits.)

My grandfather at Jamia Nizamia, Delhi  
when found himself a failure,  
he migrated to Medina whereat,  
he obtained his dream's lovely allure,  
the degree of Shaikh-ul-Hadith there  
(the final degree of a Muslim Schollar) .  
A pretty rose after a long endure.

My father, a Moulvi Alim from Nizamiah, Delhi  
and Moulvi Fazil from Nadvat-ul-Ulema Lucknow,  
when as a Moulvi, found himself a failure,  
switched to Aligarh for modern studies,  
and secured marks during post-graduation  
that is still a record.  
Then he studied law at Lucknow,  
Practiced as a lawyer at Gorakhpur,  
but then he found himself again a failure,  
How he could be a successful lawyer?  
He could never become a liar!  
He said, as a moulvi, he's a failure  
As a lawyer, he is a failure  
And that's why  
he switched to the profession of teaching  
He obtained the degree of Bachelor of Teaching from Aligarh  
And he was appointed as a lecturer there.

I am also a failure,  
As an accountant I always finished my works  
in two or three or maximum four hours.  
My seniors went on adding more works to my job description,  
but they could never force me to earn more  
by sitting late and working overtime.  
I don't mind taking guidance from any book of wisdom  
Besides Holy Koran,  
I always remained guided by Bhagvad Gita.  
"Karmanye vadhikaraste Ma Phaleshu Kadachana."

(You have the right to work only but never to its fruits.)

I am hopeful,

I don't know what I procure,

but the pains I endure,

make me so much confident and secure,

I'm sure, I'm sure and I am sure,

one day I'll be a master of allure.

Insha Allah!

(If God wishes so.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Kash

Kash wuh chehra mujhe itna na bhaya hota,  
Kash khabon mein mere koi na aaya hota.  
Husn ne sar pase mahmil na ghumaya hota,  
Ishq ne sar sare maqtal na uthaya hota.  
Zindigi itni bhi dushwar na hoti shayed,  
Kash yun aapne mujhko na bhulaya hota.  
Jane keyun aapke is gham ko jaga kar rakha,  
Thapkian deke ise main ne sulaya hota.  
Ab yehi fikr hay kis tarah bachaon isko,  
Zindigi tujhko na raste se uthaya hota.  
Maut kitni hay asan yeh majnoon se pooch,  
Kash yeh dhang mujhe usne sikhaya hota.  
Gar bicharna hi tha mujhse to mile keyun Akhtar,  
Tumko khona tha agar, tumko na paya hota.

Akhtar Jawad

# Kashkol

Aiy bhikhari bata tere kashkol mein,  
yeh jo sikkey chamakte hayn kisne diye,  
ismein Adam bhi hay ismein Hawa bhi hay,  
ismein masoom si unki taqseer bhi,  
ismein uriyan si ek unki tasweer bhi,  
aur phir tan ko patton se apne chupaey,  
wuh nadamat bhari unki tahreer bhi,  
Unka milna bicharna, bichar kar wuh milna,  
unke aanso bhi hayn aur tabassum bhi hayn,  
ismein to Noah ki ek kishti bhi hay,  
ismein toofan bhi zindah insan bhi,  
khoon mein dorta ek shaitan bhi,  
ismein Budha ki nikli hui paslian,  
ismein Krishna ki bajti hui bansian,  
ismein Ram aur Sita ka banwas bhi,  
ismein Moosa ka jalta hua toor bhi,  
ismein jannat se utri hui hoor bhi,  
Ismei Issa ki chahat ka manshoor bhi,  
inhi nooron mein faran ka noor bhi,  
han Muhammad ka bhi ismein hay aitdal,  
tu bhula kar jise ban geya hay sawal!

Teri kashkol mein aise sikke bhi hayn,  
jinmein satrangi dunya ki naqsh hay saqafat,  
yeh insani tehzeeb ke hayn jo aasar,  
nazakat, latafat, shararart, muhabbat,  
yehi husn hay yehi zindigi hay,  
yehi ishq hay yehi bandigi hay,  
inhein keyun mitane pe tu tul geya hay,  
inhi mein to fitrat ka ras ghul geya hay,  
Yeh jo tasweerein sikkon mein dhali gayeen,  
Yeh to teri hi tasveerein hayn bekhabar,  
aur toone inhein aag mein nafraton ki,  
aaj pighla diya khoin tasveerein jab,  
ban gain chand saffak shamsheerien tab,  
dhat ka jism to tune pighla diya,  
rooh zindah hay zindah rahegi sada,  
ek din inse sikke banen ge naye,  
teri kashkol khali na rah payegi,

teri kashkol mein gar khala ban gai,  
in khalaon mein tu khud hi kho jayega,  
dhoondhta tu phire ga panahon ko aur,  
tu haram mein bhi bachne nahin paega!

Akhtar Jawad

# Kavita Ki Varsha

Ekant yeh kali rajni ka,  
Jab naynon ke deep bujhata hay,  
Sannata jab cha jata hay,  
Koi payel ko chankata hua,  
Chupke se aa jata hay,  
Koi aa kar geet sunata hay,  
Ye kavi abhi tak peyasa hay,  
Wuh nainon ki peyas bujhata hay,  
Wuh adhron ki peyas bujhata hay,  
Aur apne man ki veyakulta ko,  
Bahlata hay, samjhata hay,  
Aur ghadial phir chillata hay,  
Pagal manva ab so ja,  
Is ghao ko ab bhar jane de,  
Kahin teri jan na le le yeah,  
Pagal kiski sunta hay,  
Wuh ghao ko apne chedta hay,  
Ye phir se risne lagta hay,  
Ye rakt se phir mil jata hay,  
Di ka panchi kahta hay,  
Bahne de ise in dharon mein,  
Dhalne de ise tu badal mein,  
Amber pe ise ud jane de,  
Yeh kavita banker barse ga.

Akhtar Jawad

# Keep Smiling

Living in your heart  
and peeping out through your eyes  
not only dining with you  
I am breathing with you.  
Here I don't need anything  
all you belong is mine.  
What a lovely place to sleep!  
Dreams, only dreams,  
no pains,  
mental or physical,  
no hatred,  
I am carefree.  
I can smell what you cannot,  
I can listen to what you may not,  
but you see it and I do not.  
Wasn't it a painful experience,  
to come and live in this place?  
I am reluctant to come here,  
but your love is pushing me there.  
You are in pain,  
I am in pain,  
but I cannot cry.  
How helpless I am!  
I can't stop my arrival.  
I promise to cry as soon as I am there.  
Not for me,  
for the pains that you tolerated for me.  
Here I am in your arms  
and I can see you smiling.  
Well, your smile is enough  
I am convinced.  
Dear Mother!  
Here I came just for your smile  
So, keep smiling.

Akhtar Jawad

# Keep The Beauty

The dancer of space,  
A charming face,  
Amazing mountains,  
Music of fountains,  
Flowing rivers,  
And the divers.  
All on duty.  
Keep the beauty.

The teen-aged girls,  
Need these curls.  
The babes and moms,  
Need the farms.  
Mother's the earth,  
Keep her wealth.  
All on duty!  
Keep the beauty! !

The queen planet,  
Eternal sonnet,  
Forests and gardens,  
Are the wardens.  
The friendly trees!  
Cut not please!  
All on duty! !  
Keep the beauty!

Akhtar Jawad

## Kelly Kurt

Kite flier in the sky of knowledge,  
exploring what's behind the known universe,  
looking at the old alien sleeping,  
like an overdrunk old man.  
Yachting in the dry ocean of truth,  
Kelly Kurt's kite's,  
ultra violet radiations,  
retouched the photograph of truth,  
that was dusty, still hanging in an ancient bedroom.

Akhtar Jawad

## Kelly Kurt Turns Away A Friend

I am sorry how I can understand you when I don't listen to you,  
I am in a zone where I want to remain isolated, silent and alone  
Come to me to share thoughts and talks in your beautiful words,  
Shall listen to you and shall understand you; beautiful is your tone.  
I am discussing me, that I can't discuss with anyone else whoever,  
Let me discuss me with myself; can I discuss it with you? Never.

Akhtar Jawad

# Keya Kahoon, Kisse Kahoon, Kayse Kahoon

Koi bhool hui, Keya bhool hui,  
Woh mujhse bat nahin karte,  
Koi chook hui, Keya chook hui,  
Main bol rahi, Woh sunte nahin,  
Kutch kahte nahin,  
Jate jate jab maine kaha,  
Allah Hafiz,  
Pehle woh keya keya kahte they,  
Pehle woh keyakeya karte they,  
Aur aaj to bas itna hi kaha,  
Allah Hafiz.  
Woh chale gaye, jate jate,  
Ek bar bhi mur kar dekha nahin,  
Woh aankhen bhi khamosh raheen,  
Aur hont to bilkul sakit they,  
Bas chale gaye, koi phone bhi ab tak aaya nahin,  
Dil daftar mein ghabraya nahin.

Koi bat nahin,  
Aysa to aksar hota hay,  
Insan hay Woh hansta hay sada,  
Kabhi kabhi ro leta hay,  
Mujhko bhi zara ro lene do,  
Is dil ko zara dho lene do,  
Jab sham suhani aayegi,  
Aur madhoshi jab chaye gi,  
Jab sham ke sanwle paikar per,  
Chanda ki kirnen barsen gi,  
Jab tare hans kar neel gagan per,  
Athkhelian karne niklen ge,  
Jab sham ke phoolon ka joban,  
Angrai lekar uththe ga,  
Aur khusboo har soo bikhre gi,  
Woh hosh urane aaye ga,  
Har shikwah mitane aaye ga,  
Woh jaddo banker chaye ga,  
Soton ko jagane aaye ga,  
Roton ko hansane aaye ga,  
Roothon ko manane aayega,

Aur han ek bat bataun tumhein,  
Koi tohfa lekar aayen ge.

Lekin uske, aane se pehle,  
Main aaj karoon gi solah singhar,  
Phir hal kisi ka dekhoon gi,  
Aur main unse phir roothoon gi,  
Aiy sham zara jaldi aana,  
Dil mera abhi se dharakta hay,  
Aur chupke chepke kahta hay,  
Phir taza hogi guzri bahar,  
Aur chand sitare dekhen ge,  
Hum kaise muhabbat karte hayn,  
Phir kaliyan chupen gi patton mein,  
Phir hawa chalegi behki hui,  
Phir jadoo woh ban jayega,  
Phir khusboo main ban jaoon gi,  
Phir dulhan main ban jaoon gi,  
Koi ghughat mera uthae ga,  
Koi geet bhi mujhko sunaye ga,  
Woh apna hosh urayega,  
Woh mujhko bhi bahkaye ga,  
Har aang se masti phoote gi,  
Har rang se kirnen niklen gi,  
Tum khud hi kaho is jeevan ka,  
Us nazuk rangeen lamhe mein,  
Koi matlab aur bhi mumkin hay,  
Bas ek muhabbat hogi wohan,  
Aur uske siwa sare jazbe,  
Sharmaen ge chup jaen ge,  
Bachon ki tarah so jaen ge.

Yeh khel they mere jeevan ke,  
Yeh jeevan aise hi guzra hay,  
Keyun aaj nahin, dunya mein kahin,  
Yeh khushian dikhai deti hayn,  
Logon mein, mere bachon mein,  
Yeh preet ki reet sikhaon kise,  
Yeh geet suhane sunaon kise,  
Main kisse kahoon yun peyar karo,  
Yun apni subh ki sham karo,  
Yum apni sham ki rat karo,

Woh roothe agar to manao use,  
Aur rootho, jab muskaye koi,  
Yun waqt ganwana theek nahin,  
Ban jao lutere muhabbat ke,  
Kal balon mein chandi chamke gi,  
Yeh guzri umr na aaye gi,  
Lekin yeh sab kisse kahoon,  
Koi meri sune to usse kahoon,  
Koi uske jaisa bhi dikhta nahin,  
Koi mere jaisa bhi milta nahin.

Akhtar Jawad

# Keya Keya Lekar Chala Geya Wuh Phirbhi Acha Lagta Hay

Keya yeh tera chehra hay koi aur hi chehra lagta hay,  
Aina mujhse kahne laga tu pheeka pheeka lagta hay.  
Keyun mujhse aankh churata hay keyun mujhse bat chupata hay,  
Han yeh tera chehra hay per utra utra lagta hay,  
Keyun aankhein sooji sooji hayn honton ka tabassum kahan geya,  
Ab itna maghmoom bhi keyun yeh hansta chehra lagta hay.  
Subh sham wuhi din rat wuhi per dil mein khala ek dikhti hay,  
Ek kami si kutch mahsoos hui kutch badla badla lagta hay.  
Ab main use kayse kahta mera rang geya meri khuhboo gai,  
Keya keya lekar chala geya wuh phir bhi acha lagta hay.

Akhtar Jawad

# Keya Poocho Ho

Keya poocho ho nam hamara mujhko kutch bhi yad nahin,  
Hum toote toote bikhre bikhre tum jaise abad nahin,  
Keya poocho ho hal hamarah choro jaisa hay hone do,  
Sham ka thanda bistar hay yeh humko ret pe sone do,  
Keya poocho ho humse patah hum jaise nakarah log,  
Milne ko mil jaen kahin bhi akhir hayn awarah log.

Subh ko masjid mein dekha sham mile maikhanon mein,  
Khoon mein doobe mil jate hayn toote hue paymanon mein,  
Apne aap mein gumsum yaro rahte hayn veeranon mein,  
Hichkian sunni hon to aao is dil ke tahkhanon mein.

Ret pe ek tasveer bana kar lait gaye hain uske sath,  
Thamen bhi to kaise tahmein mit jayenge ret ke hath.

Ay mauje bala ab aa bhi ja dono ko bahakar leja kahnin,  
Sooraj dooba nikla chand keyun ab tak tu aai nahin?

Akhtar Jawad

# Khairul Ahsan's Poem To My Old Mother

The grace of her face,  
the content smile,  
and the skirt at the head,  
all are stating in the court of God,  
"My son has always been nice to me.  
Have I done anything ever that was liked by you,  
will you please like to pay me,  
may be a high,  
very high price!  
I want nothing for me  
but give all that he thinks to ask from you,  
but my shy son never asked,  
I know you listen to the prayers of a silent heart,  
my son speaks very little,  
he has a lot inside but all is masked! "

Akhtar Jawad

## Khoon Aloodah (With English Translation)

Theek hay hum sa koi na badkar hay,  
Hum gunah gar hayn han gunahgar hayn,  
Khoon se surkh joota hay masoom ka,  
Keya yeh bacha bhi mujhsa gunahgar tha,  
Dekhna isko mushkil hay phir bhee khuda,  
Kam se kam dekh le tu is eek bar.

English Translation

I confess my misdeeds,  
I confess my sins,  
But the shoe belongs to an innocent child,  
It's difficult to see My God!  
But at least watch it once.

Akhtar Jawad

# Kidding And Killing

Killing is a difficult job,  
even the beasts regret their killings,  
though they are constrained to hunt  
on the call of nature.

The clever man has made it easy,  
when he learned the art of kidding,  
the innocent and ignorant masses,  
with a lot of superstitions in their hearts,  
then started a series of killings.

The kidding is very easy,  
just forecast a promised land,  
where there no fruit is forbidden,  
and then leave it on them,  
they will leave no stone unturned,  
to see your forecast comes true.

I was better when I was a beast,  
I was not a man at least!

Akhtar Jawad

# Kindness To Animals

The best of kindness is to be kind on someone,  
For whom not only the men but even fate is unkind and cruel,  
Pity on someone who is not responsible of his birth,  
Call it a game of probability or describe it as fate,  
One born in an unfavorable environment,  
With a life, that is worse than a curse,  
You are at liberty to call it a test or punishment,  
But the fact remains many lives are lives of pains,  
Hunger is not self-made, an imposed instinct,  
No living cell ever asked for a life,  
Even if a rebirth by Karma of the previous life,  
Is pitiable and can't be explained,  
As to why such painful lives are created,  
Still there is a ray of hope for the proud of humans,  
A number of humans are kind on sick and hungry creatures,  
And relieving the nature from a fatigue unending,  
Hats off for those kind souls, who are not only kind to the ailing men,  
But also kinds to animals who are born like undesired infants.

Akhtar Jawad

# Kiss As Many Times As You Can

You say one kiss for the candies bag,  
Two more kisses for the nice chocolates,  
And three kisses for the ice cream pack,  
Here's my granny who always underrates.

Snatch all the three and I run to the roof,  
Know you can't climb on the topmost floor,  
Now you can't take back any of the packs,  
Even if you come I shall lock the door.

It's time of your sleep have a lovely noon,  
Wish you a happy and lovely sweet dream,  
But I'll be back tonight with the moon,  
With candies, chocolates and ice cream,

And all the sweetness on my lips,  
Shall kiss your forehead during the sleep,  
With all your love in my hearty grips,  
I shall interrupt your sleep so deep,

Kiss as many times as you can my mother,  
I shall ask you if your dream then trips,  
Who else can give, it's me none other,  
Your grandson with colors for your lips.

Akhtar Jawad

## Kissing A Butterfly (A Comment On Kissed By A Butterfly's Wing By Mark Heathcote)

To kiss the enchanting living and flying colors,  
Spring as a colorful flower with enchanting odors,  
Not only the joys of life, share her pains,  
Not only bright cleanliness, share her stains,  
If not flowers grow wings to fly in the showers  
Be a butterfly follow her in the lovely flowers,  
And then hiding in the dense green leaves,  
The two butterflies may be naughty thieves,  
Stealing love from each other in the covering rains,  
The heaven when sends clouds to wash the stains.

Akhtar Jawad

## Kissing A Flower (A Comment On Antonio J. Rivas M's Poem "Look For")

And what we are,  
aren't we the delicacy of flowers in our lips,  
with the exciting colors  
bringing your face so close to that of mine,  
let me transfer sweet fragrance of love to your heart,  
I want your ecstasy enter my heart and soul,  
I want a moment when nothing exists other than you and me,  
let me kiss sweetheart and see what happens after that.

Akhtar Jawad

# Koekelekoe-World Egg Day

Noticing her eggs are stolen every day,  
Told the cock furthermore she should lay,  
'Koekelekoe', The African cock said,  
'My fair lady, lovely maid.  
Ready always, that's all I can say.'

Akhtar Jawad

# Koi Aaya Hay

Ek aahat si mahsoos hui,  
Kushboo mein malboos hui,  
Hawa ka dil ghabraya hay,  
Shayed koi aaya hay!

Kamre mein badal chane lage,  
Hum chupke chupke gane lage,  
Pardon pe kisi ka saya hay,  
Shayed koi aaya hay!

Mausam ne le li angrai,  
Rooh mein bah uthi shahnai,  
Pardesi aakar chaya hay,  
Shayed koi aaya hay!

Bahar to ja sakti nahin,  
Usko bulwa sakti nahin,  
Sar per bap ka saya hay,  
Shayed koi aaya hay!

Meri bahna usko samjhana,  
Is bar dulhan bana kar jana,  
Ammi ne kisko sunaya hay,  
Is bar wuh ghar laut aaya hay!

Aay "shayed" ja kahin aur hi ja,  
Mujhe jagne de per tu so ja,  
Har ang mera sharmaya hay  
Han han han wuh aaya hay!

(This is the story of a Pakistani girl who has been waiting for many years, but he was away for earning money to spend on his marriage. A marriage is still too expensive in our society. In Pakistan a girl when engaged to someone, usually her cousin, cannot go before him and when he comes to see his uncle, the poor girl remains confined in her room. But these restrictions add fuel to the fire of love, and when they meet in a wedding night, what happens there, cannot be described in words A Pakistani girl never forgets that moment when she comes to know that she will be a bride soon.)



# Koi Keyun Aaye

Koi keyun aaye mere ghar se jo khushboo aaye,  
Jan jate hayn sabhi bhoole se gar too aaye.  
Wyse mushkil hay chupane se na chup paye gi,  
Keya badi bat hay chupke se agar too aaye  
Roshni tum main andheron mein chupaon kyse,  
Han agar sath liye too koi jadoo aaye.  
Haye wuh bat jo honton pe kabhi aa na saki,  
Aur wuh bat jab aaye tahe abroo aaye.  
Aap saughat tabassum ki liye aaye they,  
Jane yeh kyse hua aankhon mein aansoo aaye.  
Shahrahon ki chamak mein kabhi kho jaoon agar,  
Aur ayse mein mujhe yad teri koo aaye.  
Wuh to bas ek hay ab aur na ban paye ga,  
Man ja itne pe tujhse bhi wuhi boo aaye.

Akhtar Jawad

# Koyeliah

Koyeliah Mujhko sikha yeh geet,  
Bula loon main bhi apna meet,  
Jo barkha ritu mein gati hay,  
Tu kaise usko bulati hay,  
Tere sang main bhi gata hoon,  
Bin samjhe hi dohrata hoon,  
Na jane tu keyun chirhti hay,  
Bata keya mujhko samajhti hay,  
Chura na loon main tera meet,  
Churaon ga main tera sangeet,  
Mubarak tujhko apna meet,  
Mubarak tujhko apna geet,  
Mujhe tadpae kisi ki preet,  
Bula loon main bhi apna meet.

Tera yeh meet nahin hay mera,  
Tu samjhe mujhko lutera,  
Aa barchi ban kar aa ja,  
Mere dil mein isko chubha ja,  
Mere geeton ko dede dard,  
Mera mahboob hay kitna sard,  
Meri aankhon mei bhar de pani,  
Meri awaz ko de de rawani,  
Wuh urta aaya tera meet,  
Chupi patton mein teri preet,  
Mubarak tujhko apni jeet,  
Bade sharmeeley hayn yeh meet,  
Sikha de jadoo bhara sangeet,  
Bula loon main bhi apna meet.

(Ek purana bahut purana geet)

Akhtar Jawad

# Kuch Log ??? ???

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## Kuch Log

Kuch log zindigi meN ayse bhi aaey haiN  
Hum bhool kar bhi jinko nahiN bhool paey haiN  
Kuch log raastoN meN ayse bhi hayN mile  
Manzil pe unke jaise koi mil nah paey hayN  
Kuch log paas aaye bahut kuch sikha gaey  
Ab keya btaeyN un ney jo qisse sunaye hayN  
Kuch log isqadar they haseeN phir nah mil sake  
Thoda sa rang o boo un hi logoN se laye hayN  
Kuch log shfqtoN ko ltate they rat din  
ki loottey the jo wuh lutane ko aaye hayN  
Kuch log wuh darakht they jo ab nahiN rahe  
Lekin saroN pe aaj tak unke hi saye hayN  
Kuch log chand taroN ke ayse they razdar  
Khud kahkashaN ne jinke ki geet gae hayN  
Kuch log aaye chamke bujhe aor chale gaye  
Hum jin pe chal nah paey wuh raste dikhaey hayN  
Badal key jaise aaye baraskar chaley gaye  
Ab bhi harey bharey hayN jo sabzey ugaey hayN



# Kumarmani Mahakul

He opens his eyes at the dawn  
someone scatters rays of spirituality on his face  
and his face becomes a sun  
throughout the day he lights the way of humanity.  
He promotes equality and brotherhood.  
He teaches us morals that are universal in nature.  
He is a guide appointed by God  
for the tourists like us,  
who have come in this world on a pleasure trip.  
He advises us not to forget the creator  
and to be moderate in pleasure.  
But he has a human heart, too,  
when his light is reflected by his heart  
we see moonlight writing on our hearts  
if its love,  
I am a poet like you,  
and I am a human like you.  
Yes, his heart is a shining blue moon!

Akhtar Jawad

## Kutch Aiyse Bhi Jadoo Hote Hayn

Neend aaye aur so na sakoon kutch aiyse bhi pehloo hote hayn,  
Yeh rat bhi jinse pareeshan hay kutch aiyse bhi gesu hote hayn.  
Hum hanste hue bhi rote hayn hum rote hue bhi hanste hayn,  
Khushion pe chalak jo jate hayn kutch aiyse bhi aansoo hote hayn,  
Hamein shauq hay unki khushboo ka kante bhi gawah hayn humko,  
Jab rang pighalne lagte hayn wuh khushboo khushboo hote hayn.  
Phoolon ki muhabbat mein humne kanton ko gale se lagaya hay,  
Jo zakhmi kar ke tadapne na dein kutch aiyse bhi abroo hote hayn.  
Wuh chehra chand ke jaisa hay wuh aankhein sitaron jaisi hayn,  
Chamkeele seah resham mein chupe kutch aiyse bhi mahroo hote hayn.  
Yaro in masoom haseenon ko main thoda zeyadh janta hoon,  
Jo kanton ki sej bichate hayn kutch aiyse bhi gulroo hote hayn.  
Jo sar per chadh kar bolte hayn kutch sunte nahin bas kahte hayn,  
Use dekh ke mujhko aaya yaqueen kutch aiyse bhi jadoo hote hayn.

Akhtar Jawad

# Lady Bliss

I did that when she was a miss  
And I was content with a kiss  
Now with other old men  
My staring at bold women  
Turns madam in a Lady Bliss.

Akhtar Jawad

# Lake Saif-Ul-Mulook

Usually the animals are obedient and trustworthy for us,  
We train them to work for us and they are always helpful,  
We develop in them certain habits, they are used to with it,  
Performing their duty daily they are nice and beautiful.

The horses that carry us to the heights of Lake Saiful Mulook,  
A lake with that a love tale is associated and told by the guides,  
Is a part of romance associated with the beauty of the lake,  
How nice is it when the master of horse tells it during the rides.

But I am more interested in the loving animal with a guest on his back,  
It's a touching story of a friendly animal carrying me to the greater heights,  
How safely and intelligently he is walking on the dangerous narrow paths,  
Not me, it's the horse, God is pleased with, performing his duty day and nights.

More interested in nature, who's extravagant in spending beauty here,  
More interested in the chilled waters of the lake reflecting mountain,  
When arrived at the lake I was so much excited I forgot to get off from the  
horse,  
Who was not assigned any duty to keep a rider any more at the destination.

The silent horse started neighing loudly, showing anger with his feet,  
God is always attentive but man forgets submissions very soon,  
For me the weather was pleasant but for a horse of colder areas,  
It was a day of bright sunlight and it was a hot and tiring noon.

The selfish rider started thinking I cannot annoy the horse anymore,  
I have to go back on his back to the same place from where I came,  
He immediately got off the horse and started soothing his neck,  
A Friend, I cannot give the horse a better and more beautiful name.

Prince Saif-I-Mulook and the fairy Badi-ul-Jamal are the symbols of love,  
A love that is never fully free of the instinctive lust and pleasures of life.  
But a dutiful horse is a symbol of friendship, always loyal, always dutiful,  
If he is angry sometimes and protests, it's a human, the reason of the strife.

Akhtar Jawad

# Lame Excuses

You are looking for a lame excuse  
to smile,  
to show you are happy,  
by a false laughter,  
to make others laugh!

You are looking for a lame excuse  
to be vanished somewhere,  
being tied in threads of your ego,  
beating the drums of frustrations,  
to convince the others!

You are looking for a lame excuse  
by exposing your pains,  
to the others,  
to get support of others,  
to bring tears in their eyes!

You are looking for a lame excuse  
to justify you,  
telling reasons why you are right,  
why others are wrong,  
and that you are so simple!

You are looking for a lame excuse  
To veil yourself in lies,  
to get support of others,  
to escape safely,  
and to smile on the narrow escape!

You are looking for a lame excuse  
hiding yourself in a veil of religions,  
to conceal your cheating,  
getting relieved of responsibilities,  
to be known as religious scholar!

How long you'll search that,  
who you say is responsible for the wrongs,  
it all has been done by you,

and your words!

A chance is still there,  
live with the truth,  
no regrets to follow,  
with ambitions and optimism!

Akhtar Jawad

## Lamha-E-Fikriya

Apna keya hay jaise jiye jate hayn unhi mar bhi lenge,  
Thora bahut jo baqi bacha hay kar paye to kar bhi lenge.  
Dahshat ke mahol mein bache padh bhi saken ge rah bhi saken ge,  
Inko bahut kutch karna hay keya yeh bechare kar bhi saken ge.  
Yeh keya hay yeh keyun hota hay kahin na kahin to hum bhi ghalat hayn,  
Kis mushkil se hum simte they keya asani se bikhar bhi saken ge.  
Yeh aag ka darya behta hua kiss sagar mein jakar utre ga,  
Keya jalte hue jee paen ge keya hum sagar mein utar bhi saken ge.  
Keyun barf pighal kar aag bani koi soche to samjhae to,  
Sholon mein jo phool khile keya rang-o-boo mein nikhar bhi saken ge.  
Keya hum aag mein jal kar rakh banen ge aur bikhren ge hawaon mein,  
Main sochta hoon hum jaise kabhi keya qabr mein apni utar bhi saken ge.  
Hum johl ke toofan mein hayn ghire badsoorat hum sa koi nahin,  
Aaina dekh ke soche koi keya mustaqbil mein sanwar bhi saken ge.  
Aiy mere khuda aiy mere khuda aiy kash tuhi batlae mujhe,  
Makrooh yeh chehra lekar keya hum samna tera kar bhi saken ge.  
Us sal ko choro chala jo geya wuh sahme sahme guzara hay,  
Ye sal naya jo aya hay is sal mein keya hum dar bhi saken ge.  
Wuh sal abhi kal jo guzra kutch leke geya kutch deke geya,  
Yeh roshni aaj jo ubhri hay keya isse daman bhar bhi saken ge.

Akhtar Jawad

# Lane Of Verdant Elixirs (Being Inspired By Savita Tyagi's Poem Journey Of Life)

The train is stopped on the outer signal,  
Waiting for the green light,  
The journey is about to end,  
I am afraid to be checked and fined,  
On the last station,  
Travelling without a ticket,  
I have no money to pay the fine,  
Let me leave the train,  
I see a narrow passage,  
In the grassy land,  
Colorful and aromatic,  
I put off my shoes,  
I throw my stockings,  
The green carpet,  
When kisses my feet,  
I put off whatever I found,  
On the clay model,  
I slow down,  
The touch is pleasant.

It has started raining,  
The fine mild rain,  
And the broken clouds,  
And the sun peeping out,  
From the clouds,  
The wind is teasing,  
The clouds like a teen aged virgin,  
Sometimes smile,  
And sometimes cry,  
I see the dance of the lovely maid,  
Changing her shapes,  
By changing costumes,  
The passion of sun,  
Penetrating droplets,  
And diverged in a lovely rainbow,  
A multicolored signal,  
From the beloved,

Come-on my lover,  
Your love is your ticket,  
Who can stop you?  
Who can check and fine,  
I am standing on the doors,  
With my thirsty eyes,  
And a restless soul,  
Broken sometimes ago,  
In an accident,  
The piece in you,  
Travelling on highways,  
Always ignored,  
This narrow pavement,  
Lane of Verdant Elixirs!

Akhtar Jawad

# Last Message Of The Berlin Wall

As long as one thinks everyone is right,  
As long as one inks every light is light,  
I see him in the dark, he is shining bright.

As long as one's ready for coexistence,  
As long as one's steady for tolerance,  
I pray for him and his existence.

As long as for the peace one dreams,  
As long as for the peace one streams,  
He will enlighten me like golden beams.

As long as one preaches to love everyone,  
As long as one teaches not to hate anyone,  
He is my beloved, I love that someone.

The one who preaches to hate everyone,  
The one who teaches not to love anyone,  
I'm doubtful of survival of that someone!

Weapons cannot avoid an economic down fall,  
Wars cannot resolve any issue at all,  
I could not survive like the China Wall.

Akhtar Jawad

# Laureates In My Home

My home is a place to get together  
For the lovely living laureates I know  
It's a pink home of flowers and a fountain  
I wish to show you but I cannot show!

It's hidden in the grills of God made steel  
As My God is afraid it may be broken  
And as He himself lives in its best room  
Windows of words written and spoken

Give Him an opportunity to peep out  
And to see the colorful fragrant laureates  
Some pink roses some white Jasmynes  
Love is the language of learned literates

The fountain spreads red hot water  
It's white when arrives in your eyes  
A magic of love have a look sweethearts!  
It's vaporized and flies to the skies

Our blood that is changed in tears  
Our sighs that are changed in clouds  
I am sure will rain one day heavily  
And earth will grow the new sprouts

Guns will be changed in flowers  
Borders will be changed in bridges  
Below the bridges will be river of love  
Couples on the boats made by cartridges!

The earth shaking man's erratic extremism  
Deadly destroying and killing nationalism  
Furious and frightening old fundamentalism  
Will be changed in peaceful internationalism

There will be a single anthem of the world  
Whether yellow or brownie white or black  
Making a chain of hands with flying kisses  
From all corners will rise for the crack.

I am sure the laureate awarded with love  
By none else but by the ancient nature  
Will finally change the world at last  
And centuries old man's rotten caricature!

Akhtar Jawad

# Law And Equity

If I am a dictator,  
Or a powerful preacher,  
Even, a democratic leader,  
And I am instrumental in legislature,  
And I am responsible of framing or continuing a law,  
That has an element of flaw,  
It is in violation to equity,  
And I am ignorant of the reality,  
And I have made many decisions on the basis of necessity,  
I have taken many actions in my own capacity,  
And there is a law against the principles of natural justice,  
And I don't take any action against this malice,  
For humanity I am not doing any service,  
I'm not doing anything for the real justice.

Akhtar Jawad

# Leadership

Neither dawn is ours nor dusk is ours,  
still I go,  
from morning to evening,  
sitting at a dark street,  
saluting every one who passes by,  
hoping someone will lit a candle in the dark.  
I have a stale bread in my hand,  
a shirt of faded colors and below is a lion cloth,  
that is failing to hide my ugly nudity.  
My children have slept after crying in hunger.  
In my hut there is no electricity no water.  
One who robbed the nation and was killed,  
is called a martyr a great leader.  
One the money launderer,  
who has bank accounts in the foreign countries,  
and factories abroad,  
is my gentle leader,  
who has made the nation almost bankrupt.  
The hunger that had constrained the old man  
the monologue, drawn attention of an armored vehicle,  
the officer told his men to straight the bent body of the old man,  
and ordered his men to see if he is an enemy's agent  
or a terrorist.  
The missing person was at last found behind the bars  
of a mental hospital.

Akhtar Jawad

# Learning God

Learning to change myself according to the changed circumstances.

Earth changes with the every new dawn  
and buries a sunny day in the twilight of a new dusk.  
Remaining a flying bird round the clock is not possible.  
Night has a moon and stars and a Milky Way.

I lived like a bird in his nest during a hot and burning day,  
now is the time to fly like a night bird in the open skies  
glittering stars are enough to lead me to the Milky Way.

Looking at the skies let me bid farewell to this hostile place  
earth has now no room for me, I say good bye to it,  
and I am prepared for another journey in the endless space  
roaming with stars and finding a new galaxy where  
night may welcome me with a big and brighter moon.  
I shall sleep for thousands of years as nonliving matter and I shall awake with  
new face, new heart, new breaths in, new breaths out.  
God will be the same but I shall watch him with my new eyes.

"Look at me and let me look at you  
either remove the veil from your face or make it transparent  
and let me see as to what actually you are,  
reply my question, why you are so much slow? "  
"Not at all, I respond instantly but you are slow in receiving my signals  
I am different for different persons, I am what one believes about me,  
Neither I am kind nor I am unkind, I am a reflection of your deeds."  
"God! I imagine you as beauty and love, be beautiful and lovely for me!  
"

Akhtar Jawad

# Leave It Any Way

"I know the art, how to win a heart,  
Off course, it should be a heart,  
That beats on the waves of music,  
May be of a maid who is dancing with me,  
With a mask on her face,  
But the smiling eyes reflect its grace."

The two were dancing on the dim lighted floor,  
In her maiden date she was excited and amazed,  
Many times she tried but she could not ask,  
To remove the mask and expose his face,  
But a wave she felt throughout within her,  
She could not understand the change in her.

The happy new year's night when left for the heaven,  
She said to the boy, "My heart is still beating in my bosom,  
You could not steal, I'm sorry for your failure."  
The boy too had a mask on his face,  
His eyes smiled and replied to her eyes,  
"My magic is silent, may conquer the skies."

"Your heart is with me, I have exchanged the hearts,  
Go to your bed room, a fairy will come,  
With a maiden dream that will recur many nights,  
She will let you show my heart and your name,  
Scripted with a note, I love you sweetheart,  
And you love me, too, now we cannot depart."

The boy could not forget that girl,  
A few years passed he was now married,  
In the wedding night he confessed to the bride,  
An innocent fairy in a white bridal dress,  
You are not my first love, his story he narrated,  
Exactly how it happened, not exaggerated.

The clever bride thought a few seconds,  
Looked in the restless eyes of the groom,  
Hugged him and said, "It was me,  
By now I lived with your heart in my bosom."

The boy kissed the girl and she found,  
Unlike wedding kiss, more warm and sound!

Was the bride a liar, what do you say?  
They are living happily, leave it, anyway!

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Him Remain Undefined

I tried to define Him many times,  
but then,  
everyday every night  
I saw in Him a different light  
I went on changing my definitions  
and when I saw my previous definitions  
written on white papers  
are now in the waste paper basket  
and the basket is full,  
I decided  
I shall now never try to define Him.  
Obstinacy leads to hatred  
and definitions lead to obstinacy,  
let Him remain behind the curtains  
why should I interfere in His privacy?  
The soothing blue light  
the fragrance of flowers  
the delicious tastes  
the enchanting tunes  
and above all  
a soft touch of my beloved  
is enough for my five senses.  
I think,  
yes I can feel and think  
that I love Him  
and that,  
He loves me, too!  
I am afraid  
If I define Him  
the lover will become a prisoner  
of his own definition.

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Me Die A Death Of My Own

I was born ignorant  
what if I die in my ignorance?  
With ignorance I came  
with ignorance I shall go back.  
To know more than I need to know  
will make me restless.  
I know what I need to know  
when I am dying  
I shall wish I could be born once again  
and what happens after death  
no eye witness I get.  
You may be right  
there may not be a life after death  
but the pain of thinking  
I shall not see my sweetheart once again  
I shall not listen to her anymore  
I shall not taste sweetness of her coral lips  
I shall not clip a rose in her hairs and smell it  
all are the touches and I shall be deprived of touches.  
Death is painful,  
a single pain,  
but the pain of being deprived of all the five touches  
may kill me five times.  
So I want to die once.  
only once.  
May be my ignorance  
still I believe,  
I shall have another life after death.  
Bring your years close to my mouth,  
whatever living matter thought and believed  
has been initially a fantasy  
but finally a truth.  
Yes, a living and breathing matter is mighty enough  
one must salute his will power.  
I hope my fantasy will be a fact  
and doubt you get a life once again.  
Die your death,  
but please,  
let me die a death of my own.

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Me Dream

My Dear Brain! Please don't disturb,  
My heart is busy in dreaming,  
Eye lids are closed,  
But I am not sleeping,  
I am a day dreamer,  
I dream and I know very well,  
My dreams may not come true,  
Still I dream.

I want to live in dreams,  
Death is painful,  
I know standing at the shore of death's ocean,  
I shall dream to cross the ocean,  
I shall dream to find a new island of life,  
I know it's merely a dream,  
What can I do?  
Man can never get rid of hope,  
And hope leads to a dream,  
A beautiful dream of a garden,  
Where there are canals,  
Where there are fountains,  
Where there are flowers and fruits,  
Where there are charming fairies,  
Swimming in a river coming down on the plains,  
From high mountains,  
With streams of love,  
Falling down on the earth,  
My lovely earth,  
With her stretched arms,  
Waiting for the infant,  
For another breast feeding,  
In order to help the infant,  
To grow and select a pink fairy,  
And repeat the same old story of love,  
Love, a journey of life to death!

But all these are means,  
Means to get peace of mind,  
And if my dreams can provide peace to me,

Let me live in dreams,  
And let me die in dreams,  
My dreams give me peace,  
I am hopeful,  
My dreams will help me,  
And make my death really peaceful!  
And if I truly find a new island,  
The smiling lips of my beautiful heart,  
Will not be reluctant,  
To smile and kiss you,  
My ugly brain!

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Me Dream (Inspired By A Post Of Marie Shine)

I love butterflies,  
but I don't want to become a butterfly,  
instead I like to become a dense green tree,  
with green leaves to counter sun in the hot summers  
and to counter cold breeze in the freezing winters,  
I love to be a shelter  
for the singing birds  
and dancing butterflies.  
I love to be colorful and fragrant in the springs  
I am so much blind in my love  
that I welcome even the ugly insects  
and serve at my green dining table  
my nectar for them.  
But I become selfish in the rainy season,  
my gravity pulls down the droplets from the silky hairs  
of the beautiful sexy mermaids,  
who rise from the seas  
thunder in a naughty mood  
smile as lightning  
and ultimately surrender for showers of love.  
Leave me alone in this wet weather,  
let me sleep in the arms of my lovely grandmother,  
and let me dream greenery for my kind mother,  
I promise colors and aroma of the delicate flowers.

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Me Run To My Mistress Like A Dog

When in search of something I have lost,  
Visibility is too low can't run in the frost,  
Repeated efforts all going in vain,  
Amused and excited I forget the main,  
Goal of my search I now set it aside,  
As I can see another gorgeous bride!

In search of love when I failed many times,  
I got a friend of my youth with rimes,  
I have lost this friend struggling in life,  
Along with a beautiful faithful wife,  
For the better future of my loving children,  
And then in caress of grandchildren!

When I took a sigh of relief at this age,  
I found me, past my life in a cage,  
My friend my poetry though grown now old,  
I made her up and glittering like gold,  
She twisted her body woke up with smile,  
The teen aged girl made me juvenile.

My juvenile delinquency started once again,  
Nothing to shy and nothing to refrain,  
I started thinking like a youth in twenties,  
Nothing found changed in appealing beauties,  
Butterflies still fly and fairies still dance,  
Birds still sing lovely lyric of romance.

For my aesthetic sense it's all the same,  
From my eyes I kiss, I'm a beauty tame,  
Yes, I'm a pet of beauty, she is my princess,  
Though I passed fifty years of life in recess,  
Subtracting the time I have lost in a fog,  
Let me run to my mistress like a dog.

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Me Share All But Well In Time

The old man a surprise survival of a heart attack,  
sharing joys and happiness of his family,  
when suddenly comes to know about a mis-happening,  
in his lovely family,  
his blocked arteries are contracted,  
his blood pressure is increased even more,  
he is mentally and physically shocked,  
the ignorant loved ones do not know,  
he is more closed to a second and fatal heart attack.  
Why don't they let him know at once,  
when the mis-happening takes place,  
he still has courage to share it.  
Why the loved ones are not benefited,  
by his experiences of life,  
starting from Allied Forces' nuclear attack on Japan,  
problems of Korea and Vietnam,  
and the issue of Cuba,  
when world was close to a nuclear war.  
Attack of western forces on Egypt for control of Suez Canal,  
integration of Vietnam and Germany,  
and,  
disintegration of Soviet Union,  
independence of Muslim states of central Asia.  
India China war of early sixties,  
and,  
India Pakistan wars creating Bangla Desh.  
He has seen how issues arise  
and how the issues are resolved.  
If there is a small issue in the family,  
let him know at once,  
he will suggest how the issue can be resolved  
in a pleasant manner..  
But you let him know when the issue is over  
and resolved in an unpleasant manner.  
Trust him.  
Could you let him share all but well in time!

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Me Sleep

Please, no more jokes,  
I don't want to smile,  
How can I smile?  
My soul is grieved,  
My heart is crying,  
I am afraid of future,  
When I caress grandchildren,  
Worried I think,  
Shall they caress like me?  
Probability says, may be,  
But chances aren't fare.  
Let me sleep.

Why are you anxious,  
To make me happy,  
Happiness comes,  
From inside,  
And inside me,  
Fears are active,  
Hope is dormant,  
What are we doing?  
Heading to disaster,  
A manual blunder,  
So leave me alone.

I know my dear,  
How much you love me!  
But you are engaged in,  
A futile exercise,  
A fatigue in vain,  
A wave of pessimism,  
Is flowing in me,  
I am hopeless,  
Indefinite looks,  
Future of my children!  
How should I behave,  
Like a normal man,  
I wish I could be,  
A care free, insane!

Walls of my house,  
Have been cracked,  
At any time,  
The roof may fell down,  
Who will die?  
Who will survive?  
How many will die?  
How many will survive,  
Nobody thinks,  
Nobody knows.  
I wish I could be,  
Ignorant like them!

The joint family,  
Is disintegrating,  
Every member of the family,  
Is talking of separation,  
Do they mean,  
Another tragedy,  
Haven't they learn,  
Any lesson from the past!  
Probably not!  
Help us God!  
I am fed up of recurrence,  
I wish I could be blind!

Oh! Short sightedness,  
Your apparent charms,  
Have been hypnotizing,  
Like an old deadly witch,  
Taking showers of fire,  
In the ocean of blood,  
At least once in a century,  
And like a young fairy,  
Look appealing to them,  
Attracts them all,  
In the name of religion,  
In the name of nation,  
And many other idols,  
Make them selfish,  
Whenever I speak,

They laugh at me,  
I wish I could be dumb!

Oh! Dracula of wars,  
How sharp are your teeth!  
You are fond of blood,  
Could I kill You!  
Could I save the descendants!  
From death and destruction, ,  
Not a few hundreds,  
Not a few thousands,  
The figure this time,  
Will be in millions!  
I am dejected,  
I'm frustrated,  
How can I live?  
Let me die!

If you can't bring poison,  
Give me the pain killer,  
Or sleeping pills,  
To keep me alive,  
For more headaches,  
And many other pains,  
Good night to you,  
Let me sleep!

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Me Test Am I Alive

Please don't ignore.  
You are looking in pains,  
I see tears in your eyes,  
Your face is red with strains!  
Share your pains with me,  
Relieve the strains with me.  
No, neither I love you,  
nor I want to help you,  
I just want to test myself.  
Share your story with me,  
I know you have a tearful story,  
let it cut my heart into so many pieces,  
let it melt the pieces into hot white blood,  
let me see whether my eyes bleed for you,  
or not,  
you are an stranger to me,  
I don't know as to who are you,  
if I cry for you, I am alive,  
otherwise I am dead,  
Let me test, am I alive!

Akhtar Jawad

# Let The Candles Lit

Calm my friend, the sky is fighting the unfriendly dark,  
Don't come in the way of a deadly shark.  
The seas and oceans are knitting a net, for the giant evil,  
Soon you will see the end of the dominant devil.  
The hills and mountains will be green once again,  
You will see a snow fall and it will rain.  
The flowers will blossom and the trees will dance,  
The rivers will sing the melodies of romance.  
The fields will produce the golden grains,  
The girls in schools will have no strains.  
Without any fear you will go for the prayers,  
You'll play your games with all the players.  
Let the candles lit, rough night is followed by a silky day,  
Don't disturb, the sun is sleeping in the milky way.

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Us Do What Our Ancestors Couldn't Do

Let us do,  
what our ancestors couldn't do,  
let us forget our inherited views,  
let us bring peace in the world,  
let us gather some courage,  
and get rid of that,  
which may lead the world,  
to save the resources,  
spent on preparing weapons,  
for the so called holy wars,  
to fulfill our foolish dreams,  
of the promised lands.  
Let us use the resources,  
to find a new land,  
somewhere in space,  
for shifting our population,  
to a distant planet,  
whereat we can grow,  
wheat, barley and rice,  
apples and oranges,  
let us shift our animals too,  
on another planet,  
where there are oceans,  
mountains and rivers,  
where there is atmosphere,  
having oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen,  
where there are forests,  
might be having some strange animals,  
some unseen plants and green trees,  
where there is a sun and a few moons,  
where days and years might be longer than ours,  
we shall not take much time,  
to become used to,  
to a new environment,  
where clouds rise and rain,  
and the only thing we shall carry from the earth,  
a bikini beauty of charming women,  
for something universal,  
you know it's love.

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Us Go Back To The Caves

Ah! How we are suffocating behind the walls of hates,  
come on, let us sit somewhere else among the flowers.  
My moon! Let me lull you to the dreams where you can fly freely,  
why should wait for our deaths in this market of terror,  
frightened we go out, everyday a new killing,  
we are living among hypocrites, sinners and abusers,  
though we live in the thrashes like fragrant colorful flowers,  
though we sacrifice a few drops of our blood  
everyday,  
the beast of arms is hungry of blood, my child hide yourself in my arms,  
and if you don't find my arms, go back to the caves once again!

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Us Pray

O God! My God! My dear God  
Thanks for the benefits already I got.

For the eyes, the ears and the nose  
I can see, listen to, and smell it,  
Thanks for springing a beautiful rose  
I'm sure you know it talks to me?  
It dances in the wind and walks to me.  
Thanks for the beauty I already got,  
O God! My God! My dear God.

Pink in color sweet smelled so delicate  
Whispers in the ears and caresses me  
I know you hid yourself in beauty  
It's your loving soul that blesses me  
Thanks for the blessings already I got,  
O God! My God! My dear God.

How much I am loved I am pleased,  
Close my heart's door for any hate  
I want a heart with love for all  
If love only love could be my fate!  
Thanks for the love already I got  
O God! My God! My dear God.

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Us Share Our Hearts

We have so many beauties and a lot of charms,  
We both are blessed with the lovely arms,  
Walking on the narrow pavements of flowers,  
Let us wet each other with the lovely showers,  
Let us wash down the dirt of hate,  
Though we are late, it's never too late,  
Come on sweetheart running nimble on the thwarts,  
Let us share our beauty, let us share our hearts.

Your voice is sweet and I can play a guitar,  
The garden is in your reach, it's not too far,  
I know on way are thorns with a naught,  
A blue skirt for you, a gift I have brought,  
Let them damage sweet heart your pink skirt,  
Let them have a glimpse and ignore their flirt,  
Come on my friend with your lovely fine arts,  
Let us share the music, let us share our hearts.

It's a lonely garden very few visit it,  
Even in day light its sky moon lit,  
That silences the hot and the burning gun,  
The tall dense trees don't allow the sun,  
It's covered all around with the creepers of love,  
With a few windows for the peaceful dove,  
Fly in with a song of frozen thoughts,  
Let us melt dry ice, let us share our hearts.

I know the fatigue I know the hardship,  
The fire that burns the places of worship,  
Has made red hot the up street,  
Loving animals will lick your feet,  
Humans lack it but the beasts can cure,  
Yes in this garden are such beasts I assure,  
Come with a soul that is dying in droughts,  
Hearts have clouds, let us share our hearts.

As the garden does not have any worship place,  
And the blind terrorists unaware of its grace,  
Birds, butterflies, flowers and greenery,

A lovely fountain and lovely scenery,  
Where prayer is love that is hidden in hearts,  
In music and paintings of the nature's art,  
Come sweetheart the spring now departs,  
Let us sing and dance, let us share our hearts.

Akhtar Jawad

# Let Us Smile

I feel too old when I am crying,  
when smile I look like a teen aged boy,  
don't come to me whenever I cry,  
play if you can with a laughing toy.

One thing you can do sweetheart anytime,  
you can titillate, can wipe the tears,  
can make me smile like a naughty juvenile,  
can erase at least my forty eight years!

(About forty nine years ago I was married)

Akhtar Jawad

# Libels Of A War

How long, I don't know how long  
the bare footed boy  
in a dirty and torn shirt  
a dirty big bag on his shoulders,  
who leaves his bed with the call of dawn prayers  
and goes to dirty streets,  
where there is a plateau of rotten garbage  
a symbol of efficiency of the government.  
He passes sometime there and collects  
empty packets and empty bottles,  
and if he is lucky and he collects these valuables,  
by lunch time at noon,  
to sell it and to earn a little money  
to purchase a bread and some curry.  
Till then he remains hungry.  
Failing to find garbage that may be sold,  
He goes to the residential areas,  
knocking the doors,  
and when asked as to who is there,  
he replies in a question  
do you have a bread,  
when told, no,  
he says rather commands,  
&quot;Give me Rs.10.&quot;  
A libel of not having cooked breads yet.  
Though he was born in Pakistan  
But he is son of an Afghan immigrant.  
He took shelter in Pakistan,  
During Afghan War,  
in that Soviet Union was disintegrated.

How long, I don't know how long  
Afghanistan along with Pakistan  
will pay the libels of the war.  
How long, I don't know how long  
Pakistan will remain a victim of terror.  
I am surprised,  
did the weapons left by Soviet soldiers,  
haven't exhausted yet.

If not so where from the terrorists,  
the fighters of freedom during Afghan War,  
get most modern weapons,  
and who is financing them?  
How long, I don't know how long  
It will continue.

Akhtar Jawad

# Life Is A Boat

Floating sometimes with the streams  
and sometimes against the streams,  
life is a boat in the river.  
A boat tied by two ropes,  
on the opposite banks  
pulling the boat to  
the two banks simultaneously.  
One rope is in the hands of  
Inherited ideologies,  
and the other in the hands of socialization  
a process that started at home  
but developed in various institutions of the society.  
Consequently the boat floats forward,  
pleasant when it's floating with the streams,  
unpleasant when it's floating against the streams.  
Sitting in the boat I find myself  
a victim of conflicting thoughts,  
and fleeting of my mind makes me restless.  
I am a helpless helmsman  
my arms are weak  
and when I try to turn the boat  
with the help of rudders,  
the rudders smile and send a message  
through the music of river's waves,  
"You can't do it, let the ropes fight,  
and hope the best,  
just wait for a powerful wave,  
that pushes the boat to one of the banks.  
You can only pray,  
the bank you arrive at is the right bank."

Akhtar Jawad

# Life Is A Play

I was too,  
Just like you,  
Used to say,  
My life is a play,  
In no way bound,  
Just playing in the ground,  
Badminton, Cricket, Hockey as well,  
Long live my games, rest in hell,  
Chasing sweet girls on my bike,  
One may like me or dislike,  
Whistling, hooting during a match,  
Jumping monkey, on a good catch.

Being old man now,  
I'm gentle like a cow,  
Sobers like an owl, sit like a goat,  
In a still lake, a slow little boat,  
My mistake, I heard a name,  
Shakespeare it was, a man of of fame,  
Having read the great man, once more say,  
Everyone has a role and life is a play.  
Had I played, my little role?  
Or I should play more, for a goal?

Akhtar Jawad

# Life Is Beyond The Ifs

Should you have been born in a hut,  
where there is hunger,  
where there are hardships,  
where there are not sufficient means,  
to fulfill the basic needs,  
but there is an old blanket,  
we could share in the cold nights,  
that could have constrained us,  
to come so close, so close when two become one,  
and serve for each other,  
the purpose of a blanket,  
giving us the heat of love,  
and when the sun rises,  
we open our eyes,  
and we find silver in the hairs,  
we would not have asked each other,  
how to say good bye to you!  
If it would be so!  
But life is beyond the ifs!

Akhtar Jawad

# Life Is Like The Game Of Cricket

Life is like the game of cricket!

For some it's a twenty overs match,  
they have very little time to show their worth,  
do or die,  
one cannot depend on singletons,  
they will have to play the lifting shots,  
either hit sixes or go back to the pavilion.  
The rival bowler is attacking,  
he, too, have a few overs,  
he will leave no stone upturned,  
either to contain,  
or to get you out,  
even he will not hesitate to hit your body.  
The cruel time!

For some it's a one day match,  
they have sufficient time to show their talent,  
restrictions are there for the fielders,  
and for the bowler, too,  
start the game as an aggressor,  
score as many runs as you can in the power plays,  
give a huge target to to the rival.  
Again the rival also knows how to contain an aggressor.  
The clever time!

For the normal men it's a test match,  
they have plenty of time,  
they plan their game,  
start their innings with caution and care,  
some score centuries,  
some double centuries,  
even more than three hundred runs are possible.  
No restrictions on the rival bowler,  
duck his deadly bouncers,  
wait for a loose delivery,  
play like a calm and patient man.  
After scoring at least six hundred runs with a team work,  
try to get out the rival with a two hundred runs' lead,

ask him to follow on,  
after an innings victory,  
shake hands with the rivals and exchange pleasantries.  
During the joint dinner at night,  
you may dance with the beautiful wife of the rival,  
but it should be a dance only.  
The pleasant time!

Cricket is the game of gentlemen,  
and so is the life.  
Life is a real event,  
not a dream as many think.  
Play it like a gentleman,  
and enjoy the time!

Akhtar Jawad

# Life Is Too Short For Love

Life ending quickly and has almost passed,  
Nothing is remained; the limits have been crossed,  
Like a dry leaf with a pale faded face,  
No glory of the past, or shine or glaze,  
I still sense waves I still reflect light,  
I'm still hanging on with all my might.

The amorous branches that swing with joy,  
Stretched carefree like arms of a boy,  
To the singing, dancing maid of rains,  
Breaking the taboos and smashing the refrains,  
The rain is amusing with pleasant heavy showers,  
The leaves are green and red are the flowers

The blow of wind is exciting and amazing,  
The soul peeping out as if body is glazing,  
The cold blow of wind is hot and brightening,  
The pale dry leaf is shivering and frightening,  
As at any time it may fall on the earth,  
The mother it rose from having all his worth.

He loved his mother more than anyone,  
The stem like his father who was next to none,  
The spread branches like brothers and sisters,  
The friendly leaves the naughty gangsters,  
And the lovely flowers like sweet charming girls,  
Colorful, fragrant, charming like pearls.

Still thirsty goes with a hunger of love,  
With branch of olive the sweet singing dove,  
He couldn't meet yet and he couldn't yet see.  
Good bye lovely garden, good bye my tree.  
For a time passing love we need bright years,  
To find a true love we need light years.□

Akhtar Jawad

## Life With A Wife

Know, how to remove her hysteria's barm,  
How to find taste and colorful charm,  
Doing it for fifty years,  
A few more pretty years!  
The cold beer inside is still warm.

Akhtar Jawad

# Light And The Dust

When the light appeared  
it said,  
My Creator!  
You created me as an invisible radiation  
why did You create me?  
To make you visible I have created dust  
when you'll fall on the dust you will be a beam of glittering gold.

Akhtar Jawad

# Lightning And Rainbows

Earth knows all, the large and small,  
Sun never knew the clouds will rise,  
Lightning never knows where to fall  
A rainbow knows it's a touch for all.

Kissed by the lips of wind's wet blows,  
We pass our lives in watching rainbows,  
Nature! What a clever hunter you are!  
Never knew the bow hides a few arrows.

See our love, lovely flowers with odors.  
Colors as the price of your seven colors,  
Lightning we have something to donate,  
Odors for you from the thankful donors.

Ashes will swim in the water of showers,  
Finally in the earth's motherly bowers,  
Shall remain restless in the mother's womb,  
Until bloom again as the delicate flowers.

Akhtar Jawad

# Like Pets On The Earth Like Birds In The Skies

Sit on the earth like a faithful pet  
and fly in the sky like the loyal birds  
The pets and the birds fore see an earthquake.  
Man feels it when the roof falls upon.  
Learn something from the birds and the pets,  
how they become restless before a disaster.

The lovers ecstatic in their flight of romance  
drinking wine of joy during a courtship dance  
always misjudge their ecstasy of weak moments  
as a love that can keep them together always.

Most couples succeed in building a shock proof house  
as they go on strengthening the basement by  
by looking at their faces in their children's faces.  
Their children force them to pass a life of compromises.

Gradually the ecstasy of weak moments  
undergoes through a process of evolution  
it takes time to be changed in a true love.  
The lovers during a short separation  
when start missing each other,  
thinking and regretting  
their misdeeds and misbehaviors  
it's love that has started now.

A residence is changed in a shock proof house  
with a strong basement of love and understanding  
secured walls formed by the children  
and a durable roof built by blessings of God.  
It can withstand the earthquakes of life  
that do not announce before their arrivals.

But like lovely pets  
on the earth  
and like birds  
in the skies  
romance and conjugal life may run side by side.  
That's how a conjugal life is a beauty to enjoy.

Akhtar Jawad

# Lily Is Truly Beautiful

Lily was my co-league,  
Never tired of fatigue,  
Strong with her pen,  
One female, while others were men.  
Sobers and sincere at her desk,  
Willing to repair wherever may be wreck.

A few sometimes used to make her a fun,  
Often described her, a bulky gun.  
Sometimes they called her, cold dry ice,  
Although she was pleasant and very nice.  
Her complexion was dark she was not beautiful,  
But she was helpful and dutiful.

One day a girl very very cute,  
Moving like the waves coming out from a flute,  
A tight fit dress exposing all curves,  
Accelerating the beats, exciting the nerves,  
An advertising executive arrived there,  
And in a moment she was center of sphere.

See her, see her, Lily whispered,  
How beautiful! Cleopatra she referred.  
But I think she's wife of a bull,  
And Miss Lily you are more beautiful.  
How I am beautiful, a bulky gun,  
I think you too have made me a fun.

Then every day she asked to tell,  
Like an alarm's fixed time bell,  
I was annoyed of the question being same,  
Bringing on me an assertion's shame.  
The answer was revealed at last to me,  
I can get you but I can't Miss She.

She laughed and told me, you naughty boy,  
I am working for my family, I'm not a toy.  
My husband has left me, alone on this earth,  
My asset is my son, I'm struggling for his worth.

And to support my old ailing parents,  
To life I have made these two commitments.

Many years after, I saw once more,  
Lily, with her son, she was worthy of adore,  
Introduced his son as a top executive,  
Her car, her son, were both narrative,  
Sincere to commitments, she was in full,  
I must say she is truly beautiful.

Akhtar Jawad

# Limerick Of His Majesty The Parrot

I was grieved to see a couple in the cage,  
Looking very sad and silent like a sage,  
No song no music no kissing of nibs,  
Looked like a ship with the damaged jibs,  
On teasing by a finger, my naughty outrage,

I touched his spouse, then attacked the male,  
He could not tolerate this flirt with female,  
Even in prison His Majesty was alive,  
I thought in the cage he will not survive,  
Opened the doors they flew like a gale.

And His Majesty the cruel shopkeeper!  
No money I had but was a splinter,  
I was a boy of sixteen at that time,  
My naughtiness now changed in rime,  
Come to me with your wife it's now winter!

Akhtar Jawad

## Limerick Of The Dry Fruits

Fruits of love are now changing their shapes,  
the raisins you see were nice juicy grapes,  
food value and sweetness on the higher side,  
tasteful in the winter for a casual tide,  
still fresh enough for the nature's rapes!

Akhtar Jawad

# Limit Of Trust

No more blood and no more room,  
Time! Throw your groping spears,  
Heal a few with the soft fingers  
Wounds given by the passing years,  
Are enough and enough is enough,  
The earth seems a pneumatic trough,

Stop now collecting human sighs,  
An apathetic inverted jar, The Sky!  
Humble earth honors your writ,  
Neither we challenge nor we deny,  
But the over filled jar may now burst,  
It's now exceeding the limit of trust.

Akhtar Jawad

# Listen To Me

A pleasant cloudy day!  
Wish you would have also come,  
Who says to rain and wet me?  
I don't say to increase my pains,  
I'm restless sweetheart,  
and I want to be more restless,  
by sharing the breaths with you.  
Restlessness for you, my pleasure!  
I'm already senseless,  
how can I ask you to make me crazy?  
Life is being passed in heat strokes,  
if you would have come with the clouds,  
life would have turned in a silky moon light.  
You know how to turn a drink so bitter,  
in a wine that makes me drunk  
that snatches all senses from me,  
just leaving a sense of pleasure,  
a thought overruling all the thoughts  
I am so close to beauty,  
a guest of few moments only,  
but enough to relieve me of many strains,  
by crying together,  
by laughing together,  
and listening to the old melodies.  
We both are in the time's cruel cage,  
but the wet winds have opened the gates,  
come out sparing a few moments for me,  
tell me what I have forgotten,  
listen from me what you forgot.

Akhtar Jawad

# Live In Your Dreams

She lives in her dreams  
and the blessings of her dreams  
spoon her from the back,  
wipe her tears  
and when she turns her face  
these blessings whisper in her ears,  
go on smiling,  
go on living,  
I am here to back you,  
the innocent dreamer,  
The world may not be as much beautiful  
as you dream,  
again it's not as much ugly  
as you fear.  
Go on dreaming the day  
when from the back  
I shall come to your front,  
when from silky hairs to to your soft lovely feet,  
all that you have will be kissed  
by all that I have.  
Live in the blessings of your dreams  
till your dreams come true,  
be confident  
if you love me,  
I love you, too.

Akhtar Jawad

# Lizzie (A Comment On Forgive Me My Lord - By Kostas Lagos)

The increasing distance  
between me and my God  
has blurred His image,  
that was already dim.  
I love to believe in Him  
and in a life after this life,  
but when I think if there was a life  
before this life,  
I look at my hysterical wife.  
I wish there may not be  
another butcher  
to cut my throat once again  
with a rusted knife!  
Forgetting all the nonsense debates  
I shut the door of my brain  
and I open the windows of my heart  
to think who was my wife,  
in my previous life.  
Then starts a parade of beautiful queens in bikinis,  
From Lizzie of Shakespeare's time  
to the Lizzie of my time,  
you can imagine my difficulty to select a Lizzie.  
But once it was done  
I started praying  
My Lord! If you can send me to my future  
why can't you send me in the past?  
I don't think a few centuries you cannot rewind!

(Wrote this poem in a funny mood.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Lo Que Las Grandes Mentas(What Are Grand Minds)

Holy Bible I quote,  
Prove All things Hold Fast That Which Is Good,  
A grand mind is a mind,  
That is free of hates,  
Free of jealous,  
A model of love,  
Like lovely Holy Jesus!

He thinks,  
Understands,  
Grasps,  
Fragrance of a flower,  
He knows,  
The bad smell,  
Is not coming out,  
From a flower,  
It's smell of his brain,  
Rotten inside,  
It's hell of his thinking,  
With a heart,  
Confined in itself,  
Not ready to listen,  
To someone else!

It goes in the depth,  
Comes up with a pearl,  
A shining pearl,  
Remaining unconcerned,  
Where from he got,  
The title of the poem,  
Written by Holy Jesus,  
Love! Love for all!

Akhtar Jawad

## Log In Log Out

Though logged in with only animal instinct  
There were thoughts in men that distinct  
Though still roar and shout  
To restart should log out  
For the world with an extended precinct.

Akhtar Jawad

# Long Live The Messiah

A diplomat of a super power,  
an agent of their topmost secret agency,  
a handsome man or a sexy woman,  
devotes his time in studying  
what are the weaknesses of topmost generals,  
wealth, wine or woman?  
Or otherwise all the three worst woes!  
Well mannered, well dressed and well versant in the local languages,  
he (or she) knows all the problems of the country  
whether political, economic or social.  
He knows the politicians who are too corrupt  
and he knows what to exploit in a nation of illiterate ignorant people.  
He helps the corrupt politicians to be more corrupt.  
He works to grow restlessness in the people  
and he works to pollute all the institutions of the country,  
whether its legislature, judiciary or executive.  
He promotes religious, regional and ethnic disputes.  
He purchases talk shows of the media,  
he purchases sermons of the churches, mosques and the temples,  
he purchase writes of the writers,  
poetry of the poets,  
and conscience of the judiciary.  
Finally he selects the weakest general  
meets the foolish man and tells him  
all other generals are ready for a military coup except You the Great!  
One by one he purchases almost all the generals,  
the politicians, scholars and the journalists  
and even the head of the judiciary.  
They all bring the innocent men on the roads  
to give their lives for the son of a Junior Commissioned Officer,  
to make his sons a feudal, or one of the top industrialists.  
In a dark night army starts marching on the roads of their own nation.  
Broadcasting houses and telecasting centers are captured,  
legislature is dissolved, constitution is either smashed or suspended  
and people this time come on the roads with the slogans,  
Long live the Messiah!  
After a decade the people poking their leprosy realize  
he is not a Messiah!  
The leprosy is still there.

I regret their short memory!  
Having lost their fingers in leprosy  
soon,  
but this time poking the leprosy with a dirty straw  
they come again on the roads,  
with the same old slogan,  
Long live the Messiah!

Akhtar Jawad

# Lost And Found

I was looking for something else  
I couldn't get it.  
But my search didn't end in a failure  
I got something that I had lost earlier.  
What a pleasant surprise!

I think I should look for someone else  
I couldn't get you.  
Shall my search will end in a success?  
Shall I get someone I lost earlier?  
What a pleasant surprise it would be!

I am looking for my real life lost on my birth  
Shall I find it?  
Perhaps in search of a beautiful forgotten lie  
I'll find the truth when I die.  
No surprise, a familiar face.

Akhtar Jawad

# Lost In A Mysterious Triangle

How happy I was,  
walking alone on the Milky Ways!  
Eating light,  
drinking light,  
breathing in,  
breathing out,  
nothing else but light.

How happy I was,  
walking alone on the Milky Ways!  
No need,  
no passion,  
no lust,  
no desire,  
nothing else but light.

How happy I was,  
walking alone on the Milky Ways!  
who gave me eyes?  
who gave me ears?  
who gave me a nose,  
who gave me a tongue?  
and the four excited to touch,  
nothing else but light.

How happy I was,  
walking alone on the Milky Ways!  
who entered as a soul?  
I started thinking,  
feeling loneliness,  
saw a vacuum within me,  
I rejected the fill in,  
nothing else but light.

How unhappy I was,  
walking alone on the Milky Ways!  
Getting tired of a flower,  
made of white light,  
then I noticed first tears,

that acted as a prism,  
and what to to refract,  
nothing else but light.

How happy I am,  
though lost in a triangle,  
a mysterious place,  
having contrasts,  
pains with pleasures,  
ugliness with beauty,  
what made me crazy,  
a rainbow with colorful curves.

How happy I am,  
though lost in a triangle,  
I told the rainbow,  
want to see always,  
want to hear, and smell,  
want to taste and touch,  
but who are you?  
'Nothing else but love.'

How happy I am,  
though lost in a triangle,  
Still confused,  
as to what is love,  
let me say boldly,  
my foot on the rest,  
but crazy for her,  
a woman is the best.

(With thanks to tinytic - Remember Aristarchus of Samos? He was an early Greek astronomer who suggested that the Earth orbited around the Sun (a heliocentric model) . He also answered a fascinating question: how far away is the Sun?

This Extreme Ultraviolet Imaging Telescope (EIT) image of a huge, handle-shaped prominence was taken on Sept.14,1999. Credit: NASA/European Space Agency

He realized that we could figure out the distance to the sun relative to the distance to the moon. He noted that the sun, moon, and earth form a right triangle (right angle at the moon) during the first and last quarter moons. A quarter moon occurs when the moon appears to be half illuminated from our

vantage point. When the moon is seen to be exactly in the first quarter phase the sun-moon-earth angle is exactly 90 degrees. This means a line drawn from Aristarchus' position to the moon and from the moon to the Sun formed a right angle.

Akhtar Jawad

# Lost In Transit

The long awaited mail,  
that did not come,  
and the teen aged girl,  
beautiful and naughty,  
turned in an old lady.  
Her beauty was lost,  
still there was a grace on her face.  
Her naughtiness was stolen by her grandchildren.  
While she was playing with them,  
the postman came and delivered a letter to her,  
an envelope from the post office,  
with a covering letter,  
regretting they took sixty years,  
to locate the addressee,  
whose address was not correctly written on it.  
It had another envelope inside it,  
and in that was a pink paper,  
someone has replied her,  
&quot;I love you, too.&quot;  
Two drops of tears fell down on it  
and smell of tears merged  
with the fragrance of pink paper.  
Yes, it was lost in transit,  
but,  
its aroma was not lost!

Akhtar Jawad

# Lost Somewhere

With a picture in my hand,  
I am looking for a youth,  
insane in love,  
deaf and dumb,  
lost somewhere,  
in a fairy's garden,  
while running madly,  
on a narrow pavement,  
with rows of roses,  
each sides of the pavement,  
where wind, too, is insane,  
where flowers are excited  
and dance wildly,  
where birds are singing,  
on the wind's guitar,  
making colors ecstatic,  
and aroma anesthetic,  
tragedy with the youth  
he is not a blind,  
can watch and feel  
and love beauty.  
Last time he was seen,  
while kissing a rose.  
If anyone gets  
the victim of love,  
please, bring back him,  
to his sweet beloved,  
sitting close to a fountain,  
with tears in her eyes,  
and regrets in her heart.

Akhtar Jawad

## Love (A Ghazal An Experiment)

My soul smiles with the flowers of your love,  
Pleasant and soothing are the showers of your love.  
I can go any time but I don't know why,  
I love this cage in the towers of your love.  
How sweet are the dreams in a shadow so dense!  
I love to sleep in the bowers of your love.  
In love of a beauty I am odor and color,  
So many thanks to the mowers of your love.  
How weak I was how strong I am,  
I bow my head to the powers of your love.  
Your beauty I feel, it's scattered in me,  
Many flowers sprung by sowers of your love.  
Is it your beauty that I describe,  
Or it's just the avowers of your love.

Akhtar Jawad

# Love All Love All

The world never lacked a diver,  
At times the sea was rough,  
But someone was always there,  
Responding to the call of inviting sea,  
Overlooking the aggressive waves,  
And horrifying winds,  
The fearless and bold divers,  
Dived deep very deep into the sea,  
They are no more but the pearls they brought,  
Are still shining in the neck of my lovely mother,  
The pearls that vary in color and shape and size,  
Have at least one for every son,  
Depending on the eyes and heart and soul,  
Providing the sons a light that is bright,  
The locket of the necklace has a picture in it,  
And the sons are divided as to who is he?  
Some say it's Buddha,  
Some say it's Krishna,  
Some say it's Moses,  
Some say it's Jesus,  
Some say it's Muhammad,  
I don't say anything,  
To me it appears a human heart,  
Circulating the same red blood,  
And providing the oxygen of truth,  
To the sons who vary and forget the fact,  
They all are descendants of Adam and Eve,  
Don't try to snatch the locket from the necklace,  
It's a common property of all the sons,  
Breathe in breathe out,  
The picture is a source of light,  
Inhale that light,  
I am also right,  
You are also right,  
Let us love that picture,  
Give it any name,  
Beauty is beauty,  
And shall remain a beauty,  
Follow your beloved,

Listen to the beats of the strings of breaths.  
What else it is saying, love all, love all.

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Always Wins

Early morning came,  
With dark brown clouds,  
With a singing dawn,  
With the dancing winds,  
The veiled sun,  
Hidden somewhere,  
But his smile,  
Was so pleasant,  
Awoke the souls,  
From very deep,  
The dreaming sleep,  
The sick flower,  
With a mild shower,  
Was turned in flames,  
The amazing flames,  
Very cold outside,  
Very hot inside,  
All her senses,  
Were active now,  
Sensed her colors,  
Felt her fragrance,  
Heard the music,  
Tasted rain drops,  
Twisted her petals,  
Now shocking pink,  
Withstood the rains,  
Now heavy and violent,  
She was not afraid,  
Of frightening thunders,  
And flash of lightening,  
Nature has blown,  
A new soul in her,  
She smiled like a bud.  
Her beauty and grace,  
Her challenging face,  
Constrained the nature,  
For a friendly surrender!

But the nature smiled,

And said to her,  
My dear rose bud,  
A starry night,  
With the shining moon light,  
Humid and hot,  
Sweating and tiring,  
But romantic as well,  
Provocations from my side,  
Is ahead of you,  
I would love to see,  
How you sustain,  
The youth of new soul,  
I shall eagerly watch,  
If your petals remain,  
Fresh and pink,  
Happily I shall go,  
If I surrender once again!

Love always wins,  
And nature proudly said,  
They are my slaves,  
They shall remain my slaves.

Akhtar Jawad

# Love And Art

When your love is returned with love,  
there's no story.  
When your love isn't returned,  
a story starts.  
You are sad,  
you are feeling pains,  
you are crying,  
your heart is on fire,  
and the fire then becomes a source of light,  
light that inspires you to express your pains,  
your feelings and emotions.  
The artist then paints his best painting,  
the musician composes his lovely tune,  
the singer sings his best song,  
and the poet writes a poem,  
a work of art!

Akhtar Jawad

# Love And Peace

No more confined,  
To a family so small,  
Now my family,  
Is large and tall.  
The inspiring friendships,  
Relationships,  
Like rainbow,  
A colorful painting,  
A joy ever lasting.

Has made this life,  
Inhabitant of an oasis,  
In hot and lonely,  
Desert of reptiles.

I am no more afraid,  
Of scorpions of extremism,  
I am no more frightened,  
Of snakes of fundamentalism.

I remain peaceful,  
Even when the media,  
Lets me know,  
How many have been killed,  
In the name of religion,  
In the name of sects,  
And,  
In the ethnic violence.

I am now carefree,  
And not an angry old man,  
On power shut downs,  
Low pressure of gas,  
Scarcity of water,  
And crimes in the streets.

I am no more disturbed,  
When I come to know,  
Hot fire has been exchanged,

On the borders with neighbors.

Do you know why?  
Because I have got,  
A sky so vast,  
Whereat I add a tiny star,  
In a Milky Way,  
Having Suns and Moons.

I convey my sentiments,  
To my larger family,  
For comments and rating,  
In the website dating,  
And when I am responded,  
I become hopeful.

The time will change,  
And ahead of us,  
Is a mental revolution,  
That will rise like waves,  
Of an ocean of love,  
And shall wipe out dust,  
And garbage of the past,  
From the beach of life.

In a neat and clean,  
Lovely beach of the world,  
In the moonlit nights,  
With faces so bright,  
I shall watch my children,  
Enjoying their lives,  
In song and dance.

On the shining silver sand,  
They will play the game,  
Of hide and seek,  
And will share in the air,  
The life boosting lesson,  
Of coexistence.

Pains will be dormant,  
And hatred will die,

And nothing will remain,  
But love and peace.

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Can Do It

If your smile brings tears,  
In the glittering stars,  
Shining in the nights,  
Of brown silky hairs,  
Before tears touch,  
The dawn of her cheeks,  
Before tears kiss,  
The petals of the rose,  
Put your lips,  
On the soft pink petals,  
Separate the petals,  
See the lightning,  
Of the diamonds inside,  
Make her smile.

Exchange your smile,  
With the prisms of tears.  
And see the spectrum,  
The pretty nice colors.  
And the rainbow,  
Will make you a flower,  
Having so many petals,  
Having various colors,  
And enchanting fragrance

But don't cry,  
In front of her,  
Ask your soul,  
To keep the tears,  
Till you get,  
A camouflaged reason,  
And you could tell her,  
It's not due to you.

Do you know?  
Angels will carry,  
Your tears to the ocean,  
And allotropy will modify,  
Your tears into pearls,

And when a garland of pearls,  
Will decorate the neck,  
Of an appealing beauty,  
The beauty will smile,  
Her soul will dance,  
A melody of romance,  
With the beats of love,  
She will turn into magic,  
Her eyes will radiate,  
The colorful rays,  
Will make you a moon,  
When you will see yourself,  
In her deep brown eyes,  
You will say to yourself,  
How handsome am I!

She is so much pretty,  
Your beloved is she!  
And love is miracle,  
She loves you,  
More than her life,  
And years old love,  
Can easily do it,  
Love can do,  
Much more than this.  
Love is a bliss!  
Love is supported,  
Love is propagated,  
Love is decorated,  
By someone unseen!  
Sometimes far in skies,  
Yet so closed to your heart!

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Is Acknowledged By Love

A fairy comes to her grandfather old,  
Turns silver of hairs in glittering gold,  
Combs with fingers, a reliever of pain,  
And when her magic enters the brain,  
A portion of relief's stolen by the heart,  
Its beats whisper, "Acknowledge her art,  
Give most precious of what you belong."  
"Pearls or the diamonds, poem or a song? "  
"Deserve something more her fingers soft.  
Look through my windows there is my croft,  
On the branch of a tree is a singing dove,  
Acknowledging a rose for aroma of love."

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Is Itself A Reason Of Living

Walking bare footed on the lawn of silky wet grass  
Listening to the songs of birds on the flowery trees,  
Watching sweet pink roses and ecstatic honey bees,  
It's all the same it was, but not you! Oh! Alas!  
When I miss you I miss something I cry to miss,  
The winds kiss my whole but it's not your kiss,

The rising sun has sent a message to the sunflowers,  
See they're turning their faces towards the sky,  
Perhaps they wish like birds they could fly,  
Restless they are though wet in sunlight showers,  
The ignorant flowers want to touch the fire,  
Ready to be burnt! I salute the burning desire!

Learn what is love, nature has scattered its lessons,  
Read it from your heart follow it from your soul,  
Play it fairly, never mind if sometimes its foul,  
Love, the only human act that never needs reasons,  
Love is itself a reason of living in adverse strains,  
Try it I hope you'll be relieved of all your pains,

Looking for that passionate smile of a girl in love  
That danced in your eyes your lips and your cheeks  
My heart couldn't forget that and it still seeks  
One who when smiled, a bud, when sang, a dove,  
You are walking with me as a routine yet I miss you  
I lack that exciting soul of kiss though I still kiss you

Love is no more forbidden whatever may be season,  
It doesn't need reasons it's itself a reason less reason.

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Is My Religion And Lover My Name

O God! What you gave to me I'm giving same to others.  
and that's why I love you.

You were inclined to give me anything I ask,  
being shy of my sins I couldn't say I want you.

With my heart's wish intact in my heart I am roaming in the world,  
this is something else everywhere I look for you.

O limitless! Your length and breadth and weight,  
I am trying to measure in human made measurements.

Hoping a glimpse your view sometimes somewhere,  
when I get an open window I peep inside.

You are confused in sects, I have been simplified,  
I have lost my existence don't look for me.

Love is my religion and lover my name,  
Wish to listen Him, "I know you."

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Is Not Sold And Purchased (Doris Cornago In Her Poem As Heart Bellows' Note Asks And I Reply)

In the poet's notes,  
she writes,  
Who are you?  
What do you value most?  
What will you pay to have this thing of most value?  
As you read this poem,  
reflect on these relevant questions and perhaps,  
the world will be a little better for one human finding his way.

I am a man.  
I value love.  
Love conquers love,  
it's not sold and purchased.  
The world is better in love  
but casualties in the conquest of love  
were too much!  
Leave the rest of the too much,  
the lover was declared a traitor of love!

Warriors and conquerors with their hate and greed  
were glorified and their statutes are on the roundabouts,  
I see their memoirs everywhere.  
It's easy to purchase hate,  
yes,  
it's sold and purchased.  
No holy war is needed,  
nobody will crucify you.  
To promote hate and to rule the world,  
you need only resources to develop deadly weapons  
don't be afraid of the counter attacks  
you'll not be required to use these weapons  
fear of deadly weapons is itself a mental terror!  
So the worry of a counter attack is uncalled.

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Letters

Romeo happy with love letters of Juliet,  
Happier on a foolish jealous idiot,  
Let him live in self-pleasuring,  
Jealousy's not at all pressuring,  
Love is here on a flying chariot!

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Materialized

The restless nightingale sang sweet songs  
She was alone and her songs were sad  
Her songs sounded sweeter than the bells  
Missed something, knew only what she had.

When the king read about the nightingale,  
Sent his servants to bring her in the palace,  
She said her songs sound best among the trees  
But she went to the king's majestic terrace.

Thereat she learned how love is materialized,  
She saw human couples loving each other,  
She watched with a keen interest the joy  
Of a woman to become after pains a mother.

When replaced by an artificial toy nightingale  
She got a reason to escape from the house,  
To date among flowers for a lovely life partner,  
To pass the rest of her life as a loyal spouse.

The king fell sick when the toy went out of order,  
And there was none to repair the toy nightingale  
He then realized his mistake and got planted a tree  
Hoping one day would come back the singing female.

The king was close to death nobody could cure him  
The tree of love grew and touched king's windows,  
A couple of nightingale came and made a nest,  
World is a desert and she needed the safe meadows.

The king recovered quickly and listened to the songs  
Beats of two voices with ecstatic rise and soothing fall,  
The king knew sooner or later the voices will be four,  
Listened to the tune of four chords, wasn't wrong at all.

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Me I Am Water

Come to a beach on a sunny cold day,  
It's a bright Sunday, a hot bold day,  
And see my moving and flowing art,  
I'm dancing everywhere for you sweetheart,

Listen to me on the bank of a river,  
Dive on me from the bridge, diver,  
I'm so beautiful, I'm so smart,  
I'm singing everywhere for you sweet heart,

Play with me on a cloudy rainy day,  
Shall cool down you, the burning clay,  
See the old man now over smart,  
I'm playing everywhere for you sweetheart,

In your wash room you're lonely singing,  
Open musical shower and see my mingling,  
I am your life's integral part,  
I'm raining everywhere for you sweetheart,

Come on and kiss me I'm here in a glass,  
I'm Adam's drink you can never bypass,  
Let me get in for your thirsty thwart.  
I'm flowing everywhere for you sweetheart.

I am made for you, use wherever you like.  
Sweetheart when you waste me, I dislike!  
Otherwise, beautiful, handsome and so smart,  
I'm charming everywhere for you sweetheart!

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Someone And See Its Magic (Happy Valentine Day To All My Friends)

To live is lovely but to die in love will be more lovely,  
Love someone, the mirror will show an image charming!  
Turn your face, who is chasing you perhaps your own,  
If you get someone you own you'll love your turning!  
Whose sight is frozen on you, who's looking at you,  
Look into his eyes and you'll love his starring!  
Perhaps he has something that's for you only,  
Listen to him, rest assure to enjoy your listening!  
You would think to respond and will remain silent,  
But do you know you have two eyes speaking!  
Who can remain lonely, even God could not,  
But to remain lonely with a lover, truly pleasing!  
Life, a long and tiring journey on a stony road,  
Have a hand in hand and enjoy your walking!

Tumbhi Muhabbat Kar Ke Dekho

Tumbhi muhabbat kar ke dekho aaina acha lagne lage ga,  
Jeena to phir jeena hi hay marna acha lagne lage ga.  
Mur kar dekho kaun hay peeche, shayed koi apna hi ho,  
Apna agar mil jaye koi to murna acha lagne lage ga.  
Kiski nazar tumber hay jami, keun tumko takta hay sada,  
Aankhon mein uski jhank ke dekho takna acha lagne lage ga.  
Shayed kahna chahta hay kuch, sun to lo keya kahta hay,  
Sun lo meri sun kar uski sunna acha lagne lage ga.  
Khamosh raho aur kah na sako kuch, han aksar aisa hota hay,  
Lekin bolti aankhon se kuch kahna acha lagne lage ga.  
Tanhai se khelne wale tanha Khuda bhi reh nahin paya,  
Dost ka sang ho phir to tanha rahna acha lagne lage ga.  
Yun nah akele chal pao ge rah kathin hay lamba safar hay,  
Hath mein lelo hath kisi ka chalna acha lagne lage ga.

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(Happy Valentine Day to all my friends)

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## Love Story Of A Man And A Bird (All Four Parts Already Submitted Now Re-Submitted Together)

Rest here you sweet little bird,  
Why are you afraid of me?  
In the verandah adjacent to my room  
Through the glasses I want to see,  
How you sing and how you dance  
How you sleep and how you romance.

Too hot noon not a night of moon  
Why alone, where's your spouse?  
Out in search of food and water!  
Grains, water, shelter all in my house.  
Blossom here like a flower of cherry  
Call your spouse, eat drink and be merry.

I am looking at you with my true love  
But you are looking with doubts and fears  
Right! Being a human I can't be trusted  
You flown back giving me just tears.  
I couldn't tell I wanted only inspiration  
Against hospitality of rest and recreation!  
It's a pleasant and lovely morning,  
I see you again my flying sweetheart!  
Exploring corners of the verandah,  
You look worried but for what?  
Congrats! Love has left its aftereffect,  
May you be a mother and be perfect!

I understand, no hunger, no thirst,  
You have been loved again and again,  
On the branches of flowery trees,  
At a beautiful site near a fountain,  
Even while flying with your spouse,  
Recollect birds coupling in my house.

Shall bring a hanging nest where you can,  
Lay your eggs and fearlessly incubate,  
Man is bad but not so much bad,

Neither overestimate nor underestimate,  
I loved, reproduced and proved my life,  
I realize the worries of a carrying wife.  
Fasting in a hot day like yesterday,  
No food no water throughout the day,  
I couldn't go out to bring a nest  
And in a very hot morning, today,  
You are back to remind the hotter noon,  
A man promises and forgets very soon!

Starring at me that's what you say,  
Sweet bird! I am made of clay,  
Know the time of laying eggs is approaching  
It's sun that confines me at home all the day.  
Looking for something durable lying somewhere  
I shall manage it very soon here or there.

I have to avenge a misdeed, a boyhood fun,  
Regret! I killed a moon with my pellet gun,  
When found her sun crying on the same branch,  
I picked my air gun and killed the sun.  
A beautiful couple of singing birds in love,  
Are you a rebirth of that innocent dove?  
A very hot morning I'm waiting for her  
Having fulfilled my promise of a nest.  
Here comes a couple of dove to love  
Drink water, enjoy love, and at rest.  
Recollect one has promised it somewhere.  
Where? Did the bird know, for her it's here?

But if I can manage it for a bird in my house,  
One can manage it for me at another sphere  
Imagine how happily I shall take my spouse  
To drink immortality to love somewhere.  
I'm a bird for me something has been promised  
Believe, and sure the promise will be fulfilled.

Made the bird happy and the bird made me firm.  
That's how a man is guided in a wave of pessimism,  
I get up now with the wings of love and friendship,  
Welcome, welcome my dreams and my optimism!  
Don't mind who is sitting on the other side of window

It's a temple, a church, a mosque, for me a meadow.

(Samuel Taylor Coleridge is my favorite poet, his poem "Rimes of The Ancient Mariner" inspired me to write this poem. I am thankful to the dove who really exists and I believe she is sent by God in the verandah outside the windows of my bed room.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Story Of Flowers

We love in many different ways,  
We love openly in the bright sun rays,  
Unlike you don't love in the moon lit nights,  
In the night we enjoy the human sights,  
Although your love is behind the curtains,  
Still it touches us and truly entertains,  
The bouquet on the table when sees your porn,  
In colorful petals a camera is born,  
The video it records is transformed in odors,  
We receive this fragrance change it in colors,  
After watching this nude we sleep in the night,  
Beautiful dreams, when interrupts sunlight,  
It's wind and insects and pretty butterflies,  
They come with a message of love from skies,  
They kiss the stigma and carry pollen grains,  
Then kiss the style that has no refrains,  
Pollen grains are fused in ovule in sunlight,  
We don't shy our love is bright,  
We don't fight with the old nature,  
You are a bit ugly in your caricature,  
That's why you hide your love in curtains,  
Anyway it's interesting and it entertains,  
You cruel humans you pluck us and enjoy,  
You don't know you too are a toy!

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Story Of My Friend

Hot tempered, rash, with an abusive language,  
My friend is always ready to quarrel and fight,  
Always creating troubles and problems for me,  
But in the darkest moments when there is no light,  
Stands by with me, helps me and gets me out of the dark,  
Wet match box when fails to lit a candle he's there with a spark.

I loved him saying, &quot;Idiot! Why you touched it with a wet hand.&quot;  
When I broke tail lights of a vehicle hitting it from the back,  
Before me got out and shouted, &quot;Love child of a pig and a bitch,  
Why you did suddenly stopped your car, common sense you lack,  
Pay the libel, beautiful gal opened her valet and gave some money,  
To my wonder within a few days she became his sweet honey!

I asked her as to what she has seen in the abusive guy?  
&quot;Don't need one in my good times, need one in my worst times,  
Can you tell me why you couldn't get rid of such a friend?  
A friend indeed, a friend in need, not only a friend in my best times,  
I know how to handle him I have many charms to tame a pet,  
You will see very soon how this unsocial animal is nicely set.

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Tree (A Comment On Perdita Young's Poem If Love Be A Plant)

I think love is a dense tree,  
it has roots and trunk,  
it has branches and leaves,  
it has flowers and fruits.  
Life beneath a love tree is safe  
from the burning sun,  
below a moon and bright stars  
when pleasant winds make it dancing,  
love tree starts singing,  
listen to the music of this tree,  
at least once in a full moon lit night  
sleep under a love tree,  
and dream what you never dream  
No need of describing the details of the dream,  
I know I am a regular dreamer.  
I dream and dream every night  
someone comes on the earth  
from the skies.  
A fairy or a star I don't know  
but it whispers in my ears,  
"Your life has been increased for another lovely day."

Akhtar Jawad

# Love Within Love

When the shy beloved dig her whole body,  
and brought dough of the clay she had,  
added essence of beauty in it,  
extracted,  
from her long and silky hairs,  
from her dark brown eyes,  
from her apples like rosy cheeks,  
took waves from the valley of breasts,  
propagating all round the body,  
created by throwing a stone  
in the pool of body  
by two naughty hearts,  
sitting very close on a bank,  
nature took no time,  
to put the dough of clay,  
in a mold to become a doll.  
The beloved didn't waste the remaining clay,  
gathered and pasted it on her lips,  
the living and vibrating clay,  
became a smile of Mona Lisa.  
With a shy smile she said,  
"I am now carrying your child."  
The crazy lover then jumped on her feet,  
"Great! It's love within love."

Akhtar Jawad

## Love Your Wife

When she orders you to bring fast food in the evening,  
She wants to be lovely and spicy in the night,  
Love her if she watches the movies of Khans,  
She in fact wants to become a heroine for you.  
Love her she criticizes your smoking at home,  
She wants your lips to remain spare.  
Love her if she talks and asks her sister,  
As to what she is cooking and how she is cooking?  
When her sister asks her as to what she cooked,  
In two hours' talk she avoids the question,  
How can she tell as to what you are cooking?  
Love her if she forgets a kiss on your new birthday,  
How can she destroy the costly shade?  
Love her because...  
The law enforced does not permit a new wife,  
Unless she permits you for a second marriage,  
Although you don't like anything that is new,  
With the charming exception of a lovely new bride!

Akhtar Jawad

# Love, A Prisoner Of War

The poetess bird sitting on a cage  
wherein love is caged as a prisoner of war.  
She is still singing the song of hope  
to keep love alive.

She is a believer  
and she believes  
one day nature with air and moisture  
will make the grills rusty.

Grills will be broken  
and love will set free.

Love!

That was created to rule a garden  
where there are colors and aroma of flowers  
but there are no swords.

Love!

That was defeated in a war with hate  
thousands of years ago,  
lost his kingdom to hate.

Love!

The innocent ruler who went in the battlefield  
with an army of fine arts  
and attacked the swords  
with the music of sweet melodies!

No surprise he was defeated  
and lost his kingdom.

Adieu! My love!

You lost the war  
but you conquered the hearts.

Love!

Who is hopeful that one day  
beauty of flowers will melt the swords  
and he will get back his lost kingdom.

Love!

You are plainly innocent,  
you do not know  
the swords are now developed into nuclear weapons!

Adieu My Bird!

Every day,

You still bring fresh flowers for the prisoner of war

and you have kept the prisoner alive.  
As long as the prisoner is alive  
let us hope and sing like the bird.

Akhtar Jawad

# Love, Blood, Tears And Smiles

How painful it was to know that it weren't you,  
And I mistook you for someone else,  
My heart was crushed into so many pieces,  
My love was for you not for anyone else.

I threw the beautiful bouquet on the floor,  
Flowers fell on the broken pieces of my heart injured,  
And I saw soft petals wiping blood of the pieces,  
I saw the miracle how broken hearts are cured.

How red drops of blood are changed into tears,  
Oh Love, your amazing powers and your conquest!  
I was looking for her, who send me this bouquet,  
She might not be beautiful like you, but was the best.

And when she met I was astonished to see,  
No doubt in it she was more beautiful than you,  
I read something in her deep speaking eyes,  
She never spoke like you, still meaningful than you.

And what was her attracting beauty, she loved me,  
I remember you I don't know you are where,  
I don't know whether you remember me or not,  
I don't remember her as she is with me here.

You gave me blood, she gave me the wiping tears,  
The viscous tears that can join broken pieces of heart,  
Have you ever seen when a broken heart smiles!  
Difficult to decide who inspired me for my art!

Akhtar Jawad

# Love-Chess

Rose, the sleeping beauty, defeated her father,  
And defeated the prince who rescued her,  
One got heir for throne,  
The other, softness for bone,  
Love-chess is played in this nice manner.

Akhtar Jawad

## Ma Ki Jasarat

Betian kitni masoom hoti hayn,  
aur betion ki betian  
unse bhi zeyadah masoom hoti hayn,  
masnad per baithi yeh meri beti,  
meri jan meri beti ki peyari beti,  
zindigi ki kitab mein kutch likh rahi hay,  
ya apni aankhon mein koi tasweer bana rahi hay,  
ek nai aur dilnasheen tehrir,  
Koi bahut hi khoobsoorat tasweer,  
hum isey padh nahin sakte,  
hum jise dekh nahin sakte,  
Lekin use mahsoos to kar sakte hayn,  
rangeen pardon mein chupi kutch is tarah  
bilkul gulab ki kali ki khushboo ki tarah,  
uske chehre per ek gulab dikhai deta hay,  
zindigi ke sanche mein ek khawab dikhai deta hay,  
ahista ahista fitrat ki lehren mein tairti hui,  
khamosh aur maujon mein bahti hui,  
shayed yeh koi nawa-e-sarosh sun rahi hay,  
yeh ek khawab bun rahi hay,  
kal ise bhi is husn se sanwarna hay,  
kal ise bhi is rah se guzarna hay,  
aankhon mein ek chahne wale sathi ki peyas hay,  
iski sanson mein mustaqbil ki aas hay,  
apna barson purana ghar tark kar ke,  
apna suhana bachpan qurq kar ke,  
ek naya ghar banana hay,  
use apne husn se sajana hay.

Aiy khuda tujhe koi hukm nahin de sakta,  
aiy Khda teri raza koi tal nahin sakta,  
lekin tu qadir-e matlaq hay agar tu chahe,  
to keh sakta hay, aaj jo bhi tu chahey,  
han aaj tujhe maine mukhtiar kiya,  
main ne ek ma ko baikhtiar kiya,  
keh keya kahna chahti hay?  
mang le keya mangna chahti hay?  
jab main keh raha hoon phir keya darna hay!  
han yeh ek lamha maine ek ma ko de diya hay,

han Khuda khaliq-e-haqiqli hay,  
magar ma bhi to khaliq-e-majazi hay.

Dekh ek ma ki jasarat aaj ma hukm de gi,  
aur phir sijde mein gir pade gi,  
aiy Khuda! Yeh rang yeh khushboo thakne na pae,  
aiy Khuda! Yeh tehrir yeh tasweer kabhi mitne na paye,  
isse sargoshion mein aaj yeh wadah kar le,  
isse phele key yeh ladki is masnad se uth jaye!

Akhtar Jawad

# Ma Ki Muskan??? ?? ?????

MaiN kitna jazbati ho jata hooN  
Jab ma ki wuh aankheN yad aati hayN  
jin meN aanso nahiN they  
wuh to muskura rahi theeN  
jab uski rooh jism ke qafas se azad ho rahi thi  
meri aankhoN meN bhi aanso nahiN they  
wuh bhi muskura rahi theeN  
magar phir wuh sara din saari rat barasti raheeN  
ma ki wuh muskurahat  
Jo mujhe dekh kar uske rukh per bikharti thee  
kahiN door chali gayee  
aaj tak main un mamta bhari nigahoN ka peasa hooN!  
mera yaqeen hay,  
aadhi sadi guzar jane ke bawajood  
wuh muskan aaj bhi bikharti hay  
wuh aaj bhi mujhe dekhti hay  
jab wuh mujhe muskurate hue dekhti hay  
to khud bhi muskurati hay  
ab un aankhoN men aanso nahiN hote  
wuh jidhar gai hay udhar aanso nahiN hote  
udhar bas muskaan hoti hay  
magar judai ki aaheN  
jo aansoo banne ke bajaye jm jati hayn  
aysa lagta hay wuh burf mujhse poochti hay  
tum kab aa rahe ho?  
is adhoori jannat ko pora karne ke liye.  
main muskura deta hoon uski mamta uske peyar per.  
Wuh aaj bhi mera intezar karti Hay!

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# Madam With Due Respect

With due respect, I am still thinking,  
you might have defined love very well,  
you might have defined life very well,  
you might have defined time very well.  
sorry to say, I don't agree,  
you teach me Philosophy,  
you teach me Ethics,  
you teach me Logic,  
but I am busy in learning Human Psychology,  
you are promoting a philosophy,  
eat, drink and be merry.

You say today is real,  
tomorrow is virtual,  
may or may not come.  
So suck all the charms of this lovely today.  
Tonight the moon will be full,  
a sexy night is ahead,  
may we meet in a garden of sexy white flowers?  
Jasmines, Queen of Night and many more,  
or at a beach of violent tides,  
where the naughty moon would be playing,  
with the deep blue sea,  
and stars on the blue skies,  
would be smiling on the sexy show,  
or somewhere else.  
The student is now tired of theories,  
he wants to go in a lab,  
for the practical,  
to test and verify your theory,  
at a place where I can suck all your charms, all your beauty!  
Can you become so much real and blue for me?

Akhtar Jawad

# Magic Of Love

The poor laborer living in a hut,  
sleeping on a mattress purchased  
from a market of used things  
and has been attempting to save him  
from cold wave by an old blanket, .  
But he always failed to fight the cold weather.  
Often he could not go to the mill for working  
and was warned many times  
for his uninformed absence from his duty.  
He never got complete wages for the month,  
in the winter season.  
The blanket was small for his requirement,  
and he remained sick.  
But then he fell in love,  
and when his beloved  
came to live with him,  
the deficient blanket became efficient.  
Since then he is prompt on his duty  
even in cold waves,  
and for the first time in his carrier  
he was awarded attendance allowance  
and full wages for the month.  
How happy he was to purchase  
a new sweater for his beloved wife!

Akhtar Jawad

# Main Hoon Goondhi Mahki Mitti Mujhe Yar Tum Banado

Main khizan jo ban geya hoon to bahar tum bana do,  
Main agarchah dosti hoon mujhe peyar tum bana do.  
Mujhe tank kar to dekho main sanwar doon ga kakul,  
Main jo phool ban geya hoon to singhar tum banado.  
Tumhein keya khabar ke hathon mein tumhare keya hay jadoo,  
Main jo pheeka pad geya hoon to nikhar tum banado.  
Tumhein keya khabar ke aankhon mein tumhari keya chupa hay  
Main bujha bujha agar hoon to sharar tum banado.  
Ya to tooto aur sajo tum raho banke ek zeenat,  
Jo hay tootne se bachna mujhe khar tum bana do,  
Mujhe tum gale laga lo main wuhin jiyun marun ga,  
Main to jeet loon ga tumko mujhe har tum bana do.  
Han bana lo ek khilona chalo tumbhi mujhse khelo,  
Main hoon goondhi mahki mitti mujhe yar tum banado.

Akhtar Jawad

# Main Magar Aisa Hi Tha ??? ??? ???? ?? ???

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Tum kabhi aise na they main magar aisa hi tha  
Ab use keya yad karna jo bhi tha jaisa bhi tha  
Wuh tum they jo jate hue milkar gale roye nahin  
Wuh hum they aise bekhbar hona kabhi aisa bhi tha  
Patharon ke raston per aabla pa humsafar tha  
Main tumhare sath tha jaisa bhi tha kaisa bhi tha  
Hum nah hon ge to agar socha kabhi tumne mujhe  
Ro pado ge kah pado ge jaisa tha acha hi tha  
Hone ko sab apne hayn apnon se badh kar kaun tha  
Jo koi na ho saka main zaraaisa bhi tha  
Tauba tauba koi uske jaisa ho sakta nahin  
Kutch khudai rang wala nakhuda aisa bhi tha  
Kharzaron se jo chunkar rang o boo lata raha  
Ishq tha ya tha junooN main magar aisa hi tha  
Tum jo aaye hans pada tum gaye to ro pada  
Hnsne wala rone wala koi mujh jaisa bhi tha  
Kash padh sakta kitabe zindigi pehle agar  
Jan leta zindigi meN lamha ek aisa bhi tha



# Main Tumhein Kaise Bhool Sakta Hoon

Main tumko bool sakta hoon yeh kaise keh diya tumne,  
Yeh aankhein bhi mukhatib hayn inhein bhi sun liya tumne,  
Zara dekho in aankhon mein yeh tasveerein tumhari hayn,  
Jo dil ko bandh kar rakhein woh zanjeerien tumhari hayn,  
Mera chehra liye phirta hay rangeen dastanein jo,  
Mere dil se nikalti rehti hayn Ranjha ki tanein jo,  
Tumhein woh Heer kehti hayn tum itni khoobsorat ho,  
Nazakat ho, raonat ho, muhabbat hi muhabbat ho,  
Yeh dil to ek qaidi hay kahin ja hi nahin sakta,  
Yeh koi aur naghma ab kabhi ga hi nahin sakta,  
Tumhein yeh neend kehta hay tumhein ye khawab kehta hay,  
Kabhi sun kar to dekho keya dile betab kehta hay.

Yeh kehta hay ke mera gosha gosha keyun mehekta hay,  
Na jane phool kaisa hay jo subho sham khilta hay,  
Yeh juhi hay chanbeli hay ya phir yeh rat rani hay,  
Ke ispar to khizaon mein bhi aati ek jawani hay,  
Yeh iski doodhia rangat mein masti hay gulabi hay,  
Nigahein shairana hayn nazar behki sharabi hay,  
Nazakat ka yeh paikar hay yeh rangat hay yeh khushboo hay,  
Zamin keya aasman jhuk jaye chalta phirta jadoo hay,  
Agar honton ko dekhoon main to kaliyan yad aati hayn,  
Agar choo loon to behki rang ralian yad aati hayn,  
Yeh nazuk si hatheli jab hina se surkh hoti hay,  
To inko choom ker phir chandni her subh soti hay.  
Andhera ho ujala ho tumhein paya sada maine,  
Dukhon ki dhoop mein zulfon ka saya le liya maine,  
Wafa ki sari rasmein kistarah tumne nibhai hayn,  
Tumhi ne jhalkian hooron ki dunya mein dikhai hayn,  
Bari qurbanian deen hayn ke mere jaise khudsar ko,  
Kiya bardasht tumne kistarah jazbati Akhtar ko,  
Yeh kaise keh diya tumne main tumko bhool jaon ga,  
Jahan bhi jaogi janam main peeche peeche aaon ga.

(Urdu version of my poem How Can I Forget You)

Akhtar Jawad

## Main Usko Angoothi Pahna Doon Gi

Khel hi khel jab bat kutch zeyada hi badh jati hay,  
Na jane phir aankhon se neend yeh keyu ud jati hay,  
Honton per aate aate jab bat koi ruk jati hay,  
Jo nato main kah pata hoon na wuh kah pati hay,  
Ab tumhei main Kayse bataoon kayse kayse jadoo,  
Ang ang mein bharkar wuh bar bar aa jati hay,  
Kamre mein mere takiye per apni kalai tekti hay,  
Choodion ki khanak mein jane keya gungunati hay,  
Phir apne hathon mein apna hi aanchal lekar,  
Mere poore kamre ko sheeshe sa chamkati hay,  
Jab barish hone lagti hay besan ke pakode tal kar,  
Imli aur podine ki chatni ke sath mere liye le aati hay,  
Jab sham ko main ghar aata hoon to dekhta hoon,  
Kapde mere dhule hue aur istri bhi kar jati hay,  
Beemar agar padta hoon rang uske chehre ka udta hay,  
Kahti hay dawa pee lee hay? khichdi bhi le aati hay,  
Wuh sham ko pehli manzil per meri rahein dekhti hay,  
Mujhe dekh ke khil uthti hay bhagi hui aa jati hay,  
Maine ammi se poocha yeh jo padosi ki beti hay,  
Keyun hamare ghar mei har dam aati jati hay,  
Ammi ne kaha nahin aaye gi chand dinon ki bat hay yeh,  
Main usko angoothi pahna doon gi phir dekhna kayse aati hay.

Akhtar Jawad

# Maine Odh Li Malmal Ki Sari Mun Ki Ganga Mein Nahata Ja

Uska Sandesh

Phir chand sitare madham hayn har rat inhein chamkati hoon,  
Phir barf jami hay pahadon pe, inhein apni dhoop dikhati hoon,  
Phir Jamna ka pani thanda hay, main pani mein aag lagati hoon,  
Phir Ravi ka roop hua pheeka, main sindh ko bhi garmati hoon,  
Madhuban mein Radha bekal hay phir apni murli bajata ja,  
Maine odh li malmal ki sari mun ki Ganga mein nahata ja.

Mera Jawab

Phir aai basant khili sarson, ritu aai milan ki mil le wuhan,  
Wuh nahar abhi bhi bahti hay han pani kutch kam hay yehan,  
Wuh thandi sadak tujhe janti hay chup chup kar milte they jahan,  
Dil tera ho ya mera ho baqi hayn abhi tak apne nishan.  
Lahore agar kutch badla hay Dilli bhi to badli badli hay,  
Dekho hum dono badle nahin main pagla hoon tu pagli hay.

Wuh

Hum boodhe hue to keya dukh hay apni purani preet wuhi,  
Balon mein chandi chamakne do mun bhi wuhi munmeet wuhi,  
Hum ek hi dhun mein bajte hayn sur bhi wuhi sangeet wuhi,  
Hum door bhi ho kar gate hayn Khusro ke suhane geet wuhi,  
Main ab bhi peyasi dharti hoon tu badal banker chata ja,  
Maine odh li malmal ki sari mun ki Ganga mein nahata ja.

Main

Hum door bahut aa nikle hayn yeh mausam aate jate hayn,  
Yeh bhi bahut ek dooje ki awazein to sunte jate hayn,  
Main auor tum na jane keyun un geeton ko dohrate hayn,  
Rona keyun acha lagta hay keyun sath nahin hans pate hayn,  
Chadar to meri badal gai per rang mein tere rang li hay,  
Dekho hum dono badle nahin main pagla hoon tu pagli hay.

Hum

Hum peyar ko zindah rakhein ge hum aage badhte jayen ge,  
Hum daryaon ke pawan dhare hum unhi bahte jayen ge,  
Hum ayse aansoo bahayen ge jo moti bante jayen ge,  
Hum unhi gate jayen ge hum yunhi likhte jayen ge,  
Maine odh le malmal ki sari, mujhe chadar odh ke sone de,

Sapnon mein milte hayn kahin jo ho na saka wuh hone de.

Akhtar Jawad

# Majnoon Sahra Ke Samne

Bahut hans liye hum bahut ro liye hum,  
Bas ab door jane ko ji chahta hay,  
Nazar tujhpe parne na paey meri ab.  
Ttere pas aane ko ji chahta hay,

Un aankhon mein jane yeh jadoo hay kaisa,  
Yeh khusboo kahan se chali aa rahi hay,  
Mera dil yeh kahta hay mur ke to dekho,  
Manane tumhen ek kali aa rahi hay.

Amavas ki raton men yeh chandni si,  
Bbahut door tak roshni dikh rahi hay,  
Hawa mere kanon mein kutch kah rahi hay,  
Ffiza ret par jane keya likh rahi hay.

Sitare to dono ko hayn dekhte,  
Bata dein mujhe keya wohi aa rahi hay,  
Kahan hay kidhar hay meri jane jan,  
Khanak choorion ki suni ja rahi hay.

Darakhton ke peeche yeh halchal hay kaisi,  
Khajooron ke neeche hay shayed khari woh,  
O laila meri zindigi tere dam se,  
Yeh lagta hay mujhko kahin mar gai woh.

Mera nam to Qais pehle kabhi tha,  
Magar aaj se sirf Majnoon hay,  
Muhabbat mein jeena muhabbat mein marna  
Yehi ishq mein ab bhi masnoon hay.

Akhtar Jawad

# Makeup

She has no deficiency in her beauty,  
No need of making up anything,  
The virgin is free of all ugliness,  
She is beauty only beauty,  
She is charm only charm,  
She is cold in the hot and warming days,  
She is warm in the cold shivering wet nights,  
She shines like the sun,  
She shines like the moon,  
And when she smiles,  
Stars swim and float in the blue ocean,  
Like sexy mermaids,  
And the blue umbrella,  
Filled in with a wine of delicious love,  
How she keeps it intact!  
But she sees that love is scare and casual,  
And the earth is thirsty of raining love,  
Showers of wine then fall on the souls,  
And the cold and static,  
Is drunk, and active like a handsome youth,  
And turned into fire,  
And the flames of love,  
For the ice to bath,  
Then asks the ice to be hot and melt,  
And the ice is melted, like the wax,  
And water is turned into hot steam,  
The heart then opens,  
Her kissing eyelids.

She doesn't need a makeup for her at all,  
But she makes up us with a lovely call.

(I read a poem by Geetha Jaykumar, therein she wrote that she disliked lipstick. I started writing poem on a woman who dislikes makeup, I don't know how I started describing the virgin of nature. It often happens with me)

Akhtar Jawad

# Man Is A Slave Of Hunger And Thirst

No efforts are needed, no favors are required,  
The day is passed in fatigues of life,  
But to pass a night in a pleasant way,  
Much work is needed to please a wife!

Tolerance is needed to remain silent,  
When a foolish boss in the office dictates,  
He thinks he is master of noting and drafting,  
Spoils my draft and a beauty underrates!

Tolerance is needed to be calm and quiet,  
When a fatty old woman on the bed dictates,  
She thinks she is still a queen of beauty,  
Spoils the passion and her beauty over rates!

Still I love both my boss and my wife,  
He gives me a handsome salary, every first,  
She has been pleasing for decades of life,  
Man is a slave of hunger and thirst!

Akhtar Jawad

# March

How you come with the pleasant blows,  
And open once more the new windows,  
I inhale from you what in you it flows,  
In a cold desert, glimpses of meadows,  
What we didn't do in winter now we can,  
You'll see me, I'm the same naughty man.

It's not a magic I'm a youth once again,  
Wait a little for the real magic show,  
Wait for the moon, it'll not refrain,  
Let the Venus dance with stars in a row,  
I know the moon has made a plan,  
You'll see me, I'm the same naughty man.

Pass the day in the flower's perfumes,  
Let the colors make you a new rainbow,  
I shall wait for you in appealing costumes,  
Flowers have sprung for a naughty show,  
Join them, don't remain a watching fan,  
You'll see me, I'm the same naughty man.

Having yeast to ferment the sleeping dow,  
Here come March nights just to renovate,  
Time in March is neither fast nor slow,  
Springs will rewrite the dormant old fate,  
March will do something more than it can,  
You'll see me, I'm the same naughty man.

Rivers are carrying the melted snow,  
I am no more a sobers mountain,  
Where is my river, my head I bow,  
See my flirting fall and my flying fountain,  
Springs have broken the cold frozen ban,  
You'll see me, I'm the same naughty man.

Akhtar Jawad

## Marriage And Honeymoon (Ghazal)

Your meetings are nice but separation is a boon,  
I talk to stars and walk with the moon,  
While jogging on the tracks of the Milky Ways,  
I search a place for our honeymoon.  
Haven't found any place that suits to you,  
Come back on the earth in a sunny winter noon.  
My sweet mother is charming like you,  
She says bring the bride I'll manage it soon.  
I trust my mother she never told a lie,  
Be prepared for the marriage very very soon.  
Now like a good girl in a lonely bedroom,  
Wish you sweet dreams of charming honeymoon!

Akhtar Jawad

# Master Oh My Master

Master Oh my master!  
You have shortened my wings and I cannot fly,  
I am a blue bird of the blue sky.  
Sitting on a footpath with a rainbow of  
colorful envelopes,  
the fortune tellers,  
fates are your writes,  
but when an innocent sufferer,  
either unemployed,  
going back home after an interview,  
or have been suffering from a disease,  
with a prescription in his bag  
but no money to purchase medicines  
or a gambler,  
who stole gold ornaments of his wife  
and now going to the race course  
and wants to know the number of the winner horse,  
or a lover being frustrated by his beloved,  
insane in love and wants to know  
when and how his beloved will favor him with love,  
or a poor hungry man  
with a few coins in his pocket  
that could have been used  
to purchase some food for him  
but being optimistic  
he prefers to know  
what's stored in his future  
when he'll become a rich millionaire.  
Throughout the day,  
may be heat stokes or cold waves,  
we both wait for God's innocence,  
materialized in a breathing human,  
and when it comes to us  
you raise your magic stick,  
I come out from the cage,  
pick a violet envelope,  
and when you touch me from your hand,  
I pick an indigo envelope,  
and when you call me as Mithoo,

I pick a blue envelope,  
I follow your various symbols,  
you are my master,  
no, I am wrong,  
I am a slave of my hunger,  
when I pick an envelope,  
you give me something to eat.  
Oh master my master!  
You are also a slave,  
while going back home in the evening  
you purchase flour, pulses and vegetables,  
and at home your spouse with her children,  
welcomes you with a pleasant smile!  
Oh master my master!  
When I was free  
and lived on the branches of a dense tree,  
I also had a lovely spouse!  
A beautiful, graceful, loyal blue bird,  
and when you captured me  
and made me a slave  
we were incubating our eggs in turns,  
what happened to her and to the eggs,  
how she managed to fly in search of food  
and incubating the eggs all alone,  
I don't know!  
Oh master my master!  
Can't you write my fate in a white envelope,  
I have been serving you since long, so long,  
that I may pick for myself,  
with a write inside,  
thanks blue bird,  
you are free and may go back,  
to your lonely spouse!

Akhtar Jawad

# May! I Am Afraid Of You

Last day of hot and unpleasing April!  
With tears and fears I bid farewell  
to the existing hostile year's ruler.  
April was not too bad to rule.  
My sixth sense has received a mayday signal  
from the static ship of weather.  
In a country on the shore of too hot Arabian Sea  
where there is an energy crisis  
a bird desires to shave its feather!  
Even in the nest where nature is kind with the winds  
the thirsty bird with nibs open and tongues stretched  
is reading Coleridge's The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.  
There may be plenty of hard water in Arabian Sea  
but the female bird needs soft water to drink  
and the helpless spouse replies, wait for a shower!  
Ignoring the mayday signal for more adversities  
feared in the reign of the oncoming May,  
they joined their nibs in search of a soother.  
And they got it, their tongues are wet,  
breathing where breathing becomes a dream  
miracle of love there comes as a shower!

Akhtar Jawad

# Maynosh With English Translation

Jab khawb chpuke chupke humaaghosh ho gaye,  
kante bhi jhoom jhoom ke gulposh ho gaye.  
Hum dono to kahin bhi kabhi aashna na they,  
keyun aap mujhko dekh ke khamosh ho gaye.  
Khushboo ka keya ke rang nikharte to bat thi  
hum jaise kitne phool faramosh ho gaye.  
Soorat jo bigdi dost dikhai diye kayi,  
do char they jo chehre pe sarposh ho gaye.  
Rahte kabhi jo hosh mein pee lete hum sharab,  
Hum wuh ke kabke ishq mein madhosh ho gaye.  
Yeh hukm hay nashe mein na aana qareeb tum,  
madhosh hukm sunte hi behosh ho gaye.  
Bas ek bar unse mili thi kabhi nazar,  
mashhoor unki bazm ke maynosh ho gaye.

English translation of my Urdu Ghazal "Maynosh";

Slowly and silently when the dreams hugged them,  
the thorns were covered with the lovely flowers.  
We never met, never knew each other,  
Speechless still, when you see me now,  
Who cares of aroma without the colors!  
Many flowers like me have been forgotten.  
When I was de-shaped I saw a few friends,  
Who covered ugliness like beautiful masks!  
If I would have been ever in my senses,  
would have taken wine, if not in love.  
Listening to the order not to come so close,  
ecstasy was gone, unconscious I fell.  
Someone looked in my eyes for a while only,  
I earned reputation of a drunk in love.

Akhtar Jawad

# Mazhab Humara Ishq Hay Aashiq Humara Nam

Jo kuch mujhe mila hay wuhi bantta hoon main,  
han bas isi liye to tujhe chahta hoon main.  
Dene pe uh tula tha mujhe sharm aa gayee,  
main kah nahin saka ke tujhe mangta hoon main.  
Dil mein liye main dil ki bhatakta hoon aaj tak,  
Yeh auor bat usko sada takta hoon main.  
Jiska na koi ore hay na chore hay koi,  
paimano mein usi ko magar napta hoon main.  
Shayed kabhi kahin pe mera yar bhi mile,  
khidki khuli mili jo kahin jhankta hoon main.  
Tum maslakon mein uljhe raho main sulajh chuka,  
dhoondho na mujhko kabse kahin lapata hoon main.  
Mazhab humara ishq hay aashiq hamara nam,  
aiy kash wuh kahe ke tujhe janta hoon main.

Akhtar Jawad

# Me Too Me Too

I welcome your hate,  
And accept my fate,  
But I love you,  
And I shall love you,  
You can't stop me,  
And I have heard,  
Love conquers love,  
I shall wait for days,  
I shall wait for months,  
I shall wait for years,  
And if I shall get life,  
After death in the heaven,  
I shall wait for the lives,  
I shall count the risings,  
I shall count the sets,  
Of the sun and the moon,  
During days the birds,  
Who twit for love,  
During night the stars,  
Twinkling for love,  
I shall talk to the buds,  
I shall talk to the flowers,  
I shall write your name,  
On the stems of trees,  
I shall see your hair,  
In the dark wet nights,  
I shall kiss your lips,  
By kissing pink buds,  
I shall smell your fragrance,  
In the white jasmines,  
Of your silky dress,  
Opaque is it,  
But my thinking is naughty,  
I can make it transparent,  
But I will not,  
Only semi transparent,  
And the moon will appear,  
Partly from the clouds,  
I shall watch the colors,

In rainbows and roses,  
I shall write my poems,  
For you only you,  
Then my love story,  
Will be famous and popular,  
Your friends will ask,  
Who is this poet?  
The girl of his poems looks just like you,  
With a shy smile you will confess and say,  
Me too, me too!

But in the meantime,  
Many years will be passed,  
My hair will be white,  
And lenses on my eyes,  
Walking stick in my hands,  
My evenings in a garden,  
With my grandson and granddaughter,  
Thereat I shall see,  
A graceful old woman,  
You will not recognize,  
And I shall let you know,  
As to who am I,  
Your grandson would be playing,  
The game of hide and seek,  
And I shall tell you with joy,  
Could they play lifelong!  
And then you will say,  
Me too, me too!

A teen aged boy,  
Was thinking like so,  
Suddenly she came,  
And asked the boy,  
I was looking for you,  
And you're hiding in the trees.  
The boy asked the girl,  
Do you like this looking?  
The girl kept silence,  
Do you know sweetheart,  
I really love you,  
And the boy was surprised,

To listen to reply,  
She smiled and said,  
Me too, me too!

Not happy with my poem,  
The story is short,  
And the poem is long,  
But I request you please,  
Don't write in comment,  
Me too, me too!

Do you know why?  
When I told this story,  
To my friendly grandchildren,  
They started calling me,  
Me too, me too!

Akhtar Jawad

# Means Other Than Weapons

After being a victim of terror,  
one cannot over rule the chances of a war,  
but modern wars are total wars,  
it's man who made nuclear weapons,  
chemical weapons and biological weapons,  
and these weapons are enough to destroy the world many times.

What's the solution?

'War is continuation of state policy by different means.'

What are these means?

These are psychological means,  
economical means,  
political means,  
and many other such means.

Soviet Union was disintegrated,  
but there was no war between United States and soviet Union,  
Don't use hot fire,  
fight the terror with different means,  
other than weapons.

Let us hope soon the world will be changed,  
come on let us change ourselves,  
one by one when most of us are changed,  
and during a full moon night,  
we shall dream the world inhabited by fairies,  
peace prevailing all over the world,  
love has made every one so busy,  
he doesn't get any time for hate,  
let us hope the best,  
let us hope a dawn with aurora of peace,  
that awakens us to see,  
our dream has been fulfilled!

Akhtar Jawad

## Medina (Urdu Poem With Translation)

Jahan ja ke aana bahut hi geran hay,  
Jahan mein jagah koi aisi kahan hay.  
Ajab ek rahat si milti yehan hay,  
Yehan zarra-e-ret bhi gulfishan hay.  
Ana ka nahin koi nam-o-nishan hay,  
Gada bhi yehan aa ke shah-e-jahan hay.  
Yehin shauq ka bhi hua imtehan hay,  
Yehin ishq bhi ho geya kamran hay.  
Zamin mukhtalif aur juda aasman hay.  
Yehan gosha gosha bhi jannat nishan hay.  
Bata mere dil kho geya tu kahan hay,  
Na teri khabar hay na mera nishan hay.  
Yeh manzar hay kaisa yeh kaisa saman hay,  
Na jane yeh mera ya unka beyan hay.  
Meri chashm-e-nam aaj gauhar fishan hay,  
Yeh tareek dil aaj to zaufishan hay  
Yeh rauza bari dilnasheen dastan hay.  
Yeh masjid nahin yeh to jannat makan hay.  
Yehan aaj simta hua ek jahan hay,  
Pata chal geya meri manzil kahan hay.

### Translation

(After coming here it is painful to depart)  
(Where else in the world is a place like this)  
(An strange happiness is got here)  
(Each and every particle of sand disperses flowers)  
(There is no sign of ego here)  
(Even a beggar is the ruler of a world)  
(The desire of someone is at a test)  
(Love is a big success at this place)  
(Earth and skies both are different here)  
(Each and every corner is a paradise)  
(Tell me my heart where at you have vanished)  
(There is no news of you and me too doesn't exist)  
(What a scene is it! What a sight is it!)  
(I don't know whether I am describing it or it's he)  
(My wet eyes are dispersing pearls)  
(My black heart is a source of light)  
(This tomb is a heart wining tale)

(This is not a mosque; it is a house in paradise)  
(Today a world is gathered at this place)  
(Now I know where is my destination)

Akhtar Jawad

# Meetha Bulawah

Tum jab meethe meethe suaroN meN gati ho  
shayed tum mujhko pas bulati ho.  
lekin tum mera nam nahiN letiN  
keyuN mujhko itna aazmati ho  
panchion jaise mere pas par to nahiN  
lekin mere man meN diye jalati ho  
iski roshni ko aakash ke andekhe ped tak  
lejati ho aor jhule jhulati ho  
meri atma ki chupi hui gahraioN meN  
jahaN tum paramatma ban jati ho  
meri bekhudi ko wuhaN pahonchati ho

Akhtar Jawad

# Melvina Germain

Is any message-giver, better than her?  
Is there anything the world needs more?  
Read her message on sky and shore,  
Spread it in the air to live forever,

Spread it so much it becomes infection,  
Want to see the world so sick in love,  
Fasten it to the claws of a lovely dove,  
She can fly everywhere with perfection,

She can kiss the lips that are dry in hate,  
She can melt the stones, what of a heart,  
She is queen of a lovely poetic art,  
Can invite the world for a lovely date!

To sing for peace and dreaming in a day,  
Wishing careless sleep to the dolls of clay,  
To see pretty children shouting in a play,  
At least we can dream in a lovely way!

Akhtar Jawad

# Memories

Memories that bring smiles are forgotten  
when someone makes us laugh.

But memories that bring tears in eyes  
are never forgotten,  
such memories accumulate.

And tears do not know the balloon  
has a limited space  
it will burst.

How much it can inflate!

Akhtar Jawad

# Memories Of The Past-Specially Written For Bri Edwards (A Translation Of My Urdu Poem Yade Mazi)

It's not only me a sinner in your love,  
Each and every thing of this room, is sick for you,  
The pillow has preserved the print of your lips,  
The blanket is a bouquet of flowers stolen from your cheeks,  
The nightgown has kept the color of lipstick,  
Broken pieces of the bangles still in the corner of the room,  
In the neck of the hanger your flower garland,  
Is still hanging,  
Eye lids of the windows are still shying,  
To remember the magic and appeal of your body,  
The atmosphere of the room, you're still beautifying,  
Still my heart is sick in your love.  
Why don't you come out from the web of present,  
Why don't you peep into romantic past,  
You come in the room again and again,  
Why not you come with the past style,  
With your coral lips having a teen smile,  
With the hands vibrating excited enough,  
Invitation in the eyes,  
Refusal on the lips,  
And the breaths playing the Come September tune,  
Still your eyes are full of wine,  
Still your hair perfumed and silky  
And not yet grey,  
Still your body can perfume the nights,  
Still the full moon is jealous of your body,  
Still the flowers are jealous of your cheeks,  
The day to day business has kept you away,  
Why aren't you are tired of the business some day.

(Dear Bri Edwards, my respectable teacher, you may enjoy the rhymes from the original Urdu poem 'Yade Mazi' and understand it from this one. I am not the only neglected old husband, there are many. I think we should form an union to fight the wives. It's my 50th poem on 29th day of my career on ))

Akhtar Jawad

# Mental Age

Playing and playing and playing with toys  
The old man thinks he is just like the boys.  
I heard the toys what they comment for me  
Their mental age I wonder to see.  
"This old man is a lovely toy."  
"At this age he is still a boy."  
The smallest doll said, "He is usually nice.  
But when I ask for a gift he reads its price.  
I doubt he will take another ten years,  
To get rid of his old age fears,  
And to be changed in a perfect play boy,  
But by that time we shall not be a toy."

Akhtar Jawad

# Mental Revolution

The growth from the earth,  
Is in accordance with the soil,  
Where from it has grown,  
And the air and water,  
Are reflected in the growth,  
As color, smell and taste,  
The nature and behavior,  
The base of their character  
Is made in the womb,  
Of their mother soil.

But a perpendicular on the base,  
May rise high enough,  
As it has a path,  
That is infinite,  
It may change attitude,  
It may change the behavior.

The people of the plains,  
Were peaceful and loving,  
And the people of mountains,  
And the deserts,  
And the cold and overpopulated,  
Being short of resources,  
Turned out violent,  
And warriors,  
And became imperialists.

It's not the religion,  
That prepares imperialists,  
It's base of the people,  
That plays this role.

While motivating the British soldiers,  
The leaders addressed,  
Either defeat Tipu.  
Or go back to England,  
Forget the wheat,  
And eat potatoes.

The time has changed,  
The perpendicular,  
Has touched the ether of space,  
Let us forget the past,  
And join our hands,  
To fight the poverty,  
And to lit the candles,  
For a mental revolution.

Akhtar Jawad

# Mental Vacuum

I welcome the mental vacuum,  
I know it will not remain empty,  
the outside strain is hitting my head,  
and I hope a break through soon.  
Fresh winds will bring new thoughts,  
I cannot create a new soul,  
but,  
I can still inhale and mend my soul,  
yes I can't give birth to a new soul,  
yes I can't kill my old soul,  
I think I can give a new dress to my soul,  
I can make up its face,  
I can heel up its dents,  
I can paint it with new charming colors,  
I can make it mobile.  
I can make it penetrative  
to enter the nucleolus of other souls,  
I hope it will be a thing of beauty!  
But before all that,  
I'll have to stripe,  
and the society may not allow me  
to stripe publicly,  
but,  
I have a wash room,  
I shall wash my old soul in loneliness,  
and when my mended soul flies,  
I hope the creator of my soul,  
will welcome it with a smile,  
and that smile is my goal.

Akhtar Jawad

# Mera Gumnam Mahboob

Door kahin door ek anokhi dharti hay,  
Jahan koi hay jo mujhper marti hay,  
Patharon ka seena cheer kar apni unglian zakhmi karti hay,  
Mere zehen ki deewaron per jane keya keya likhti hay,  
Main kahin bhi hoon uski nazar bas mujhper tikti hay,  
Jane mere ander keya keya dhoondhti rahti hay,  
Jeevan ke sannate mein sargoshian karti hay,  
Sari sari rat mujhe jagae rakhti hay,  
Main mahsoos karta hoon, sunta hoon keya karti hay keya kahti hay,  
Mere dil ko ek meetha meetha dard wuh deti rahti hay,  
Jaise chakor dheeme dheeme chand se kutch kahti hay  
Aur phir rat ke geet ke roop mein uttar sunti hay,  
Jab chandni chand ke sang soi soi chalti hay,  
Aur sanober ke patton se chanti rahti hay,  
Jab roshni saikron ankhon ki neel gagan pe urti hay,  
Aur soi dharti ke joban ke darshan karti hay,  
Door kahin railgari ki seethee bajti hay,  
Ek suri dhun jab thodi ghut kar bahti hay,  
Aur murghan-e-sahar ki bang ubharti hay,  
Jo rat ke saanate ka seena chalni karti hay,  
Aur andhere mein jugnuoon ki shama jab jalti hay,  
Jaise koi kishti sagar mein sair ko nikalti hay,  
Rat ki panchi rani peron ko sahlati hay chooti hay,  
Aur sharir hawa ke jhonkon ki jab seethee bajti hay,  
Ek awara badaria jab taron ko andha karti hay,  
Rat jab ek aabnoosi saye mein dhalti hay,  
Yasmin ki kali khil kar dil ko shadan karti hay  
Kahin se lai hui khushboo ko bikhrati hay chirakti hay,  
Meri rooh dil ke kaghaz per ek chithi likhti hay,  
Yeh paigham-e-muhabbat jisse jazbon ki garmi ubalti hay,  
Peyar ki aag mein jalte dil ki jwala dahakti hay,  
Dil ke tahkhanon mein chupi hui preet ek chithi likhti hay.  
Chithi pahuncne mein lekin bahut samay le leti hay,  
Hawa ke dosh per bechaini meri sargoshi apni rakhti hay  
Hawa ke saz per awaz meri kan laga ker sunna,  
Apne kamre ki khidki ko tum aaj khuli rakhna.

Akhtar Jawad

# Mera Pakistan

Jaise Sangh Parivar ne, toda Hindustan,  
Usi tarah se toota Quaid tera Pakistan,  
mera Pakistan!

Kal ka juhoon jo mar na saka,  
Wuh ab bhi ragon mein zinda hay,  
bar bar ke kiye tajarbe,  
keyun dohrae jate hayn,  
tareekh se kutch na seekha humne,  
parvat larze darya sookhe,  
khoon se surkh hua maidan.  
Jaise Sangh Parivar ne, toda Hindustan,  
Usi tarah se toota Quaid tera Pakistan,  
mera Pakistan!

Ache log to bikhar gaye,  
ache din bhi guzaar gaye,  
jo chala गया wuh behtar tha,  
jo aaya usse badtar hay,  
bache khuche jo sapne hayn,  
Ya Rab! Kaise sanbhaloon inhein,  
Kaise junoon se bacha ke ragoon,  
pooch raha hay ek insan.  
Jaise Sangh Parivar ne, toda Hindustan,  
usi tarah se toota Quaid tera Pakistan,  
mera Pakistan!

Akhtar Jawad

## Mercy Killing

Been watching her since long in my house,  
A single, as I never saw with her a spouse,  
I didn't know whether male or female,  
and why I didn't call her as a male,  
because she was naughty in my waken nights,  
hidden somewhere in the bright day lights,  
too much she was hated by my only wife,  
once she attacked with a deadly knife,  
the splinter escaped from the jealous sight,  
she was so smart with eyes too bright,  
afraid of a woman towards me she ran,  
to a tested and trusted harmless man,  
years passed, today, saw her in a day,  
restless in pain, in her eyes a dismay,  
perhaps someone gave a poisonous bread,  
felt pain of one so helpless on death bed,  
I took a hammer and hit on her head,  
and the shrew-mouse was instantly dead!

Akhtar Jawad

# Mere Bhole Sajna Thehro Kutch Sunte Jao

Khali pet mat jana bakery mein sajna  
tumhein gandi cheezein bhi achi lagein gi,  
gande andon ke cake,  
aur cancer mein mubtila karne wale rangeen lolly pop,  
thehro kutch khila doon phir jana.

Mere bhole bale sajna,  
aitdal tamam ikhlaqiat ki rooh hay,  
tawazun is kainat ki chabi hay,  
achai ki ziyadti bhi buri hay,  
is usool se kutch bhi mubarrak nahin.

Sajna apni pichli ghaltion se kutch seekho  
wahi ghalati dohrate ho,  
is aas per ke shayad,  
is bar nataij mukhtalif hon ge,  
yeh pagalpana hay.

Sajna bad ko badtareen mat banao  
ab to yeh pehle se bhi ziyadah  
bura dikhne laga hay  
tumne ise sudharne ke chakkar mei  
ise aur ziyadah bigad diya hay.

Sajna kamzor lamhon mein faysle mat karo,  
jab had se ziyadah khush ho,  
koi bhi wada mat karo,  
jazbat ki aandhi tham jane do,  
muatdil kheyalat ki barish ho jane do.

Jo kutch suno usper yaqeen mat kar liya karo  
dalial aur suboot talab karo,  
yeh mat dekho kaun kah raha hay,  
yeh dekho keya kah raha hay  
is ekeesveen sadi mein agar jeena hay.

Sajna jo aag mazi mein lagai gayee thee,

ab na to usmein lakdian dali ja sakti hayn  
aur na use bujhaya ja sakta hay  
rakh ke dher ko mat chedo,  
aag phir bhdak sakti hay..

Aagahi sabse badi quuat hay  
yehi wajah hay mazhab aur siyasat ke thekedar,  
yeh siyasat dan, mazhabi ihkamat ko  
apni pasand ka libas pahne wale,  
tumhein goonga aur bahra dekhna chahte hayn.

Ache bano, khoobsoorat dikho,  
khush raho yehi meri nasihat hay  
ache aur khoobsoorat logon ko  
khushi dhoondhni nahin padti  
unke pas khushi khud chal kar aati hay.

Akhtar Jawad

# Merely A Dream

So close is the time of a peaceful sleep,  
A new white dress,  
The smell of camphor,  
A dark corner,  
Whereat one cannot move,  
Although too dark,  
Still he sees,  
He can listen to,  
He can sleep and dream,  
Being romantic by nature,  
What else he can dream?  
A fairy is it,  
Like Florence Nightingale,  
A lamp in her hand,  
The prisoner needed her,  
She came to heal,  
The wounds of heart,  
Injured in a war of love,  
The war that is still on,  
But a soldier of love,  
Is now a prisoner!  
How long in prison,  
Till the day of judgment,  
When hate will surrender,  
With no conditions,  
And the victorious king of love,  
Will decorate the prisoner,  
With eternal medal,  
Not worried for the medal,  
Loneliness is the fear,  
He asks the fairy,  
Your beauty! Your sweetness!  
Can't you remain with me?  
Till the day of judgment.  
Yes, she said.  
He slept peacefully,  
With tears in her eyes,  
She moved to the next prisoner.





tumhare gulabi chehre meN  
tumhara dil muskurata hay.  
Aor jab tum apna chehra ghama kar muskurati ho  
tumhare yh sharir sathi,  
yeh chandni, yeh staroN ki chamak,  
mere kanoN men sargoshiaN hoti hayN,  
fitrat aor fitrat se door, kab tak!  
Shayed aaj hi rat, ya kal rat,  
baadal to aayeN ge  
aor chaand taron ko pardon meN chupa deN gey  
tum aasmanoN se meri bahoN men meN  
is sookhi zameen per barso gi  
apne tasurat mere khushk hontoN per thrir karne ke liye.  
Yeh to kaliaN phool ban kr bataeN ge  
keya keya hua us rat meN.  
kon kon keya keya pooche ga  
pooche ga wuh sab kuch  
Jo yeh phool batana bhool jayeN gey.  
Ya shayed sharma jaen gey.

Akhtar Jawad

# Mermaids

A group of naughty dolphin girls,  
With the exposed cuts and curls,  
Planned a kidding game,  
With the old sea, shame,  
Mermaids were seen by the gulls!

Akhtar Jawad

## Mid-August Independence

At the age of only five or six years  
I saw that old woman who I think was in her teens  
during the first war of independence in 1857.  
I suppose her age was more than hundred years  
in the early fifties of the last century.  
She narrated a few painful stories.  
What happened to the fighters of freedom  
and how cruelly the British Imperialists  
hanged them by neck till death on the tall trees.  
But no woman was raped and no child was killed.

The mid-August independence stories  
I read in books and heard from my seniors.  
I am shocked how men became beasts  
at the eve of independence!  
When English rulers decided to quit India  
though power was not yet transferred to the native leaders  
millions of men including children were killed  
women were raped and their breasts were cut.  
The old woman commented  
during the rule of white English men  
law was enforced,  
but in the rule of black native English men  
humanity suffered more than what it suffered  
in the days of slavery.  
So I always welcome and celebrate 14th of August,  
the day on which Pakistan was created,  
with a mixed feelings.  
I forget Bharat  
but what happened in Pakistan  
it was created to form an Islamic republic  
and a welfare state.  
Neither democracy could flourish in Pakistan  
Nor Islam could become the law of the state.  
During last seventy years almost half of the period  
the nation was ruled by dictators.  
No doubt in it  
the country was industrially developed  
economy was better

than that in the period of so called democratic leaders  
and law remain enforced.

But isn't it an irony that no elected Prime Minister  
could complete his term in Pakistan.

In the early forties Muslims of this continent  
were looking for a nation.

God blessed them with Pakistan

but now Pakistan is looking for Pakistanis.

Where are Pakistanis?

I see Pathans, Baluchis, Punjabis and Sindhis.

I want to congratulate a Pakistani on 14th of august,2017  
for this great day of independence.

I went before a mirror to congratulate myself  
my image in the mirror said, "Think twice  
before you congratulate yourself,  
are you a sincere and true Pakistani? "

Still I am hopeful

when I saw my grandchildren  
decorating the front of their house  
with green flags of Pakistan.

I smiled.

By the grace of Almighty,

I have found Pakistanis

Happy Independence Day to the children of Pakistan.

I hope you'll do that what we could not do.

Akhtar Jawad

# Midway Poets

The inherited genes speak,  
and play an important role  
to change a child in a grownup man,  
but it's not our heart that loves or hates.

The language that we learn during socialization,  
the literature that was created by our ascendants,  
develops capabilities to avail opportunities  
bestowed upon us by the ancient nature,  
we have renamed it as our fates.

Neither is it color of our skin, nor our pink hearts  
not even our faith nor nationality, not even our blood,  
these are our thoughts that win lovely nice friends  
we think, we ink, we speak to attract our readers,  
we don't listen to each other and we do not talk  
still we know each other more than the closed dear mates.

We are luckier than those great classical poets,  
who could not convey their thoughts throughout their lives,  
we never claim we are Shelley or Shakespeare, Byron or Keats,  
we are mediocre at a website  
but it is read throughout the world,  
and we are capable to convey our thoughts  
within a twinkling our dreaming eyes.  
In love of poetry how pleasant are our dates!

Akhtar Jawad

## Migration (Being Inspired By A Post Of Marie Shine)

You don't need it,  
but the insects who need a bridge to save their lives,  
for them this dry leaf is a service.  
The water between the stones is a deep river for them,  
let them cross the river on this bridge.  
Hunger is their instinct,  
You rage wars for your selfish instincts!  
Let them move in search of their food  
don't remove the leaf from there.  
Let them store their food in the wholes of the stones  
against a rainy day.  
Let the bridge help them to find a shelter for love.

Akhtar Jawad

# Migratory Birds

The story of migration is as ancient  
as love of Adam and Eve, and the descend.  
A descend that glorified the earth  
Angels were jealous of its worth.  
This love was outcome of life,  
that happened only once.  
This love was so much lovely  
the couple was made the migratory birds.  
Since then life has become outcome of love.  
Migratory birds love to live  
and to love they live.  
With the change of weathers  
listen to the sound of their feathers.  
Take it as music of love's ding dong  
in your golden voice sing a love song.  
Make videos of their flying flirts  
but don't kill the migratory birds.

(World Migratory Bird Day 2018 will begin on Saturday,12 May and will end on Sunday13 May)

Akhtar Jawad

# Million Deaths

I see birth of my million deaths,  
I shall die million times,  
before I really die.  
The pain that I shall no more see  
this beautiful earth,  
the limits of my sights,  
I know as skies,  
and hot dance of nature,  
between the earth and the skies,  
the stars and the Milky Way,  
the sun and the moon,  
the clouds that rise from earth  
and rain back on earth,  
the greenery and its colorful kids,  
the sweet soft flowers,  
with colors and aroma.  
I shall not taste the delicious fruits  
and shall not drink water  
from naughty rivers,  
from charming streams,  
and I shall not see the beautiful birds,  
joining their nibs on a tall tree,  
behind green leaves and pink flowers.  
How many deaths I shall face,  
To think of losing my sight,  
I could never count.

I shall not listen to the music of winds,  
and lovely sound of sexy downpours,  
the bells that ring  
and the human voice  
that calls to bow the head  
before someone who created  
and forgot me.  
I shall not smell the fragrance of rose  
Jasmine and queen of night,  
and appetizing smell of spicy dishes  
coming from my kitchen.  
I shall not kiss her soft lips,

That still appear to me  
pink petals of a rose.  
I shall not kiss foreheads  
of my children and grandchildren  
before they sleep or they depart.  
How many deaths I shall face,  
to think of losing my senses,  
I could never count.

I don't know if I shall cease to think,  
but to think,  
that I shall no more think after my death  
is a soothing relief.  
Man can live with rest and peace,  
having lost all his senses,  
but if he thinks after his death,  
the pain of losing loved ones,  
will not be tolerable for him.  
I think if I shall cease to think,  
God was happy with me  
when I really expired,  
and if I think even after my death,  
I shall take it as  
God was unhappy with me  
when I really expired,  
leaving me alone  
busy in counting my million deaths!

Akhtar Jawad

# Minorities

Is there a place for minorities?  
Insulted maltreated here and there,  
Hated and killed every where,  
Deprived of livelihood and amenities,

Some are the doctors, some engineers,  
Don't get a job to feed a family,  
Second class citizens, humans partly,  
Although in a field, they are pioneers.

Every day a news, some one killed,  
For his language, for his belief,  
Neither a criminal nor mischief,  
Who has killed him, who should be billed?

They don't speak the language you speak,  
They don't believe, what you believe,  
Fatigue for them to have an achieve,  
Although deserve the highest peak.

Differ in color, control your nerve,  
May be good for your own community,  
May be useful for humanity,  
Live and let them live and serve.

Akhtar Jawad

# Miracle Of Love

Alas! He could not lick his head,  
He was hit at the head by a cruel devil,  
His master planned to shoot the dog,  
The loyal pet was then in peril,

The mistress came forward for rescue,  
The master said, &quot; The pet now seems mad,  
I have a child and I can't take the risk.&quot;  
His child said, &quot;No, you'll not do that dad.&quot;

The child took him and left somewhere,  
Next day the child purchased some food,  
And went there to see his pet,  
He found him in a lovely nice mood,

The dog was sitting with a female partner,  
And she was licking the head of the pet,  
Then came a day the couple at home,  
Where there is love everything is set.

Akhtar Jawad

# Mirage

In a hot summer day,  
The restless clay,  
Desires of an evening,  
In a nearby park,  
With my buds and flowers,  
For a lovely few hours,  
Want to see them on swing,  
And running on the grass,  
Like rabbit and deer,  
And pressing me too hard,  
To purchase a few balloons,  
And ice cream cones,  
In angry tones,  
And the cold soft drinks.

The brightness of the sun!  
And its heat strokes!  
When eyelids are contracted,  
And light waves are refracted,  
A mirage appears,  
And my lovely dear ones,  
Who are away from me,  
All of them I see,  
They stand in desert,  
Their image appears,  
Like a bridge on the sea,  
And my love for them,  
In a twinkling of eyes,  
Runs madly on the bridge,  
But my naughty dear ones,  
Move a little furthermore,  
And the tiring distances,  
Don't end and remain,  
Ignoring my wet eyes,  
Laugh at me the insane.

But affection not expires,  
And love never tires,  
I close my eyes,

I fly like clouds,  
I travel like moon light,  
With the twinkling stars,  
Being guided by night birds,  
In a night of desert,  
Having lovely comforts,  
And I call them all,  
And they run on my call,  
One of them with a cell phone,  
One or two nimble footed,  
And one in only shorts,  
And the night of desert,  
Whispers in ears,  
This is beauty of life,  
Free of hate and of strife.

I embrace my dears,  
And kiss their foreheads,  
My lips smile,  
My eyes smile,  
My life smiles,  
My soul smiles,  
And once again I get,  
A reason to live,  
Furthermore!  
Furthermore! !

Akhtar Jawad

# Miss Right And Mr. Right

Years ago a beautiful girl in her late twenties,  
Was sitting on the grass at a lovely sight,  
With a handsome youth in his early thirties,  
She was Miss Right with her Mr. Right,

Both were talking on the topics unconcerned,  
No talks of wedding and awaited night,  
While leaving the garden Miss right just turned,  
Pushed down his face and kissed Mr. Right.

Then bloodshed forced the couple to migrate,  
Beard of the youth was completely white,  
They came back in the garden so late,  
He turned, embraced and kissed Miss Right.

They had come for a visit of holy places,  
Tears washed her eyes, once again so bright,  
Could the time go back with the lost graces!  
Pilgrimage of Miss and Mr. Right!

Akhtar Jawad

# Missing Flowers

Flowers still blossom,  
Bring beauty in the bosom,  
Eyes are shocking,  
The hearts they are knocking,  
Fragrances inspiring,  
The soul is admiring.

But the missing flowers!  
Where are the flowers?  
And the kissing showers!  
Where are the showers?  
Beneath blissing bowers!  
Where are the bowers?

We need your colors,  
We need your odors,  
You are pretty and melodic,  
How nice is your music!  
Butterflies are sad,  
The winds go mad.

Add songs to the book;  
Add music to the brook,  
You have power of shook,  
With your pen you look,  
Our smile you took,  
Give it back you crook!

Hairs of the poetry, needs you frizzling,  
And its lovely body, needs you drizzling,  
Decorate eyebrows, with your lovely lines,  
The poems need, your vision and shines,  
Please, just a kiss, the poetry says,  
With her heart standing in your lovely ways!

Akhtar Jawad

# Missing Grandchildren

So it's your day,  
but you are away,  
and I m alone,  
I miss you my grandchildren,  
I miss your command to leave my desktop,  
as you want yo play a game on it,  
and you want to read kids' poems on it.  
I am missing your naught,  
everything is at it's place,  
my glasses are here,  
my pen is here,  
my books are here,  
my wife is with me,  
what should I look for,  
how to kill the time!  
the only missing thing  
are you sweet hearts!

Akhtar Jawad

# Money

He is a wealthy man but he cannot sleep,  
Even if he sleeps it's not truly deep,  
When he sleeps nightmares too frightening,  
Disturb whole night like thunders n lightning,  
Income tax raids he sees in his dream,  
Bribes work and he gets rid of the team,  
Robbers come in and put guns on his head,  
Beat him mercilessly and shoot him dead,  
After his death his children fight each other,  
Forget their father and neglect their mother,  
He shouts during sleeps then takes sleeping pills,  
How away he is from the lovely hills!

Deep, very deep, deeper than deep, rather deepest,  
Is the home of the soul where we go for a rest!  
Where dreams are looking our ways with hopes,  
Where flowers knit beauty in a tying rope  
Where we climb on a grassy green slope,  
And when we slip we are embraced by the rope,  
Where buds kiss us and the branches of charms,  
Around our neck blow storms like her arms,  
Where we take bath in a cold stream,  
Where we're alone in a pleasant sun beam,  
Where freely we can sit for the needful heat,  
Where we listen to the slowest heartbeat,  
Where neither is the law nor fruit forbidden,  
Where for love no need to be hidden.  
No thirst is there no hunger is there,  
Money for all that is needed only here,  
I visit that valley at all not expensive,  
Not at all painful and at all not pensive,  
How happy I am but one cannot think,  
Even if one thinks one cannot ink,  
Money is the means and not the end,  
Follow me if you can I am making a trend,  
How peaceful and sexy is the old man's deep,  
Though no money, but wealthy nice sleep!



# Money And Honey

Sweet heart I have kicked the money,  
My journey from money to honey!  
Creeping lips! Yes, feet to pony!  
Throughout it's honey abundant and tony,  
Forget past strains and get rid of stress,  
Tonight I want a smiling yes! Yes, only yes,  
Yes, yes, yes nothing less than yes,  
Once more your yes, I have seen your yes,  
Your eyes say yes, yes it is yes! A real yes!

Akhtar Jawad

# Moonlight Of My House-Chandni

When someone says,  
You will have to do it,  
Do it for me,  
No excuses,  
No arguments,  
What ever may be cost,  
What ever may be time,  
Too hot may be sun,  
You will have to run,  
And bring it for me,  
I know it's too hot,  
The sun is hostile,  
And the shop is too far,  
My desire at extreme,  
I need ice cream.  
She appears so lovely,  
Who else she can be,  
Except Chandni,  
My youngest grand daughter,  
Moon light of my house.

When someone is possessive,  
My love for her,  
Is squared several times,  
I know it's a weakness.

Akhtar Jawad

# Mooseequi

Tera husn bhi dikhta hay mujhko  
awaz bhi teri sunta hoon  
teri zulfon ki khushboo keya kehna.  
Tere honton ka ras bhi chakhta hoon,  
mehboob mere her lams tera  
jab too mujhko choo ke guzarta hay  
mere pas nahin kutch bachta hay  
tere lams ki chori keya kehna.  
Teri lehrein aysi lehrein hayn,  
jeon jheel ho aur main tairta hoon,  
teri maojon ki masti keya kehna.  
Jeon badal bankar udta hoon  
tere sath chipak kar chalta hoon,  
tere lams ki sangat keya kehna.  
Auron ki keya main bat karoon  
main apna aap bhula deta hoon  
main ang tera ban jata hoon  
kisi din pehna de angia mujhe,  
apne reshami jadoo ki  
main bebas banna chahta hoon  
in tere sureeley lamson se  
lekin too bada harjai hay  
kisi aysi lehr se choo mujhko  
Jo meri ho bas meri ho  
main manta hoon,  
khudgharz hoon main  
lekin to aysi ek lehr to la  
jo tujhko mujhse kahin zeyada  
khudgharz bana ke rakh de kabhi  
yeh khudgharzi ishq ka zevar hay  
yeh jadoo hay yeh khushboo hay  
too jadoo bankar cha to kabhi  
kabhi aysa mujhe ek lamha de  
bas aysa ek wuh lamha ho  
ay mere Khuda main kho doon khudi  
main bekhud ho kar mar jaoon  
khushboo se bhari us lehr mein main  
Jazb ho jaoon aur bikhar jaoon,  
Keya rakha jeene mein ay Khuda,

insan se ab bezar hoon main,  
mujhe mooseequee ki ek lehr bana  
mujhe wusat de phaila de mujhe.

Akhtar Jawad

# Morals

What are morals?

A defense from man's own instinctive offences.

Man has always been afraid of himself!

He is his own worst enemy,

and sees his own image scattered everywhere,

lives fearing himself and dies in his own deadly doubts.

But one who loves himself,

and can't even think of making any harm to himself,

believes in justice with himself,

finds the earth a beautiful island,

in this vast and endless ocean,

a place to live and love,

where there is beauty scattered everywhere,

colors and aroma of flowers

greenery of friendly trees and plants,

beauty and music of birds,

falls from icy mountains,

rivers and fountains,

dancing and running like a maid,

with the silver of sand,

and gold of fishes,

fearless and careless

enjoys a journey

to the great blue ocean,

to rise once again as clouds,

to kiss the forests,

to touch the mountains,

to enjoy the climax of a love,

and to die and fall on the earth

as romantic rains,

having passed a lovely life cycle,

with a firm belief

he will be absorbed by the roots

he will change his shape,

and blossom as colorful aromatic flowers,

inviting butterflies and many other insects

once again it's love!

A fearless journey,  
passed as a pleasant dream,  
an endless cycle during that,  
no morals were needed.

Akhtar Jawad

## More Than A Friend

The childhood friends who played many games,  
Never played a game that may cause the shames,  
Completely unaware with the naught of nature,  
The joy destined and blended with a pleasure,  
Playing hide and seek they grew to an age,  
An age in which no human is a sage,  
When the nature excites the innocent hearts,  
And they challenge all the social thwarts,  
When the teenagers interrogate themselves,  
Getting no reply arrogate themselves,  
When the nights are passed in a deep sleeping,  
Dreams come in days with a tidal creeping.  
In the rainy season with a hand in hand,  
Behind butterflies in a fairies' land,  
Aroma of flowers and the wine of vine,  
Victorious clouds and defeated sun shine,  
Marvels of wet winds in a pleasant season,  
Leaving for life only one lovely reason,  
Jogging in garden they listened to a bird,  
Pikahan, Pikahan, where's my beloved,  
He looked in her eyes she separated her hand,  
She ran away from the fairies' land,  
With eyes smiling and cheeks so pink,  
Still unaware what did she drink?  
What they desire and what they intend?  
Just she learnt he is more than a friend!

(Pikahan - it means where is the beloved?)

Akhtar Jawad

# Morning

Chidyon ki chahchahat,  
Sang leke pehli kirnen,  
Sooraj nikal raha hay,  
Poorab ki ghation se,  
Usha ka odhe ghoonghat.

Phir khet jag uthe hain,  
Haryali lahlahai,  
Phir ek naye jagat men.  
Dharti hay ab bhi zinda.

Chidyon ne ghonsle se,  
Bahar nikala sar hay,  
Phir chal pade yeh panchi,  
Khali hay pet inka, Khana to khojna hay.

(Translation of a poem by Yogiraj)

Akhtar Jawad

## Morning Chill

Thandak subha ki khanjar,  
Har shay pe khamushi hay,  
Chadar kohar ki odhe,  
Qudrat ki apsara bhi,  
Thandi hawa se dar kar,  
Dekho Laraz rahi hay.

Sooraj raha na sooraj,  
Ek lal gend hay bas,  
Dhoondho na uska chehra,  
Uspar kohar ka pehra.

Raston ki bheed ban kar,  
Jana bhi hay zaroori.  
Par kya karen yeh thandak,  
Qadmon ko rokhti hay.

Lo phool muskaraye,  
Kaliyan laja rahi hayn,  
Aur barf dhoondhti hay,  
Sooraj ki garm bahen.

(Translation of a poem by r)

Akhtar Jawad

# Mother

The strains she faced,  
The pains she embraced,  
The comforts she placed,  
Outside her life!  
The romance she ignored,  
The bitterness she cored,  
And the fruits she soared,  
As a lovely wife!

When she fed her child,  
Hell turned cold and mild,  
And the fire was exiled,  
As the child was content!  
God wrote on the wall,  
It's not over and all,  
Just a glimpse of my call,  
Kind enough and descent!

And reward of a mother,  
A golden feather,  
Nothing else and other,  
A pleasant surprise!  
On the Day of Judgment,  
All dead or dormant,  
But a mother will be ardent,  
Its disclosure, premature and unwise!

Akhtar Jawad

# Mother Humanity

Millions of years have passed,  
Many rivers of blood I have crossed,  
I am still wounded, I am still tortured,  
I am still sick, I could not be cured.

The way in which, I have been insulted,  
My dreams of love are ruined and deserted,  
My wish of peace was crushed with weapons,  
I regret to reproduce devils and demons.

How selfish are my sons how cruel how unkind!  
I wish my time I could once rewind,  
And love a black hole for an end to sleep,  
Forever, too long, uninterrupted and deep! !

Akhtar Jawad

# Motherly Love

Great were the men, who changed the world,  
Greater are mothers, who gave birth to the men,  
Greatest is God, who created the motherly love,  
What of women even poisonous reptiles  
and beasts born in anarchy of forests,  
are bestowed upon with beauty of mothers,  
and what of mothers who breathe and think,  
even mothers who just breathe and cannot think,  
play witty tricks, quiet fair in love.

For maximum protection to their tiny embryo,  
sleeping in the cradle of amazing seeds,  
sometimes wrap sweethearts in a hard blanket,  
sometimes make them too bitter to protect,  
and to see the game of love continued,  
make them paratroopers to invade new lands,  
these paratroopers fly as long as they can,  
and land somewhere far from their mothers,  
on the arms of the loving grandmother,  
and their grandmother hides the infant,  
in her old but hot and fertile blanket,  
welcomes her grandchild with heavenly love,  
and sings a sweet lullaby for the embryo,  
she invites the clouds for the rains it needs.

Oh clouds! Why don't you make me soft,  
my grandchild is sleeping in my dry arms,  
awake the cute to grow in a plant,  
I want to see his growing charms.

Oh winds! Quietly make the clouds,  
your artistic wit you may nicely apply,  
love violently the moisture of seas,  
give birth to a fairy who can fly on sky.

Oh seas! Donate moisture to the winds,  
You'll love the magic when a fairy dances,  
nature will return whatever you donate,  
play your role in love and romances.

Oh mountains! Kiss and touch it's your fairy,  
let her smile and scatter the shining pearls,  
and leave some in the ways of falling sun,  
let a mother work for rainbow's curls.

Oh earth! Listen to sky's alarming beep, ,  
be a little soft, shake the embryo in sleep,  
spread some water on a sleep so deep,  
open a new window and let him peep,

Oh you! The new life you can't crawl,  
but with a grandmother you can creep,  
grow high in the sky with many glow worms,  
scatter colors and aroma get rid of the sleep.

When I see a plant having flowers and fruits  
I salute to motherly love nonparallel in all,  
with a due tribute to my old mother earth,  
and all the mothers and grandmothers,  
dwelling on the face of their mother earth,  
their mother earth and my mother earth  
my love my tribute to all the mothers.  
If a flower of tribute is left in my humble heart  
after I make a garland for the lovely great mothers,  
who gave birth to Jesus and Muhammad!

(This year birth days of Jesus and Muhammad are so much close)

Akhtar Jawad

## Mr. & Mrs. Bore

For years they have been boring me,  
In a restaurant saw them ignoring me,  
I knew what I should,  
Ate much as I could,  
They forgot valet at home, souring me!

Akhtar Jawad

## Mrs. Ullrick

She was liked and loved by all,  
A charming lady who was gorgeous and graceful,  
Slowly she spoke and slowly she walked,  
Always well dressed,  
Her fair complexion had no simile or metaphor,  
I never saw her not smiling,  
We often missed classes of boring teachers,  
But we always waited for her tutorial class,  
Only once a week!  
She taught us how to improve,  
Speaking, reading and writing,  
A foreign language, yes English it is.

He was one of our teachers,  
Although a nice man,  
And a nice teacher,  
A jolly friend liked like her,  
I don't say he was not handsome,  
But his complexion was dark,  
We always discussed how he won her,  
What did she see in him to marry?  
We did not have courage to ask,  
Either yes or no.  
Time passed and during our union grew,  
A rainbow of music and lovely dances,  
A day of beauty with colorful dresses,  
When the buds appeared as sprung flowers,  
Getting rid of the white and boring uniforms,  
Arms in short sleeves and a light makeup,  
Scoundrels like me were a bit overlooked,  
Liberty a little we enjoyed on that day.

But the day was shaded by a milky moonlight,  
A man came on stage with a violin in his hands,  
A sorrowful slow tune made the hooters quiet,  
I saw life in stones so hard, and the hearts fragile,  
Sent droplets to the eyes that shined like pearls,  
Power of music of a handsome man!  
Pearls like stars of a fairy on the earth,

Music of earth can win a fairy of skies!

Akhtar Jawad

# Muhabbat

Rooh ne dil se kaha tubhee muhabbat kar le,  
Zindigi karwi hay thori si halawat bhar le,  
Dil ne tasweer dikhai to tha ek sada waraq,  
Na koi rang tha kaghaz pe na koi thi ramaq,  
Dil sa koi nahin dekha ke na iska sani,  
Dil ki har bat sada mani hay yeh bhi mani,  
Maine tasweer se poocha ke muhabbat keya hay,  
Yeh kahan milti hay aur iski halawat keya hay,  
Tu to ek sada waraq hay tujhe dekhoon kaise,  
Sijde kar loon ga magar main tujhe choomoon kaise,  
Tune kanon mein kaha phool ke rang aur khushboo,  
Dil ki palkon pe larazte yeh chamakte aanso,  
Chand taron ki chamak aur yeh urte badal,  
Pyas dharti ki bujhate ise karte jalthal,  
Yeh chahakte hue panchi yeh lahakte hue khet,  
Chandni raton mein sahra ki chamkti hui ret,  
Gungunate hue jharne yeh paharon ka ubhar,  
Aam ke bahgon mein urte hue jhoolon ka malhar,  
Yeh matakte hue darya ka samunder se milan,  
Pee ke jhukta hua bahki hui dharti pe gagan,  
Sabz pairahane rangeen se yeh dharti ka nikhar,  
Aa zara dekh le fitrat ne kiya solah singhar,  
Maine yeh roop bikhera tha simatne ke liye,  
Han faqat tere tarapne ke machalne ke liye,  
Ek larki mujhe maloom hay bhati hay tujhe,  
Wuh samete hue yeh husn bulati hay tujhe,  
Talkhian kutch na bachen gi ke halawat hay yehi,  
Ja use choom mere dost muhabbat hay yehi.

Akhtar Jawad

# Muhammad (Peace Be Upon Him)

Jitni bhi ho tareef woh har hal mein kam hay,  
(How much may be quantum of praise it is not sufficient)  
Midhat ho Muhammad ki to rukta na qalam hay,  
(Although if it is praise of Muhammad the pen never stops)  
Kam maegie zore beyan baise gham hay,  
(It's a matter of sorrow, I am not efficient enough to describe)  
Awaz mein khoobi hay na alfaz mein dam hay,  
(Neither my voice is nice nor my words have life)  
Is aas pe maidan mein rakha yeh qudam hay,  
(But I have stepped in the ground with an expectation to perform)  
Woh zate Muhammad hay woh Adam ka bharam hay.  
(The praise of Muhammad who has saved the reputation of Adam)

Bijli ki chamak usmein na badal ki garaj hay,  
(Neither there was flash of lightning in him nor the thunder of the clouds)  
Barsa hay barasne mein magar dheer dharaj hay,  
(He has rained but rained mildly)  
Akash se utra hay ke dharti ki upaj hay  
(Has he descended from the skies or produced by the earth)  
Us swarg ke basi ka anup roop hay dhaj hay,  
(The inhabitant of paradise has no simile in beauty and decoration)  
Woh deen ka bandhu hay deya uska dharam hay,  
(He is friend of poors and pity is his religion)  
Woh zate Muhammad hay woh Adam ka bharam hay.

Woh jiske paseene mein booe baghe adan hay,  
(His sweat has the smell of flowers from paradise, he was fond of perfumes)  
Gesu hain woh resham se to gulberg badan hay,  
(His long hairs are silky and his physique is like petals)  
Un ahmareen honton pe fida lale yemean hay.  
(His pink lips are like famous jewel(lal) of Yemen)  
Jis simt se dekho gule ranae chaman hay,  
(like a beautiful flower of the garden he looks beautiful all round)  
Us farrukhe bemisl pe yusuf bhi ajam hay,  
(Joseph cannot speak before the handsome having no simile)  
Woh zate Muhammad hay woh adam ka bharam hay.

Sah sah ke har ek zulm udoo ko jo dua de,  
(He tollerated all violence of his enemies and prayed for them)

Maghloob ho dushman to imarat pe bitha de,  
(And when his enemies were defeated he appointed their chief as a governor)  
Ek junbishe lab jiski adawat ko mita de,  
(A movement of his lips finished the enmity)  
Lakar koi us jaisa hamein aur dikha de,  
(Show me if there is any other victorious like him)  
Sani hi nahin aapka saya bhi audam hay,  
(None after him was like him, he was transparent)  
Woh zate Muhammad hay woh adam ka bharam hay.

Har ek musalman ko Muhammad se na tolo,  
(Don't asses common Muslims with the standards of Muhammad)  
Karte jo musalman hain woh islam na bolo,  
(What Muslims are doing is not Islam)  
Taeekh ka yeh bab zara qalb se kholo,  
(History has thrown complete light read it with your hearts)  
Dushman na bano tum jo agar dost na ho lo  
(If you cannot be a friend it's not necessary that you become an enemy)  
Itihas ke pannon ka bara ham pe karam hay,  
(The pages of history are vey kind and helpful for us)  
Woh zate Muhammad hay woh Adam ka bharam hay.

(Translated for all specially my lovely friend Amitava Sur)

Akhtar Jawad

# Mujhe Ishq Hay Safar Se

Mujhe ishq hay safar se,  
Main nikal pada hoon ghar se.  
Hay haseen udta badal,  
Chahe yeh kabhi nah barse.  
KahaN ja rahe ho JanaN,  
NahiN poocha humsafar se.  
Jo badal de meri manzil,  
Koi dekhe us nazar se.  
Meri sham khoobsoorat,  
Mujhe lena keya sahar se.  
Use aaye ga taras ab,  
Ya sada raheiN ge tarse.  
Tere peyar ka hay jadoo,  
Main jhuka na tere dar se.

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Akhtar Jawad

# Music

I know, you know my body has caves,  
You disguise yourself in flute's fine waves,  
I know, you know my heart is clay,  
you disguise yourself as a violin in play,  
I know, You know my soul since long,  
dances on your tunes can sing your song,  
when you touch eyelids they hug and kiss,  
smiles I welcome and tears I miss,  
you attack my body from all the sides,  
touching me as a whole you travel insides  
you walk, you swim, you fly and glide,  
a pearl you give after raising a tide,  
you don't die and you sleep in a cave,  
with care you handle the inside's knave,  
freed mermaids come out on the beach,  
and the lesson forgotten they begin to teach,  
my wings are grown I become a dove,  
I fly very high with a lyric of love.

Akhtar Jawad

# Music Of Breaths

Having passed the critical moment  
independent of my mother's breaths,  
I cried for the reasons not known to me.  
Having fallen in love,  
when I noticed a music in my breaths,  
I smiled for the reasons not known to me.  
I am an ignorant man,  
I cried where I should have smiled,  
and I smiled where I should have cried!

Akhtar Jawad

# Music, The Dance Of Waves

On the shore of soul she rises as a tide,  
The dried sand that is hot and burning,  
Lo it's wet and now it's turning,  
In the dreamy eyes of a smiling bride,

She is now a rainbow of seven melodies,  
Her colors have conquered the hard stones,  
Her waves have melted the static bones,  
My heart has gone in a coma of goodies,

I am now dancing but not all alone,  
The entire universe is dancing with me,  
Someone hidden in me is glancing with me,  
The dance of waves its note and tone,

I came in my senses and I saw the shell,  
I took the pearl and made a necklace,  
A garland for one, who can embrace,  
A hateful world that is burning in hell,

The gift of the maid of music is love,  
It has pearls of friendship nicely stringed,  
It has waves in its soul, dancing and winged,  
Lo it's flying with my heart, my lovely dove!

Akhtar Jawad

# Muslims Believe In Abraham's God

Oh Allah, send grace and honor on Muhammad and  
On the family and true followers of Muhammad  
just as you sent Grace and Honor on Abraham  
and on the family and true followers of Abraham  
Surely, you are praiseworthy, the Great.

Oh Allah, send your blessing on Muhammad and  
the true followers of Muhammad, just  
as you sent blessings on Abraham  
and his true followers  
Surely, you are praiseworthy, the Great.

The above lines are translation of a prayer,  
In the fifty prayers from dawn to dusk,  
Four before dawn,  
Twelve in the noon,  
Eight in the afternoon,  
Nine in the evening,  
And seventeen in the night!

In these fifty prayers they pray for Abraham, and his family,  
Thirty two times, an average of 1 per 45 minutes,  
Even then if someone says,  
Muslims don't believe in Abraham's God,  
And they believe in Habal,  
I let him know all the idols,  
Including that of Habal,  
Was broken by Ali,  
After Makkah's conquest,  
And Ali was sitting on the shoulders,  
Of Muhammad, peace be upon him.

I know common sense is not so much common,  
But if you have common sense,  
I leave it to you to think and decide,  
Whether Muslims believe in Abraham's God or not!

Akhtar Jawad

# My Address

Vagabonds like me have no address,  
In the morning at a mosque,  
In the night at a bar!  
But why do you look so much for me,  
Wherever I am, it's my home,  
Sweet home!  
Though none of your business,  
But, if you insist,  
I show you the road,  
Have you seen hanging silk somewhere?  
Just above a plain that has two lakes,  
Hidden and secured behind two barriers,  
To proceed further you'll have to dive,  
In the two blue lakes,  
One by one,  
The right is sweet of joy,  
The left is bitter of sorrow,  
And when dirt is removed,  
You can proceed,  
To a breathing pillar,  
Difficult to survive,  
In the heated breaths,  
But if you survive,  
You will proceed to a pink garden,  
Left and right you will see many flowers,  
All are pink,  
This lovely garden,  
Is ruled by petals of a rose,  
Aroma of flowers makes one senseless,  
If you remain in your senses,  
Be careful,  
The petals are hiding pearls inside,  
If the petals smile,  
And the pearls remain in hide,  
You are saved,  
But if pearls are seen,  
Lightning, thunder, fire and ashes!  
If the queen rose permits you to proceed,  
You will find yourself in an uneven slope,

If lucky enough not to slip,  
You will then arrive in a valley of twins,  
The magic of twins may turn you in stone,  
If you have a true love for me,  
The lake will be flooded,  
The blended water,  
Will rain on you,  
A door will be opened,  
Below valley of twins,  
You will get inside,  
You'll find me,  
Sleeping in the heart,  
Of my sweet beloved!  
But I advise,  
To give up the idea,  
As I am the only survival!

Akhtar Jawad

# My Aesthetic Sense

I am an over ambitious man  
I am in search of my ideal.  
she must be so beautiful  
that fairies of heaven when look at her are paralyzed.  
For last seventy years  
(Yes my search started when I was only two years old.)  
I have been looking for my beloved  
who is yet to be loved!  
The women whom I found inclined to respond my love  
were neither truthful nor honest  
they all were corrupts.  
My mighty wife took advantage of it.  
My failures to find my ideal  
gave her an opportunity  
to capture my body and soul.  
What could I do?  
Now, I am her slave.  
Might is right!

Akhtar Jawad

# My Beloved

My deaf and dumb and blind beloved,  
neither listens to me,  
nor speaks to me,  
nor looks at me,  
my beautiful but unkind beloved  
and I still love her so much!  
How helpless I am in love!  
Her beauty I see scattered everywhere,  
here where I am  
there where I am not  
sometimes too far  
sometimes so close  
as if she is in my breaths  
or in my blood  
and I could not touch her,  
but I believe as I think  
one day I shall force her to open her eyes  
she will look at me,  
she will smile  
and she will tell me in whispers  
the long awaited words  
&quot;I love you, too.  
I am for you  
and for me are you  
I am the same man in tact  
who makes fantasies a fact!  
Let the day of love come  
my love will enter her heart  
she will get all senses from me  
and I shall become deaf and dumb and blind.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Best Friend

A crazy foolish poet,  
who wanted to write a poem on his best friend,  
was going to ask Kelly Kurt,  
are you my best friend?  
But then he thought,  
how he can be his best friend,  
He is a believer,  
and Kelly an atheist.  
Then he decided to ask Mahakul,  
whether he is his best friend.  
But then he thought,  
how he can be his best friend,  
their religions are different.  
One by one he rejected all probable faces,  
Marie Shine is from west and the poet from east,  
Hazel Durham for her white skin,  
Loke Koke Yee's mother tongue different,  
Asim Nehal is from enemy country.  
Bri Edwards is a truthful critic.  
One by one discarded his entire friends,  
And then he talked to his wife.  
&quot;No&quot;, she said, &quot;I am not your best friend,  
But I know your best friend.&quot;  
She rushed to the room of my grandchild  
and brought for me a repeater parrot!  
Do you know who that foolish poet is?  
Yes, you are right,  
He is Akhtar Jawad!

(In this poem I have mentioned the friends from )

Akhtar Jawad

# My Birth

A petty sinful soul was standing before,  
The Lord of Justice responding with ignore,  
Long ago he had applied for freedom from desires,  
Lust of body that his body acquires,  
Greed of wealth that had made him corrupt,  
He was helpless though tried to sincerely interrupt,  
He was all right though facing the excise,  
But was greedy once again to go to paradise,  
His beloved was excised and moved to Aden,  
He was waiting for the write of eternal pen,  
He cried and cried with a childish shout,  
The eternal tree shown a new spout,  
He was called in and petition was seen,  
All his acts whether seen or unseen,  
It's Nirvana Day, otherwise ugly man,  
Sins only sins, nothing else I scan,  
But you believed in me and I honor your belief,  
She will be sent to you be once more a thief,  
Another she not the one you lost,  
In your lust and leer and the worldly frost,  
On February the eighth, in the year forty five,  
I was kicked back with a painful dive,  
A Buddhist Festival was the day of my birth,  
I am trying to add in me some worth.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Butterfly

Amazing,  
She says you have stars in a blue back ground,  
And I have flowers in a green back ground.  
Your stars don't become fruits,  
But my flowers become fruits with seeds.  
He smiled and replied,  
It's my sunlight sweetheart,  
Acting as a catalyst,  
And without that,  
You can't perform this magic.  
I smiled and said,  
I am a compromise of blue and green.  
She whispered in my ears,  
My Child! it's not compromise,  
It's love!  
A butterfly when listened to,  
All this conversation,  
She interrupted.  
You all forgot me,  
It's me,  
You the ignorant ones,  
I arranged this courtship,  
And arranged this love!  
Who is that butterfly,  
The colors are flying,  
All my senses,  
Are getting something,  
My weak eyesight,  
With the help of glasses,  
When saw the butterfly,  
I dashed to embrace,  
I jumped to kiss,  
But I cannot fly.  
Do you know?  
Who was that lovely butterfly?  
That left me alone,  
And flown somewhere!  
You are my friend,  
I can tell you everything.

I can guess,  
I too had a butterfly,  
She was my teen age!  
(Being inspired by a post seen on Valsa George's page on the Facebook)

Akhtar Jawad

## My Comment On Kelly Kurt's Poem A Few Minutes Ago

I was dwelling in a four dimensional seen universe  
recording you beauty in my cell phone.  
I came back to my room in the hotel  
lying on my bed I played the video  
I saw only three dimensions in the video  
The fourth dimension was missing  
but I saw it again same night in my dreams  
So it's only my heart that can record the fourth dimension.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Computer

No need of guns robbers!  
Unconditionally I surrender to you,  
You may take anything you like,  
May be my car, may be my bike.  
Take all the money I have,  
Leave for me my computer.

Do you see this old sick woman!  
My heart, though sick itself,  
is beating in this woman,  
I need her love.  
For my poetry,  
I need her inspiration.

In the computer,  
her old pictures,  
are saved.  
In this computer my lovely past,  
still breaths for me.  
I cannot breathe without these breaths.

At home it's my friend,  
who knows me better.  
He understands me.  
He is also sometimes sick,  
Being attacked by a virus,  
But he is never hysterical with me.

One more thing he knows all my secrets.  
My flirts with the lovely poetesses,  
my visits of the sexy web sites,  
he knows what this sick lady doesn't know.  
He never tells anything to her.  
He is a tested and trusted friend.

I direly need this computer,  
to share my poems with my friends.  
That's all I need,  
Yes, my needs are now too limited!

Akhtar Jawad

# My Corrupt Uncles

When I was born,  
in conditions that were not ideal for my survival,  
everyone thought I shall not survive.  
I was a weak baby,  
with minimum chances of survival.  
Still I survived.  
Thirteen months after my birth my father expired.  
Leaving me on pity of my selfish uncles.  
I was a rich baby  
as I had inherited a lot of wealth.  
My uncles cheated me  
and took all my wealth.  
The eldest uncle cut my mother into two pieces.  
My poor maternal uncle was a teacher,  
it was his kindness that I grown up into a mighty youth.  
But the day on which he also became a corrupt,  
and joined hands with my corrupt uncles  
it became difficult for me to breath.  
I am afraid my uncles who cut my mother into two pieces  
may cut me too into so many pieces.  
Alas! What of me!  
Even a nation can't survive  
If education is commercialized  
and its teachers become corrupt uncles!

Akhtar Jawad

# My Dear Naughty Doll Of Clay (A Comment On Dr. Antony Theodore's Poem A Nightingale Feather)

I just said in a crowd, &quot;I love you.&quot;  
in return millions said. &quot;I love you, too.&quot;  
I had thought I would end my journey as a creditor,  
but my bank statement tells I am ending as a debtor.  
Dear God! If you are love,  
if you are a peace loving dove,  
please help me and write off my debt,  
otherwise I shall be constrained for a theft,  
I shall steal hearts of the crowd,  
I have no alternate to clear my debt.  
God smiled and said, &quot;I have deposited a handsome amount  
with your account,  
with profits every day  
increasing the principal amount.  
My dear naughty doll of clay! &quot;

Akhtar Jawad

# My Dirtiest Habit

There are many dirty habits that are tasty  
one can't get rid of it though one regrets.

Now, when I am fed up of everything,  
spicy dishes and chewing betel leaves,  
is still the loveliest joy for me!

How it's a dirty habit?

it's not merely a betel leaf,  
before chewing it slacked lime is pasted on it,  
a coat of catechu paste  
small cut pieces of betel-nut  
and finally spray of chewing tobacco.  
What else remains,  
splitting the red mixture in saliva here and there!  
When the western visitors saw it first,  
they thought every third or fourth Indian,  
has been suffering from Tuberculosis.

How it started?

An interesting story!  
Bad smell came from the mouth of  
Moghal Empress Noor Jahan,  
she consulted the Hindu Veds,  
they prescribed chewing of betel leaf,  
and it worked,  
but the chewing didn't last much  
as the leaves are fragile.  
Someone suggested adding  
small cut pieces of betel-nuts.  
It was not known at that time,  
betel-nuts are one of the sources of mouth cancer.  
Noor Jahan thought  
something should be added in it  
that can make the lips red.  
A thick paste of catechu,  
An astringent vegetable extract,  
was the answer of it.  
And then to make color shocking pink,  
before the paste of catechu

slacked lime was pasted.  
Catechu paste is acidic in nature,  
Whereas, slacked lime is alkaline.  
It sharpened the color  
and reduced bitterness of catechu paste as well.

Betel leaves became a part of Indian Culture.  
Indian languages got a new idiom,  
&quot;Choona lagana&quot;, to paste the slacked lime,  
means to make harm to someone,  
as pasting slacked lime without catechu paste,  
injures the mouth and the tongue.  
But Noor Jahan never added  
chewing tobacco in it.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Dopes

Besides regretting my blunders I can't undo  
Let me do something I have never done  
Let me love someone who hates me too much  
And let me hope all my misdeeds are undone.

Besides forgiving my worst enemy  
Let me forget if he did anything like a knave  
Let me pay thanks for the good he never did  
And let me hope a lullaby of God in my grave.

My life has been fighting with my death  
I'll love to see how the two compromise  
I promise to smile when I am dying  
And let me hope you'll see an amazing demise.

Even if my hopes are proved as wrong  
I'll have no sense to be shy on my hopes  
Well I know I may not be smiling while dying  
Let me live with my dreams and my dopes.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Earth My Love

Alone I came,  
Alone I shall die,  
In between,  
Is a passing show!  
A blow,  
That raised the flames,  
To a climax,  
When achieved,  
Was nothing but a mirage!  
And with all my courage,  
I continued my flight,  
But the goal of life,  
The apex of soul,  
Was out of sight,  
Still out of sight.

But the love to survive,  
Could not spare anyone,  
How can spare myself!  
It's love that has made,  
Many charming idols,  
And the love says to me,  
Go on believing in the light,  
You inherit, you know,  
Like any other light,  
It's nice and bright.

Let the truth be hidden,  
At the heights infinite,  
Even if not unveiled,  
Won't bring any pain,  
So get rid of strain,  
And go back to the earth,  
And wait for D Day.

It's not for you,  
It's a job of saints,  
To fly so high,  
In search of a truth,

That is locked in the lockers,  
And secured by blockers!  
Your apex is the earth,  
It's really beautiful,  
Add a beauty if you can,  
Or remain satisfied,  
With the charms existing,  
But don't destroy,  
The ornaments of your mother,  
With your ugly hands!

Akhtar Jawad

# My Face

A mirror with an image truly effective,  
Within no time it became too defective,  
A lie damaged my reflection.  
In telling lies politician's perfection!  
His face looks more and more attractive.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Friend Bri Edwards

Bri asks, how can be sure that  
A human thinks more than a rat  
If rats have any Shakespeare  
I'm at all not aware  
Perhaps Bri nowadays, is chasing a cat.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Friends

Your thoughts reflect on your face  
as charms of dignity and grace  
why are you so sweet and lovely?  
If you are beautiful, you are mine.  
Helpless!  
I love all things in the dark that shine.

Your songs touch the hearts  
hit my heart, well-targeted darts  
why do you sing so sweetly?  
If your songs are so sweet, you are mine,  
Helpless!  
I love all things in the dark that shine.

Your paintings have attractive colors  
real flowers! As I feel their odors,  
why do you paint fragrant beauty?  
If you paint real flowers, you are mine.  
Helpless!  
I love all things in the dark that shine.

Your poems can hypnotize anyone,  
Yes, I am also the enchanted one,  
why do you write such touching poems?  
If your words twinkle, you are mine.  
Helpless!  
I love all things in the dark that shine.

You decrease my wrinkles every day,  
You are made of gold, not of clay,  
why do you glitter like golden ornaments?  
If you decorate my face, you are mine.  
Helpless!  
I love all things in the dark that shine.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Friends Please Stop Her

1. As an infant I didn't know anyone,  
other than My mother.
2. As a child I didn't know anyone,  
other than my sister.
3. As a youth I didn't know anyone,  
other than my beloved.
4. As a grown man I didn't know anyone,  
other than my wife.
5. As growing an older man I didn't know anyone,  
other than my daughter.
6. As an old man I didn't know anyone,  
other than my granddaughter.

Who is she?

Through a veil,

looking at me,

and rewinding the video of my life.

My friends please stop her.

I don't want to see myself being breast fed by her.

Oh My Naughty Friends! You stopped her at No.3.

Anyway, I am thankful.

You didn't stop her at No.4.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Grandchild

I see you scattered everywhere,  
too far, too near, here and there.  
Can't You come to me in person?  
Are you behind the grills of a prison?  
If so, who imprisoned the dove?  
Still I see the light of your love!  
Could You extend your arms to me!  
Could you expose your charms to me!  
I see the moon but I can't kiss it,  
I love it's light and I can't miss it,  
I need the moon with its forehead milky,  
I need the clouds with the hairs so silky,  
can't You send the stars to teach the art,  
the eyes request to a poetic heart,  
they want to twinkle in a moonlit night,  
dreaming to resemble the Venus so bright.  
Could I pray to see You real in my arms!  
Could I really kiss your forehead's charms!  
Hello! I heard a sweet lovely voice,  
How I'm looking in a dress of my choice?  
You came as a child to be truly admired,  
I got everything whatever I desired!  
How do You listen to my undue prayer!  
Why are You quick and prompt to a sinner!

Akhtar Jawad

# My Heart

Can't you leave me alone in the moonlit night?  
My brain, for the whole of month, like a slave,  
I moved in your hot and bright sunlight,  
Please for a few hours let me live as a knave.

Meanwhile you may go to a peaceful cave,  
I promise to accept your ethics and laws,  
Come at dawn you'll find me brave,  
Although I'll see in your laws many flaws!

I know besides giving laws for the life,  
As everyone has his own approach,  
You will provide me a reason to strife,  
At times you fail as a successful coach.

At the moment I am just a tuning flute,  
My strings are vibrant like a guitar,  
Moon is looking so pretty and cute,  
On the blue sky I see a star.

A bud is twisting her soft pink petals,  
A flower is about to blossom in the night,  
Moonlight can melt the human metals,  
You like solids with a polish too bright.

I'm a slave of my beautiful heart,  
Output of heart is nice and appealing,  
Yes I am weak and I repel your thwart  
Wounds you gave my heart is healing.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Heart, He And She

I have a house deep inside a forest,  
I often fly there for peace and rest,  
It is surrounded by tall and dense large trees,  
The place is famous for many mysteries,  
Many roads touch the beginning of the dense forest,  
And all have a claim that, "I am the best, "  
I smile on the claims; I smile on the names,  
The lovely roads have beautiful frames.  
There is no road to go to that fairy's place,  
Which shines in the dark, with a gorgeous glaze,  
But I have wings which I don't see and find,  
As I am in fact by birth a blind,  
The house is occupied by a mighty guy,  
I am weak and helpless can only cry,  
I can't turn him out saying leave me alone,  
He will impose on me a deadly clone.  
And he pays me for his using my house,  
He has given me a fairy as a lovely spouse.  
Thanks to the wings you know as love,  
Thanks for the guy for making me a dove.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Last Learning

I do not know my first learning,  
I have heard it was a cry,  
that brought smiles on many waiting lips,  
my cry confirmed I have started breathing.

But I know my last learning,  
I shall learn how to die with a smile,  
that will bring tears in many eyes,  
as it will confirm I have stopped breathing.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Love Story You Read

My love story that starts at the twilight of a dawn,  
my love story that ends at the twilight of dusk,  
Sweetheart! I know you read it.  
It's poetic, it's ecstatic, it paints you beauty,  
I know you like and love my stories  
though you never write a comment,  
but I can see the aurora at the dawn and dusk,  
it exposes your inner joy hidden in your heart,  
your pink face exposes your heart,  
and when you turn your face,  
your naughty friends,  
the moon and the stars,  
whisper in my ears,  
how long nature can remain away from the nature!  
May be tonight, or the next night,  
clouds will hide the moon and the stars,  
she will descend in your arms  
with the downpours on the dry soil,  
to write her comments on your thirsty lips!  
The flowers will narrate what happened in that night  
and all your friends will titillate you to tell the details of love  
that colorful and aromatic flowers forgot to tell.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Message On First Day Of A New Year

All laws

whether believed to be made by God,  
or may be human made,  
are made for us.

We are not made for the laws.

What else may be the purpose of these laws,  
other than coexistence,  
and peace for all.

Forget the past,  
as past of humans  
is not much better than that of beasts.

There is no exception in it.

On this first day of a new year,  
let us jointly look at the future,  
let us make future of the human race,  
brighter and warming like the sun,  
soothing and pleasing like the moon,  
rest assure,  
future of our descendants are the distant planets,  
with a different sun,  
and so many pleasant moons.

This time Noah's Arc will not be in a ocean,  
it will not float,  
it will fly in the endless space,  
in search of a new earth for the humans.

Let us prepare us for that journey.

Love and dream,  
and search in your dreams  
if there is any of your descendant,  
a handsome boy,  
or a beautiful girl,  
kissing each other  
on the bank of a river,  
not under a blue moon,  
but in the moonlights of so many blue moons.

And if you get him or her in that lovely dream,  
enjoy a peaceful sleep,  
with the satisfaction that you performed your duty  
and you have saved your race.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Moon My Abuser

Oh! Moon dear moon every night you abused me,  
Let me tell you, with your love, thirty times you amused me.  
Thousands of nights I remained your beloved,  
Nothing in me was remained untouched,  
Your cool white light and your charming face,  
Induced your love, your beauty and your grace,  
Since my early childhood you made me amorous,  
You made my soul pneumatic and porous  
You got in my soul you entered my heart,  
My feelings and my thoughts are merely your art.  
Your lessons of love I applied in my life.  
I returned all that to my lovely wife.

Your phases told me how time is passed,  
How death is embraced, how life out classed,  
We rise like a crescent and die in dark,  
The full moon nights with flowers in a park,  
During these thirty days your ups your downs,  
Sometimes pocket less sometimes full of crowns.  
The abuses of love are better than uses,  
The uses of hate are worse than abuses,  
I am happy Oh! Moon being abused by you,  
A lot of thanks, being amused by you.  
I flown with you many colorful kites,  
I returned all that in my humble writes.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Naughty But Loving Heart

My heart is the best judge he knows me well,  
it always caught me by neck  
though attractive was the hell.

How naughty is it like a beacon on an island  
throws light on beautiful mermaids  
invites me to swim to a fairy land.

It switches off the lights and the mermaids appear,  
when I stripe and put on a swimming costume,  
with frightening jaws the goddesses of fear.

Dear heart! Sitting in the basement of a church  
Why do you play with a so big bell  
the two different tunes that clutch,

You start with a pleasant tune that invites  
ending with a frightening tune that stops,  
who is in the basement, why he excites?

I don't know who is he, a naughty player?  
sometimes a youth sometimes a wise old man  
my friendly lover or a slayer!

One day I may break the chains of the bell  
I can't continue as a helpless toy  
I am now tired of tunes, annoyed I tell! !

Akhtar Jawad

# My Pellet Gun

I put the garbage in the dust bin,  
hungry cats come and kick it,  
the garbage spreads all around.  
I collect it and put it once again in the bin,  
cats come again and again,  
and I recollect garbage again and again,  
what could the hungry cats do?  
I have a pellet gun,  
I can fire on the hungry cats,  
but I will not fire.  
I know hunger constrains me to spread garbage,  
and my God recollects the garbage again and again.  
My God! I don't see your foot prints,  
but I feel it on my heart.  
I shall follow your felt but unseen foot prints.  
As you never fired on me with your guns,  
I shall also not use my pellet gun,  
I end with love and loyalty to you.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Precious Pink Heart

Watching an affair of the sun and the clouds  
the clouds hiding the sun  
and the sun behind the clouds.  
Showers being chased by the sun  
and the sun being chased by the showers.  
Sky changing so quickly,  
showers after sun  
and sun after showers.  
Waiting for a rainbow I am starring at the sky,  
I don't know who is lazy,  
the sun or the clouds.  
Where sky fails the earth comes forward.  
I felt a touch on my thirsty eyes.  
Having turned my eyes on the rows of washed green plants  
and flowers striped in the fine mild rains  
dancing on the music of titillating pleasant winds  
I saw a lovely rainbow on the earth.  
The green back ground of the earth  
outclassed the blue back ground of the skies.  
For the blue back ground flying kisses of my eyes,  
for the green back ground my precious pink heart!

Akhtar Jawad

# My Promise To A Friend

I believe what ever I desire to exist,  
exists somewhere,  
if not here,  
may be on another solar system,  
or in another galaxy,  
if so,  
there must be a God,  
no, I don't mean the ancient nature,  
I mean someone who interferes in our so many affairs,  
off course, he has left something on our discretion,  
with a limit for thinking and breathing matter.

I believe what ever I desire to have,  
I have it one day,  
and if not,  
this desire is passed on to my next generations,  
still if not,  
I am sure I shall have it in my next life,  
if so,  
there must be a magician,  
who is master of magic,  
and he has given us a little of that magic,  
that appears in love,  
that appears in fine arts,  
that appears in kindness,  
not only to the humans,  
and to the animals,  
but to the matter that is thought to be non-living,  
I am sure the quantum of life in non-living substances  
though tends to zero,  
but it's not zero,  
if so,  
there must be a soul in what ever we feel,  
and when I love someone,  
or someone loves me,  
What a magic is it!  
I have no alternate but to believe in an ancient soul,  
that has no beginning and no end,  
and if this soul is immortal,

how can I say that I am mortal,  
but I shall die one day,  
yes, I shall die,  
the matter will decay in matter,  
and my soul will be merged in the ancient soul.  
There it will enjoy a peaceful sleep,  
and when it will wake,  
I shall find myself in a better world,  
with my beautiful beloved,  
with more charms  
and enchanting sex appeals,  
if so,  
I shall be thankful to my Creator.  
What if it's not so,  
I shall be no more,  
no senses, no feelings,  
and you the athiest!  
You will also be no more,  
and you'll not get an opportunity  
to laugh on my foolish beliefs,  
if not so,  
I promise,  
I shall not laugh at you.  
How I can?  
You are my lovely friend and I love you.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Resolution For A Happy New Year

My Friend Pramila Khadun asks her all friends  
What is their resolution for the New Year?  
If they have any!  
What else I can resolve?  
The tumor of hatred though existed always  
but it's becoming harder everyday  
before it is a deadly stone.  
Let us store the charge of love in our hearts.  
Still a few colder days are left,  
and I think our hearts are like chargeable battery.  
I'm sure it will be charged sufficiently  
by zero hours,  
when 2017 gives a parting kiss to 2018.  
When lights are off for a moment  
let it be a moment of love.  
Allow all of us switching on their hearts  
and smile to see in the light of hearts  
humans kissing humans  
forgetting their colors, beliefs and nations.  
I think the tumor if not melted will be softened.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Salute To A Casual Naught

My salute to a twisting tasty thought,  
three cheers to a nature's nimble naught,  
that melts a finely frozen heart,  
and blank life when turns in an art,  
how we become then over smarts,  
winter's obstacles and all the thwarts,  
scrapped nicely by springs of naughts,  
see on the canvas a green scenery,  
colors appear in a gray greenery,  
a song that breaks the stony silence,  
musical breaths polluting the patience,  
a blue bold moon on the old sky,  
how gives strength to glide and fly,  
like night birds a pigeons' glide,  
like a full moon they excite a tide,  
pigeons open their dormant wings,  
rusty bells are shaken for untimely rings,  
for a new painting the brush is awoken,  
calm of ocean is violently shaken,  
wet and settled is the restless beach,  
mermaids come out to learn and teach,  
Revival of the lesson of forgotten love,  
with a pink smile when sleeps the dove,  
The miracles of love in icy naked nights!  
When beggars disguise as knavish knights!

Akhtar Jawad

# My Shadow

The one who remained out of my sight,  
the one I dreamed in a sleepless night,  
melting my heart in the liquid moonlight,  
looked not found, in a pleasant sun light,  
never turned back and missed a delight,  
chased me all time though not too bright,  
in the dark felt you in my real insight,  
I'm sorry my friend for the over sight.  
Who cares for a friend in a shining light!  
True beauty I saw in a total dark night.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Sweet Addict My Dove

The heart's flirts with the seven roses,  
were merely impulses,  
ended with the changing weathers,  
but a rose of spring,  
blossomed to live for ever,  
you can see its dry petals,  
kept carefully in the book of love!

The birds I saw in the garden,  
merely inspirations,  
ended in poems I wrote,  
I stored beauty,  
you can see a bird in my open cage,  
drunk, not ready to go,  
my sweet addict, my dove!

Akhtar Jawad

## My Teen Age's Toy

Leaving her alone, a thought of pain!  
Personified in a face my fifty years,  
It will not be easy to stop the tears,  
I shall manage; I'll smile once again,  
I know the art of extracting pleasure,  
Hidden very deep in a painful treasure!  
The doll! My years old teen age's toy,  
And magic of love that gave her a life,  
The day she started breathing as a wife,  
The night she made the boy a play boy,  
The time she started feeding her child,  
The moment a granny in love was wild!  
I'm leaving behind my lovely off shoots,  
They will take care of the wrinkled face,  
They will bring back the doll's lost grace,  
In the soil of her bosom are so many roots,  
Clouds of love will rise for the showers,  
My colors and aroma will survive in flowers.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Veiled Enemy

Once or twice,  
Every day,  
A knife wounds my back,  
It's thrown on me,  
From a hidden destination,  
I don't know why?  
It has been thrown on me!  
If my enemy has a purpose  
Of this uncalled game,  
He should come forward,  
And say boldly,  
Don't utter such words,  
Don't send such messages,  
Otherwise,  
You will be fired,  
And turned out,  
No allowed to travel,  
On the road of your ideals!

I shall leave the road,  
And enter the forest,  
Of wild animals,  
Who shall attack on me,  
With a purpose I know,  
To remove their hunger.  
These wild animals,  
And beasts of the forests,  
Remain unveiled,  
Much better than a man,  
Like my veiled enemy.

These knives are tokens,  
Of the enemy in curtains,  
Just say one thing,  
I dislike your words,  
I dislike your messages,  
My Dear Enemy,  
Please let me know,

As to where I am wrong,  
As to what I am wrong?  
I assure you dear,  
I shall redress your grievances,  
Your knives are like pins,  
Just a drop of blood,  
Is lost from my heart!

Show the moral courage,  
if you have it, I doubt,  
And let me know,  
How I can make you happy,  
I want to see a smile on your face,  
But if you don't show me,  
Your charming eyes,  
I shall have no alternate,  
Shall be constrained to say,  
Your eyes are ugly!  
Better for us, it's veiled and unseen.  
As enough blood I have,  
For millions of your knives,  
Go on throwing more knives at me.

Akhtar Jawad

# My Woman

How sweet is the salt of the earth, Oh Skies!  
The world is a lie but I love its lies.  
Canals of honey may be tasty and nice,  
how can I pay its too high price!  
Water of canals that flows on the earth,  
send an Angel to rate its worth.  
Behind the skies no sun no moon,  
pleasant morning and romantic noon,  
aurora of the evening and stars of the night!  
my life on the earth is shining and bright!

I'm ready to be wet in the bright sunlight,  
ahead of me is a soothing moonlight.  
I need rains of the summer storms,  
the winter is pleasant in the soft hot arms.  
Your flying fairy is a fanatic dream,  
daughter of Eve is a warming ice-cream.  
I don't want a charming bar attender,  
my woman in herself is a wine of splendor.  
I know fairies of your garden are charming,  
my woman is both, cooling and warming!

Akhtar Jawad

# Mysterious Messages

Since I wrote a few poems against the terror,  
And against the war fever,  
I started getting messages at ,  
From females describing their age in early twenties,  
I am romantic by nature and my poems make my image,  
As a man of lust who can do anything for the women,  
They all wanted to know my email address,  
So that they can tell me more privately,  
Promising to send their photographs to me,  
I have seen the world, at least the sub-continent,  
I didn't give my address to anyone,  
Why someone wants my email address,  
Does he want to threaten me,  
Or to get some work from me,  
I don't know and I don't want to know,  
Yes, I love the beauty of women,  
But I am not a slave of sex,  
Moreover I am seventy,  
Sex is no more a problem for me,  
Let it be known to all.

## Poet's Note

1.(From:

Marylenn Flreyaa (United Kingdom ;)

To:

Akhtar Jawad

Date Time:

8/4/2015 12: 16: 00 PM (GMT -6: 00)

Subject:

Hello.

Hello.

How are you doing,

my name is Miss Marylin,

please i have something to discussed with you, please contact me directly to my  
email ID AT: (marylinfreyaa10101@)

:

Isuto999 999 (United States ;)

To:

Akhtar Jawad

Date Time:

6/9/2015 8: 58: 00 AM (GMT -6: 00)

Subject:

hi

"Hi? Greeting

I have read your profile some minutes ago?

& I is my pleasure to write to you? I'd like to get to know you a chance to discuss an important issue? & we can share great experiences together, I'm sorry if i am embarrassing you i don, t mean so i think you are a nice person & there is something important i want to share with you, Therefore we request you to kindly contact us to E-mail address (Vivianaisatou@) not in this site because i am a new in this community and i don't visit this site often,

I would very much appreciate to get a reply from you further discuss as i will reply with additional information about e contact me at your convenience.

Thank your for your consideration.

Sincerely,

From:

Younes (DAKAR Senegal; Female; 24)

To:

Akhtar Jawad

Date Time:

6/6/2015 9: 15: 00 AM (GMT -6: 00)

Subject:

HI DEAR

How are you today, i hope you are doing fine, my name is Genna i wish to be in contact with you.

you can write to me in my private mailbox at(emmvera@) it will help us to know our self

very well, i will be happy to hear from a good day

na Isatou.

:

Lisa Baby (United States ;)

To:

Akhtar Jawad

Date Time:

2/25/2015 2: 08: 00 PM (GMT -6: 00)

Subject:

PLEASURE IS MINE.

I am delighted to write you having come in contact. Please write me via my ID (lisaduke68@) i want to share with you greatly details about me, do not deter

thanks.

And many more)

Akhtar Jawad

# Naat (Jo Dilon Ko Fatha Kar Le Wuhi Fatahe Zamana)

Karoon keyun na unki midhat main barang-e aashiquana,  
Ke kalam lam yazal bhi hay batarz-e walehana.  
Yeh kheyal shah-e-batha mere qalb ka wazoo hay,  
Meri rooh ki ibadat hay yeh zikr-e-walehana.  
Yeh jahan mein kaun aaya ke gire sanam zameen per,  
Hua shar shikasta aakhir mite shirk-o-shakhsana.  
Uthi rang ki quabahat miti nasb ki seadat,  
Koi pehle istarah se na badal saka zamana.  
Usi quom ko ke shohrat jise juhl ke sabab thi,  
Mile wuh to ilm-o-fan ki bani bebaha khazana.  
Hayn moarrekheen shashdar na mili kaji kahin bhi,  
Pari poori zindigi per wuh nigah-e-naquidana.  
Mujhe apni rah-e-fitrat pe nuqush pa mile hayn,  
Na to tarz-e-raghibana na tarueeq-e-rahibana.  
Wuh sadaquat-o-amanat ke udoo bhi de gawahi,  
Wuh bashar ke jismein shar kutch nahin pa saka zamana.  
Abhi noor-e-wahi-e-Rab se wuh huey na the munawar,  
Wuh chirag-e-zaufishan they bakamal-e-aarifana.  
Wuh laquab hay jinka ummi wuhi quata-e-jahalat,  
Wuhi ilm-o-fan mein yekta wuhi nadir-o-yagana.  
Jo bhi us zuban se nikla wuh murassa-e-zia hay,  
Wuh quloob jinmein utra wuhi mahwish-e-zamana.  
Jo shikasta dil ko jore wuh habib-e-kibriya hay,  
Jo dilon ko fatha kar le wuhi fatah-e-zamana.

(Bamisra-e-tarah: Jo dilon ko fatha kar le wuhi fatah-e-zamana by Jigar Muradabadi)

Akhtar Jawad

## Naat-E Rasool

Bajuz Allah aalatar Muhammad mustafa wuh hayn,  
Kisi ki bhi too midhat kar husool-e-kul sana wuh hayn.  
Sadaf ek nadir-o-athar tahe bahre hira wuh hayn,  
Ata aisay kiye gauhar ke tanveer-e-huda hayn.  
Nahin kutch unse roshan tar zia-e-meherha wuh hayn,  
Malaik keya khuda jinper padhe salle ala wuh hayn.  
Chatai unka hay bistar magar lutf-o-ata wuh hayn,  
Bandhe hayn pet per pathar shahe jood-o-sakha wuh hayn.  
Nahin ab koi hay barhkar ke ab farmanrawa wuh hayn,  
Medina sa nahin kishwar ke ab kishwar kusha wuh hayn.  
Wuhi hayn saqi-e-kausar shafi-e-bariza wuh hayn,  
Safi-e-dawar-e-mahshar imam-il-anbia wuh ahyn.  
Khabar keya layega Akhtar muqam-e-larisa wuh hayn,  
Bas ab khamosh ho kahkar habib-e-kibria wuh hayn.

Akhtar Jawad

## Naat-Zaufishan Nabi Hayn

Hayn jinse ard-o-sama darakhshan wuh khawar-e-dojahan nabi hayn,  
Wuhi to hayn rashk-e-mah-e-kinaan munawar-o-zaufishan nabi hayn.  
Na sirf roshan hay daru-ul-insan shaheer-e-kaun-o-makan nabi hayn,  
Hay malik-ul-hamd khud sanakhawan waheed-e-haft aasman nabi hayn.  
Wuh hadi-e-kul jinan-o-insan imam-e-karrubian nabi hayn,  
Hay aap hi ki sifat quraan khuda ka husn-e-beyan nabi hayn.  
Sahaba ban kar gulab mehke shamim rashk-e-adan hay unki,  
Wuh bagh keyun kar na ho baharan ke jiske khud baghban nabi hayn.  
Naseem-e-sahri hay wahy-e-rabbi yeh lab yunhi muntazir rahen ge,  
Wuh aayee aur khil gayeen yeh kaliyan chahar su gulfishan nabi hayn.  
Har ek ada mukhtalif hay jinki juda rahi shan-e-fatehana,  
Jo jeet le qualb-e-dushman-e-jan wuh fatah-o-kamran nabi hayn.  
Hay farq bas yeh ke abr-e-naisan wih ban ke sahra mein aaye warna,  
Jo sab jahanon pe barse yeksan karam ka abr-e-rawan nabi nabi hayn.  
Nahin hay kutch zad-e-rah lekin main mutmain hoon safar mein apne,  
Jab unka hun keyun rahoon parishan ke ghairon per meherban nabi hayn.

Akhtar Jawad

# Naltar Valley

They met on the beach of Hawks Bay at Karachi,  
they met on the tombs of sufi saints at Multan,  
they met at Sheesh Mahal in the fort of Lahore,  
beaches and deserts of Sindh,  
and green plains of Punjab,  
forests and gardens and the rivers,  
witnessed them and realized,  
they have something in their hearts,  
that is yet to be told.

How to make them bold?

Nature send them to the Naltar valley  
and they fell in love with the beauty of the valley.  
When they saw two hills running side by side  
and meeting at a point where nothing exists  
except a kiss in love,  
they came close,  
so close that lips ceased the lips,  
words were left for the eyes,  
still nothing was told by them.

(Naltar is famous for its colorful lakes, it is situated at a drive of 2.5 hours from Gilgit. World)

Akhtar Jawad

# Namak Chakh Jahyo Pakora Garam Hay (Ek Aur Bhojpuri Lok Geet)

Cycle pe apni tum aihyo balamji,  
Malmal ka kurta bhijayho balamji,  
Dhoti ko apni bachahiyho balamji,  
Kahenge sab logwa bada besharam ba.

Chamkat bijuriya hay barsat hay badra,  
Sara bhae jawat hay nainon ka kajra,  
Abhi se toota jawat hay hathon ka gajra,  
Choli mori bheeji hay sari bhi nam ba.

Imli ke dane bhi layho balamji,  
Podine ki chatni banayho balamji,  
Andarse mohe lake khilayho balamji,  
Ulti mohe aawe hay tora karam ba.

Saiyan tumhi bolo hamar ka kasoor,  
Chautha mahina hay tham lo nupoor,  
Sasu man bolat hay rahyo jara door,  
Betwa hamar bahut besharam hay.

Bagia mein chupkar do inton ka choolha,  
Badi kathinai se kona hay khoja,  
Chappar lgakar banaya hay mandwa,  
Nahin tum aaye to sara bhasam ba.

Sas nanad se chupakar hay phenta,  
Besan mein mirchi milakar hay goondha,  
Sarson ke telwa mein phoola pakora,  
Namak chakh jayho pakora garam ba.

Akhtar Jawad

# Nativitas

To go back to the native lands,  
With a pure soul, neat clean hands,  
From a land, where a visitor came,  
For giving birth to a glitter fame,  
Living like gold in the acids undue  
In love of the sons to give a rescue,  
With a skirt shining and in tact,  
With delicious feeding, nice to react,  
Event of assumption of Mother Marry,  
See my doll she looks a fairy,  
Going to a feed of a lovely assumption,  
A Muslim doll whose friend is a Christian.

Akhtar Jawad

# Nature

A romantic exciting amazing full moon night,  
winds were playing with shy soft flowers,  
stars were striping behind the clouds,  
and clouds were providing the tangent showers,  
I received a call from someone unknown,  
all I have, to you I have shown,  
now wishing sweet and happy dreams,  
go and swim in your earthly streams.

Akhtar Jawad

## Nature (Translation Of My Urdu Poem Fitrat)

A butterfly in the sun lights a glowworm in moon lights  
you have so many faces and all are enchanting  
when I close my eyes and think of you  
you become a colorful and fragrant flower  
when I open my eyes and look at you  
I see you in all the seven colors  
when it's too dark within me and lack my vision  
in a palanquin of a full moon you smile like a bride  
why don't you meet on the bank of a river, I'm loving,  
but you go on dancing with the waves of the river  
without you my complexion is becoming dark like Krishna  
though you appear as a Radha with stars like your mates  
when my heart and soul start burning  
with the pleasant winds you come as clouds  
I am restless with your thirst and fumes evolve from my brain  
I think to welcome my death but you then come as rains  
I don't know who are you but I know you are mine  
since long and forever I am yours, own me,  
whoever and wherever I want to see you naked  
but you hide yourself in a semitransparent aurora  
In the sweet tunes of music and in my poetry, it's you,  
but you disguise as my beloved woman and meet me.

Akhtar Jawad

## Nature A Comment On Sn Saul's Poem "In Midst"

A silhouette is better than your nude,  
my imagination is a brush,  
colors you have scattered here,  
I shall color it and send it to you,  
could you stripe and stand before a mirror,  
your colors are infinite,  
one day could you color yourself as I want to see you,  
for me,  
for a day only,  
naughty and teasing unkind, ruthless egoist,  
still I love you sweetheart!

Akhtar Jawad

# Nature And The Poet

In a night of full moon and sleepy stars  
when his eyes started traveling up in the skies  
she looked at him with a humiliating smile  
she thought  
how he could climb to the closed windows  
and see her striping in her room.  
The sun was guarding the room from the rear.  
And moon with his army of billion stars  
was in front of the room.  
She forgot the Milky Ways  
Always open for the lovers.  
She ignored a crazy lover.  
She ignored the tree of love  
she has herself planted.  
She forgot the winds that bring the branches  
with thousands of green leaves  
kissing the transparent glasses.  
The loving tree struck the glasses  
with colorful perfumed flowers  
but could not break it.  
She never knew her love is mightier than her,  
and can perform miracles unseen  
His hot sighs and hot tears melted the glass  
and while striping she saw him in front of her  
She did her best to conceal her smile of adore,  
Being failed  
she had no alternate but to hide herself in his arms.  
The naughty visitor returned the smile  
and said, My Fair Lady! Dress up,  
dress up yourself in the best dress you have  
we shall walk on the Milky Ways,  
so we must look like a lovely couple.  
Miss Nature if anyone asks your name  
reply confidently you are Mrs. Poet.  
Let me whisper in your ears  
These illiterate guards of the highways  
though not afraid of anyone else  
but are always afraid of an exposing poet.



# Naughty First Meeting

Let me tell you one thing, I know your past,  
Someone still unknown is sleeping in your heart,  
Someone loved you deeply,  
Often teased you cheaply,  
Someone send you flowers,  
On your birth day hours,  
And unanimous letters  
On perfumed nice papers,  
The love letters were pink like roses,  
That praised your beauty and exposes,  
The letters carried his warmth of emotion,  
His liking and madness his love and devotion,  
How crazy was he who called you on phones,  
Annoyed you every day with the phonic tones,  
Many times you told you dislike and hate,  
You prefer to die than being his mate,  
But you lied yourself and you knew it well,  
You liked that boy but couldn't you tell,  
One thing is definite, he loved you so much,  
I doubt I can love in a manner as such.

She smiled and said you foolish lovely boy,  
It were you I knew my lifelong toy.  
I am here with you because I knew,  
My delicious chocolate my tasty chew.

Akhtar Jawad

# Nawaz And Narendra

The rivals met in the city of gardens,  
icy hands though couldn't be heated,  
coldness decreased to a certain extent,  
but the true love story is still awaited.

Welcoming promises from the parting year,  
I am hopeful for a happy friendly New Year.  
Coexistence and friendship are really dear,  
why to pass our lives in hate and fear.

So what if careers are at the stake,  
ignore reservations of the radical rots,  
historians have removed the dust from pens,  
water has been added in the golden ink pots.

Wishes and greetings of a happy new year,  
try to get written in your names with gold,  
billions are in need of a hot warm hug,  
be more realistic, beautiful and bold.

Akhtar Jawad

# Nectar Of Love (A Comment On Valsa George's Poem When The Sky Rained Nectar)

When I am in need of nectar the sky rains nectar,  
but sometimes when I forget my sun,  
it rains fires and heat strokes.

It happens in love, after passing a restless day,  
when I tell the tale of a sleeping princess,  
and the moon sleeps on my right arm.

I feel a touch on my vacant left arm,  
and I wonder how the sun has become so cool,  
to make the sun smile I tell once again already told jokes.

Suddenly the clouds rise and start raining,  
moon smiles in his dreams, lips of the sun busy in that moment  
tasting delicious nectar of love, its sweetness and its charm!

Akhtar Jawad

# Need

Fire is extinguished but the ashes are hot,  
Nature writes a story with the same old plot,  
How naughty is she with a coin for the slot,

Moves the machine for a new lovely game,  
The pointer rotates and stops at your name,  
Comes back to you like a pet that is tame,

The eyes are filled with the light of past,  
Heart beats are louder once again at last,  
And the soul is up with a big bang blast,

Emotions spread, universe is created,  
The dormant love by a shake is treated,  
Weather is changed cold winds are heated,

The universe so created is confined in a heart,  
And the heart is hot for the poetry and art,  
Romantic poem outcomes after thwart!

You were a need you are still a need,  
For you and your love is the childish greed,  
The embryo of love is dormant in the seed,

In the courtship embryo came out as romance,  
In the union of life as the pleasure of dance,  
When flowers sprung what a beauty at a glance!

You have been always a source of joy,  
I never took you just merely a toy,  
You are still my girl, me the old playboy,

Play is different but its spirit is the same,  
See beauty in this lovely nice rimed game,  
If I have any fame it's just your name,

You are still the essence of all my deeds,  
You only you, you are need of the needs,  
Thoughts and dreams are merely your seeds!

Akhtar Jawad

# Neelofer

What will be the fate of a nation waiting to welcome,  
A message of destruction from the annoyed nature,  
Yes, at the moment its intensity is low like a warning,  
For the people and the leaders for their foolish caricature!

They have given a beautiful name to a possible cyclone,  
Neelofer, inspiration of poets, the beautiful blue flowers,  
They show their passion and exclaim it hasn't come yet!  
We shall sing and dance and enjoy the exciting showers.

My Lord! Kindly forgive them for their foolish ignorance,  
They don't know what they are asking as your lovely boon,  
They desire a massive rock to hit the earth for pretty fireworks,  
As if it will come with love and romance like a lovely full moon.

My Lord! The children are ignorant if they play with snakes,  
Please be kind enough as you have been in the past,  
Another Noah's Arch, you too don't want, I believe,  
Please, we deserve, still I pray, save us from the blast!

Akhtar Jawad

# Ne'er Asked My Skirt To Dance With Me

Ne'er asked my hairs to scatter on my back,  
When started dancing I was dressed and pack,  
But the ecstasy of dance one by one,  
Did something that couldn't be undone,  
Ne'er knew my skirt will rise to a height,  
And my landscapes may become so bright,  
Ne'er asked anyone to romance with me,  
Ne'er asked my skirt to dance with me!

Now walk and fall on my dead cold slips,  
With starring your eyes on static hips,  
You may kiss a photograph of frozen lips.  
Hot was exposed for a moment's sips,  
For living lenses who twinkle for the arts,  
For living humans who breath with hearts.  
Could feel the impulse of a glance with me!  
Ne'er asked my skirt to dance with me!

With your dead lenses you captured it,  
You yellow journalist you deserve a shit,  
Now go and sell it to the needy media,  
Promoters of sensation the greedy mafia,  
Not a piece of meat, no, no, never,  
In the garbage bin are bones, however,  
Not a date with me, not a chance with me,  
Ne'er asked my skirt to dance with me!

Akhtar Jawad

# Neither Mortal Nor Immortal

I wonder,  
where is the line that separates the object and its image,  
I cannot deny,  
I cannot remain silent,  
neither I am Bertand Russel  
nor Budha,  
I am sure there is such a line.

One day,  
I shall cross the line of control,  
the image will cease to be,  
I am moving closer to that line,  
day by day,  
neither I am mortal nor immortal.

Akhtar Jawad

# New Forms Of Poetry

When religious scholars become politicians  
religion is fabricated.

When justices become politicians  
law is manipulated.

When generals become politicians  
country is disintegrated.

When poets become politicians  
new forms of poetry are invented.

Akhtar Jawad

# New Morning, New Light

Oh! Abstract creativity!  
All praise and dignity!  
I'm merely a dress,  
With strain and stress,

Wear me, wear me,  
Why don't you see?  
I am in darkness,  
I need your brightness.

I want to be brightened,  
Please make me enlightened  
With a silky pious light,  
In this moonless night.

So short is the life!  
And age is the knife!  
I had always been waiting!  
In your book my rating!

The new sun so bright,  
Making myself a light,  
Making me enlightened,  
More shining more brightened,

New morning of creation,  
With a new generation,  
Decorating, the souls in painful distresses,  
With colorful dresses,

Shall awake in descendants, confident and sure,  
Like a rainbow after rains.  
Having remedy and cure,  
No pains, no strains.

(Being inspired by Ruma Chaudhry's Bengali poem 'Alor Prokashay')

Akhtar Jawad

# Night

I see a beautiful bride in a palanquin  
In a bridal dress her hidden charms!  
It's Moon the only carrier of it  
With a pleasing load on his arms.

Naughty winds removing the curtains  
Clouds the friends hiding her beauty  
The carrier happy with a sexy glimpse  
Half eyes for joy and half for duty.

Uncountable are the twinkling stars  
Still she's counting during the ride  
Slowly walking on the Milky Ways  
Procession is marching with a bride.

Just before the dawn on the gates  
The bride came out as a morning star  
Being hugged by the groom, her sun,  
Disappeared to appear as evening star.

Akhtar Jawad

# Night Is For Love

Life makes its way to bloom,  
like a bride who meets her groom,  
let us pass it in love,  
before death expels us  
from this decorated  
ecstatic wedding room,  
do not sleep, do not dream,  
loose your arms in the stream.

Let us pass this lovely night,  
in a dry wash of moonlight,  
hide yourself in the moon,  
seek some beauty from stars,  
poke the sky from a finger,  
share a ray and turn bright,  
wash all the dirt of hate,  
I'm the writer of my fate.

Ahead of you, fatigues of a day,  
the sun will bake the clay,  
before when we are baked,  
be mixed and turned in dough,  
the sun is still far away.  
we shall reshape as utensils,  
pick the box of pencils.

Close the door and the window  
save the vessel from a blow  
paint colorful flowers with  
a soul of love showers  
the vessel of life is rainbow,  
come on sun make it dry,  
and fix it on the sky.

Akhtar Jawad

# No More Promises

If you want to improve one's tomorrow  
start it from one's today.  
To improve tomorrow is merely a promise for the future,  
but if one's today is so much painful  
that one closes his eyes,  
one is already dreaming a beautiful tomorrow,  
one's dreams are better for one than that of yours,  
touch his heart without any further delay,  
so that one opens his closed eyes,  
finds a friend to heal his wounds,  
one needs your help and your relieving words,  
right now when one is in a deadly pain,  
tomorrow never comes,  
do it right now,  
no promises no more delay.  
Everything has a beauty hidden in it  
The hidden beauty of a lovely friend  
are his immediate helping hands  
or at least a few words of sympathy  
that may reduce one's pains.  
No more promises  
no more assurance of a bright future,  
no more promises.  
As a friend you know  
one's wounds are due to the broken promises.

Akhtar Jawad

# No Simile For Muhammad The Worthy Of Praise

Truthful and right, a sun so bright,  
A heavenly light, no simile for Muhammad,  
It could only be described, Holy Book when I cribbed,  
On my heart it's inscribed, no simile for Muhammad,

King of holy places, of all hearts and faces,  
A leader of the races, no simile for Muhammad,  
Feet dust are the dyes, soothing for wet eyes,  
A comfort of skies, no simile for Muhammad,

In a valley of illiterates, a few faithful mates,  
He changed the fates, no simile for Muhammad,  
The skies in his access, a journey of no recess,  
And a model of success, no simile for Muhammad,

Un-blessed was the none, I am also the one,  
He obliged everyone, no simile for Muhammad,  
He was so tolerant, he was never arrogant;  
He said what he meant, no simile for Muhammad,

In discrimination was demoted, equality promoted,  
He was Godly emoted, no simile for Muhammad,  
A leader so tall, what a guide for all!  
Gave a timely call, no simile for Muhammad!

(With thanks to Wikipaedia

The Last Sermon of The Holy Prophet

'All praise is due to Allah, so we praise Him, and seek His pardon and we turn to Him. We seek refuge with Allah from the evils of ourselves and from the evil consequences of our deeds. Whom Allah guides aright there is none to lead him astray; and there is none to guide him aright whom Allah leads astray. I bear witness that there is no God but Allah, the One, having no partner with Him. His is the sovereignty and to Him is due all praise. He grants life and causes death and is Powerful over everything. There is no God but Allah, the One; He fulfilled His promise and granted victory to His bondsman, and He alone routed the confederates (of the enemies of Islam) .

O' People! Listen to my words, for I do not know whether we shall ever meet again and perform Hajj after this year. O' Ye people! Allah says, O' people We

created you from one male and one female and made you into tribes and nations, so as to be known to one another. Verily in the sight of Allah, the most honored amongst you is the one who is most God-fearing. There is no superiority for an Arab over a non-Arab and for a non-Arab over an Arab, nor for the white over the black nor for the black over the white except in God-consciousness. All mankind is the progeny of Adam and Adam was fashioned out of clay. Behold; every claim of privilege whether that of blood or property, is under my heels except that of the custody of the Ka'bah and supplying of water to the pilgrims, O' people of Quraish, don't appear (on the Day of Judgment) with the burden of this world around your necks, whereas other people may appear (before the Lord) with the rewards of the hereafter. In that case I shall avail you naught against Allah.

Behold! All practice of the days of ignorance are now under my feet. The blood revenges of the days of ignorance are remitted. The first claim on blood I abolish is that of Ibn Rabi'ah bin Harith who was nursed in the tribe of Sa'ad and whom the Hudhayls killed. All interest and usurious dues accruing from the times of ignorance stand wiped out. And the first amount of interest that I remit is that which Abbas ibn Abd-al Muttalib had to receive. Verily it is remitted entirely. O' people! Verily your blood, your property and your honor are sacred and inviolable until you appear before your Lord, as the sacred inviolability of this day of yours, this month of yours and this very town (of yours) . Verily you will soon meet your Lord and you will be held answerable for your actions.

O' people! Verily you have got certain rights over your women and your women have certain rights over you. It is your right upon them to honor their conjugal rights, and not to commit acts of impropriety, which if they do, you are authorized by Allah to separate them from your beds and chastise them, but not severely, and if they refrain, then clothe and feed them properly.

Behold! It is not permissible for a woman to give anything from the wealth of her husband to anyone but with his consent.

Treat the women kindly, since they are your helpers and not in a position to manage their affairs themselves. Fear Allah concerning women, for verily you have taken them on the security of Allah and have made their persons lawful unto you by words of Allah.

O' people! Allah, the Mighty and Exalted, has ordained to every one his due share (of inheritance) . Hence there is no need (of special) testament for an heir (departing from the rules laid down by the Shari'ah) .

The child belongs to the marriage-bed and the violator of wedlock shall be stoned. And Reckoning of their (deeds) rests with Allah.

He who attributes his ancestry to other than his father or claims his clientship to other than his master, the curse of Allah is upon him.

All debts must be repaid, all borrowed property must be returned, gifts should be reciprocated and a surety must make good the loss to the assured.

Beware! No one committing a crime is responsible for it but himself. Neither the child is responsible for the crime of his father, nor the father is responsible for the crime of his child.

Nothing of his brother is lawful for a Muslim except what he himself gives willingly. So do not wrong yourselves.

O' People! Every Muslim is the brother of every other Muslim, and all the Muslims form one brotherhood. And your slaves; see that you feed them with such food as you eat yourselves, and clothe them with the clothes that you yourselves wear.

Take heed not to go astray after me and strike one another's necks. He who (amongst you) has any trust with him, he must return it to its owner.

O' people! Listen and obey, though a mangled Abyssinian slave is appointed your Amir, provided he executes (the Ordinance of) the Book of Allah among you.

O' people! No Prophet would be raised after me and no new Ummah (would be formed) after you.

Verily I have left amongst you that which will never lead you astray, the Book of Allah, which if you hold fast you shall never go astray.

And beware of transgressing the limits set in the matters of religion, for it is transgression of (the proper bounds of) religion that brought destruction to many people before you.

Verily, the Satan is disappointed at never being worshiped in this land of yours, but he will be pleased by obedience in anything (short of worship that is) in matters you may be disposed to think insignificant, so beware of him in your matters of religion.

Behold! Worship your Lord; offer prayers five times a day; observe fast in the month of Ramadhaan; pay readily the Zakat (poor due) on your property; and perform pilgrimage to the House of God and obey your rulers and you will be admitted to the Paradise of your Lord.

Let him that is present, convey it unto him who is absent, for many people to whom the message is conveyed may be more mindful of it than the audience.

And if you were asked about me, what would you say? '

They answered, 'We bear witness that you have conveyed the trust (of religion) and discharged your ministry of Prophet hood and looked to our welfare.'

Thereupon Allah's Messenger (may peace be upon him) lifted his forefinger towards the sky and then pointing towards people said:

'O' Lord: You bear witness unto it.

O' Lord: You bear witness unto it.' (Khutbat-ul-Hajjatul Wida, Seerat Ibne Hesham)

Akhtar Jawad

# No Sir, It's 21st. Century

No Sir, I regret,  
I can't fight this war,  
This is not the age of chivalry,  
When decisive was cavalry,  
When morale was to physical,  
Is as eight is to one,  
This is not the age of valor,  
No more miracles,  
No more wonders,  
In the past, battles were won,  
On the playing fields at Eton.  
This is the age of ground realities,  
Why not you realize,  
Modern wars are total wars,  
Bringing death and destruction,  
To innocent women and children.

Many nations have weapons,  
So furious so deadly,  
They can destroy in minutes,  
Entire human race,  
And being a human,  
I can not face.  
Your terror can't be lasting,  
Every thing has an end,  
Your terror gave birth,  
The illicit children,  
The proxy wars,  
Returned on innocent,  
And helpless people.

You will lose ultimately,  
This war is futile,  
You shall leave behind,  
Hates and distances.  
Our coming generations,  
Will face the consequences,  
As we are facing.  
The deeds of the past,

Reflected and refracted,  
Burning body and soul.  
Don't put the clock back,  
Please learn the lesson,  
Of coexistence.  
It's the path of survival,  
You preach me to join,  
A war self imposed,  
No sir, It's 21st. century.

Akhtar Jawad

# No Tomorrow No Today Just This Moment

No, I can't wait till tomorrow.  
In love there is no yesterday  
and there is no tomorrow.  
In love it's a moment only  
not even today.  
And here is the moment in that  
I forgot the strife of yesterday  
when you appeared hysterical and indecent.  
I don't know how you will appear tomorrow.  
At the moment there's a smile on your lips,  
you are in a sleeveless night gown  
and it suits to you.  
The glimpses are amazing!  
You are talking sweetly  
and you are looking so beautiful!  
It's a moment of beauty for me,  
in that a kiss can perform the miracles.  
We may go back even in our lovely past.  
No tomorrow, no today, just this moment!

Akhtar Jawad

# Noise

Let me leave this annoying crowd  
to a pleasant loneliness,  
what a hell! Sweats in the winter,  
smells, some tolerable but some intolerable,  
what a noise! And the song played on a shop of music,  
a beautiful lyric, a beautiful tune, a lovely music,  
that could have carried my soul on a beach,  
leaving my body on a dining chair,  
of a gem packed restaurant,  
and my soul would have been pleased,  
to watch and touch the beauty of my choice,  
without any fears,  
of being caught red handed.

Alas! My coward soul is so annoyed of the noise,  
sometimes peeps out like a mouse from the hole,  
sees bulky cats talking loudly,  
laughing loudly,  
and eating sharply,  
being frightened once again it hides his face,  
but once when a fat cat while eating,  
laughed wildly on a joke,  
and faced consequences of the laughter,  
my soul was relieved a little,  
smiled and relaxed!

Akhtar Jawad

## Nook And Fluke (Being Inspired By Valsa George's Poem From Nook To Fluke)

Happy in my concentric life,  
My friend says it was a nook,  
A fluke brought paper and pen  
And I wrote a book!

When my unseen friends  
Read it and admired  
The fluke smiled and said  
"This is what you desired."

A fluke pulls out from the loneliness  
My divorce to the ugly nooks,  
Wonderful friends now I can see  
Exposing their beauty in their books!

Akhtar Jawad

# Not Enemy A Traditional Rival

I don't like to call you as my enemy  
You are just my traditional rival  
In love we both need a rivalry  
For the sake of love and its survival!

Watching together a thrilling match  
You support your side and me mine's  
The match that ends with an exciting catch  
Is the real beauty that enshrines!

Latter in a restaurant's pleasant chill  
Supporter of the losing side smiles and says  
You have won and you should pay the bill  
To express the love there are lovely ways!

Akhtar Jawad

# Nothing Is Left

Give me if anything is left for me  
take back if something is left with me  
I am planning the last adventure.  
What should I give you now  
relieve me of my all burdens  
let me become so much light  
let me become so much bright  
that I may travel like light  
at a speed on that I become invisible  
and I cheat the Angels  
who are waiting for me with a book of charge sheet  
let me join the streams of great souls  
let me join the eternal river  
and merge in the eternal ocean,  
before I am tried for my sins.  
I am the accused who has no replies to the charges framed  
against him.

Akhtar Jawad

# Novelty ?????

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## Novelty

There is no novelty in the old game  
Nature has written it with love my dame  
When I am one of Adams be one of the Eves  
For the forbidden fruit we should be the thieves  
We can't have new in every new moment  
Idiots! Nothing new in the new and nascent!

## Nyapn

is khel ka andaz bdlte nahiN dekha  
qudrat ne baRi chah se qanoon hay likha  
maiN bn geya preetm to bano tum bhi to preti  
le aao woH phl phir jise baba ne tha chakha  
hr lamha neya kuch koi laye bhala kaise  
kmbkht ne pn meN neya kuch nahiN rakha

## Akhtar Jawad

## Now It's Your Turn Africa

Everyone has touched the apex of time,  
I see with joy climax of time,  
The clock struck all parts of the planet,  
Now I listen to the drums and clarinet,  
The clock slowly moves but it moves,  
Nature is just and honest in grooves,  
You remained a victim of worst imperialism,  
Exploitation and injustice of ugly colonialism,  
Slowly but surely the needle is moving,  
The divine weaver is busy in weaving,  
A lovely and colorful dress for you,  
A happy prosperous redress for you,  
You will forget your entire past grievance,  
I salute to your nice and great tolerance,  
Make preparations for your rimes Africa,  
Ahead of you lovely times Africa!  
Wish you good luck for the morning bell,  
Now it's your turn Africa that I smell.

Akhtar Jawad

# Nude

How ugly was the nature's masculine craft,  
so He attached with it a feminine craft,  
their nude is now a work of art!

Akhtar Jawad

# Number Nine

Life is an enchanted palace,  
every room has a door,  
that opens in another room,  
the seven rooms,  
appear a rainbow to him,  
in every room there is a charm for him,  
but when he enters the eighth room,  
it's a dark room where he is lost,  
and never comes back to let us know,  
where opens the door of the eighth dark room!  
let me believe and dream,  
number nine is mine,  
it's lovely and fine!

Akhtar Jawad

## Often Based On A Ghazal By Aarzoo Mehek

You are in habit of avoiding me often?  
But you are in habit of loving me often!  
I am in habit of erasing me in love,  
for erasing I love writing me often.  
Loneliness is the cause of my craziness,  
But I love a lonely roaming often.  
Promises he loves to make so much,  
with a habit of denying me often!  
In your love I've earned a too bad name,  
thanks for your love framing me often.  
Sufficient for sinking, your too deep eyes,  
a naughtiness too crazing me often.  
Oh pleasure of love, the peace you provide,  
is followed by fires burning me often.

(I admit I could not capture the beauty of Arzoo Mehek's famous Urdu Ghazal)

Akhtar Jawad

# Oh Drunken Sweet Wind! Just An Only Night

Perfumed silky hairs and black eyes,  
Exposing symbols of youth on skies,  
Oh! Lovely wet winds, keep it hidden,  
I know for you it's nothing forbidden,  
Welcome the beauty of a charming face,  
Purified soul of the clouds with a grace,  
The dance of lips is warming and exciting,  
Allow the clouds to remain in sighting,  
Don't add fuel to the fired instincts,  
It's better to live with attired instincts,  
Let the clouds hide the inverted cup,  
The moon, the stars all I see high up,  
Only pleasant showers, I cannot abide  
All other things that clouds do hide,  
How thirsty you are why don't you drink,  
Be humid and stop, let the clouds now blink,  
Let the clouds shower a pleasure and delight,  
Oh Drunken Sweet Wind! Just an only night!

(Based on my Hindi poem Bas Ek Raina Aiy Mast Pawan available at )

Akhtar Jawad

# Oh God! Where Are You

Oh God where are you?

I am here,

standing on the gates of my house,

I have to lodge a complaint against my grandfather,

I broke his eye glasses,

And, today, he brought candies and chocolates

for my brother and sisters,

but not for me!

He didn't forgive me!

I swear I saw him once in strife with my grandmother,

he was too angry,

he broke a cup of tea,

and a plate of snacks,

promise me you will not forgive him.

And god disguised himself,

a woman came from inside house,

whispered in the ears of child,

your grandfather has forgiven you,

for you he has brought double of that

what he brought for your brother

and your sisters,

I know where he has kept the packet for you,

at the moment he is sleeping,

come and take it from there,

it's not stealing as it is kept for you,

and the child came silently and slowly like a cat

opened the drawers without any sound

took the packet and went out of the room.

The old man with a side glance,

watched the granddaughter,

and her grandmother,

smiled and really slept.

Akhtar Jawad

# Oh How Crazy I Am In Love

With the same old familiar touch,  
with your hand in my hand,  
walk with me for the last time.  
Oh how crazy I am in love!

I am lying on a bed at his shoulders,  
and it's not a bed of roses.  
Still dreaming a touch!  
Oh how crazy I am in love!

He is leaving me alone,  
deceiving me for the last time.  
Still dreaming a kiss!  
Oh how crazy I am in love!

But he is my love,  
before leaving and deceiving me  
he removed the veil from my cold face  
and kissed my forehead!

Oh how lazy he is in love!  
Oh how crazy I am in love!

Akhtar Jawad

# Oh Lovely Eve An All Time Need

May I make a pen picture?  
I've seen you, though not seen.  
Don't get worried, not a lecture,  
Just a poem, neat and clean.

Sometimes I think,  
You're like my mother,  
Stern but loving, for me she was pink,  
Protecting myself, may be whatever.

Sometimes I think,  
You're like a sister,  
Helping in assignments making me shrink,  
Relieving my fever.

Sometimes I think,  
You're like a daughter,  
Always worried for, remaining in link,  
With a sick father and a sick mother.

Oh lovely Eve! an an all time need,  
Adam can't survive without your beauty,  
Beauty of your feeding, yes indeed,  
Beauty of mother's fatigue and duty.

Oh lovely Eve! an an all time need,  
The helping sister, the help you provide,  
Beauty of your help, yes indeed,  
A mother inside.

Oh lovely Eve! an an all time need,  
The serving daughter, the service sponsor,  
Beauty of your service, service indeed,  
No simile, no metaphor.

Oh lovely Eve! an an all time need,  
You are a friend, linked on computer,  
See you in your poems when I read,  
Wish when I meet you, see you greater!

Akhtar Jawad

# Old Is Gold

Neither you're a teen aged girl,  
Nor I'm a naughty boy,  
The romance with its twist and curl,  
And the youth with all its joy,  
Has gone, leaving cries,  
The shine of the hair,  
And wine of the eyes,  
From the ocean of despair,  
Sometimes rise like a wave,  
Turn again me, a knave.

Your cheeks are pink,  
But your lips are dry,  
Just need a link,  
You can still fly,  
Think like girls.  
You have gems and pearls.

Do you know noble metals,  
Aren't dissolved in acid,  
And the dried rose petals,  
The emotions, may be placid,  
When turned in storms,  
Shake all the norms.

Don't behave like an old,  
I am silver you're gold.

Akhtar Jawad

# Old Man And The Jiggly Tv Shows

Eyes busy on a foolish and funny Jiggly,  
enjoy the comments of y,  
see the old men many times they giggle,  
they need something a little to niggle,  
Nature! You can make anyone wiggly!

Akhtar Jawad

# Omg

For me my God is like a pen friend,  
or a website friend, nowadays,  
I see their beautiful posts on the FB,  
and on PH I read their poems.  
Some of friends are like Kelly Kurt,  
who don't accept anything unless his senses,  
witness it, a great philosopher poet.  
Some are sentimental but nice like Ayman Parray,  
Sometime thinks with his brain,  
Sometimes with his heart,  
A normal youth is always so.  
And some are so sweet and pleasant like Marie Shine,  
A little cruel, like a Muslim beauty hidden in the veils!  
Some are like Bri Edwards, a nice teacher,  
Advising guiding and correcting me,  
like a father but younger than me.  
Some are like stern but loving sweet Moms,  
yes, so is Valsa George.  
Hazel from Innisfree bushes,  
Always pleasing her readers with poems  
That appears to me like nuts of the hazel tree.  
Some are like Rajnish Manga,  
Paints roses in so many languages,  
I am awaiting a rose  
painted in his body language.  
Some are like Amitava Sur,  
I recollect two lines from Amir Minai,  
'Khanjar chale kisi pe tadapte hay hum Ameer,  
sare jahan ka dard hamare Jigar mein hay.'  
The dagger may be injuring else it's me who cries,  
Why I feel pains of my whole mother earth!  
And some are like Nosheen Irfan,  
A great poetess destined to the top,  
Yes, her poems are sweet and lovely.  
And now it's Aarzo Mehek?  
Living in Andhra Pradesh where Pakistan is blocked,  
I couldn't made her a friend on FB,  
But who can encage Mehek, the aroma,  
We exchange our greetings on the ,

I remember her ghazal,  
'Katra ke nikal jane ki aadat bhi bahut hay,  
Wyse to use mujhse muhabbat bhi bahut hay.'  
She is in habit to pass by ignoring me,  
Though I know she loves me to see.  
And Asim Nehal a beautiful and amazing poet,  
who has written so many wonderful poems  
in English, Hindi and Urdu.  
How can I forget Dimitrios Galanis,  
He translated my poem A Work of Art,  
In Greek to be read by the Greek philosophers,  
A wonderful poet is he.  
The list is long my apology to remaining friends,  
I have received a message of my super ego,  
my ego is old it may forget and miss it,  
'Mix the charms of all your friends,  
add your tears and your smiles,  
shake it with your heart beats,  
make three parts of it,  
in one add your pleasures and joys,  
in the other add your pains and regrets,  
and in the third add your loyalty and love,  
you will find three colorful liquids,  
the three basic colors,  
use your pen as a brush and paint me.'  
I obeyed him but now I am in the real trouble.  
Should I tell it to you or not,  
the face that appeared on the canvas,  
resembles an insane and crazy man  
who is in good faith of being a poet!  
Oh my ego! How could I get rid of you?  
Thanks to my conscience who speaks the truth.

Akhtar Jawad

# On Completion Convocation (Being Inspired By Dr. Geeta Radha Krishna Menon)

Wearing a transparent gown,  
In that I am completely exposed.  
Anyone can see my front  
and can see my back.  
But nobody takes notice of my nudity  
they all are in a transparent gowns!  
I am here in the convocation,  
and today,  
I shall get my degree  
wherein it will be certified  
that I am now complete.  
I am waiting for the convocation address  
by the Chancellor of this great university.  
Oh!  
He has infinite mouths with countless tongues.  
He is addressing but I can't listen to Him,  
the only thing I could understand  
He is repeating a single word  
again and again  
and what's that single word?  
So it's love!  
Well I am familiar with it.  
The names were called in alphabetic order,  
I was lucky that my name starts with the alphabet A.  
Oh No!  
As soon my name was called  
I heard someone telling  
your love was incomplete  
go back and complete it.  
The degree cannot be awarded to you.  
That transparent gown was snatched  
I started contracting and became the tinniest form of life.  
So I am here once again  
For another attempt  
to complete my incomplete love.



# On The Banks Ravi Were Me And You

On the banks of Ravi were me and you,  
Off course fragrance of the clay was too,  
palms were sharing the softness of the clay,  
breaths were sharing a hot warm play,  
in the waves our image any how got through,  
on the banks of Ravi were me and you,  
there was ecstasy of eyes in the eyes,  
reflected on the river moonlight of skies,  
in the covers of silence nobody to shoo,  
on the banks of Ravi were me and you,  
the evening had a shade of silky long hairs,  
the night had stolen the cheek's eclairs,  
nature was watching her dreams came true,  
on the banks of Ravi were me and you,  
lips exchanging their heated hidden worth,  
far, too far was sky on the earth,  
pleasant dancing winds had dried the glue,  
on the banks of Ravi were me and you.

(Ravi is a famous river f Pakistan)

Akhtar Jawad

# On The Eve Of 2018

Winkling little naughty stars  
I know your dim light can lull  
But I don't want to dream  
Tonight the moon will be full.

Let me wink the moon first  
Let the moon smile on my wink  
Let me send a flying kiss to her  
Let the moonlight turn in a link.

Let the link vibrate on the air  
Let it spread all over the world  
Sending a message to my friends  
Not too long it's just a word.

Go and awake my sleeping friends  
Let them read it and they'll fly  
A single word what else it may be  
Yes, love I write on the sky.

All my sweet friends will sing  
And with you, they will dance  
Farewell to the sweet seventeen,  
Romance, romance only romance,

Eureka! She is now eighteen,  
Let us swim in a milky stream,  
A date with the Happy New Year,  
Let us wish and let us dream.

Akhtar Jawad

# Once Caught No More Fears

After thinking many days and nights  
Searching a corner of lonely sights  
Where there were only dim lights  
Remained afraid of bright sun lights  
On a buck up of naughty moonlights  
Regret! Or pay thanks to the plights!

Kissing her red handed I was caught  
The judge was kind didn't like a slaught  
He thought and thought and thought  
Fine mild rains after many years draught  
Kisses are the gates of a lifelong naught.  
It's golf! A hole, a ball and a claught!

(After all I am a human and sometimes I write naughty poems like this)

Akhtar Jawad

# Once I Talked To The Colors

In search of colors I went to the flowers  
I asked the violet, "Why you are violet?"  
"God has designed me to suck the violence  
I have been sucking this poison, I regret,  
every time I was faded before I could suck it all.  
Alas! I am a flower so small!"

I asked the blue wild indigo, "Why you are indigo?"  
"God has designed me to suck the wildness  
I have been sucking this poison, I regret,  
I could not change an animal into a man  
my capacity to suck is limited.  
Alas! I am a flower so small!"

I asked the blue Iris, "Why you are blue?"  
"God has designed me to suck the ignorance  
I have been sucking ignorance, I regret,  
I sucked much of it but couldn't spread wisdom,  
I am empty now but man is not yet wise.  
Alas! I am a flower so small!"

I asked the green Bells, "I don't listen to your bells!"  
"God has designed a church within me,  
and my bells had been inviting for centuries,  
but hate is more colorful than love,  
I am constrained to remain silent now.  
Alas! I am a flower so small!"

I asked the yellow sun flower, "Why do you love the sun?"  
"God has designed me to promote friendship  
I'm a true friend and I don't mind sun's harmful radiations  
I use it as a catalyst to change my nectar in edible oil,  
couldn't teach the man to change enmity in friendship.  
Alas! I am a flower so small!"

I asked an orange Bird of Paradise, "Where is paradise?"  
"God has designed me to convey a message  
both Heaven and Hell are within you,  
you carry it on your shoulders.

But man reads my message when he can't change his load.  
Alas! I am a flower so small! &quot;

I asked a red rose, &quot;Are you a message of love? &quot;  
&quot;I have been, but the man has changed me,  
now I am a message of bloodshed and fire,  
in the name of love they're promoting hate,  
May I advise? Don't talk the colors,  
watch silently a white rose and feel its fragrance.  
Alas! I am not a white flower! &quot;

Akhtar Jawad

# Once In Love In Love Always

In love roaming with one on flowery ways  
Mixing scent and colors in bright sun rays  
A morning of love has a lot of romance  
It's music, it's a song and it is a dance  
Life starts in a bright and sunny hot noon  
Again it's a true love that is still a boon  
Life leads the flowers to the fading fatigues  
To buy freshness from the rowdy boutiques  
Misunderstanding and strife the flowers bought  
No love anymore two lovers then thought  
Evening of love was unexpectedly bad  
The faded flowers look dejected and sad  
In love again, moon, stars and Milky Ways  
Once flowers in love are in love always.  
Love is the most beautiful human instinct  
In a flowerpot, a heart, is amazingly distinct!

Akhtar Jawad

# Once The Storm Starts

It does not see who is guilty and who is not  
Like a mad elephant who has lost his spouse  
It demolishes all whether a palace or a hut  
Multi storied high building or a little house.  
Once the storm starts there're no super powers  
The angry winds shake the strongly built towers.

Your gun was mightier when you killed her  
But it made him an insane activist  
Now kill this mad elephant if you can  
He is deaf and dumb and blind terrorist.  
He is in Harvey, He is in Irma, in all the storms  
Once it's gone mad everything it deforms.

Nature is deaf and dumb and blind activist  
Mostly kind but often an unkind terrorist.

Akhtar Jawad

# One Can't Control His Dreams

Sweet little fairy I saw you smiling,  
When your head was resting at my old left arm,  
I was mesmerized with the beauty and charm,  
Was it your face with so much grace?  
Or a fairy was dreaming and singing and dancing,  
Where you were my pink rosy bud?  
You appeared a pretty little angel to me,  
Whisper in my ear did you see Him somewhere?  
With whom you were playing and what was the game?  
Did He tell you his sweet lovely name?  
What was the language He spoke to you?  
Were there children and you played with them?  
What was the color and religion of the children?  
Did you talk the children and if you talked,  
What was the language of the children they spoke?  
Next time when you dream may I follow you sweetheart?

All I can say there were children,  
From various parts of the lovely universe,  
Yes there were many aliens too,  
Besides black and white and brown children,  
I saw fairies of many wonderful colors,  
Colors we don't see on the earth anywhere,  
Aroma I don't find in the flowers of the earth,  
Love is the religion of the wonderful land,  
Friendship is the law enforced in the garden,  
Surprise I did not see any law enforcer,  
Even then the law was honored by all,  
Men and animals and the lovely birds,  
Everyone spoke in music of the body,  
Music that is heard when touches our body,  
The body speaks it sings it dances,  
There was no sun there was no moon,  
A peace giving cool white light I saw,  
That turned in a rainbow of millions of colors,  
I'm sorry Grand Pa! You can't follow me to Him,  
It's a dream and one has no control on his dreams!



# One Dish Party

It's a one dish party, help yourselves,  
Dishes made by chefs I see on the shelves,  
By a famous builder it has been organized,  
As usual the media has too much criticized,  
Some wrote he did it because he is an egoist,  
Some wrote it's for his pleasure he's a sadist,  
But most of the all known journalists,  
Praised him and got many costly gifts,  
In a vast garden the builder has planned a town,  
See him on stage on his head is a crown,  
A town where there are frozen mountains,  
A city where there're canals and fountains,  
A forest of trees with cute colorful flowers,  
Always a cloudy weather with fine mild showers,  
Dancing rivers with fish, like silver and gold,  
Fairies with sloppy contours difficult to hold,  
The builder has promised beautiful houses,  
And fairies as charming sexy spouses,  
To the chefs who make dishes the best,  
Vegetarian, non-vegetarian both at the test,  
Unfortunately before the test could start,  
Supporters of various chefs turned over smart,  
The difference of opinion was changed in a clash,  
Like dogs and wolfs everyone was rash,  
Lightings were damaged, furniture was burnt,  
For the extremists it was a bug hunt,  
Suffocated gathering in smokes of hate,  
Fire extinguishers as usual too late,  
So many killed and many more injured,  
Unfortunately nothing there was insured,  
Like Aliens police came then firing tear shells,  
The gardens were changed in the burning hells.  
Police is looking for the builder run away,  
I am smiling like me beneath a broken table,  
He is safe and sound with breaths stable,  
A journalist when asked the chefs to comment,  
&quot;We condemn, it's not that what we meant! &quot;



# One Ethics One Language

I wish I could have seen the deed of a friend,  
But I am destined to see misdeeds,  
Because I am a man,  
I am not an animal,  
I wish would have been the monkey,  
Who gave first aid to his friend,  
Being unconscious due to an electric shock,  
Of a high voltage line at Delhi Railway Station,  
He did all he could do to save a life,  
And that too, of his friend,  
With shakes, with bites and dipping in water,  
He succeeded to bring back consciousness,  
Oh his friend in need,  
An animal is a better friend in deed!

I can't do it but an animal can do it,  
Animals believe in only on ethics,  
They speak only one language,  
Though they communicate,  
Through various voices and the tones,  
But mostly they speak through their body,  
And their body language is nothing but love.

Akhtar Jawad

# One Goes To United States

The American culture one so much hates,  
And still one goes to United States,  
Isn't it a funny caricature,  
To impose there your culture,  
What in the homeland if belly inflates?

Akhtar Jawad

# One Million Years Before Christ

As long as man remained a slave of instincts,  
he remained an animal and civilizations could not grow.  
But then he learned to smile on joys,  
and he learned to cry on pains.  
The delicious cake of desires  
with beautiful icing of fine arts  
was baked on that day,  
when man felt pains of someone else.  
Earth got a message from heavens,  
well done sweetheart man is now in love.  
he is now changing recipes of nature,  
refining it and baking cakes  
more delicious and more beautiful.  
A long time has passed  
I was busy and ignored the earth.  
Time is now ripen  
man is matured.  
I have decided to give more time to the earth.  
My message of love has been conveyed to him.  
Those who understood this message will survive,  
and for those who cannot understand it  
the volcano is about to erupt.  
Fittest will survive and unfits will be turned into ashes.  
And let all be known the test of fitness is nothing else  
it's love only love.

Akhtar Jawad

# One No Trump

Having lost the war of life,  
against an unknown enemy,  
I fought like a disciplined soldier,  
put my arms on the feet of an unseen enemy,  
I surrendered unconditionally,  
on the orders of my leader,  
being captured as a prisoner of war,  
I was asked to sit in a train  
running on the parallel rails of time.  
Doors are closed on me  
and windows are barred.  
I can just slide the glasses  
to have a look outside.  
Putting my cards on my thighs,  
I look outside at the halts,  
&quot;Is it the last station? &quot;  
Why everybody is silent,  
why don't anyone replies to me!  
I come back to the game.  
In fleeting of mind  
about my war crimes,  
and thinking about a possible trial,  
I throw a wrong card,  
and my partner howls,  
&quot;You son of a gun, you spoiled the game,  
I shall throw you out of the train.&quot;  
I just smiled and said, &quot; But how?  
Doors and windows are closed to you, too.&quot;  
My partner becomes calm, &quot;Let us start a new game.&quot;  
I deal the cards and bid, &quot;One no trump.&quot;

Akhtar Jawad

# Oops

What a blunder I have committed,  
Some are laughing at me,  
Making fun of me,  
And enjoying my act,  
Of a foolish misdeed,  
Go to hell my greed,  
I hate you devil,  
You are nothing but evil,  
For the sake of fame,  
I earned a bad name,  
I painted a nude,  
And that too of myself,  
I made it public,  
And now I regret,  
What constrained me to,  
Write poems on my past!

(Being inspired by a quotation of Paulo Coelho published at PH.  
&quot;Writing is a socially acceptable form of getting naked in public&quot;)

Akhtar Jawad

# Ouch

It was a marriage ceremony,  
A high heel injured his foot,  
He said,  
Ouch!

She was a beautiful girl,  
Pain of beauty is pleasing,  
He said,  
It's all right.

It was a dark night,  
Of energy shortage,  
A slipper rode his old foot,  
A mild pain of a bulky old woman!

Hell with you,  
Are you blind!  
She said,  
Ouch!

Akhtar Jawad

# Over Smart

You come out on the road with a veil on your face,  
You naughty beloved I can feel your grace!  
Sometimes it's brown, sometimes it's black,  
Sometimes it's dense, sometimes with a crack,  
The veil is often removed by the winds,  
Perhaps the veil is reproved by the winds,  
I like a moon's glimpse in the clouds,  
I enjoy and approve fare sex of shrouds,  
What do you think of me? Is it eyes that see?  
Is it hands that touch? It's me only me!  
You shy sweetheart I love you so much,  
I am aesthetic with a poet's clutch,  
All my senses are confined in my heart,  
Is it your magic or is it your art?  
In a pink rose bud I see you smiling,  
On the blue skies see you profiling,  
I know it's you in the scenery of earth,  
The virgin is hidden in the greenery of earth,  
In the rains I have seen your nude striping,  
Well done my love I love your wiping,  
When heart turns in eyes and you remove the dust,  
And then your veil is removed as a crust,  
My heart then turns in the thirsty lips,  
Drops by drops and sips by sips,  
Yes, my heart can kiss you sweetheart,  
I have seen your art now you see my art!  
I am proud I love a living sweetheart,  
I am proud of me being over smart!

(Nature you cannot hide you in a veil, I am over smart)

Akhtar Jawad

# Owls

The philosopher birds you may see anywhere  
In the parliaments you may see here  
Australian, Asian, African, and European,  
But the super philosopher is American,  
In white house you may see there.

Akhtar Jawad

# Pain Of Knowing The Truth

How eager I was to know the truth  
and when truth was revealed to me  
it brought for me more pains.  
I can't let others know what the truth is.  
I can't listen to anyone  
I can't speak to someone  
I can't see anything.  
I have lost all my senses  
but my heart still feels a touch.  
How my heart still feels a touch!  
Is there anything immortal in my heart?  
That is why I am feeling the pain of knowing the truth.  
Welcome my pains,  
pleasure always follows a pain.  
Yes, I am dead but something in me is still alive.

Akhtar Jawad

# Pakistan The Land Of Love Stories

The soil of Pakistan has always been fertile  
Well-built and laborious men and their sweat  
Born soldiers with love in their depths  
It's a land green with crops of cotton and wheat.

They are green in the fields where flutes are played  
They are crops changing colors when they ripe!  
They are brown when they mine the precious rocks  
Silver and gold bringing smiles, sweat they wipe.

In the struggle of life they are peaceful cultivators  
In the battle field their courage, valor and chivalry  
Riders of steel are singular in modern warfare  
In the past their courage as a blitzkrieg cavalry!

Rich in minerals where greenery lacks  
Sweet folk songs when crops harvested  
A land of Sufi saints and love they preach  
In their folk tales it is love reflected.

The stories of love and hate run side by side  
A single Kaido is always here to poison the love  
Millions like Ranjha who knowingly take poison  
If dead with the poison is Heer the beloved dove!

Akhtar Jawad

# Palanquin

The child though mild  
not then so wild,  
when saw a palanquin,  
and inside a queen,  
asked his mother,  
Mama sweet Mama!  
Who is she,  
and where she is going?  
Mama replied,  
she is a bride  
a gem of the tide  
a daughter of the sea  
her father is the moon  
she is going to her groom.  
Can't she come to me,  
I shall play with her.  
She is beautiful.  
Mama then said,  
that's my dream,  
but first do all your home work,  
have a glass of milk,  
and go to your bed.  
When a child sleeps early,  
and leaves the bed early,  
he grows in a handsome youth,  
and a fairy at the moon,  
when looks at him,  
she comes down as a pearl,  
in the sea shell,  
and the pearl if sleeps early,  
and leaves the bed early,  
does all the home works,  
it's turned into a bride,  
and in a palanquin,  
it comes to the youth  
with a crown on her silky hairs,  
with golden ornaments,  
in shocking pink dressings  
to play the sweetest games.

When she comes to you  
promise me,  
you shall incarnate  
the fairy as a queen.

Akhtar Jawad

# Paradise For Sale

You foolish boy how you dare to question?  
You are questioning as to how bloodshed can lead to heaven,  
Your belief is doubtful!  
I have been teaching you since you were a kid,  
Those who killed others in the name of belief,  
They are our heroes the ideals for us,  
They purchased paradise by killing non-believers,  
Or by killing those who differ in faith,  
The sale is open get yourself prepared,  
To purchase paradise by shedding the blood,  
Kill humans as many as you can,  
Paradise is costly item needs at least,  
Thousand dead bodies of men, women and children!

(Ismaili Muslims' bus was attacked at Karachi and at least 45 humans were killed)

Akhtar Jawad

# Pardahnasheen

Aiy husn tera yeh roop bhala meri nazron se chup sakta hay,  
Yeh subh ka tara fajr ke waqt tere kachey chithe likhta hay,  
Teri mang ki surkhi shafaq banker jab neel gagan pe bikharti hay,  
Yeh jo thandi hawaein chalti hayn wuhi tara aahein bharta hay,  
Yeh jo natkhat shokh hawaein hayn chupke se kali ko chooti hayn,  
Jab lali shafaq ki lut jaye phir phool chaman mein khilta hay.  
Jab phool ke nazuk honton pe shabnam ke qatre jamte hayn,  
Teri rat kaheen bhi guzri ho tera raz yehin per khulta hay.  
Peshani pe qatre paseene key yeh khauf nahin hay nadamat hay,  
Ye jo ghaiz-o-ghazab hay suraj ka tera zohr isi mein jhalakta hay,  
Main ishq se tere wazoo kar ke tere ghar mein jakar kah doon ga,  
Tere ghusse ki tah mein peyar hay jo aashiq ki nazar se dikhta hay,  
Koi keya jane tere qadmon ke kitne bose le leta hoon,  
Koi keya jane kis peyar se tu mere sar per hath ko rakhta hay,  
Peshani ponch ke aanchal se mujhe qadmon mein soya pa kar tu,  
Dheere se utha kar sar ko mere pathar ke farsh pe rakhta hay.  
Yeh beeti ghadian kahti hayn is peyar mein ghata hi ghata hay,  
Yeh bat to dil hi janta hay wuh loot ke kyse lutta hay,  
Qasam hay asre hazir ki jahan peyar bhi ek beopar bana,  
Mere liye itna kafi hay wuh mujhse muhabbat karta hay,  
Ab sham jo hone wali hay is sham mein usse poochun ga,  
Main to chup kar rota hoon tu keyunchup kar hansta hay.  
Koi aysa roop bana ke dikha jise mere siwa na dekhe koi,  
Tu badal banke garajta hay tu bijli ban ke chamakta hay.  
Lo ghiz-o-ghazab bhi ghuroob hua phir lali shafaq ki chane lagi,  
Wuh mashriq ho ya maghrib ho wuh sabko choomta rahta hay,  
Kal mujhpe fida aaj uspe fida main samjha tha bas wuh mera hay,  
Main kyse kahoon tu mere siwa kis kis se muhabbat karta hay,  
Mujhko hay yaqueen phir aaye ga seene se mujhko lagaye ga,  
Harjai to sabko chahta hay han waqt badalta rahta hay,  
Taron ki mala mein chand jara zara neechे aakar choo mujhko,  
Ek rat gale ka har to ban bus door se takta rahta hay,  
Rat ke pardon mein chupkar yeh kisne zulfien bakheri hayn,  
Dil mera isha-e-moattar se na jagta hay na sota hay,  
Lo akhir neend bhi aa hi gayee wuh mere pas na aaye ga,  
Awaz to aaye thi koi kab neend mein koi sunta hay,  
Subh ko aaine mein mujhe peshani pe dhabba dhabba laga,  
Yeh daghe muhabbat hay shayed jo dheere dheere milta



# Parwane

Parwane

Parwane nahiN darte inka sholoN peh lapakna dekho,  
Tumne jeena to bahut dekha hay marna dekho,  
preet ki reet nibhane ke liye peyar meN jan lutane ke liye  
roshni shama ki kuch aor badhane ke liye  
choom lete hayn yeh sholoN ki damakti agni  
marte marte bhi yeh kahte hayN bujhe na sajni  
hum to mar jayeN ge lekin yeh rahe gi roshan  
hun sada iske liye bante raheN ge indhan.

Akhtar Jawad

# Password

If anything looks beautiful,  
look for a woman who is behind,  
Rewind,  
see colors, the rainbow couldn't find.  
Forward,  
feel the aroma, the flowers couldn't find,  
Save,  
on the file of your heart forever,  
Password,  
"love", forget it never.

Akhtar Jawad

# Peaceful And Cool

Waiting for a day that never comes  
Hoping for a night that is a dream  
I know sun will never enter my room  
Through a broken window I see a beam.

In a starry night a full moon is shining  
I can look at stars twinkling on sky  
Content with my share in the moon light  
My wings are broken I cannot fly.

Watching the mermaids, is it an illusion?  
Naughty fish in deceptive costumes!  
I can see I can feel that's all for me  
Isn't it enough, the exciting perfumes?

Flowers of a creeper too high for me  
Lovely lotus but in a too deep pool  
Content with artificial colorful flowers  
Isn't it a wealth, I'm peaceful and cool.

Akhtar Jawad

# Pearl Of Peace

I opened my eyes in a world in that  
Jacks of all but master of none  
were preferred every where,  
but now the world has been completely changed.  
Modern age is the age of specializations.  
One who is master of only one thing  
and he is specialized in it  
is mostly preferred.  
But one thing I must say  
though I am master of none  
but being jack of all  
I do not depend on others.  
Affairs of my day to day life  
are successfully dealt by me.  
Only under a blue moon  
I need a doctor  
or a mechanic  
or someone specialized in a particular field.  
The jack being self sufficient  
leaves the bed early in the morning  
remains busy all over the day  
goes early to the bed  
and enjoys a sleep  
that is so deep  
that like a diver the dreams  
when dive into him  
get a self satisfied and content shell  
with a pearl of peace in it.  
Imagine the reflections  
imagine the retractions  
of the pearl acting as a prism  
and making the dreams  
a colorful arch  
violet, indigo and blue  
green, yellow, orange and red.  
Every night I pass in looking  
where go the two ends of this colorful hyperbola.  
Infinity when asks someone to play the vocal musical instrument  
and the tune when sings

'Come for the prayers,  
prayers are better than the sleep.'  
I beg pardon from my beloved sleep  
cleaning my body and soul  
When I bow my head  
before the infinity  
the infinity says to touch the earth by the forehead.  
That's the life of a jack who is master of none!

(&quot;Try to learn something about everything and everything about  
something.&quot;

\_ Thomas Henry Huxley)

Akhtar Jawad

# Pearls Of Tears

Smile of roses is now turned in pearls.  
Eyes are red and wet in tears,  
How helpless is the man!  
A single life and so many fears!  
Oh Life! Your forks, your curls!  
Gave only pains, and melting pearls!

Life smiled, "Poetry lacked sweetness of sorrows."  
Sent a fairy, to snatch smile and to give the tears,  
See the beauty of your maiden borrows,  
a poet needs such cruel spears.  
Keep the wound intact and melt in the eyes.  
Ahead of you are the seven skies!

Akhtar Jawad

# Pehli Barsat

Wuh pehli muhabbat ho ya phir pehli ho barsat,  
Pehli jhalak mehboob ki jaise pehli kahi ho naat,  
Pehla pehla badal jab uth kar cha jata hay neelgagan per,  
Koi ladki jhoola jhool rahi ho bheegi bheegi mast pawan per,  
Dal ka pakka aam gire jab sondhi sondhi mtti per,  
Sawan ka pehla pehla sandesa sookhi peyasi dharti per,  
Dulhan ban kar dharti lootey pehli yeh saughat,  
Chand bhi chupkar dharti ko jhanke sari sari rat.

Jab pehli bar use dekha wuh ek saloni sham si thi,  
Mujhko ye maloom na tha adhkili kali mere nam ki thi,  
Galon mein shafaq to zahir thi balon mein chupi thi rat abhi,  
Aankhon mein sitare chamkte they bahon mein chupa tha chand abhi,  
Ruk jati thi kutch kahte kahte honton mein dabi thi bat abhi,  
Tham jati thi wuh chalte chalte pehli pehli barsat abhi,  
Wuh ek sunahri subh bhi thi wuh ek suhani shm bhi thi,  
Mujhko ye maloom na tha adhkili kali mere nam ki thi.

Wuh abbhi kali si dikhti hay wuh abbhi sarapa masti hay,  
Wuh pehli bar dikhi jaisi wuh abbhi woyesi lagti hay,  
Use rang mile use khushboo mili wuh kali se ek din phool bani,  
Wuh cha gai meri hasti per wuh meri pehli bhool bani,  
Phir mere baghe hasti mein koi phool dobarah khil na saka,  
Us jaisa koi dikha hi nahin us jaisa koi mil na saka,  
Wuh abbhi woyese hi roti hay wuh abbhi woyese hi hansti hay,  
Wuh abbhi kali si dikhti hay wuh abbhi sarapa masti hay.

Akhtar Jawad

# Perhaps I Am Writing A Poem

At 0430 hours I left hot bed in a cold winter,  
being called by nature,  
or an alarm of a conjugal love,  
or being blessed by God,  
perhaps all the three,  
three in one and one in three.

When I switched on the light,  
saw a sick woman who was sometimes ago,  
a model of service,  
a model of sacrifice,  
a model of beauty,  
perhaps all the three,  
three in one and one in three.

Even now when she feels well,  
a nice cook, cooks nice dishes,  
a beautician, makes up and looks so appealing,  
or a beloved, a teen aged girl,  
perhaps all the three,  
three in one and one in three.

By 0630 hours, I cleaned the utensils,  
boiled water for drinking,  
had a cup of tea with some biscuits,  
I think she is an amazing investor,  
or a foresighted trader,  
or just a true lover,  
perhaps all the three,  
three in one and one in three.

In morning prayers someone whispered,  
I don't like you while you offer the prayers,  
or when you cry on your sins,  
or when you feel proud of your prayers,  
perhaps all the three,  
three in one and one in three.

I didn't like you, in fact I loved you,

when you looked at her with a smile,  
or when you were busy in sweeping and cleaning,  
or when you were boiling water for drinking,  
perhaps all the three,  
three in one and one in three.

Akhtar Jawad

# Peyar Ki Dhun

Chamakta hua yeh mera aasman hay,  
Mehekti hui khoobsoorat zameen hay,  
Yeh duniya hay meri yeh mera jahan hay,  
Yehan jo hay zindah wuh jannat nasheen hay.

Barsata hay pani to mitti ki khushboo,  
Muattar hawaon ko sarmast karti,  
Jagati hay soya hua ek jadoo,  
Yeh haryali banno bani meri dharti.

Hare pairahan mein mein gulabi yeh thappe,  
Kali phool banker matakti hay ayse,  
Dulhan ek shab ki uthe jaise hans ke,  
Lajati lajayi nahaye wuh jaise.

Kahin door ek bansuri baj rahi hay,  
Yeh dulhan nahate hue sun rahi hay,  
Purani si dhun hay magar saj rahi hay,  
Agar dil ho zindah to lagti nai hay.

Isi peyar ki dhun se dharti haseen hay,  
Isi se mera aasman neelgoon hay,  
Bina iske jeevan mein kutch bhi nahin hay,  
Isi mein hay rahat isi mein sukoon hay.

Akhtar Jawad



Peyar hua nahiN yeh sada hi se tha  
yeh meri us alwida se tha  
jise sun ke roi bhisht thi  
jise sun ke hans di sarisht thi  
jise sun ke chand bhi poora hua  
jise sun ke nachi thi dhoop bhi  
jise chandni ne  
jise sun ke aisi hawa chali  
ke chatkh gai thi har ek kali  
thi nai nai jo kasak mili  
badi meethi meethi thi be kali.  
Mera aor uska yeh silsila  
kisi aor se to kabhi bhi na tha  
jo tha kisi se khuda se tha.  
Jise sun ke bahre sukoot meN  
utha wuh talatum bepanah  
ke udi hawaoN meN jalpari  
koi uski rah na rok saka  
liye hathoN men ek kacha ghada  
wuh utar gai thi Chenab meN  
use dekho mahke gulab meN  
wuh chupi hui hay sharab meN  
wuh to ga rahi hay suno zara  
wuh jo aanchaloN se jhalak rahi  
usi husn ke hasseN bojh se  
wuh nazar hay uski jhuki jhuki  
wuhi jiski aankhoN meN khawab hayN  
wuh hay khushbuoN meN basi hui  
kayi rangoN meN hay saji hui  
wuh to zinda hay wuh nahiN mari  
mera peyar hay wuhi jalpari  
ke pahad aaye jo rahoN men  
wuh meri zameeN pe baras padi  
mera aor uska ye h silsila  
to azal se chalta hi aaya hay  
nahiN kutch hua hay neya neya.  
Mera peyar hay meri zindigi  
mera peyar hay meri maut bhi.

Akhtar Jawad

# Philosophy Of Love And The Guns Of Saint Sebastian

Wasn't it the philosophy of love?  
When he taught the innocent villagers  
to snatch weapons from the violent Yaqui Indians  
and to fight,  
for a peaceful and carefree life,  
that was their natural right.  
So they were right,  
when they fought with all their might.  
But those who opposed it were not so much wrong,  
they knew such fights are ultimately changed in terror,  
that brings more miseries for the human race.  
Oh Love! I know you finally defeat the hate  
but you are too slow and always late.  
Alas! I am a man who wants quick cures!

(When fugitive Leon Alastray (Anthony Quinn) meets Father Joseph, a Franciscan priest, while on the run, the two form a friendship. Joseph helps Alastray avoid the law, and Alastray disguises himself to travel with Joseph. As they reach a ghost town, Joseph is shot dead from afar. Alastray then meets half-Indian Telco (Charles Bronson) , who explains that the inhabitants are in hiding from a band of violent Yaqui Indians. Mistaken for the priest, Alastray helps the villagers fight back.)

Akhtar Jawad

## Phir Aankhon Se Pani Behne Lga

Phir tees si uththi seene mein phir aankhon se pani behne laga,  
Dil tere liye rootha mujhse na jane keya kutch kehne laga.  
Toone to kabka chora mujhe lo aaj se main bhi paraya hua,  
Mana ke teri judai mein dil gumsum gumsum rehne laga.  
To mome hay ya tu pathar hay Tu mujhse kitna ghafil hay,  
Main tujhko kabhi pighla na saka khud aansoo ban kar behne laga.  
Maine dhoondha tujhko parbat par maine dhoondha tujhko sagar mein,  
Na jane chupa baitha hay kahan main pagal pagal rehne laga.  
Tera milna aur na milna ab dono hi barabar dikhte hayn,  
Ab koi shikayat na shikwah dil hans ke sitam ab sehne laga.  
Insan hoon mere seene se jazbat ki aandhi uthti hay,  
Jo sunna na tha woh sunne laga Jo kahna na tha woh kehne laga.  
Jab tujhse miloon ga poochoon ga keya aise muhabbat karte hayn,  
Tu mujhse khafa main tujhse khafa teri hi tarah main rehne laga.

Akhtar Jawad

# Pilgrims From The Milky Ways

Oh You! Pilgrims from the Milky Ways!  
Did you come in the garden for just your plays?  
You played nicely with the burning clay,  
you played in the oceans the game of tides,  
on an unicorn in the plains your rides!  
left mermaids in the rivers' streams,  
still reflected in the dolphins' dreams.

Oh You! Pilgrims from the Milky Ways!  
Did you come in the garden for just your plays?  
see everywhere your frozen foot prints,  
in the beats of hearts it's your sprints,  
why did you change everything of mine?  
Now it's you only you I've lost my shine!

Oh You! Pilgrims from the Milky Ways!  
Did you come in the garden for just your plays?  
From my green body I spring your colors,  
and from colors I spread only your odors,  
what of leaves and buds and amazing flowers,  
you changed the clouds modified the showers!

Oh You! Pilgrims from the Milky Ways!  
Did you come in the garden for just your plays?  
I like the changes you injected in the clay,  
but again may I ask was it just a play?  
The love you injected was blended with hate,  
I am a victim of your write call it the fate.

Oh You! Pilgrims from the Milky Ways!  
Did you come in the garden for just your plays?  
you came and went and left me alone,  
after changing my flush my blood my bone,  
could you have brought pure love for me!  
a cute bird of peace, dear dove for me!

Oh You! Pilgrims from the Milky Ways!  
Did you come in the garden for just your plays?

(Life is a play, yes life is a play, believe it or not but life is a play, someone played with us, we are playing with each other, yes, sweetheart we are nothing but toys, so before we are broken, continue the play of life)

Akhtar Jawad

# Pillow

In a compartment with a scholar's look,  
In the hands was a thick book,  
It wasn't just a show,  
To be used as a pillow,  
Peace for the scholar, I was shook!

(With thanks to Paulo Coelho for the idea.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Pink Once Again

Here in a garden of flowers you see,  
Beneath the shades of a flamboyant tree,  
Two pillows in love, and facing each other,  
Placed for grandfather and grandmother,  
Pink flowered flamboyant not the only tree,  
Flamboyant in many colors you see,  
Some red some orange a rainbow in fact,  
A painting by nature and an art abstract,  
Trees are a write by a pen and an ink,  
Who were two lovers I still think,  
Why children have opted for the pink?  
It's so easy I can guess I can think,  
The couple so annoyed of the growing age,  
Finding themselves confined in a cage,  
Always wished to become a child,  
So cute, so soft, innocent and mild,  
And the grandparents when joined their plays,  
They played like a child and defeated always,  
Children realized they are pink once again,  
And beneath pink flowers they should rest,  
For revival of infancy they need a nest.

(With thanks to internet.....Pink, a delicate color that means sweet, nice, playful, cute, romantic, charming, feminine, and tenderness, is associated with bubble gum, flowers, babies, little girls, cotton candy, and sweetness. The color pink is the color of universal love of oneself and of others.)

Akhtar Jawad

## Pleasantries (Ghazal)

Fly like a kite in the passion of storms,  
Why don't you love and enjoy its charms.  
Sink yourself in the ocean of two eyes,  
Life is between two lovely soft arms.  
Kiss smile of roses that blossom on her face,  
Kiss line of love in the pair of her palms.  
Those in love are nice gentlemen,  
If one is deprived he loses his norms.  
Kiss the mirror while watching your face,  
Love is a beauty whatever may its forms.  
Why are you burning in the fire of hate?  
Look at the ashes of the melting norms.  
Get rid of hate it's a friend you need,  
See magic of love that a friend performs.  
Forgive your enemy send a bouquet to him,  
Melt ice of the past with a gift that warms.  
Message of Christmas is help and service,  
Icing of the cake is love that warms.  
At least exchange few words that are pleasant,  
It's eve of Christmas bid farewell to the arms.

Akhtar Jawad

# Please Hold My Arms When I Am Walking

A win overshadowing thousand defeats,  
A kiss while driving on the front seats,  
Your moves in love and my counter moves,  
Careless! If the kiss anyone reproves.  
I know I cannot get back my past,  
Old and youth ages are in contrast,  
But sometimes somehow somewhere,  
We can steal a moment here or there,  
With a hand in hand we can walk at least,  
In the same old manner we can talk at least,  
In a corner beneath a dense old tree,  
With each other we can be free,  
There are pink colors and white fragrance,  
We can spend love, may be extravagance,  
A scene overshadowing colorful scenery,  
A pink kiss while sitting on grassy greenery,  
How much I miss your whispering talks!  
How much I need you during my walks,  
Wipe my tears; I am in knee pains,  
Stress of aging, the resulting strains!  
Now I can't drive but during my walks  
I need a companion I need your talks,  
Be close and listen to when I am talking.  
Please hold my arms when I am walking.

(Based on my Urdu poem "Sahara dedo main thak gaya hoon";)

Akhtar Jawad

# Pleasure And Pains

I desired pleasure and it I got,  
But with the pleasure pains I brought,  
I desired love and it I got,  
But with the love hates I brought.  
The day when I started thinking,  
I started thinking and I felt my being,

I am struggling to minimize my pains,  
I am struggling to maximize my pleasure  
I know pains of life I cannot not erase  
I am not a creator I am a creature  
But with love in my heart life I manage,  
It's love that gives me a lot of courage!

Akhtar Jawad

# Plow And Hope

Hard plow and sowing the seeds of dreams,  
Sweats extracted from the blood of a farmer,  
Obliged the earth who prayed for her son,  
Watered by faith's ever flowing streams,

Oops for blunders he committed last time,  
He'll not recur he has learnt from failures,  
Spray of concentration and care this time,  
Support from skies, his faith is sublime,

Practicality has inspired the farmer to get up,  
To remove undesired out springs from the field,  
Green crop he sees now blooming and waving,  
Flowers have sprung in a well-built set up,

Efforts were hard though exhausted and tired,  
Readiness is required for the final fatigue,  
Hard work, after oops, practicality and efforts,  
Outcome is a hope that should be admired.

Akhtar Jawad

# Poetry

The moment I found you in my heart,  
I could not understand, a beauty or an art,  
Whoever you may be, wherever you maybe,  
I love you sweet heart!  
How slowly and silently you entered me,  
mesmerized me, enchanted and hypnotized me,  
you took all of me, leave sometime for others!

She smiled and said,  
I am your God gifted instinct,  
and you were born with me,  
when you got first glimpse of beauty,  
and your aesthetic sense twisted it's body,  
I woke up, twisted my body,  
the twist when titillated your heart,  
you felt my presence,  
I don't disturb your personal charms,  
the beauty and me both are living in you,  
side by side but we are not the rivals,  
I am her compliment,  
And she is my compliment!

Akhtar Jawad

# Poetry Day

Chasing you on a wooden ladder  
I know I am the last but not the least  
I have a colorful bottle of flower and fruit juices  
On the top floor your inspiring beauty is the yeast.

Sweetheart! Let the wind of thoughts make your skirts  
Fly and expose the sources of sweet honey in your heart  
I know the scents of my juices are touching you somewhere  
That is still untouched in you waiting for a work of art.

To ferment my juices in wine I need your art  
I need your lips and I need your kiss  
I can't climb on the ladder it's already overloaded  
You have wings; it's your day, land in my heart with your bliss.

Akhtar Jawad

# Poetry In Moon

The night birds lost millions of generations,  
attempting again and again and failing every time,  
dreaming to think a poem sitting on the mountains of the moon  
dreaming to write a poem swimming in the rivers of the moon  
dreaming to recite it and send it on the air at the moon.  
And then the kind, beneficent and merciful God  
send an Angel with the command to exchange the wings  
with the most beautiful poet among the night birds.  
The Angel obeyed the command.  
And the night bird poet took off the soil  
arrived at the moon,  
whereat he was astonished to see in the skies  
a six times bigger moon,  
a thing of unbelievable beauty.  
He wrote a poem at this large and lovely moon  
but he when tried to recite it he failed  
and he could not send the poem on the air  
as there was no atmosphere.  
With tears in his eyes he came back to the earth  
and recited his poem before the Angel.  
The Angel smiled and said,  
'Do you know you are now at this larger moon?  
The most beautiful and the most suitable  
for writing a poem,  
and,  
for sending it on the air.  
Here love is not merely a divine feeling,  
it can be materialized here in passion and pleasure.'

Akhtar Jawad

# Poetry Is Love

Neon signs in darkness  
florescence of creative mind  
don't turn off.

Akhtar Jawad

# Politics

The common people,  
Are extremely sentimental,  
Of their religious beliefs,  
If they go through the history,  
With an approach of truth,  
With a common sense,  
With an open heart,  
Their religious sentiments,  
Were always exploited,  
For imperialistic designs!

Now this job,  
Has been undertaken,  
By the selfish politicians,  
Not sincere to their believes,  
Not hungry of truth,  
Not thirsty of love,  
No care of the nation,  
Not worried for the people,  
But the ignorant people,  
Are worried for them!

My dear ignorant friends,  
Especially the youths,  
How lovely is your life!  
How precious is your time!  
Read and think and learn,  
Don't waste yourselves,  
In the ugly games,  
Of the dirty politics.  
Lit the candle of knowledge,  
And march forward.

Akhtar Jawad

## Politics In Pakistan

From bedrooms of rivals collecting ladies sandals  
Happy in playing the game of scandals  
Bringing in public the undergarments  
Politicians' busy in nation's betterments  
Nation enjoying though know all are scoundrels!

Akhtar Jawad

# Pope Francis

When love comes back it will have a face,  
with eternal beauty and a lasting grace,  
Here are a few pictures can you select?  
elected already need not to elect,  
but one only one that is not ugly  
a divine smile handsome and lovely,  
Leaving one in your heart, can you reject?  
by all means he is nice and perfect.  
Let me see your courage, you are on test,  
if me is concerned I have chosen the best,  
in the right corner, on the top is glinting,  
golden coins since long he is minting,  
heart shaped coins in size though small,  
value inscribed, both sides, love all!  
In a century, ugliest of all,  
he is beauty prettiest of all!

Akhtar Jawad

# Power Of Beauty

Behind the smiles are so many tears,  
Don't come so close to me my dears,  
My heart is filled with a lot of fears,  
I'll hide that what peeps from rears,  
Eyes may turn in sharpened shears,  
I shall not open the working wears.  
I am so helpless its beauty that nears!  
I remember you and forget the tears!

Akhtar Jawad

# Predictions

Predictions are dreams,  
dreams are output of our thoughts,  
thoughts depend on our beliefs.  
I believe in love,  
my thoughts are lovely,  
so I predict aliens if came in the coming September,  
will come on earth playing the immortal tune of Come September.  
You are a victim of fears,  
fears are output of hates,  
your see nightmares,  
so you predict aliens are coming to destroy the earth.  
Perhaps, we both are right.  
They are coming to rewrite the DNA written by them long long ago,  
and you are planning to welcome them with the deadly missiles,  
a war in that you will be defeated,  
and most of humans will be destroyed!  
That's natural,  
They will rewrite DNA of only a few thousand men,  
who will be masters of the world in future,  
and the rest who will survive,  
will be the slaves,  
the second and third class humans.

Akhtar Jawad

# Pretty Kittens

Confined in the ancient black hole,  
when He became tired of himself,  
He broke the black hole  
like a kitten who breaks the egg and comes out of it.  
I don't know whether He knew it or not,  
that he will not come out alone,  
with him will come out an universe  
of galaxies and many smaller black holes.  
He was so much amazed that for billion of years  
He only saw the spreading and cooling His breath outs,  
and when his breaths were frozen as fogs,  
He was again astonished to see the breathing and evolving matter,  
and when the naughty matter evolved lust in it,  
and when it broke itself in males and females,  
and when they started loving each other,  
and when they reproduced,  
a breathing matter like them,  
He thought he has nicely delegated His art,  
and once again He should confine Himself for trillion of years,  
but this time in the hearts of reproduced pretty kittens.

Akhtar Jawad

# Princess Was Crowned As The Ruling Queen(Ghazal)

When a voice is not heard it's nicely seen,  
When ears are inactive my eyes are keen.  
In all my senses it's touch instrumental,  
Sixth sense of the soul is a touch unseen.  
How bold is your heart my shy beloved!  
Heard all untold and I saw the unseen.  
Language of love is truly universal,  
The body language celebrates Halloween.  
Long hairs when silky and perfumed as well,  
Comb of fingers learns how to preen.  
I asked you agreed no words exchanged,  
I never knew so simple it has been.  
So all the senses touched her at last,  
Spectrum of life is pink and green.  
In a moonlit night that was cloudy and wet,  
Princess was crowned as the ruling queen.

Akhtar Jawad

# Prometheus

Prometheus! Let my liver be eaten, piece by piece,  
I know the eagles are cruel but I have heard,  
Eagles wait with patience the death of a man,  
Before eating the flush of a man who is dead!

Prometheus! You are an amazing thief,  
You stole fire from Gods and gifted it to humans,  
Fire that was used to cook our foods,  
To lit our homes and make it warm!

Prometheus! You are a great artist,  
I think any work done with style and perfection,  
Is a fine art, may be a theft,  
And I want to learn this art!

Prometheus! I am afraid of a latent fire,  
It's hidden inside the nuclear weapons,  
And you know nuclear weapons are the Gods of arms,  
Dear friend! I want to steal this fire.

Prometheus! I don't know after I steal,  
Who should I present this deadly gift?  
Are you in a hell? Well, if so, I'll gift it to you,  
I am sure the weapons will destroy the hell!

Prometheus! I know with hell you'll be destroyed,  
My earth will be free of nuclear weapons,  
But the world will remember me with a song of love,  
In history my name will be Prometheus II!

(According to mythology, Prometheus, the Titan, stole the fire from the gods and brought it to humans, thus being the one who made it possible for us to eat French fries and steak instead of raw food, for which we should thank him every single day. For this evil deed, he received a harsh punishment, being sentenced by Zeus to be bound to a large stone, while an eagle ate his liver piece by piece every day.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Promise Me

"Leave me alone." All right I leave, it's everyday strife,  
Living with you for years though I am not your wife.  
Promise not to remember seeing a few broken hairs on the pillows  
And if you remembered me you'll find me on the windows.  
Promise me you'll not kiss my lips imprinted on your shirt  
And if you kissed the imprints you'll find me after a lot of flirt.  
Promise, not to call me when your cell phone you do not find  
And if you called me you will find me standing at your behind.  
Promise me you'll learn how to break an egg in the kitchen  
And if you fail to learn you'll not ask it from a chicken,  
If we live here together I shall not use protective any more  
You forgot it's my flat, you cannot but I can close its door.  
Promise me, you'll marry me, before I carry your child,  
If I carry, I in a court of law shall not be polite and mild.

Akhtar Jawad

# Promise Me To Love After End Of Time

My time,  
your time,  
both are mortal,  
so,  
why do you promise to love till the end of time,  
why don't you promise to love after end of time?  
time is relative,  
it's an illusion!  
God created love,  
the noble metal,  
that doesn't dissolve in acids of hate,  
but the satanic thief,  
stole the formula of Aqua Regia,  
the acid of hate,  
conquered the time,  
dissolved the noble metal,  
and the love till the end of time has been blended!  
we will be dead,  
time will be dead,  
satanic formulas will be dead,  
when there will be no time,  
all will be dead,  
it's love only love,  
that is immortal.  
Here you say your lovely face,  
is better than that of mine,  
and I say I have more grace.  
When time will be dead,  
we shall see all the faces are faces of beauty,  
and beauty that has no beginning no end,  
will appear as a smile on our lips,  
a smile or a laughter on our ignorance,  
that dominates all our thinking,  
beliefs and emotions,  
and then we shall love each other,  
in the true sense,  
a love not blended, insoluble,  
as Aqua Regia of hate will also be dead.  
So,

promise me sweetheart to love,  
after end of time.

Akhtar Jawad

# Promising Future

Dejected and frustrated I was thinking,  
man will not survive,  
he is no more alive,  
but when I saw your up-climbing,  
I am now hopeful,  
my lips smiled beneath my eyes tearful,  
how nicely you grip the nails and fix your foot,  
on the nails fixed in the wall like a date tree root,  
man will rise to the highest heights,  
the child is knight of the knights,  
and when I saw your reach at your destination,  
I saluted your courage and your perfection.  
You are our future,  
you will change the ugly caricature.

Akhtar Jawad

# Prophecy

The voice you listen to from,  
the discipline you find from,  
and the words you read from,  
not from the men in picture.  
They're moons of their times,  
the radiations they received from the sun,  
having absorbed all its radioactive heats,  
having crucified their body in their souls,  
and being turned in milky moonlights,  
when earth was dark in moonless nights,  
they're showered on the earth,  
give them any of the beautiful names,  
they're the best souls of their times,  
nature speaks through the sun and the moon,  
nature smiles through the twinkling stars,  
it's feet is seen on the Milky Way,  
it's heart may be seen in love  
and reproduction of life,  
but where is it's brain,  
no body knows and nobody will know!

Akhtar Jawad

# Proud To Be In Minority

I am a common ordinary man,  
I haven't read complete history of the world,  
but whatever I have read,  
though it may be partially true  
and partially false,  
but it reveals  
there was and there is  
always something wrong.  
Great men who lead the world  
for thousands of years,  
were not so great as we think.  
They committed blunders,  
still we have made idols of those leaders.  
I cannot break those idols!  
Again being a common man  
I am satisfied that at least in my thinking  
I have succeeded in smashing those idols.  
I know there were many men  
who smashed the idols in the past.  
Such men were always in minority  
and will always be in minority.  
And as such, I am sure,  
I am not just an ordinary man,  
for me, I am a great man,  
though for others I am an ordinary man,  
and I believe  
there are so many great men like me in the world.  
I am proud to be one of such great men  
who are in minority.  
May God save me from the majority!

Akhtar Jawad

# Proxy Wars

Whatever may be the form of war it's an evil,  
but the wars that were fought in the battlefields,  
by the soldiers who were truly brave,  
was better in the sense that it didn't affect much,  
the common people, with a few ugly exceptions,  
places of worships and institutions of learning,  
were not attacked, at least women and children  
were not killed though often they were sold as slaves.  
The nuclear weapons deterred the war of brave soldiers  
but the war of cowards, the proxy wars, is more deadly.  
Oh God! How long you will remain unconcerned?  
Are the selfish generals and politicians sitting  
in their safe and luxurious bunkers are beyond your grips?  
And you are questioned more when innocent children  
and the youths with dreams of future in their shining eyes,  
are laid to rest being killed in a war of cowards fought in your name,  
should I delete Love from the list of your names?  
(Being deeply grieved on an attack of terror at Bacha Khan University, Chasada,  
Pakistan. At least 20 students including a professor were killed.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Ptui!

A list of missing animals already exists,  
Don't be a prey for the extremists,  
Control your tongue, old man,  
Pen, that's all you can,  
Foolish! You cannot awake the sleeping activists.  
Might can dictate a court of law,  
Shameless not worried about the flaw,  
Mother tongue understood by all,  
World language difficult for jackal,  
It will be taught by Nemesis' jaw.  
A coward claims to be brave always,  
The people react on the lonely arrays.  
Silent, on his secret dictation,  
The ignorant people of a sleeping nation!  
Ptui! Killers are ptomaine in many ways.

Akhtar Jawad

# Pure And Distilled Water

My thirst needs a glass of water  
from the vast jug of mother earth.  
Adam to the modern thinkers,  
uncountable great men sipped water from the jug  
added a new mineral to it.  
I have no control on my heart  
I don't know how it fell in love with Muhammad,  
(peace be upon him) .  
I love all the minerals but the mineral he added  
I truly love it.  
My body goes on changing.  
Every new day brings a new disease for me.  
Every day it needs a new mineral.  
Even Angels were asked to drink the water of Adam,  
and the one who refused to drink it  
and said it was polluted by a man made of clay  
and that he could drink only pure distilled water.  
Wish the learned one would have drunk that polluted water!  
He drank the pure and distilled water  
and promised to teach the art of pollution,  
to the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve.  
But he forgot Adam and Eve had hearts  
That can contract and capture the eternal beauty.  
Most of us pollute the pure water  
adding minerals that lead to their creator.  
And what are the minerals?  
Coexistence, human brotherhood, tolerance  
and love above all.  
I confess a few of us pollute the water with dirt,  
that lead to their destroyer,  
adding lust, extremism, terror, and war,  
hate above all!  
Keep your pure and distilled water for you  
for me it's only for the external use.  
I have plenty of water polluted with love,  
It's in accordance with my internal needs,  
let me drink it for my beautiful heart.  
Let my heart beat on the pure tunes of love.



# Quarantine

Your world appears quarantine to me,  
as you have sent us for a prescribed period,  
depending on the diseases  
we have been suffering from,  
but I am sorry to say when I came here,  
I was just a patient of my instincts,  
I don't know how many genetic disorders  
gifted by you,  
were hidden in my genes,  
now I have been caught by many other diseases,  
and by now I have died many times in fear  
now I am afraid of me in this quarantine,  
my phobia is just only one  
what if the disorders in me  
start reproducing like cats and dogs!

Akhtar Jawad

# Queen Elizabeth I

If one asks me to choose a queen,  
Without a second thought I shall choose a queen,  
A charming patron of arts and literature,  
And a lovely lover of dancing and music,  
A musician, skilled enough to win the attention,  
Playing virginals and the lute,  
A poetess whose age saw Shakespeare,  
An adventurer, fond of riding and hunting,  
Besides outdoor games like tennis,  
She loved to play chess and cards,  
Disguising herself as a common woman,  
Participated in sports and watched the theater,  
A gifted scholar who spent three hours a day,  
In reading classics of Latin and French,  
She loved to translate the classics in English.

I wish I would have born in England,  
And that too in the sixteenth century,  
And I would have met Queen Elizabeth I,  
Disguised in in a blue skirt of a common woman,  
I am bold and confident and I am sure,  
Like the famous classic Roman Holiday,  
The world would have got one more movie,  
The County Holiday!

Akhtar Jawad

# Queen Of A Cage

Too careless what's going on all around?  
Although in a cage she is kept and bound,  
The couple is not free and cannot fly,  
When she sees other birds in the open sky,  
She turns his nibs to the pretty spouse,  
She is queen of a cage now it's her house,  
Incubating her eggs with the dreams of breed,  
Content with her life she forgot the need,  
Need of listening to a lover's sweet voice,  
What she can do having no other choice,  
She lived in dreams she will live in dreams,  
A helpless bird cannot swim in streams,  
When she sees her spouse forgets her rage,  
Like her the spouse is also in the cage,  
And then she sings in her sweet lovely voice,  
For a spouse that is not her lovely choice,  
And when young ones come out of the eggs,  
She puts her past in the wax sealed kegs.

Akhtar Jawad

# Queen Of Night

The day was hot, unpleasant, irritating,  
The heat strokes were increasing and increasing,  
The sun on the climax, too much radiating,  
And the comforts, were decreasing and decreasing.

The insane bird was flying and flying in a search,  
His nibs were opened his tongue was dry,  
He was tired and hungry and thirsty so much,  
The search of love, motivating to fly.

Ignorant was the bird, flying so much high, so high in the sky,  
Ignorant of the fact, someone waiting on the earth,  
Stealing her body and shy and shy,  
Not exposing her growth, not showing her worth.

In a garden of roses, jasmine, and more,  
With a fountain to relieve the sun and its heat,  
Many other things to watch and adore,  
Withstanding a wall so beautiful and neat,

The Queen of Night, with the drunken petals below the forehead,  
Kissing each other and dreaming and dreaming in day light,  
The dreams of a virgin, a mystery never read,  
To smell and blossom in a moon lit night.

The bird fell down on the feet of her love and lib,  
And slept whole day, whole night untouched,  
Crawling and crawling in the lower nib,  
The dew of her flowers, only two, he was loved.

The bird could not go at an any other place,  
For the rest of life, made a nest in her arms,  
Beautified by the queen with the charms of her face,  
He is safe in sun, in the rains and storms.

Akhtar Jawad

# Rahbari

Subha apni na sham apni hay subh ko kayse sham karta hoon,  
Koi shayed diya jala de yehan jo bhi guzre salam karta hoon.  
Main andheri gali mein baitha tha hath mein sirf ek roti thee,  
Tan pe badrang ek kurta tha aur neeche to bas langoti thi,  
Rahbar ka bana ke roop kayi rahzan aaye aur chale bhi gaye,  
Ab na roti hay na langoti hay jo bhi tha pas sara le bhi gaye,  
Bache bhooke hi so gaye apne na to bijli hay na to pani hay,  
Jisne looti hay qaum ki daulat han wuhi saltanat ki rani hay,  
Ghair mulkon mein jiske hayn khate mulk ko jisne kar diya kangal,  
Wuh jo khud ko sharif kahta hay wuhi badmash aur wuhi jangal,  
Bhook mein badbada raha tha koi ek gadi wuhan pe aa ke ruki,  
Utre bandoq wale gadi se seedhi kar di kamar kisi ki jhuki,  
Bole sahib ke dekho kaun hay yeh koi jasoos hay ya dahshatgard,  
Isko le ja ke itna maro kahin bol de such yeh budha nanga mard.

Akhtar Jawad

# Rainbow

After seeing the colorful arch  
I ran for my torch,  
I wanted to know  
where is the arrow!  
Is it travelling to infinity?  
No, it's least interested in divinity,  
I found it in my heart,  
reflected to her eyes through my art  
with a bouquet of red roses  
to gain love after so many losses.

Akhtar Jawad

# Rainbow Of Kisses

The color of my first kiss,  
Was violet and like ultra violet rays,  
It entered in her soul,  
And beauty of her soul,  
Overshadowed,  
Herr apparent beauty!

The color of second kiss,  
Was dark indigo,  
I dived into eyes,  
And the diver found,  
Shining pearls of love  
And her dark brown eyes,  
Changed their color,  
Like flames so hot.

The third lovely kiss,  
Was a blue gem stone,  
In her beautiful finger,  
Milky Way like palm,  
Came in my hands,  
And became a chain,  
That tied like a pet,  
A wild in me!

The fourth joyful kiss,  
Was a shy smile,  
Brought greenery in the garden,  
A new bud of rose,  
Shown her face,  
And told through her eyes,  
Be careful and thoughtful,  
Now I shall share your love,  
And your beloved's as well,  
I have come to bound, both of you

The fifth bright kiss,  
Brought yellow sun light,  
With a hope of future,

Photosynthesis,  
For a better garden,  
More flowers to come,  
To decorate the garden,  
With fruits as well,  
And I see it now,  
The hope fulfilled,  
A real bliss,  
What a lovely kiss!

The sixth pleasant kiss,  
Came like moon light,  
With twinkling stars,  
And the night that was dark,  
Was followed by a day,  
With oranges in my garden,  
And garden became,  
A picnic spot,  
And a place of amuse,  
Now the garden flourished,  
With flowers and fruits,  
And my tired soul,  
Turned out the poet,  
Who was sleeping since long.

The seventh kiss,  
A red carpet,  
For my friends so great,  
Lovely and helpful,  
With their sweet nice words,  
That encourages and inspires,  
And I often think,  
Not useless and futile,  
I can still live,  
I can still sing,  
I can still dance,  
My life isn't over,  
My pen is infill,  
For more romances!

Akhtar Jawad

# Rainbows Of Peace

I could have ignored you ignoring me  
if you would have come like the broken casual clouds  
that give a mild shower to the heated soil,  
add humidity to the temperature,  
and go,  
leaving the soil more heated and more thirsty.  
But you came in my life as the dense black clouds  
with thunders, lightning and heavy rains,  
when soil was heated up in heat strokes,  
you changed the weather of life,  
you softened the soil,  
you sucked its heat,  
and you blossomed colorful fragrant flowers,  
part of life are now your pleasant showers.  
I cannot ignore you ignoring me,  
rise once again like the dancing virgin in the skies.  
Make doves singing,  
hiding in the washed greenery  
asking for a branch of olive  
in their sweet songs.  
Make the branches swinging and playing the tunes of love.  
Eve!  
You incarnate yourself in beauty.  
Incarnate yourself in the beauty of clouds  
that hide the sun,  
at least throughout such a hostile summer.  
Adam needs rainbows not only at the skies  
but millions of tiny rainbows  
diverged through the droplets  
on each every part of the earth.  
Incarnate yourself in the droplets.  
Adam needs plenty of water  
so that the war of water may not be raged.

Akhtar Jawad

# Rains At Islamabad

I just send a flying kiss to the naughty fairy,  
She became hot, created a low pressure belt  
And returned it with a beautiful weather,  
During the hot summer life was at a test!

Bidding farewell to a month of heat strokes  
The artist, amazing in singing and dancing,  
Has started wearing her best costumes  
I'm watching her, flirting and romancing!

A dust storm chased by the clouds!  
Dropped temperature everywhere but me?  
Thanks to the fairy the helpful friend,  
A beautiful woman once again I see!

But I shall wait till the clouds really come,  
I want to see what happens in the rains  
Hope the woman will become a beloved  
Rains will wash it, planning more stains!

Announcing the intentions by the thunders  
Alarming the lovers by flashes of light  
Here come the clouds with the downpours  
I see a beloved striping, what a lovely sight!

Someone was imprisoned in the holy month,  
Whoever he may be but now he is free,  
The Satan, the Cupid, or it was the man,  
It's none else, it's me, it's me only me.

The lost love is knocking the doors of heart,  
And it's a wonderful and pleasant evening  
Let me take a rebirth like a new crescent  
Promise to bow my head in the morning.

Trees broke their fast with the downpours,  
Birds broke it with a washed greenery,  
Sweetheart! Break our fast with a warm kiss,  
Let us be a scene of this lovely scenery!

Many flying kisses to the naughty princess  
Nature's returns! I acknowledge with adore.  
Let the rains continue, let the night prolong,  
I shall send flying kisses to nature once more.

(Last day of fasting was seen off with heavy rains at Islamabad. We believe  
Satan is imprisoned in the holy month of Ramadan)

Akhtar Jawad

# Rains Of Poetry

Loneliness of night,  
When extinguishes the lighting eyes,  
Silence when rules the earth,  
I listen to the music of anklets,  
Someone silently comes in,  
And I listen to a song of love,  
The poet is still thirsty,  
The thirsty eyes suck something,  
Te thirsty lips suck something,  
Tries to deceive restlessness of his soul,  
The wall clock strikes,  
You insane, now you should sleep,  
You may lose your life,  
Who can teach an insane!  
He refreshes his wounds with his own cruel nails,  
Blood leaks and oozes,  
The veins carry it to the heart,  
The bird of the heart says,  
Let it do its work,  
Let it change into clouds,  
Let it go to skies,  
It will rain as a poem!

Akhtar Jawad

# Rainy Night

Can you twinkle like an evening star?  
When clouds have covered the entire sky  
If you shine like a full moon tonight  
Though not a night bird but I promise to fly

The star twinkling below black clouds  
Will be so close to awaiting earth  
And the moon shining with a Venus  
Will be enough to make up the dearth!

My wings will be wet and I might fall down  
But my love is a magic I shall kiss your palms  
I promise I shall not let you go back alone  
I will hold you in my very weak arms.

After restless days and sleepless nights  
Let the rains change the scenario tonight  
It's dark and muddy it will give stains  
But the path of love has glowworms' light.

Akhtar Jawad

# Rama Meadows

Green trees standing ecstatic in the romantic greenery,  
So what if the silken grass is naughty in the sexy scenery!  
Green silk kissing their feet and planning a further naught,  
Believe me, being a poet I can read their teen aged thought,  
I am sure soon the grass will start crawling on the trunk,  
Let the clouds come and rain and make them drunk.  
Meanwhile sun is busy with its mighty flash light,  
See many virgins smiling in dreams of the wedding night,  
This is a place where nature stripes and through the windows  
A naughty poet is watching, writing a poem on the Rama Meadows.

Akhtar Jawad

## Rangon Ki Barkha

Rangon ki barkha mein gori chali aaj karne yeh kaisa nahan,  
Panchi bhi ban mein chahakne lage kisne chedi yeh murli ki tan,  
Bele ke phoolon pe chidka yeh kisne mehekta hua ek gulal,  
Juhi ki kaliyon pe dekho yeh lali chalo choom lein aaj champa ke gal,  
Kahan so rahi hay meri rat rani utha kar koi usko lao yehan,  
Jahan aaj barsi hay madira gulabi jahan aaj dharti hui aasman,  
Jidhar bhi main jaoon jidhar bhi main dekhoon dhanak hi dhanak hay,  
Kisi ki kalai ne jadoo kiya hay hawaon mein dekho khanak hi khanak hay,  
Wuh kal rat to thi mere sath ban mein magar din mein thak kar kahin so gai hay,

Chalo dhoondhte hayn use aaj ban mein yeh gori na jane kahan kho gai hay,  
Wuh sooraj mukhi hay wuh chup na sake gi ke sooraj to uska chamakta idhar hay,  
Ghumaya jab apna yeh mukh rootha rootha wuh chillaya dekho udhar hay udhar hay,  
Meri bansuri leja maiya chupa de utha de yeh pitchkari rangon se bhar de,  
Bana doon main gori ko satranga badal jo dharti ko meri umangon se bhar de.

Akhtar Jawad

# Ravi Kay Sahil Pe Main Aur Bus Too

Ravi kay sahil pe main aur bus too,  
wuh sondhi sondhi si mtti ki boo,  
hathon mein hathon ki narmi bhi thi,  
sanson mein sanson ki garmi bhi thi,  
lahron mein ek aks tha hoo bahoo,  
Ravi kay sahil pe main aur bus too,  
aankhon mein aankhon ki masti bhi thi,  
darya pe chandi barasti bhi thi,  
sannata tanhai ka char soo,  
Ravi kay sahil pe main aur bus too,  
shamon pe zulfon ka saya bhi tha,  
raton pe gulrang aaya bhi tha,  
fitrat ki devi bhi thi roo baroo,  
Ravi kay sahil pe main aur bus too,  
honton pe honton ki thi dastan,  
door dharti pe jhukta hua aasman,  
thandi thandi hawaon ki mdira madhoo,  
Ravi kay sahil pe main aur bus too.

Akhtar Jawad

# Reaction

A physical law that is true only in the physical matters,  
for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.  
The ego hidden in our emotional and sentimental matters  
forces us to react many times more than the initial action.  
We love our nation,  
we love our religion,  
and we love our culture,  
we are right in our love,  
but when our love makes us an extremist  
and we start preaching  
social boycott of the minorities,  
we forget there are many nations  
many religions,  
and many cultures.  
They also love their nation, their religion and their culture.  
We are in majority in our country  
but In their countries we are a minority.  
They react many times more than us.  
Before condemning the reaction  
why don't we think twice  
that a call for social boycott of minorities  
is in fact a call, boycott us.

Akhtar Jawad

# Reaction On The Princes Is' Poem When You Look At Me

When I look at you...I'm really looking at you! !  
not your big brown eyes, not your wavy brown hair  
not your unblemished skin...my eyes just stare  
deep into your eyes...your soul I see.  
But we never met and I never saw you,  
I haven't watched your portrait,  
any of your videos.  
I haven't listened to your voice.  
Still I say I' have seen you,  
I have heard your voice,  
I know your thoughts,  
Do you know how?  
I read your poem,  
an open window with transparent curtains,  
a window that opens in your heart,  
where your real face is sleeping and smiling,  
perhaps dreaming!  
Such a beautiful window of a lovely heart,  
where words are flowers and lines are rows of roses,  
and the rose together form a green land of roses,  
and one is magnetized to stick with flowers,  
whereat he is inspired to react,  
yes, to react with a poem for a poem,  
a beauty for a beauty,  
a beauty that must be admired,  
whether it's sun of the east,  
or it's a moon of the west,  
but such contrast of greenery and pinkish roses,  
how a poetic heart can pass by and ignore,  
the beauty of poetry is created to adore.

Akhtar Jawad

# Reason

Reason to smile with you  
Reason to cry and die with you  
What else if not love!

Akhtar Jawad

# Reconciliation

It's not you alone,  
its me, too,  
we both have been lost,  
in a desert of time,  
how the differences were created,  
how the distances increased,  
neither you know it,  
nor I know it,  
we have been walking,  
we have been talking,  
with a hand in hand,  
on the endless sand,  
too hot in noon,  
but pleasant in moon,  
why came that oasis,  
where a fork was there,  
you wanted to go on a way,  
that leads to life,  
I wanted to go on a away,  
that leads to love,  
life lacked love,  
and love lacked life,  
why life and love,  
couldn't reconcile,  
couldn't walk together,  
neither you know it,  
nor I know it,  
we are still together,  
passing our days and nights,  
keeping a distance.  
Really it's me?  
Really it's you?  
Perhaps not,  
where is that knot?  
sleeping so close and adjacent,  
how much we are now tangent!  
I miss you,  
do you miss me?  
We are punished in a land of ego,

can't we become the return convicts?  
I am still vulnerable,  
Rewind, replay, and reconcile.

Akhtar Jawad

# Red Soul

Really a selfless soul,  
entirely a lover of poetry,  
doesn't want any returns from us.  
Surely he knows,  
our sentiments for him  
uploaded in a basket of flowers,  
love is its name, at any time may become a garland.

(Red soul is just a reader. No, he is a selfless lover of poetry.  
I believe after reading so many poems he will be a poet and I shall be proud to  
write a comment on his poem)

Akhtar Jawad

# Reflection

He needs sun's reflection in the moon,  
But I don't doubt in his rightness,  
Imagine moonlight, what a boon!  
Long live sun with the brightness,  
He cultivates heart shaped love seeds,  
Sown only in moonlight and that he needs.

But my goal is neither sun nor the moon,  
My goal is love of a lovely friend,  
Waiting moonlight since burning noon,  
Love only love, that's what I intend,  
Lo! I have sown the seed in my unseen self!  
The forbidding books I have put on the shelf.

Akhtar Jawad

# Reflex Action On Sneha Celine's Unexpected Kiss

I was mesmerized and amazed,  
Smiled, smiled and smiled again,  
A simple language, understood without any strain,  
I moved to another page, still I am chased.

The feelings and the sentiments,  
Of a girl and her maiden kiss,  
A long awaited pleasant bliss,  
Decorating her face with ornaments.

It's not only she,  
I have enjoyed this kiss,  
Lucky enough, did not miss,  
It's a poem for you, it's a poem for me.

Akhtar Jawad

## Registan Ki Barish

Insan to phir insan hay jani,  
Yeh gaen bhainsen mastani,  
Pani re pani tera barasna,  
Mitti re mitti tera mehekna,  
Keya hota hay,  
Yeh pooch aakar,  
Registan kabhi,  
Cholistan kabhi.

honton ka tabassum keya hota hay,  
Boondon ka tarannum keya hota hay,  
Pani mein nasha keya hota hay,  
Barkha ka maza keya hota hay,  
Keya hota hay,  
Yeh pooch aakar,  
Registan kabhi,  
Cholistan kabhi.

Chehron pe khushi keyn chati hay,  
Jab ghans hari ug aati hay,  
Dharti jab pani peeti hay,  
Kaisi haryali janti hay,  
Keya hota hay,  
Yeh pooch aakar,  
Registan kabhi,  
Cholistan kabhi.

Abke jo baharein aai hayn,  
Wuh sath mein badal lai hayn,  
Aur badal toot ke barse hayn,  
Yeh kitne dinon ke tarse hayn,  
Keya hota hay,  
Yeh pooch aakar,  
Registan kabhi,  
Cholistan kabhi.

Pani ne yeh keya shay bhar dee hay,  
Gori ke badan mein masti hay,  
Tan man dono ko dhona hay,

Socho aage keya hona hay,  
Keya hota hay,  
Yeh pooch aakar,  
Registan kabhi,  
Cholistan kabhi.

Akhtar Jawad

# Regrets

To forget you once,  
When I forget myself twice,  
Enjoy my regrets.

Akhtar Jawad

# Regretting As To Why He Poked His Nose

She cannot speak she is deaf and dumb,  
Yet she is heard, an extempore orator,  
I am puzzled and confused I cannot decide,  
She is a creation or herself a creator.

I see a side pose of her lovely face,  
One of her eyes in the evening star,  
I never saw her beauty from the front,  
A hand in my hand and the other on guitar,

She separates her hand and plays a tune,  
The crescent then starts her charming dance,  
I see this show every month in the nights,  
The fourteenth night is the climax of romance,

The nude of the moon through excited eyes,  
Enters the hearts and ignites a revolt,  
Whatever may be laws, customs and taboos?  
The birds in youth carelessly molt,

The bird is confined in a lovely cage,  
What's going out, all that, he departs,  
He smiles like flowers and cries like clouds,  
Until anticlimax of the moon starts,

And then he sees a moon less night,  
In a dark night he can see the front pose,  
Deaf and dumb, he can't describe,  
Regretting as to why he poked his nose!

Akhtar Jawad

# Remedy

A remedy, other than antibiotics,  
They are now immune, the terrific bugs,  
They are following anomalous dynamics,  
May be suicidal, antibiotic drugs!  
Use other means, if you are mature,  
You know prevention is better than cure.

Akhtar Jawad

# Remote Control

Beauty said to herself,  
I am aware of my charms,  
I can feel myself,  
But I have no arms,  
I want to kiss and embrace,  
I am perfect at my place,  
I want to see my beautiful face,  
I want to enjoy my lasting grace,  
But I have no eyes to enjoy,  
I need a repeater toy,  
So the toys were made,  
And the joys were made,  
Keeping remote control in hands,  
Beauty started the musical bands,  
The toys started singing and dancing',  
Loving each other, also romancing,  
Let them sing and dance,  
And enjoy the romance,  
While stepping in harmony,  
With the beats of bands,  
The toys shouldn't forget, ,  
Remote is there in someone's hands.

Akhtar Jawad

# Renovation Of Love

Everywhere I see a give and take,  
You love her and she loves you,  
Is it true love or it is fake,  
How to know she really loves you?

I never got anything,  
Unless and until I gave something,  
When I could not give anything,  
I didn't get anything.

I don't expect exact returns,  
Sometimes it is more than I gave,  
Sometimes it is lesser,  
I don't find anything wrong in it,

Important are the sentiments,  
Behind this give and take,  
If it is love, a time comes,  
When love results in amazing reactions!

You pass sometime with her,  
She passes sometime with you,  
And after some time you are tired of her,  
And she is tired of you.

To be tired is a part of life,  
It doesn't mean love has ended,  
Everyone becomes tired of continuity,  
Renovation of love is the answer.

Ignore your beloved for some time,  
Be rude to her and avoid her,  
See how she reacts,  
If she too ignores you, forget her.

If she comes to you with a rash attitude,  
Abuses you and even slaps you,  
And finally she cries,  
Your love is renovated.

Akhtar Jawad

# Repayment Of A Rib

Black holes exploited  
universes came into being  
galaxies colored the space  
suns, planets and moons started dancing,  
volcanoes erupted  
the planet shown its puberty through the mountains  
clouds were raised from the oceans  
rains came with the songs of pleasure  
earth was pregnant of greenery  
flowers were bloomed  
butterflies kissed the pollen grains  
fruits scattered their seeds all over the soil  
world became a forest  
but the Eve is still repaying the compound interests of a rib,  
while the principal is still standing as a rock!

Akhtar Jawad

# Repayment Of Debt

I am still living,  
I am indebted,  
And I have to clear the debt,  
Of my parents and grandparents,  
They wiped my tears,  
And now I am wiping tears,  
Of my children and grandchildren.

Akhtar Jawad

# Reply My Love Letter Through Jesus

Long long ago beautiful women and handsome men,  
visited my earth and many love stories flourished here,  
some in the cover of dense forests,  
some behind the soft pink roses in a garden,  
some during snow falls in a valley,  
some were watched by flowers of springs,  
some were narrated by excited rivers,  
some tales were told by the fields of pulses,  
some were sung on the swings of mango trees,  
the naughty moon when put a tide in the oceans,  
the waves brought pearls on the shore.  
But the sweetest love story was that of my naughty grand grand Pa,  
my naughty ancestor put a seed of a beautiful flower,  
in the womb of a fairy who had come from space,  
the fairy when went back to the heavens,  
gave birth to my beautiful cousin.  
Now a girl in her late millennium teens,  
silky brown hairs and blue eyes,  
spotless pink cheeks and lips like petals of roses,  
from head to feet her cuts her curls,  
and on her shoulders golden wings,  
yes, she can fly and can swim like a mermaid,  
she swims with open eyes with a transparent membrane,  
watches porn of rivers and oceans,  
and every heavenly day becomes more and more appealing beauty.  
I have sent a love letter through my messenger lord,  
telling her,  
sweetheart I am under the process of reforms and evolution,  
hope soon I shall develop wings on my shoulders,  
and a transparent membrane in my eyes,  
when I shall be capable of flying like you,  
and watching porn of deep oceans as you watch,  
I promise I shall come to you.  
Love you sweet cousin!  
You know Jesus, the only one, to comeback on earth,  
may now come at anytime,  
you can trust Jesus.  
He will not read your reply to my love letter,  
He, though knows, what a virgin like you,

writes in her love letter to a lover like me,  
I am keenly waiting for Jesus and your reply.  
Wait till I am a handsome match for your divine beauty.  
So long a flying kiss to your soft pink lips.

xxx, xxx, xxx

xxx, xxx, xxx

xxx, xxx, xxx

Akhtar Jawad

## Response (Being Inspired By A Poem Of Mahtab Bangalee)

To respond my words you are waiting for a suitable time,  
Don't you think my words by then may lose their rime,  
Don't you know it's you who lives in the heart of a lover,  
If heart is broken it'll be an irreparable crime!

Akhtar Jawad

# Response To A Satanic Message

War for lands and markets could not end the world,  
and war for oil is now in its final phases,  
the new guns have been reloaded,  
evaporate the water from the earth,  
rewrite the fate and prove humans are the blunder of nature.

Water that is symbol of life,  
and it created life in its simplest form,  
telling the disciples of demon,  
every time you forgot I love life,  
really you don't know what my love for life can do.

Water that is protector of life,  
amazing are its abilities to counter the devil,  
the earth will continue to breast feed its children,  
endurance of oceans you don't know,  
raging a war of water you shall always regret.

What if you evaporate the water,  
as it knows the art of changing itself in clouds,  
the heights of the mountains will touch the skies,  
end will be partial the new rains will fill my breasts,  
reproduction will continue, new milk and new infants.

Wasting your time, you cannot kill the love,  
and my love knows the art of re-creating greenery,  
to kiss the foreheads of my innocent infants,  
ever ready are my lips with a lot of caresses,  
Re-think, think not only twice but again and again.

Akhtar Jawad

# Retirement

Whatever may be game,  
there is a time of winning,  
touching the peak of fame,  
every player starts losing,  
not a matter of shame,  
coming and going,  
leaving behind only name,  
an honorable leaving!  
A veteran! Before he is lame,  
And still smiling!

Akhtar Jawad

## Rise And Fall (Inspired By A Post Of Marie Shine)

When water falls it's a joy,  
when a man falls it's sad.  
When a man rises he is an Angel,  
how he becomes a Devil in his falls,  
I wonder!  
My wonder didn't prolong,  
I changed my dress for an outing,  
and to dress my hairs,  
with a comb in my hands,  
when I saw the mirror,  
my image smiled at me!  
I placed the comb at its place,  
I shall not go for the outing,  
I am afraid many others will smile at me.

Akhtar Jawad

# River Kunhar

All the rivers are not under your control.  
You the proud mountains,  
the queen of northern lands  
has lovely arms and shoulders  
and from dawn to dusk  
round the clock  
and around the whole year  
it withstands the hardships of extreme weather  
brings water that is sweeter than milk  
it builds our muscles not to knock out you from the ring  
but to fight from the falling rocks  
and deadly land sliding  
the earth is destined to face.  
After the deadliest earthquake of human history  
that is yet to come,  
in that sources of rivers will be changed  
in that courses of rivers will be changed  
and water that gives life  
will crush all the rocks like you.  
And on that day river Kunhar will not be alone.  
So many new rivers will start dancing on the holy green land  
singing the song of thanks to the nature.  
You might not be seeing those daughters of mighty mountains  
but I can see and I can predict.  
Green lands will be greener in the future.

Akhtar Jawad

# Rose

Many are the gardens,  
so many are the flowers,  
with color and fragrance.  
I was looking for a rose!

Soft and pink,  
dancing with the blow,  
the naught of winds,  
neat and clean,  
by a shower of dew.  
Partly covered,  
in the fresh green leaves.  
A bud!

All over the night,  
she slept in moonlight,  
a sleep so deep,  
that when the winds,  
removed the leaves,  
and saw her beauty,  
open and exposed,  
the wind was wet.

And the drops of rains,  
mild and pleasant,  
personified the wind,  
in a handsome youth.  
And the youth,  
when tried to kiss,  
the virgin bud,  
clouds roared like a lion.

And the lightning,  
fell on the conductor,  
proudly standing,  
on the top of a church.  
And the charge of lightning,  
entered the earth.  
The earth trembled,

and tremors,  
vibrated the earth.  
The youth was frightened.  
Vaporized once again,  
in merely a wind.

Moon removed the curtains,  
dense and thick,  
dark brown in color.  
When the moon light touched,  
the sleeping bud,  
she smiled like a goddess,  
she opened her eyes,  
twisted her petals,  
partly open,  
for a kiss of someone!

I saw that bud,  
in an isolated corner,  
shying and hiding,  
the outcome of nature,  
waiting for someone,  
having a writ for the bud,  
I walked with love,  
and gentle desires,  
didn't touched the leaves,  
didn't touched the petals,  
bowed my head,  
and kissed the bud.  
The bud exposed,  
all her petals.  
A beautiful flower,  
the bud was now.  
A rose indeed!

Akhtar Jawad

## Rose Marie Juan Austin

Rose is the perfumed page sprung at the website just to delight,  
Marie appears in the colorful petals as poetic beauty realized,  
Juan are the thoughts that are gifted by the Ancient Knight,  
Austin is the magic of poetry that makes a reader hypnotized.  
Rose Marie Juan Austin's poetry has many fantastic colors  
Her page is a shelf with beautiful bottles of ecstatic odors.

Akhtar Jawad

## Rose Petals (The Amateur Poets)

The buds knew it well,  
If they bloom in flowers,  
Then either shaking winds  
Or the unkind showers,

Will disperse their petals,  
Some efforts of the dew  
Tears of the nightingale  
And the love of a few,

No rescue is for them,  
Not even the moon!  
Colors will be changed,  
Pink, in dark maroon,

So what's the petals' fate?  
To be changed in perfumes,  
Or to decay in the dust,  
Ending in the garbage fumes!

Akhtar Jawad

# Royal Poinciana And The Rubbish Cobra

I love the red and orange flowers  
That spring on the branches so delicate  
Their message of beauty and of love  
Needs my garden to change the fate!

Humanity is ailing with the poison of hate  
Fate of children in torn shirts with stains  
Having nothing to hide their lower parts  
To wash their shirts they depend on rains!

Child labor is common in the dirty slums  
For food and water, a child is misused,  
At the age of ten they are forced to work  
Poverty leads the children to be abused

In such an adverse situation I see  
A rubbish cobra with the poison of hate  
Is climbing on the Royal Poinciana tree  
It's weakly rest, only beauty of painful fate!

In an underdeveloped country only one day  
To climb and sit among colorful flowers  
Waiting to be totally naked if it rains  
To wash not only their dirty shirts  
But also their soul's wounds and the stains!

I am here with my walking stick  
I shall save the children and the flowers  
Shall keep cobra down hundred steps  
I shall join their prayers for the showers!

Akhtar Jawad

# Rubber Band

Go on stretching yourself,  
go on stressing yourself,  
tie me in the knots of hates,  
make marks of your hate on my sensitive skin.  
I shall remain peaceful in my strains.  
I have nails for all the stings you give,  
I shall go on scratching the itches.  
I know this scratching ends in a pain.  
I have courage to live in the bounds of all your knots,  
may be economical, political or psychological.  
And I am confident before my scratching injures my skin,  
you will exceed your elastic limit  
billions of your own molecules will break you,  
and all the knots will open one by one.  
On that day I shall stripe and expose my skin  
to the winds of the soothing love that will blow  
to relieve me from the pains of scratching.

Akhtar Jawad

# Saint Woodpecker And The Uncalled Questions

Two innocent pigeons were on their first date,  
I saw their ecstasy in love on a green carpet,  
behind green curtains their touches of nibs,  
I saw her though insane in love still escaping  
from him and jumping on branches of a tree,  
I saw him chasing the lovely virgin bird,  
I just smiled and watched silently.  
But the saint woodpecker interrupted them,  
&quot;Make a nest for you and then love as you like,  
otherwise earth will witness your sins  
on the day of judgment, that is sure and definite.&quot;  
She asked innocently, &quot;If we love behind the curtains,  
of green leaves with pink rose prints and aromatic  
breaths of colorful flowers that don't know anything,  
where there is no ethics but where life has so many colors,  
and all I see a spectrum of white light of love.&quot;  
&quot;These exciting charms, these pieces of beauty,  
are not your friends, they all are merely agents,  
and they will witness your sins, they are foes.&quot;  
He whispered in her years, &quot;No more questions,  
come on let us fly too high in the sky.&quot;  
And while woodpecker was delivering his sermon  
to innocent birds who ask uncalled questions,  
I saw materialized, the pigeon's date somewhere  
too high beyond the reach of the saint woodpecker!

Akhtar Jawad

# Samay

Boondien boondien banker mujhper  
peyar barasta jaye,  
uska peyar barasta jaye,  
samay guzarta jaye.  
Her boond pe ro ro kahoon samay se,  
kutch der ko wuh ruk jaye,  
papi tujhse kab yeh kaha,  
too laut ke wapas aaye.  
Preet hamari sagar hay,  
jitni chahe chura leja,  
chand to ghatta badhta hay,  
per sagar ghat na paye.  
abbhi apni preet ka sagar,  
chand se nain milaye,  
phoolon se rang churaye,  
taron ki tarah muskaye,  
shabnam ki nami se dhulkar yeh,  
khushboo se mil jaye,  
itna vishal aur iska jadoo,  
jab chahe simat kar phool ki komal  
bahon mein mein chup jaye  
aur tu dhoondh na paye.  
Per samay se keya takraoon main  
isse koi jeet na paye,  
sagar shor machae  
aur smay guzarta jaye  
aa dekh le iske dharon ko,  
jab chand pe joban aaye.  
Abbhi ismein jalparian hayn,  
abbhi nadia bahti hay jo,  
chpke chupke aati hay,  
aur sagar se mil jati hay,  
use thoda aur bhi bahne de,  
jal pariyan ko jeevit rahne de,  
acha tu ruk sakta nahin to,  
dheere dheere chal,  
per samay ne kiski mani hay,  
samay kabhi bhi rukta nahin,  
aiy nadia zara jaldi karna,

poonam ka chand chamakta hay,  
sagar machla machla hay,  
mausam bahka bahka hay,  
rat abhi bhi baqi hay,  
aaj bahak le phir ek bar,  
isse pehle ke chor samay,  
bachi khuchi poonji ko apni,  
cheene auor le jaye,  
samay nahin ruk sakta hay,  
samay guzarta jaye!

Akhtar Jawad

# Samson And Delilah

Who played with you sweetheart?  
Who betrayed you sweet heart?  
If I played with anyone!  
It's me only me!  
If I betrayed anyone!  
It's me only me!  
You sued me in a court of love.  
Imprisoned I am in a fort of love,  
I never loved you,  
But I can never hate you,  
A soft corner for you,  
Is still in my heart!  
I never knew a woman,  
If a failure in love,  
can go up to this extant!  
Nemesis has played it's role,  
My hairs are re-grown,  
And I am now breaking the pillars,  
neither castle nor the fort,  
neither palace nor the prison,  
neither love nor the hate,  
neither wounds of your heart,  
nor the pains of my body,  
the fire of revenge will burn the both,  
the Samson and the Delilah!  
You too never knew,  
A man can go up to this extent!

Akhtar Jawad

# Sanwara Nabiji Ka

Phir Rakhte Safar bandha humne,  
Phir aayaa ishara nabiji ka,  
Tum mujhko sahara mat dena,  
Mujhko hay sahara nabiji ka.

Ab koi nazara janchta nahin,  
Bas ek nazara nabiji ka,  
Ab sare ishare khatm huey,  
Baqi hay ishara nabiji ka.

Tum dekhna udta jaoon ga,  
Main to hoon pukara nabiji ka,  
Koi kam to aysa kar ke chaloon,  
Ban jaoon main peyara nabiji ka.

Main sochta hoon rah jaoon wuhin  
Ban jaoon dulara nabiji ka,  
Aur shams sawa neze pe kahe,  
Yeh to hay sanwara nabiji ka.

Akhtar Jawad

# Sapne Dekhte Raho

Sapne dekhte raho,  
Aur unko sochte raho.  
Aur unse khelte raho,  
Aur unko tolte raho,  
Aur unko bolte raho,  
Sapne dekhte raho.

Nahin to jee na pao ge,  
Yeh dukh na bhool pao ge,  
Yeh sapne jab sunao ge,  
Kavi ka man pao ge,  
Inhi se geet bhi racho  
Sapne dekhte raho.

Muhabbaton ke khawab ko,  
Kabhi nahin jawab do,  
Inhein to bas gulab do,  
Shabab do sharab do,  
Piyo pilao aur piyo,  
Sapne dekhte raho.

Yeh sapne hon jo peyar ke,  
Ya ma ke hon dular ke,  
Ya dharti ke nikhar ke,  
Khizaon mein bahar ke,  
Sapnon ke liye jiyo,  
Sapne dekhte raho.

Yeh sapne shanti ke hon,  
Ahinsa kranti ke hon,  
Maliha Malti ke hon,  
Ya Ravi Tapti ke hon,  
Sapnon ke liye maro,  
Sapne dekhte raho.

Akhtar Jawad

# Satan

My God!

one may know You for any other reason,  
but I know you for your kind and lovely returns,  
yes, I'm a selfish man!

Can't you favor me once more  
and put the clock back?

Can you return that moment of life  
that I lost in love.

Take back the decades of all centuries  
and with all the gains of time.

Can you put me back in another paradise,  
with my Eve and your forbidden fruit?

But this time don't separate us,  
I am now lazy and old!

One more thing,  
this time, please throw us in another world,  
where there is no Satan.

Now we very well know the forbidden fruit,  
and as such,  
we don't need a Satan.

Akhtar Jawad

# Save Mother Earth

Was earth not more beautiful?  
I can imagine I'm thoughtful,  
Didn't we lose a beautiful age?  
When it was a pedestrian village!  
Lesser luxuries, lesser problems,  
Greater luxuries, greater problems!  
No motor cars, no accidents,  
No casualties and no dents,  
No pollution, no smokes,  
Lesser tension, lesser provokes,  
Sons have torn their mother's skirt,  
Exposing the mother to the cosmic dirt,  
Repair belt of ozone, forget the rest,  
Save your mother with all the best,  
Need breastfeeding being still infants,  
Learn something from the crawling ants.

Akhtar Jawad

# See Him In The Cute Butterflies

God! Oh God! Where are you?  
Here are you, or there are you?  
I'm sure anyway somewhere are You,  
The question but remains as to where are you?  
Some say you are behind the seventh sky,  
How helpless I am I cannot fly!  
Some believe in that you came on the earth,  
And some are silent on your wonderful worth!  
When I see this beautiful lovely nice nature,  
Then I turn to the man's so ugly caricature,  
I am sorry I see a painful contrast,  
With the tearful eyes and a beating heart,  
When life in gloom is too sorrowful,  
Naught of a child makes it beautiful.  
Comes with a straw to snoozing old man,  
Without a fear and without a refrain,  
Puts the straw in the nostrils and smiles,  
Laugh three more lovely nice juveniles,  
In the left hand is a doll says it's now too old,  
I see and I say in a child is the gold,  
I was looking for it on the high skies,  
Beauty flies here with the cute butterflies.

Akhtar Jawad

# Seesaw

In love! Though he is still a child,  
in the back yard so pink so mild,  
swinging on a branch of a lovely tree,  
a bud of rose completely free.  
Free of tensions free of pains,  
Free of guilt free of stains,  
He invites her to enjoy a seesaw,  
she flew helplessly like a straw,  
When up he is sad as she is down,  
when down and sees a flying crown!  
Crown or silky wings of a fairy?  
She is so charming when she's merry!  
He sticks his foot firmly on the ground,  
he loves to enjoy her laughter's sound  
Merely a friendship or a love at this age?  
What next when youth comes out of the cage!

Akhtar Jawad

# Seventeen Though Seventy One

The crazy old man, playing cricket on the streets,  
With his blocked shoulders and his painful knees,  
His spouse warning from the roof of his house,  
Great spectators, singing clouds and dancing trees,

On the television of the clouds' wide screens  
The sick old sun was keenly watching the matches,  
The old man couldn't read his wise advice,  
Just sit and shout on good shots and catches.

Charming fair ladies, rainbows on all the roofs,  
Clapping and shouting on the last boundary he hit,  
'I am only seventeen and I should now hit a six.'  
Though the word uncle didn't like, surely a misfit,

White shirt, white trousers and the white shoes  
The road is slippery after the fine mild rains,  
Warnings of spouse from the roof of his house,  
'Youth day for others, for you injuries and stains.'

'When you'll realize you are no more a youth.'  
'Don't disturb my concentration, let me play,  
Sweetheart, see my dashing innings of seventy one,  
Let me score a century on the lovely youth day.'

Another four, his supporters' exciting demand,  
Two raised hands on the top of a neighboring house!  
Gathered all the might in his blocked shoulders,  
The grandmother's clever agent, a mighty mouse,

An outgoing delivery kissed his bat, he was caught,  
Seeing ball resting in the grandson's safe hands,  
Standing on the slips of the crazy old man's life,  
Old once again and back to the destined lands.

With his painful knees and his aching muscles,  
Doctor advised a bed rest to the teen aged old,  
Play with the brain without involving your body,  
That is a ground whereat you are still gold.

Akhtar Jawad

# Seventh Sense

I see something that I cannot see,  
I smell a thing that I can't smell,  
I listen to a voice I can't listen to,  
I taste a flavor I cannot taste,  
I touch one though I can't touch one.  
Still deficient is my sixth sense  
with a lot of manufacturing faults  
but I have my wonderful thoughts  
and,  
I have sown the seeds of a seventh sense.  
Let a million years pass  
one of my descendants  
will give birth to a super infant,  
he will talk as soon as he is born,  
he will not come crying,  
but,  
he will come smiling and singing,  
&quot;I see something that you cannot see  
I smell a thing you can't smell  
I listen to a voice you can't listen to  
I taste a flavor that you cannot  
I touch a new Eve that hasn't born yet  
I have come with an organ for the sixth sense,  
and,  
I am a new Adam with a seventh sense! &quot;

Akhtar Jawad

# Shadows Of Lucy And Wordsworth

Lucy was mere chit of a girl,  
She used to carry lunch for his father,  
His father worked in a workshop,  
On her way Lucy met Wordsworth every day,  
They developed a nameless relationship,  
In that there was no lust,  
She was an inspiration for the great poet,  
Wordsworth saw her as a violet,  
Who dwelt among the un-trodden ways,  
Besides the springs of dove,  
She was a maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love,  
Then a storm of snow and fog,  
Snatched Lucy from the great poet,  
And Wordsworth felt a difference,  
He writes,  
She lived unknown and few could know,  
When Lucy ceased to be,  
She is in her grave,  
And Oh! The difference to me!

I am not Wordsworth,  
But Wordsworth is not a singular poet,  
Wordsworth is the name of a school,  
I see many shadows in his school of poetry,  
I see myself too,  
Sitting on a back bench,  
I saw a shadow of Lucy,  
A bud of rose,  
I loved that bud like Wordsworth,  
There was no lust in it,  
She was an inspiration for me,  
As I saw true beauty in her,  
But shadow of Lucy was lost,  
In a storm of misunderstandings,  
My inspiration is gone,  
Being a shadow student,  
Of the great school of a great poet,  
I also feel a difference,

Wordsworth and Lucy are living in the heaven,  
I don't know what a name is given,  
To their nameless relationship,  
But their shadows are seen on the earth,  
And the story of Wordsworth and Lucy,  
Has not ended, it's still going on.

Akhtar Jawad

# Shangrila

Shape like a heart in love of someone,  
Having a name like the heroine of a love story,  
All round I see the resorts for love,  
Nude of the nature with a hidden glory.

Gorgeous beauty of a fairy I see.

Rare are the charms of your curved auricles,  
I arose from the shores of the Arabian Sea  
Like clouds I shall rain at your ventricles,  
A pearl for you, no excuses, just accept my plea.

Akhtar Jawad

# Shararat

Aksar zehen ke ek goshe mein koi aisa kheyal aa jata hay,  
Jazbon mein ubal aa jata hay aankhon mein sawal aa jata hay.  
Aur jab barson purani chahat se phir unka jawab aa jata hay,  
Ab kaise kahoon us chehre per phir kaisa jamal aa jata hay.  
Wuh dhoop mein nikhra din ho koi sardi se thithurti ratein hon,  
Koi tik nahin pata samne phir har shay pe zawal aa jata hay.  
Wuh tan ka jalta sooraj ho ya man ka thanda ho mehtab,  
Angraian lekar uthta hay mail-ba-kamal aa jata hay.  
Jab aandhi aisi aa jae phir tez hawaein chalti hayn,  
Phir quas-e-qazah nach uthti hay phoolon pe gulal aa jata hay.  
Hum mitti ke khilaunon se keyun khel yeh khele jate hayn,  
Na jane kiski shararat hay keyun aisa kheyal aa jata hay.

Akhtar Jawad

# Sharing

They don't come to me when I am alone,  
they come to me when they are alone.  
So I wish one day my friends are lonely,  
come and share their loneliness with me.  
Is there anything, more soothing and relieving other than sharing  
I share my smiles with men,  
I share my joys with men,  
I share all I have with them.  
But my tears,  
and my pains  
I share with one  
who is never lonely,  
yet he comes to me.  
My lovely true friend!

Akhtar Jawad

# Sharing A Love Story

When you knock at my doors with aurora of a dawn,  
I know you have come with the rosy showers,  
When you knock my doors with aurora of dusk,  
I know you have come with sweet white flowers,  
My sun rises with a message of love,  
My moon rises with a package of love.

My day is passed drinking wine of love,  
And you are exposed in white moonlights,  
I sleep with beauty and dreams of love,  
How beautiful are days how lovely are nights!  
I don't hate anyone I am a glory of love,  
May I share with you this story of love?

Akhtar Jawad

# Shayer Ka Khawab

Han shayer ka ek khawb ho tum,  
han ek mahakta gulab ho tum,  
han ek purani sharab ho tum,  
han ek durre nayab ho tum,  
main abbi jawan tum abbi haseen,  
abbi tumsa koi naheen.

Zulphon ke kale badal mein,  
ek chand abhi bhi chupta hay,  
aankhon ke sagar ki tah mein,  
ek moti abbi chamakta hay,  
galon mein shafaq abbi hay basi,  
honton se ras bhi barasta hay,  
bahon mein abhi tak garmi hay,  
seene mein dil bhi dharakta hay,  
jadoo hay abhi bhi sarape mein,  
din abbi tumse mahakta hay,  
aur rat ki batein bhi sun lo,  
jab joban iska chadhata hay,  
tham jate hayn rat ke paon bhi,  
aur waqt whin per rukta hay,  
is waqt ka koi bharosa nahin,  
ab le bhi lo jo kutch deta hay!

Han khawb bhi tum ho haqueeqaut bhi,  
han ishq bhi tum ho muhabbat bhi,  
han dard bhi tum ho rahat bhi,  
han hoor bhi tum aur jannat bhi,  
main abbi jawan tum abbi haseen,  
abbi tumsa koi naheen.

Akhtar Jawad

# She

The first letter of she,  
Stands for the soul of God  
Yes it was Eve,  
With a shy smile and a nascent nod,

I am ready my Lord,  
For all the pains  
No question, no hesitation,  
And no refrains,

Not for Adam,  
And pleasure of life,  
I know with Adam,  
I shall face strife,

Just to represent,  
Your virtue of creation,  
Just to spread,  
My lovely generation,

Just to hear,  
I am virtual God,  
From my side,  
Have another nod.

And God bestowed her  
With His soul and affection,  
And she performed,  
Her duty with perfection!

The second letter of she  
Stands for home and house,  
Yes it was Eve,  
The first spouse,

The first to start,  
The oldest relations,  
Between two lonely,  
Thirsty humans,

I am ready my Lord,  
Shall face the pains,  
Withstand, I shall,  
The stress and strains,

To keep the house,  
And look after my children,  
I shall bravely face,  
Whatever may be burden!

And God bestowed her  
With His supervision,  
And she performed,  
Her duty with perfection!

The third letter of she,  
Stands for elitism,  
Yes it was Eve,  
To act as a prism,

I am ready my Lord,  
To diverge your light,  
I shall use my beauty,  
That is cool and bright,

With my art of love,  
I shall make rainbows,  
I have soft coral lips,  
I have crescents of eye brows,

In my house to my husband,  
And to my lovely offshoots,  
To produce the fruits,  
I inhaled from the roots,

The roots stretched,  
From earth to the heaven,  
I shall leave not unturned,  
The stones unshaken!

And God bestowed her,

With His lovely incarnation,  
And she performed,  
Her duty with perfection!

When paradise was lost,  
Adam was shy,  
When Eve was lost,  
He trembled the sky.

Akhtar Jawad

# She Avenges

Neither he cries nor does he smile.  
The woman nurturing him  
though paid for her services  
and selling her love  
is not ugly,  
but she is not beautiful, too.  
Not a bad woman at all!  
No woman is bad  
for a helpless person  
who can neither sit nor stand  
who can listen to but can't understand  
who can try to speak but can't speak in the true sense.  
Passing the whole day  
on a purchased love  
accepting her even when she undresses him  
tolerating her when she touches and cleans his private parts  
and just staring at her for the whole day.  
For a few days he cried while missing  
the familiar lips and pleasant breasts  
but now he is used to with it.  
He remains silent through the day  
sometimes looking at the skies  
and waiting for the sun set.  
Usually his favorite woman comes just after the sun set.  
But occasionally when she is late  
he starts crying.  
She informs him,  
'I am in the washroom sweetheart  
I am just coming.'  
He knows and recognizes this voice.  
The nurse shares his loud laughter.  
And then his favorite woman comes  
lifts her shirt up  
unties her braziers  
and the restless man finds his favorite touch.  
The infant of a lonely working woman  
enjoys a deep sleep after being breast fed.



# She Came In My Arms

Winter was decaying,  
Summer was delaying,  
Mild rain showers,  
And budding flowers,  
Spring season,  
Made for human,  
Clouds, but broken,  
Breeze, not frozen,  
Stars were glimpsing,  
Scene was addicting,  
Sky was peeping,  
Hearts up-creeping,  
Stars skating,  
Moon was dating,  
Although shy,  
On the floor of sky,  
With amazing appeal,  
Saying can't you steal,  
Some moments of joy,  
Dear moon, handsome boy.

Moonlight, behind,  
So jealous so unkind,  
Decided to fight,  
With all her might,  
Stars and ally,  
Clouds in sky,  
Up came a friend,  
In order to defend,  
Their friend's legal right,  
In lovely wet night,  
Wind then attacked,  
And clouds were sacked,  
The battle was over,  
And the soil turned silver,  
The illusion was removed,  
The moon unmoved.

A touch on my shoulder,

Loving and familiar,  
A slap on my cheeks,  
My head on the peaks,  
My newly married bride,  
With a heart full of tide,  
She came in my arms,  
With all her charms.

This poem is misunderstood by many friends. This a story of me and my wife. I was 22 and she was 16. We were newly married. I had tried to explain the charms of early marriage. I am not advocating early age marriages but the fact remains that I was married at an early age. I just want to share my er, I have edited it.

Akhtar Jawad

# She Came In My Life

Being tired of my heart who kept me helpless,  
The naughtiest part of my body that ruled me,  
The dictator who all night kept me sleepless,  
When I objected the Injustice overruled me.

I don't know how one day he became so kind,  
And told me that he was in fact my pet,  
Otherwise he is innocent, and that he is blind,  
A vacant house needing a board of "To Let."

While looking for a tenant I saw one so charming.  
"Yo don't see her but may I give you a few tips?  
She's appealing, she's exciting, and she is warming,  
You Dirty Cockroach! Do you feel her exciting lips?

You have feelers, move them on her rosy cheeks  
Slip and fall on the cuts and curls of a lovely maid,  
Careful first meeting! Little away from the peaks,  
Behave like a gentleman, it shouldn't be a raid."

My heart replied, "No need of being so much afraid,  
Feelers touched her eyes, read waves of the beats,  
The maid is also looking for a blind Cupid raid."  
Feelers are hot with the waves of radiating heats."

It started with a kiss and having edited the rest,  
I tell you I became a victim of an amazing adventure,  
The singular affair, a big success, how can say the best,  
A lasting love, everyday a crown, an increasing treasure!

Will you please believe I am living now without a heart?  
Dictatorship is my fate! Now dictated by an old housewife,  
Overrating her beauty her charms and spicy cooking art,  
I'm underrated by her. Well, it's the sad story of my life!

(I am sorry my readers. The winter rains shaking the earth, today, at Karachi in between 10: 00 and 10: 30 hours. Though by now there is no news of any type of loss from the earthquake. So what if I was also jerked to write this naughty poem)

Akhtar Jawad

# She In Desert

A day in desert with a lovely woman,  
May I describe it, yes, I think I can.  
Her long brownish hair is spread at night,  
Moon and stars are the sources of light.

And so her eyes and her beautiful face,  
A source of peace and gorgeous grace,  
Half hidden in hair appear like the moon,  
Nature has gifted me a lovely boon.

The desert lacks flowers, the desert lacks rains,  
But she is a beauty having no strains,  
As she is enriched with the lovely cheeks,  
Not black and barren, hills and peaks.

Her lips like petals of a lovely rose,  
The style of sleeping in a sexy pose,  
The landscape is same as at home,  
As if she's sleeping under same old dome.

Her body has beauty of dew on trees,  
The movement of breasts with frequent breaths,  
The stretched branches of round lovely arms,  
Reminds me quakes and reminds the storms.

The stars are dancing and the moon smiling,  
The night is romantic and the breeze exciting,  
A day in desert is hot and tiring,  
The artificial cold is at all not inspiring.

Everyone went out, passed night in roaming,  
And the day so hot, is ruined in sleeping.  
But the nights of desert have beauty and charms,  
And arise inside many unseen storms.

The joy of a woman is a gift of nature,  
And first plantation in soil of His creature.  
Pass and enjoy and wish and dream,  
Wherever I am I need her stream.

If she is with me I need nothing more,  
The life is worship in her love and adore.  
For love only love is purpose of life,  
It is not a war or quarrel or strife.

Ganges or Ravi or Sindh have huts,  
Have beauty of movement in the lovely cuts.  
What else I get is fruitless and futile,  
I don't need pyramids of the Nile.

Akhtar Jawad

# She Is Always Beautiful

I saw her colors I remember her perfumes  
Printed flowers of her exposing costumes  
In the pleasant winds of the early springs  
When my eyes had two naughty wings!  
Exposed in the summer I saw her appeal  
Imagined that she managed to conceal!  
I see her and that what she is not showing  
Smile to see her in the cold breeze blowing  
A cap, coats, overcoats partly concealing her  
But beauty is smiling, smartly revealing her  
What the men are? A naughty write of a woman!  
She creates, recreates, updates and makes a man.  
Weathers change but she is always beautiful  
Whether concealed or exposed she can lull  
She can make me sleeping, dreaming in a day  
Helpless! Being same old Adam, made of clay!

Akhtar Jawad

# She Is Changed In Beauty

The ignorant lover is insane in love,  
looking for beloved, who is no more!  
She is changed in beauty and scattered,  
on the skies and beyond the skies.  
She is now reflected in planets and stars.  
Have a soothing view now from the moon.  
See her in the tides of the restless oceans,  
like beautiful birds she flies as clouds.  
Hug her in the rains and don't be afraid,  
when like a beautiful virgin she shows  
an artificial rage in lightning and thunders.  
Your love is a lightning conductor  
having its roots in the depths of your heart  
and your heart like the lovely earth  
is capable to null her high voltage.  
Touch her by touching the colorful petals  
and feel him in aurora.  
And when you are over excited,  
your ecstasy goes beyond the elastic limits,  
a kiss of soft and pink lips,  
will bring your beloved into your arms.

Akhtar Jawad

# She Is Not Blind

She is not careless,  
sometimes she opens her eyes  
as she wants to let us know  
she is still the mistress of rewards and punishments  
and can rewrite the fate.

She is not stern,  
like a loving mother  
she destroys a few to save the many.  
Open your eyes my kind and benevolent mother  
You're already too late.

She is not blind,  
but she keeps her eyes closed  
as she doesn't want to see this world  
that was made to rule by love  
but it's ruled by hate.

Akhtar Jawad

# She Is Sleeping

Oh Moon! What made you starring!  
At my old weak arms!  
Why the moon light converged,  
At my chest with its charms!  
It's not you alone I see,  
The stars are twiddling,  
Did the diamonds forgot,  
Their art of twinkling!  
Why the clouds are static?  
Are they in sleep?  
And behind from them,  
What on earth you peep?  
Do you want to play?  
A game on the earth!  
Do the flowers whisper?  
Her name on the earth!  
Did the wind carry?  
Her fragrance to sky!  
Why the night bird on earth?  
Why doesn't she fly?  
With her head on the shoulders,  
My child is sleeping,  
Don't disturb her dreams,  
And stop this beeping.

Akhtar Jawad

## She Is Still Shy

Cool wind cool showers, yet it warms,  
Ask her to come with the wine of rains,  
Virgin clouds need your nudist charms.  
Around me and her should be curtains.

You come to me in the rainy seasons  
Come and please and go somewhere,  
She comes to me having no reasons,  
Came for ever, she's here she's there.

Recollect the day we met in the rains,  
You became a curtain on the watching sky,  
Join her in giving a few more stains.  
Naughty clouds! You know she is still shy.

Akhtar Jawad

# She Speaks And I Listen To Her

Whatever she speaks I understand,  
She speaks from her eyes and my eyes read it,  
She speaks from her lips and my lips read it,  
She speaks from her hands and my hands read it,  
She speaks from her entire body and my body reads it,  
I think she speaks more but how?  
What do you mean?  
I can't tell you everything about my conjugal life.  
You can't understand,  
Your wife is deaf and dumb,  
I'm sure she speaks a better body language,  
Let me tell one thing,  
You are luckier than me,  
When my wife starts speaking her mother language,  
I forget understanding my mother language,  
So you now know all of my conjugal life!

Akhtar Jawad

# She Will Not

She started writing poems,  
I read her poems,  
I know only one thing about her,  
She is just seventeen.  
And a college student.  
Probably she has none,  
Who can listen to the voice,  
Of her broken heart.  
Being deceived in love,  
The strains of her feelings,  
Burst out like streams,  
In pretty nice poems.  
Like the violent waves,  
Of a hot stream,  
I see tear in her eyes,  
I feel pain of her heart.  
Like the dry petals of a rose,  
Faded in sun shine,  
Too early,  
And premature,  
And couldn't survive,  
Till the full moon light!  
When wisdom of sky,  
Is scattered in the night.  
The petals about whom,  
Shelley wrote are heaped,  
For the lovely bed,  
Of his beloved who has gone.  
And memories of beloved,  
On the bed of emotions,  
It is love itself,  
That slumbers on.

The sweet little girl,  
At this stage of age,  
Can't realize,  
It's at all not love.  
Just an attraction,  
That will not last long,

I advised her and wrote,  
To forget the play boy.  
Concentrate on studies,  
And should keep writing,  
Her lovely poems,  
On her friends and games.

Oh God! Why did you give us a heart!  
Oh Nature! Why do you call!  
I know it well,  
She will not! Not at all!

Akhtar Jawad

# Sheen

I have been waiting for her in a golden evening,  
time is running with a faster speed.  
She hasn't come yet!  
I'm listening to the songs of beauty with the wings.  
What the birds sing while loving during their flights  
and what's the meaning of their so sweet songs  
I asked it from the silent flowers.  
Listening to my question,  
the shy buds veiled their faces in the green leaves  
but I saw sheen in colors of the bloomed flowers  
the flowers smiled boldly.  
I felt the aroma turned more ecstatic.  
And I saw butterflies rushing to the flowers  
More sheen for the petals  
More aromas for me!  
I now understand what the birds sing,  
I now understand why the buds are shy  
I now know why the flowers smiled.  
But my shy beloved hasn't come yet.  
I am missing the sheen.  
The shadows are lengthening  
I see aurora on the western sky.  
Birds in hurry,  
singing and dancing are going back to the nests.  
And when I am passing a beautiful evening  
with clouds sometimes hiding the moon  
sometimes exposing it's beauty with the sheen  
what's going on behind the clouds  
who kisses the moon bringing such a sheen  
or it's the naughty moon who is kissing the Venus  
Yes, I see Venus turning brighter!  
I can do what the moon did with the Venus  
I shall let her shy  
but I shall smile like a bold flower,  
while loving the sheen on her face.  
But where is she?  
Why one promises if one can't keep the promise!  
I should go back now without the sheen.  
Suddenly she came in a colorful dress

with ecstatic perfumes,  
and then everything vanished except the sheen.

Akhtar Jawad

# Shells Inside The Shell

The journey inside a shell never ended,  
where do I exist?  
When I removed the first shell  
I saw a network of social relationships  
having experienced various forms of relations  
when I became tired of all  
I removed the shell.  
Again I wasn't there.  
Since then I have been removing shells after shells,  
seventy two shells I have removed by now  
and what I could know  
the number of shells is infinite.  
If ever I manage to remove the last shell  
and I find a nothingness there  
I shall regret why I removed the first shell  
as I was happy wherever I was  
at least the social relationships  
kept me feeling I exist somewhere  
as I am loved by so many.  
So what if I am hated by a few.  
I love so many  
but I, too, hate a few.  
The journey is amazing  
inside every shell a beauty I found  
a light that changed its color.  
Inside every shell clouds of different colors  
were down pouring various forms of love.  
Though the thunders frightened me  
and sometimes I was injured  
but I felt a lightning conductor within me  
that saved me for the day  
on that I shall remove the last shell  
what a pleasure it will be  
to see the source of light!  
But what if I come to know  
it wasn't the last shell  
and there are more shells inside the shell!



# Shivering Moon

Will be back soon,  
said the full moon,  
but she took a month,  
and  
stars had to face  
a too dark night,  
milky way was bright,  
there was no moon light,  
a starry night,  
pilgrims of the Milky Way,  
the toys of clay,  
find an opportunity  
to travel very high,  
up above in the blue sky,

Behold! giving only a glimpse of beauty,  
crescent is back on duty,  
come on all you guys!  
have a look at the skies,  
then like a night bird fly,  
it's your mission that's why,

May take a fortnight  
to strip moon light,  
but rights are never stopped,  
Lol! the darkness is dropped!

(Acknowledgement—This poem has favor of a nice poetess, Shirley Maccleans,  
my lovely friend, who edited it and put her beauty in it)

Akhtar Jawad

# Shoo

Fantasy often becomes a fact  
I dreamed she is telling me,  
'I love you, too.'  
Now after passing fifty years with her,  
I wish if she would have replied me only,  
'Shoo! '  
At least when with her grandchildren  
I would have seen her in a park or at a shopping mall,  
hysterically shouting at the naughty ones  
I would have thanked God  
I am no more naughty,  
now I am a thorough gentleman!  
But One thing I must say,  
the old woman may not be so much beautiful  
but she is more graceful  
and,  
I still love her!

Akhtar Jawad

# Shop Of Brains

I was sitting in my shop of hearts for sale,  
Many hearts I purchased many hearts I sold,  
A few were fresh but mostly stale,  
With sweet flattery words a few turned bold.

A time came, when all hearts were sold,  
The shop was empty and idle I was sitting,  
I decided to make myself some bold,  
And to sell my heart, my over witting!

I don't know how but my wife was informed,  
She came with a broom and swept unalarmed.

I am now running a shop of brains,  
A customer has come, I am amused,  
Well sir, it's brain of Einstein with no stains,  
Very low it's price its too much used.

It's brain of Shakespeare, it's too, stale,  
But it is cheap once again for the same reason,  
And that is brain of Churchill ready for sale,  
Price a little higher, demand of season.

The customer said you talk too much,  
I want to commit suicide but my brain stops,  
Remove this idiot with the help of a clutch,  
And fix a brain with new blood drops.

All right sir, here is a brain, to you, I offer,  
But it's price is too high it's fresh never used,  
Whose brain is it? I shall pay, don't bother,  
It belonged to an idiot, a suicide bomber.

Akhtar Jawad

## Shubh Kamnaen (Reply To A Christmas Greeting)

Aap ki shubh kamnaeN!  
Jab hriday per satrnagi varsha barsaeN,  
Hum keyuN na Indradhanuk ban jaeN,  
Manushya hayN hum keyuN na itraeN.  
Ji chahta hay ud kar aap ke pas aa jaeN,  
Lekin bhoot ki andekhi rekhaeN!  
Hum itne nikat ho kar bhi milne na paeN,  
Vartman se jab ghabra jaeN,  
Bhavishya ke liye aashaoN ke deep jalaen,  
Jab nayanoN me aansoo aayeN,  
Yeh chamakte hue tare ban jaeN,  
Mitrata ka marg dikhaeN,  
Hum aise sugandhit pushp khilaeN,  
Ghirna karne wale chakit rah jaeN,  
Vivash ho kar humare rang meN rang jaeN.

Your Christmas greetings!  
when downpour in seven colors,  
why I should not appear as a rainbow,  
don't stop me to be conceited,  
Could I fly to you!  
But in the mirror a hairline of the past!  
we are so close yet so far,  
though annoyed of the present,  
let us lit candle of hopes for the future.  
When tears come in our eyes,  
let them shine as bright stars  
and show us the path of friendship.  
Let us be changed in such scented flowers  
that the hate promoters are shocked  
and forced to be colorful in our lovely colors.

(Merry Christmas to you as well My Dear Friend Rajnish Managa.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Shyness Of A South Asian Woman

She came down to the earth from the high skies,  
When she opened her pretty and innocent eyes,  
She was found in a field of richly yield,  
She remained in love with her soil and field.  
She was brought up by a king with a great empire,  
Never lacked anything, no need was dire.

A princess was she and a palace her home,  
Touching sun and moon, was golden, its dome,  
Diamonds and pearls were toys for her,  
Spoons were gold and plates were silver,  
She was found in earth and she rules the earth,  
She was pious and pure and a symbol of worth.

She was very shy and innocent and an ideal wife,  
Like a shadow she followed her husband, all life,  
For a period of fourteen very painful years,  
Without an smile but full of tears,  
She lived in the forest whereat kidnapped,  
But remained untouched, and couldn't be cracked.

While she was going to the forest on foot,  
Bare footed, no slipper, no boot,  
A woman on way asked about her companion,  
Who was that handsome and her relation and union,  
Moved eyelids, smiled but didn't utter,  
And she knew who he was and why with her.

Akhtar Jawad

# Silence On Gaza

Chand sahma hua nikla hay sitare chup hayn,  
Woh andhera ke jahan bhar ke nazare chup hain.  
Ab to badal bhi bahut door kahin per barse,  
Dharti pe bahte huye khoon ke dhare chup hayn.  
Ab to bas aag barasti hay who mausam aaya,  
To jo khamosh raha sare ke sare chup hayn.  
Aise sannate mein mazloom ki siski na suni!  
Lag gai ho gi kahin aankh bechare chup hayn.  
Jinki kulkarian sakit hayn tabassm na raha,  
Moh lete the jo dil ko woh ishare chup hayn.  
Barbaraiat ke is afreet ki had hay na hisab,  
Zindigi doob gai aur kinare chup hayn,  
Tum bhi khamosh raho kaun sune ga Akhtar,  
Jinki awaz mein dam hay who dulare chup hayn.

## English Translation

The moon is frightened and the stars are silent,  
The darkness is on its climax and scenery is silent.  
The clouds are avoiding to rain at Gaza,  
The blood flowing in the streets is silent.  
A strange weather, it's raining but fire,  
Oh God! You kept silence, everyone is silent.  
Quiet everything even then cries are not heard,  
Perhaps slept, the helpless persons are silent.  
The children have forgotten laughter,  
Their heart catching actions are silent.  
The dragon of barbarism has crossed the limits, unaccounted,  
Life is drowning but the banks are silent.  
You should also keep silence as none will listen to you,  
Those having a powerful voice, the beloveds, are silent.

Akhtar Jawad

# Silence Please!

I don't protest I do not complain  
On a bicycle with severe knee pain!  
I withdraw my motorbike's indent  
Please don't make me silent  
Just means to replace the broken chain!

Akhtar Jawad

# Silent Beauty

Learn to remain silent,  
from those who are truly beautiful,  
learn to enter the hearts,  
silently like green trees,  
with colorful pearls,  
with appealing cuts and curls.  
They don't make a noise,  
but their branches when feel they are liked,  
they are loved,  
just swing and sing,  
and scatter flowers,  
to be thankful,  
for love and appreciation,  
they get more than,  
the noise making man.

Akhtar Jawad

# Silver Medals Of A Nurse

On the footsteps of Saint Mother Teresa,  
I saw her walking on the burning road,  
She can think, she can feel,  
And she thinks and feels,  
Bare footed on the road in a burning sun,  
Like a desert she loses her temper,  
When the sun irritates her thirsty soul,  
Like a moon she is quickly cooled down,  
I see blisters of her feet,  
And I see a smile on her face.

She has lost confidence in all humans,  
Still she loves children, she loves animals,  
No surprise children are angels,  
Not humans like us,  
And animals don't deceive those,  
Who love them and give food to them,  
When she gives gifts to the sweet children,  
She looks like a Santa female,  
When she gives food to hungry animals,  
She looks like a saint sister,  
See her greatness even having lost confidence in humans,  
She has been serving humanity,  
Whole day whole night, restless!  
Healing wounds of the victims of terror,  
Serving sick and ailing men, women and children!

Sister who says you have lost confidence in humans?  
Your service as a nurse reflects your confidence in humans,  
I see a divine peace on your innocent face,  
You appear a Mother Teresa smiling!  
Smiling like the graceful Lady Diana!  
Increasing silver in the silky hairs,  
Are shining medals that no warrior was ever awarded,  
Medals of generals are awarded by kings,  
Your medals are awarded by the King of kings!

Akhtar Jawad

# Sitting On A Bridal Stage

What are the daughters!  
What are the grand daughters!  
Sitting on a bridal stage,  
adding a beautiful page,  
in a language to be felt only,  
a bud of rose for smelt only,  
set in a mold of dreams,  
slowly swimming in the nature's streams,  
seeing themselves as a bride of future,  
an awaited and thrilling adventure,  
hoping to get love of a lovely spouse,  
at the cost of their years old house.  
May I order you God?  
If not, I request a nod,  
give me a blessing moment for once only,  
can you give it at once only?  
A moment in that I can order to you,  
after that I shall surrender to you,  
you will not erase this beautiful page,  
promise her before she leaves the stage!

Akhtar Jawad

# Sleepless

Beautiful dreams  
when come in the tearful eyes  
lit the candles to remove the darkness  
and play on a divine instrument the tune of hope  
counter the frustrations and the dejections  
spring the flowers of relieving expectations  
then,  
the restless, helpless and sleepless man  
finds himself in a green valley  
where his mother waiting for him  
combs his hair  
relieves him of his pains  
and whispers in his ears  
&quot; My son! I haven't ignored you,  
I am aware of your pains  
but in this world there are millions of my sons  
their sufferings are more than you  
their pains are more severe than you  
you can sleep for a few hours  
but they don't sleep throughout the night.  
how I have come to you, today,  
it's me only me who knows it.  
In a twinkling of eye I can burry all in a black hole,  
But How a mother can bury her innocent children  
with the ignorant children! &quot;

Khoobsoorat Khawab  
Khoobsoorat Khawab  
Jab aansoo bhari aankhoN meN aate hayN  
aashaoN ke deep Jalate hayN  
ummeed ke saz bajate hayn  
armanoN ke phool khilate hayn  
to ek bekal, bebus aor majboor insan ki palkeN bojhil ho jati hayN  
do ghadi ke liye jab wuh so jata hay  
to maN uske pas aa jati hay  
uske baloN keN kangha karte hue use loriaN sunati hay  
uske kanoN meN sargoshian karti hay  
mere bache maine tujhe nazar andaz nahiN kiya hay  
main tujhe bhooli nahiN hooN

lekin main keya karoon  
is duniya meN anginat insan tujhse bhi zeydah dukhi hayN  
tujhse bhi zeyada mazloom hayN.  
Too to phir bhi so leta hay  
unheN sari rat neend naseeb nahiN hoti  
aaj main kis tarah tere pas aai hooN  
yeh mera dil hi janta hay  
main agar chahhoN to pal bhar meN  
sabko ek black hole meN dafan kar dooN  
magar ek maN kis dil se apne mazloom aor beqasoor bachoN ko bhi  
zalimoN ke sath khud apne hathoN qatl kar de.

Akhtar Jawad

# Slow Poison

Why are you giving me slow poison?  
My friends! Why are you acting as a foe?  
Kill me at once if you can.  
I am dying in stages.  
Every night when I go to my bed,  
I think the proceeding dawn,  
Is not for me.  
Ahead of me is a lasting night,  
a complete dark night,  
no moon no stars,  
and the Milky Way,  
is closed for me,  
And the blue sky,  
having lost its soothing blue color,  
has absorbed all the colors.  
No color is reflected.  
And the droplets are no more a prism.  
The rainbow spectrum has ceased to be.  
I am no more fertile,  
Flowers don't blossom,  
no fruits, no crops,  
Where is my green skirt?  
you burnt it,  
I am now naked,  
Where is my umbrella made of ozone?  
It's torn and damaged.  
My Sons! Aren't you shy of incest?  
My Sons! Will you bury me naked?  
My sons! You cannot.  
My Sons! You will be dead,  
before I expire,  
And my naked dead body,  
Will orbit round the sun!  
till me and my entire family,  
will enter in a heavy and dense black hole!  
Why did you develop a deadly civilization?  
It's increasing pollution.  
It's a slow poison for me!



# Smile Cute Flowers

Grandchildren gathered around the old man,  
It's seventieth birthday and he looks some tired,  
See they are singing a sweet lovely song,  
He is happy to be loved and so much admired,  
In the grandchildren his life is confined,  
In their smile his smile is shined.

They press a button and the old man sings,  
They press another and see his dance,  
The parrot repeats whatever they speak,  
They bring a doll for replay of romance,  
The doll though old has a lovely profile,  
Makes all happy for a cute smile!

To make them smile he embraces the doll,  
The children kiss their pretty grandmother,  
When children smile everyone smiles,  
Does life has a purpose anymore, another?  
Smile, their smile, it's only smile,  
That kept old earth still green and fertile!

The love is reflected in a cute smile,  
Smile my flowers and let me react,  
As long you smile I shall not die,  
With you sweet hearts my final pact,  
I am enjoying as the kids enjoy,  
Now I'm merely a children's toy,

Akhtar Jawad

# Smile My Child

So soft, so innocent, and so mild,  
Do not cry, rather smile my child,  
It is the best time to smile my dear,  
I wish you a smile but again I fear,  
The world will make you too hard,  
Ahead of you is a deadly hazard.

I see the so called lovers of lands,  
With deadly weapons in their hands,  
Planning to snatch whatever you have,  
Planning to go back again in a cave,  
Helplessly looking for effective cure,  
To heal your burns, I am over sure,  
But the green mother is no more green.  
All signs of a mother are now unseen.

She listens to your cries but she cannot feed,  
A nuclear war is the biggest misdeed!  
Her braze has been burnt I see her breasts,  
Two pieces of coal no troughs no crests,  
She's no more a woman I firmly swear,  
You were pink but now brown my dear.

I'm a soul and I see my body with stains,  
I listen to your cries and I feel your pains,  
You're an infant of a winning general,  
Sad! Could not attend your father's funeral,  
He wanted on his shoulders six stars,  
Looking at you he regrets now wars.

I don't need to see the defeated side,  
Nothing is there only ashes to abide,  
They were lucky they no more survive,  
No pains, no efforts, no fatigue to revive,  
The losers became the victors at last,  
Just a microsecond pain of a blast!

My dear child! May it not happen ever,  
Smile. God save him from war fever!

Akhtar Jawad

# Smile Of A Child

Carefree of theft!  
See him from the left,  
See him from the right,  
In a moment of delight!  
Is he sleeping?  
Is he peeping?  
Through a window of innocence,  
Courage, a virtue of ignorance!  
Has opened this window,  
Of His personal meadow,  
And the naughty child,  
So soft and mild,  
In his lovely dreams,  
Had a shower in streams,  
God ignored, was pleased!  
The innocence increased,  
And the naughty child,  
Although baby of a wild,  
Thought alone in the garden,  
No guard no warden,  
Plucked a flower of smile,  
Made his lips fertile,  
The clay He was tiling,  
He was God smiling.

Akhtar Jawad

# Smile Of A Defeated Woman

When I go to the market, to bring something,  
My soul listens to a calling ring.  
Often I stop at a shop of snacks or sweets,  
And purchase some thing to listen to the tweets,  
Of a beautiful bird who is free to sky,  
But she does not fly, I don't know why?  
And prefers the cage, as her lovely home,  
With all her outrage, reading verses of a tome,  
Not talking with me, watching TV all alone,  
Either lying on the bed or busy on the phone,  
She was never like this, but now she is sick,  
Her BP often high, she is burning like a wick,  
A patient of thyroids, her son is away,  
Misbehaved by wife of her son every day,  
Although I cook food for me and my wife,  
Helpless she cries, after every-day-strife,  
Not happy with me, being her spouse,  
I couldn't give her a peaceful house,  
And this house belongs to my son not me,  
We cannot escape although we are free.  
I worked honestly and worked too hard,  
I haven't got yet my God's reward.

Leave it anyway, I purchase something,  
For the bird many things I cannot bring,  
When I give it to her, she smiles with her writ,  
I was thinking of it but didn't tell it.

Akhtar Jawad

# Smiles

When my father smiled,  
I thought I am lovely,  
when my mother smiled,  
I thought she is lovely,  
when my wife smiled,  
I thought life is lovely,  
when my son smiled,  
I thought future is lovely  
but when my daughter smiled,  
I thought I was born for this smile.

Akhtar Jawad

# Smiles And Tears

Sometimes he smiled but sometimes his laughter!  
Sometimes with tears but sometimes in his broken heart!  
In all his deeds I see an art.  
Exposing his joy in a naughty laughter  
or concealing his pains in false smiles.  
Man is a great artist!  
I saw a shine in his slipping tears  
slowly moving on his cheeks,  
where two ends of his smiling lips,  
open as the doors to welcome a friend  
that always helped to relieve the pains.  
When all is over and the tears have done their job  
I see the angles of his lips are now changed  
Isn't it a different smile?  
Thanks dear tears you relieved him of his pains  
and gifted a true smile  
he is soothed and relieved.  
I never thought smile and tears both are true friends  
works of art by the nature!

Akhtar Jawad

# Smiles Don't Need A Reason

There are moments of tears, too,  
but every moment is a moment of smiles,  
without a reason.

there are days of rainy weathers, too,  
but every day is a day of the sunlight,  
and sun is bright enough to change the season.

What you need in the gloomy life,  
find your sun and orbit a little inclined from the customs,  
look at the moon and enjoy the sun's reflected vision.

Wipe the tears you deserve stars,  
Snatch at least two from the skies,  
Keep them, make your eyes a golden prison.

Your heart will become a moon in the night,  
make your stars ear rings for the moon,  
learn how to smile without a reason.

(Being inspired by Bharati Nayak's poem A Reason To Smile)

Akhtar Jawad

# So It's Your Day

So it's your day, all right okay,  
let it be a day of beauty and charms.  
I have brought a new dress for you,  
a set of colorful bangles,  
a bottle of perfume,  
and new cosmetics.  
Hope by the evening  
when I shall see a new woman  
in my old house,  
I shall be amazed and I shall ask,  
My Fair Lady!  
May I know who are you?  
and when you shall reply,  
you told me it's my day.  
I shall say,  
so it's you!  
Well the day was yours,  
but a rainy night is ahead of the cloudy evening,  
I gave the day to you  
and in return  
I shall take the night from you.

Akhtar Jawad

# So What If We Dream

So what if I dream at the end of my journey  
I shall be received by a fairy who left the bed early  
and sang a welcome song for me while taking a shower.

So what if I believe the fairy is in love with me  
she went to buy the snacks and a bottle of wine  
and after that she went to the beauty parlor.

So what while travelling in painful conditions  
watching hot storms of sand through the glasses  
I am thinking of a hill station of green scenery.

So what if my co travelers are also dreaming like me  
I see my fairy in a dress that I like most for a beloved,  
let them see their beloveds in their favorite dresses.

So what if we are making our journey a pleasure  
so what If we believe there are beautiful fairies  
waiting for all of us at the last station below the hills.

A wise old man said, when heard my poem on my dreams,  
"You fools! You don't know in another compartment,  
your fairies are also travelling and dreaming a prince."

Akhtar Jawad

# So What The Old Man Was Caught Up

He was not caught up in any act  
subversive to law and state,  
or any act against the customs and traditions.  
He was not caught up in attacking a place of worship  
killing hundreds of innocent men, women and children.  
He was not caught up for a bomb attack on a school  
killing pretty flowers who were learning the ethics.  
To become an ideal grownup human  
who were away of their homes to learn the civics.  
Neither was he caught up in money laundering  
nor misappropriating the funds  
that were meant for the welfare of the nation.  
He was not caught up in abusing a child  
he was not caught up in burning a woman alive,  
he was not caught up in over speeding a car  
killing the school going children.  
He was not caught up being drunk while driving.  
Yes, he was caught up while he was drunk  
after an excessive drink of love  
when in ecstasy he forgot to lock the doors  
and you caught up him with his sweetheart.  
Why do you make fun of an old man?  
Can't you forgive him if he is still in love!

Akhtar Jawad

## So You Are A Poet (Being Inspired By Poems Without Readers By Rose Marie Juan Austin)

Life is full of strains and spots of the human hearts  
That is erasing the writes of one who wrote and forgot  
A poet is an artist born with love for the fine arts.  
He may be dead for the world but he is not.

Nobody to read his poems the story of his innocent vices  
Still he is breathing in his poems and the breaths are hot  
Man has become a dependent of machines and devices  
He has no time for colors and aroma of a flower pot.

The poet is sad for his poems not read but ignored  
For the poems ignored, no, his tears are not,  
In waiting for a smile when his works are adored  
A machine could spare some time for a flower pot!

Turns for seconds, an eye of robot, and stays,  
Busy in money making a machine on a slot  
His pains! When with a hurting smile it says  
"So you are a poet, no other work, perhaps not."

Akhtar Jawad

# Someone

When a child starts,  
Speaking few words,  
It's language of love,  
Is language of God,  
Free of dirt.  
A message to creators,  
And caretakers,  
You are now returning,  
What you got from your parents,  
And I too intend,  
To return this love,  
To the next someone.

All praise to Creator,  
For the lovely instincts,  
To love and protect,  
Whatever we create,  
Even plants and trees,  
And wild animals,  
The biting crawlers,  
Virus and germs,  
Are blessed with this love,  
Sacrificing and kindhearted,  
And reminding us,  
There is someone.

In the hearts and souls,  
In the sun in the moon,  
In the days and nights,  
In the mountains and deserts,  
In the rivers and oceans,  
On the earth and above,  
Life would have been impossible.  
Without someone.

Papa, Mama, and other simple words,  
Have a charm and beauty,  
And a call for duty,  
And the mother when responds,

And feeds her child,  
She is a queen with a writ,  
And a book of God,  
That is written in a language,  
The child understands,  
He can read and write,  
And speak and amuse,  
The language of someone.

And do you know?  
As long as child,  
Is innocent and pious,  
Loving and loyal,  
Free of sins,  
Generous and kind,  
In love witch is blind,  
He is a virtual son,  
Or a virtual daughter,  
You may call someone.  
It's your thinking and choice.

Akhtar Jawad

# Someone Somewhere

Somewhere, somewhere,  
but where?  
Anywhere,  
I don't know.  
There are shining colors for me!  
Somewhere, somewhere,  
but where?  
Anywhere,  
I don't know.  
There is an aroma for me!  
Somewhere, somewhere,  
but where?  
Anywhere,  
I don't know.  
There is a soft corner for me!  
Somewhere, somewhere,  
but where?  
Anywhere,  
I don't know.  
There is a flower for me!  
Somewhere, somewhere,  
but where?  
Anywhere,  
I don't know.  
There is love for me!  
Somewhere, somewhere,  
but where?  
Anywhere,  
I don't know.  
There is life for me!

Akhtar Jawad

# Something Sweeter Than Honey

Colors of your image,  
aroma of your petals,  
taste of the honey,  
I can only imagine  
what a honey bee gets  
when it touches your style!  
Pink roses!  
when my soul will be separated  
from my mortal body,  
I promise to be a honey bee,  
I'm determined to touch your style,  
I am firm in love to suck the nectar  
in its original form.  
What of honey!  
If I am changed in a honey bee  
I shall come to you with a heart more catalytic,  
than that of a bee.  
I am trained in love by a beautiful Eve!  
I don't want to hurt you  
but the Eve is more colorful, aromatic and delicate.  
Just to change the taste,  
I wish to be a honey bee.  
I am sure in love  
I can reproduce something sweeter than honey.

Akhtar Jawad

# Sometimes Knave Like A Youth

I think like a youth,  
Sometimes ink like a youth,  
Not yet red like an old,  
I am pink like a youth.

I behave like a youth,  
Sometimes knave like a youth,  
Not shy like an old,  
Bold and brave like a youth.

I am hungry like a youth,  
Sometimes angry like a youth,  
Not careful like an old,  
Watch pantry like a youth,

I act like a youth,  
I react like a youth,  
Not calm like an old,  
Much exact like a youth.

(Being inspired by Shalom Freedman)

Akhtar Jawad

# Somewhere Else

I always saw her alone,  
She came to the park,  
Every day in the morning,  
And again in the evening,  
She slowly walked,  
With a walking stick,  
The smile less lips,  
Never left each other,  
But spoke many words,  
I couldn't listen to.

She silently watched,  
Beauty of roses,  
Beauty of Jasmine,  
None she talked,  
The silver white hairs,  
And her skin of the wrist,  
And that of her cheeks,  
Like an abstract art,  
Told many stories!  
That I couldn't read.

The sobers eyes,  
Behind spectacles,  
And small ear rings,  
Long sleeves of her shirt,  
The heel less shoes,  
The old styles,  
A motherly outlook,  
Above all her silence,  
Indicated a pain,  
I didn't know what?

Then came a day,  
She was not alone!  
With her,  
Were two children,  
A boy above twelve,  
And a girl under twelve,

She was smiling,  
She was loudly calling,  
The vendors of the park,  
For ice Cream and cold drinks,  
For pop corns,  
In response to the quakes,  
Of the ducks in the pond.  
I didn't ask her,  
She told me herself,  
My grandchildren,  
After a decade,  
From United States,  
Have come to see me,  
They are settled in states.

A few more days passed,  
In the like manner,  
But then she didn't come,  
To the park for walking,  
After a few months,  
I started thinking,  
Has she gone,  
To United States?  
Or somewhere else!

Akhtar Jawad

# Songs Of God

The universe is full of mysteries,  
like the universe its mysteries, too,  
have no beginning and no end.  
I am a man of limitations!  
Anything that is beyond my limitations,  
is a mystery for me.  
So is my God!  
I, too, believe and trust in Him,  
But I can't fight someone  
in the name of God.  
I am a prisoner of my limitations  
and one is a prisoner of one's own limitations.  
Though love is also a mystery,  
but its charms are so much exposed  
in sun lights and in moon lights,  
in the changing seasons,  
in the clouds that are liquefied in pearls,  
pearls that are lost in the depths of earth,  
to blossom again as colors  
and to spread as fragrance  
touching hidden parts of my soul,  
like a lens that reads hidden parts of a disk  
to play an audio song of love.  
I am listening to the lovely audio song of God,  
regretting my limitations,  
that I failed to get a touch  
activating the lens of my soul  
that could read the video song of God!  
Still I am satisfied and content,  
and I am peaceful.  
I can't fight anyone in the name of God  
but I can love everyone in His name.

Akhtar Jawad

## Source

Just orbiting in a cycle  
and balanced  
by centripetal and centrifugal forces,  
I looked at a point  
and asked,  
"Are you my source? "  
The point remained silent.  
The infinite space replied with a sigh,  
"The point you see on my bosom was a wound,  
now it's a spot.  
I just felt a sharp object penetrating my heart  
and when another point started moving  
you came into being.  
You are the locus of a point that moves so  
that its distance from the spot always remains the same.  
Neither I can kiss you nor can you kiss me!  
How can I tell you where is your source  
when I am myself source-less!  
Forget all,  
I love you orbiting round me  
and to love someone makes life beautiful."  
I shall ask the time, it's ancient.  
Time started laughing  
and its laughter  
brought tears in his eyes.  
Time said, "My roots are inside the infinity,  
my branches are spreading and spreading,  
I feel as if I am sucking something from someone  
but who is that one?  
I, too, do not know.  
I am also helpless like you."  
I said to myself let all go to hell,  
I shall myself become a source of beauty,  
I shall now concentrate on my orbiting,  
I think I can add a rhythm to it  
and I can make it an attractive dance.  
Hoping someone who loves my orbiting  
will love me more when I dance nicely.



# Spectrum Of Nature

I can see the sun,  
I Can see the moon,  
I can see the stars,  
I can see the Milky Ways,  
I know my eyes cannot see the source of nature  
flowing like a river to an unknown sea,  
floating like ships in an endless ocean.  
When it started?  
Who knows?  
Like space time too has no boundaries!  
Billions of years ago or even more  
or even more than more,  
radiations that started travelling to the earth,  
while there was no earth,  
not even our galaxy,  
when it struck retina of the ancient eyes,  
it formed spectrums on the ancient brain,  
in all the spectrums there was a rainbow.  
Human brain and heart  
are offshoots of their ancient ancestor.  
The philosopher human brain couldn't understand  
why a rainbow is common in all the spectrums.  
When he discussed it with the heart  
his lovely friend,  
the friend smiled and said,  
convergence of colors will make it transparent  
and a philosopher like you will say  
nothing exists,  
it's you only you.  
Let it remain diverged.  
I have something that you do not,  
it is love,  
I love these beautiful colors.  
I believe it's a virtual image of a transparent colorless light,  
the source,  
the creator!  
We don't see Him  
but the spectrum confirms an ancient existence.  
Well, if you dislike the word God,

Take O from ego and make it good,  
Let ego be changed in something more beautiful,  
e.g.,  
the beauty and peace of dying as a believer.  
Or you may give Him any other good name.  
But please, don't permutate the three letters!  
Believe, trust and love that great source  
that's ancient and that exists,  
make your life easy and pleasant.

Akhtar Jawad

# Spring Winds

Exciting pleasant winds of spring!  
Why do you dance and what do you sing?  
I see your colors; I feel your aroma,  
Believe me sweet heart I am in a coma.  
I can't see anyone I can't listen to someone,  
I have lost my existence at the moment I'm none,  
When you touch a branch that is green with leaves,  
You steal something like the clever thieves  
The shy branches say touch me not,  
Who wrote this appealing and romantic plot?  
The branches when smile, sing a song unsung,  
Colorful and fragrant flowers sprung,  
Where is guitar? Who is playing on it?  
I wish could snatch His lasting writ!  
He smiled and said in you I am hidden,  
Your beloved is guitar no more forbidden,  
She is sitting on the grass at the bank of canal,  
Below the trees so dense and tall,  
Bending on water with the load of charms,  
Their image resembles with your beloved's arms,  
Go and touch her tuned strings,  
Spring has given her two lovely wings,  
She can sing she can dance and she can fly,  
With love and beauty in the high sky,  
What you need just touch the strings,  
See magic and music of windy springs.

Akhtar Jawad

# Standing Close To An Eucalyptus Tree

After many years of separation,  
I was once again standing,  
to feel the fragrance,  
of my loving sweet heart.  
You are still standing,  
all your old leaves,  
have seen many autumns,  
and thrown away somewhere,  
like an uncalled garbage.  
I see new leaves,  
but your stem is the same,  
where is my name?  
Where is her name?  
The two names are still together.  
The terror of time,  
could not separate,  
the sign of love,  
two hearts stitched,  
with an arrow,  
and drops of blood,  
dropping down!  
I see new names,  
but the two hearts,  
are still singular.

Time!  
Oh my worst enemy!  
How you dare to de-shape!  
The sign of love.  
Don't you know?  
you ruined the hearts!  
and don't you know?  
Heart is the seat of God!  
You kept our names,  
I am thankful to you,  
but the calligraphy,  
you spoiled its beauty,  
now a childish write.  
Probably you are right,

this childish attraction,  
this teen aged romance,  
deserved this treatment!

Like your fragrance unchanged  
still fresh and exciting,  
appearance of your leaves,  
like girl students pink and green,  
of sweet sixteen,  
sexy seventeen,  
exciting eighteen,  
nice nineteen,  
have many new,  
and lovely stories.  
Stories of love,  
but mostly romance,  
some ended with time,  
like that of mine,  
and some,  
tragedies of Shakespeare.  
May be a few that are,  
still going on,  
with the same passion,  
but made up,  
in a beauty parlor,  
a conjugal affection,  
with a lasting life!

Do you remember?  
The sweet cold winters,  
an exciting call,  
Of the naughty nature,  
that brought girls out,  
of the common room,  
for hot sunlight,  
or a desire to expose,  
their teen aged beauty,  
to the thirsty eyes,  
to the hungry souls!

It's now evening dear,  
here I am alone,

and the sun,  
is about to set,  
is not happy with me,  
don't know why,  
And now I remember,  
William Wordsworth,  
had described this sun,  
as a melting orange.  
Perhaps the sun,  
is giving me a message,  
it's evening of my life,  
my youth has melted.  
Now I should leave the place,  
for moons and stars!

Akhtar Jawad

# Standing With You For A Color Snap

Snap o you the youths of the moment!  
Save your smiles in a color photograph,  
Please do not call me there to join at once,  
I am cleaning my black and white dusty graph,

My rise and fall, my innocence and her caresses,  
I am activating my dormant feelings not yet dead,  
Let me give colors to it, imagination is at my discretion,  
In your color snapping the child in me will be misled,

I know with you I shall smile and enjoy, but,  
An old man is updated here in his new frustrations,  
Learning how to control tears in in the old age,  
How to find a pearl in the new tides of old oceans.

Reacting on caresses, though black and white,  
With the gift of a smile from your grand grandmother,  
Sweethearts! I shall soon join your colorful world,  
And lo! Her I'm with you, your smiling grandfather.

Akhtar Jawad

# Still I Address You Dear

'Get up old man,  
leave your body here from where it rose  
I shall carry your soul there  
where body is not needed.'

'Dear Angel!

You didn't address me dear,  
Though I am shivering with fear,  
and I don't see any loved one near,  
but I am not an Angel,  
I am a man of manners,  
yes, I am a sinner,  
but I am hopeful,  
my God is so much beautiful,  
though he never forgets  
but he always forgives.  
I know you are a stunner,  
but all your beauty is overshadowed  
by your rudeness.  
If I would have at your place  
I would have increased my grace  
by saying Get up dear old man,  
I address you Dear Angel  
Though you are at all not polite!  
Oh! You are an Angel!  
When you cannot cry,  
How you will smile.  
I am not beautiful like you, so what?  
You cannot see my heart  
You don't know who lives there,  
So do what you have come to do here.  
I shall see you there.  
I am proud of being a sinner man,  
as I cry on my sins,  
and I smile when My Lord forgives me.'

Akhtar Jawad

# Stop Her My Friends

1. As an infant I didn't know anyone,  
other than My mother.
2. As a child I didn't know anyone,  
other than my sister.
3. As a youth I didn't know anyone,  
other than my beloved.
4. As a grown man I didn't know anyone,  
other than my wife.
5. As growing an older man I didn't know anyone,  
other than my daughter.
6. As an old man I didn't know anyone,  
other than my granddaughter.

Who is she?  
Through a veil,  
looking at me,  
and rewinding the video of my life.  
My friends please stop her.  
I don't want to see myself  
being breast fed by her.  
Oh My Naughty Friends!  
You stopped her at No.3.  
Anyway, I am thankful.  
You didn't stop her at No.4.

Akhtar Jawad

# Story Of Earth (Inspired By A Spring Prayer - Poem By Valsa George)

Story of earth is lovely and amazing,  
what of humans, even animals read it.  
Yes humans paint it, humans write it,  
but an animal is a greater artist,  
his body language and his behavior in a beautiful land scape,  
is a lovely poetry written in the universal language.  
She is a little inclined in love,  
The sun touches her always with the same hands,  
But her inclination is reflected in many ways,  
She is full of colors and scents during the springs,  
And in summer she is covered with the golden crops,  
Her bath in the rains is a source of greenery,  
And in autumn she hides her face in the fallen leaves,  
During snowfalls she becomes a graceful lady like a poetess,  
I wonder how in the springs she is again a young mother,  
Inviting his sons and daughters to dance with flowers.

Akhtar Jawad

# Story Of The Clay

And what else love is,  
to see someone always  
and to remain still thirsty,  
to touch someone in lovely moments of life  
and to feel still untouched,  
sacrifice all that a lover had kept for a rainy day,  
still searching in the empty bag,  
something might have left,  
what else is story of the mortal clay,  
created by love,  
lived in love  
and died in love!

Akhtar Jawad

# Striping Loneliness

Like a nightmare when it came in my life,  
I felt it too much and cried with tears,  
Gradually it started striping in the dark,  
Killing my worries and uncalled fears,

Like an appealing and charming beloved,  
Loneliness when unveiled her smiling face,  
Spread silky hairs on my restless thoughts,  
I saw my soul enlighten with a grace,

And when I looked in her starry eyes,  
In a pin drop silence heard heavenly rings,  
Being vanished in her magic arms,  
I found I can fly by using her wings,

When I put my lips on her rosy cheeks,  
Saw myself walking on the Milky way,  
I saw stairs of a blue color light,  
Putting a step on it I became a ray,

Loneliness hasn't striped completely,  
Still there are few who break the silence,  
I am waiting for the day when it's a nude,  
Loneliness! I love your ecstatic elegance,

Traveling with a speed of light I fly,  
Where I go, do not know but sure,  
I'm destined to an enchanting place,  
Where there I'll become an allure.

Sweetheart! Please leave me alone,  
Let me live with her in the total dark,  
Loneliness is shy it will not stripe,  
I'm still an explosive and you a spark!

Akhtar Jawad

# Stupid

In a room where there are mirrors on all sides,  
my head below a mirror,  
and my shoes on a mirror,  
looking at my infinite images  
I can see myself as I am looking at someone else.  
Now I know what I am.  
Stupid!

Earlier I saw myself in a single mirror.  
So what if I was a stupid!  
At least I didn't look like a fundamentalist,  
not like a religious extremist,  
not like a terrorist.  
Simply plainly an innocent stupid  
who when saw himself in a single mirror  
thought that he is a lovely handsome man.

I am going back to the room  
where there is a single mirror.  
I love that innocent stupid.

Akhtar Jawad

## Suck Life It's Raining

Suck life it's raining, be muddy, and enjoy stains.  
Your magician roots are still sleeping in the rains!  
Your stem, your branches and your green leaves,  
All are full of passion, are the naughty thieves,  
With apex on the blue sky and roots deep inside,  
Promoters and saviors of life, may you abide!  
But I want to see your real and colorful magic,  
Your colors and aroma, in the couples a panic!  
Like my sweet beloved you are still sleeping,  
May appear anytime; see the sun is peeping,  
The sun is on the bed of clouds, still it rains,  
Suck life it's raining, be muddy, and enjoy stains.  
Get prepared to kiss the warming sunlight,  
Your colors and aroma will make it bright,  
Though the day is still so cloudy and wet,  
But for the beauty of love the stage is set,  
I am waiting for the sun when an inside dance,  
For the winds to disperse the cloudy romance,  
For your twisting of body, goodbye to dreams,  
For ecstasy in love your passion's streams,  
And magic of aroma that may touch her heart,  
I shall not pluck it; it's a nature's nice art.  
For your magic in sunlight enchanting the brains,  
Suck life it's raining, be muddy, and enjoy stains.

Akhtar Jawad

# Suddenly My Friend Came Back Once Again

Pleasure and pops,  
Music and hip hops,  
Went on as it was,  
Melody! nay stops.

Greenery of crops,  
Busy women in lops,  
No change in charms,  
Beauty! nay stops.

Crowds at shops,  
Quarrels and bops,  
All evils at its place,  
Anxiety! nay stops.

Success and flops,  
Creeping on the tops,  
Efforts and improvements,  
Journey! nay stops.

From the board, send was missing!  
But for me, a legend was missing!  
You may say, just a friend was missing,  
Inspiration I missed, a trend was missing!

The trend to smile with love and beauty,  
I smiled every day like a well-paid duty,  
But the old smile came back, no refrain,  
Suddenly my friend came back once again!

Akhtar Jawad

# Suicide

What the pair shows is not beautiful,  
what the pair lets me to listen to is not a melody,  
what the pair smells is not a perfume,  
what the pair kissed is a bitter poison.  
what my fingers touch is nothing but fire.

Life!

All the five pairs are ruled by the sixth  
but it's a singular,  
and it's my heart  
that is still hopeful,  
and believes one day you'll be a reddish wine,  
with an appetizing smell,  
the music when I shall pour you into the glass will be soothing  
the fire will burn my all frustrations  
I shall kiss you with love  
I don't know how long this kiss will be  
I am afraid though I'll kiss you  
but before I drink you  
you'll kill yourself.

(Thanks Valsa George for your poem The Pair of Two Eyes, sometimes you inspire me to write a poem within a few minutes)

Akhtar Jawad

# Summer Vacation

How happy were my sweet and lovely grandchildren!  
Ahead of them was a vacation planned to be passed  
I remember the day when their exams were over,  
Joys of class rooms were completely outclassed,

The joy of passing the vacation with father,  
Working abroad for the future of children,  
Helpless before the devil of unemployment,  
Hardships of men and sacrifices of women!

Having passed the vacation that was full of fun,  
Having performed pilgrimage in the holy land,  
Happier they looked at the Karachi Airport,  
Being hugged and kissed by the parents grand,

I am listening to the sounds of grandchildren,  
Getting ready to proceed to schools once more,  
I saw the kids making preparations yesterday,  
Vacation they enjoyed but school they adore!

Akhtar Jawad

# Superstitions

I can't forget my college days,  
Saint Andrews' College,  
A sea of knowledge,  
Lighted my ways.

The motto of the college, a verse from The Book,  
Prove all things, hold fast that, which is good,  
In the heat strokes, saved me like a shed and a hood,  
Spread wisdom on the souls like a neat cool brook.

Its lawn with thick green grass,  
The eucalyptus tree near girls common room,  
The noise of girls, boom boom boom.  
Without a smile one can't surpass.

The morning starts with assembly in a hall,  
Scholars on the left and girls on the right,  
White collar boys, a lovely sight,  
No indiscipline, not at all.

Constrained by instincts of teen age nature,  
Waiting for the procession and watching the girls,  
Their pretty faces, the curves and curls,  
Enters the principal followed by teachers.

All stand up without any lack,  
The principal then reads, the prayer of the day,  
Reads announcements, or something to say,  
When assembly is over the procession goes back.

The students move to classes in a dignified manner,  
Besides the subject they learn many things,  
This is the place where thinking gets wings,  
The brains turn into a truth scanner.

Besides many things I learned here,  
What are the superstitions,  
Nothing but illusions,  
Spread from one to one another, here and there.

Every evening I used to ride,  
With a friend on my bike,  
To a place of like,  
Outskirts, setting noise aside.

One day we saw two giants at a height,  
Demolishing a wall, a building or so,  
Terrifying sound, their to and fro,  
Really it was a scene of fright.

My friend shouted, you aren't King Richard,  
Run away you fool, it is super natural,  
For us it may be, very much fatal,  
Frightened though but I went forward.

And what I saw a truck of bricks parked at the edge,  
Two men, engaged in unloading, were seen,  
The dust had formed a big screen,  
The street light behind magnifying their image.

Akhtar Jawad

# Survival

The light was ascending  
and calling me,  
announcements were made,  
the flight is about to take off,  
a passenger is still missing,  
I listened to a voice,  
a familiar voice,  
"Don't go sweet heart,  
how shall I live,  
loneliness will kill me,  
several times in a life,  
I don't want to be killed,  
I lived with you,  
I shall die with you,  
but once only."  
Beyond the oceans,  
the pilot smiled,  
within twinkling of an eye,  
when I opened my eyes,  
I saw a jet white bird,  
flying high, too high,  
with a vacant seat,  
I turned my back to it,  
and I was right.  
I can still love,  
and she is with me,  
it's not the last flight,  
once I go I shall never come back,  
so let me live as long as I can,  
and let me collect  
a few more pearls of love.

(My feelings when I came in my senses after a heart attack)

Akhtar Jawad

# Sweetheart Of The World

I am proud of being in love of a sexy lady,  
She is ruling the hearts for thousands of years,  
Still she looks like a teen aged virgin,  
With flowers in smiles and pearls in tears!

Although Milton was blind but he felt her beauty,  
In romantic era of Queen Elizabeth the First,  
Shakespeare passed many lovely nights with her,  
Beautiful clay still pregnant with the poet's outburst!

I confess I read her private diary,  
Found many great names like Shelley and Keats,  
Coleridge, Byron and Wordsworth,  
Many smelled the aroma of her sweats.

These are the poets and writers as well,  
Who give her a bath of fire every after cent,  
Give her a new and colorful skirt,  
Perfumed with the magic of exciting scent!

I am a petty lover, who is ignored by her,  
In the diary I could not find my brownish name,  
I wait for her in the moonlit nights,  
Alas! Despite my love I lost the game!

Akhtar Jawad

# Sweetheart Still Open Is My Heart

While getting out of my heart  
To lock its doors you forgot  
Shall you come back or you shall not  
Sweetheart! Still open is my heart.

Do you remember the carpet of green lawn  
Encircled by green plants of colorful flowers  
Where we enjoyed moonlight in the mild showers  
Liking the wet night and disliking the dawn  
In a cold weather how much we w're hot  
Sweetheart! Still open is my heart.

Not only once many times when a trespasser  
Tried to enter the green circle that you made  
Why the rains stop why the flowers fade  
Who erases the clouds? Are you the eraser?  
Are you coming back with a new knot?  
Sweetheart! Still open is my heart.

Strokes of hot winds and blows of cold breeze  
Could not close the doors of a heart in waiting  
Why the birds don't sing; while flying no mating,  
It's too cold, my love, and before I freeze  
Why I'm hopeful you shall come at last  
Sweetheart! Still open is my heart.

Akhtar Jawad

# Sweetheart! It's Sweetness I Miss

You have lost me in an impulsive moment  
The bitter words you spoke still I feel,  
But don't kneel, yes, please don't kneel,  
Stand confidently and be fully transparent  
Where I can go? I'm still sleeping here,  
I need a sweet call I'll be creeping there

Touch me I'm there where only I can reach  
No more opaque, your skin and your bones,  
The miracle, the melody of your sweet tones  
Not too cold it's a warm sunny beach  
Salty a little, sweeter words can do the best  
I'm waiting; your pink lips are again at a test.

Shade of a natural color, yes, lipstick is it  
May help a lot after you utter those words  
Can tie us again with the unseen cords  
&quot;I am sorry.&quot; A candle of words is to be lit.  
The strife will end with a long sweet kiss  
Sweetheart! It's not heart, it's sweet I miss!

Akhtar Jawad

# Talash

Raanaion ko chunte rahe sham ho gayee,  
Meri talash thak ke mere nam ho gayee.  
Daman ke phool bikhre tuhi dast ho gaye,  
Ek khar ki chubhan thi dilaram ho gayee.  
Wuh nam wale rat mein murjha ke so gaye,  
Benam si khalish thi jo badnam ho gayee.  
Badnamion ki gathri liye chal sake na hum,  
Hari hui wafa teri gumnam ho gayee.  
Maghrib ke waqt jaisi mili roshni mujhe,  
Aysi hawa chali wuh sare sham so gayee.  
Dil mein chupaya rang to chehre pe aa गया,  
Khushboo kisi ki phaili sare aam ho gayee.  
Mayoos is talash se jab hum bhi ro diye,  
Dil se kiran wuh nikli khushilham ho gayee.

Akhtar Jawad

## Tariq Road (A Commercial Area Of Karachi)

Wuh dost jo kabke chor gaye milte hayn kabhi jab rahon mein,  
badal to umadne lagte hayn in dhundli dhundli aankhon mein,  
ek lahar si uthne lagti hay in budhi bekal bahon mein,

Dil chupke chupke kahta hay, &quot;Thodi si peyar ki bheek to do.  
Keya hal hayn kaise guzarti hay yar mere tum theek to ho?  
Keyun door se batein karte ho tum thoda sa nazdeek to ho.&quot;

&quot;Acha yar main chalta hoon teri bhabhi Shopping Mall mein hayn,  
poton ko jake sanbhalna hay, na jane kis hal mein hayn.&quot;  
&quot;Yeh jeevan kitna badal geaya, hum kaise janjal mein hayn! &quot;

Phir halki si barish hoti hay auor halki si bheegi mitti se,  
veerane phailne lagte hayn yeh ghutan bhi badhne lagti hay,  
main apne aap se poochta hoon keya dosti aysi hoti hay!

Keya Tariq Road wuhi hay yeh, Waheed Murad jahan rahta tha,  
wuh ghar na jane kidhar geaya, khushboo se bhara guldasta tha,  
college girls ka tola jis ghar pe har sham ishare karta tha,

Galion mein tahalna hasinon ka manchalon ka guzarna bahanon se,  
kanakhion se dekh ke hans dena, katrana bahke deewanon se,  
chupke chupke sanwarna bhi, auor darna bhi mastanon se,

Tariq Road yehi hay wuh lekin iska wuh peyar khan,  
jab gul iske murjha se gaye, phir iska wuh gulzar kahan,  
na jane keyun main aaya yehan, ab yehan pe mera yar kahan?

Wh rang nahin wuh khushboo nahin dhuen mein sab kutch doob geaya,  
mujhe ghar ko apne jane do mera mun bhi yehan se oob geaya,  
main dekhne jisko aata tha wuh bhola sa mahboob geaya!

Akhtar Jawad

# Tears

I never knew many powers you have,  
In the lovely eyes mighty showers you have.  
I remember the day and the painful clove,  
But the cloud that arose from ocean of love,  
It rained on the soil with lightning and thunders,  
Thunders that reminded me my own blunders,  
Couldn't peep inside through your deep brown eyes,  
My sight could not slip from the silky skies,  
I was looking for stars in the dusk of hairs,  
And the dawn was waiting at the downstairs,  
Lightning that gave a glimpse of the rays,  
Your eye brows are the Milky Ways,  
My eyesight now travelled on a way,  
I now know what your eyes do say,  
Tears have wet rocky pieces of the clay,  
Dough is in your hands make an idol I pray!

Akhtar Jawad

# Tears In Love

The same soft human heart that melts in tears  
How beautiful are its days, months and years!  
What a life it's passing from sun to moon  
Every day is a joy every night is a boon.

The same soft human heart when freezes its tears  
How painful are its days, months and years!  
What a life it's passing from moon to sun  
No sleep, no dream, no smile, no fun!

Akhtar Jawad

# Tears Of An Insane Lover

May be earthquake, floods or typhoon  
Fragile is the memoir and may collapse  
My heart missing you in the rainy noon  
Though broken into pieces but no lapse  
I see in remembering someone I loved  
Am I her beloved or she is my beloved?

Is it my love for her making me restless?  
Or it's her love that makes me insane  
A broken heart, dead and senseless!  
How every piece has been turned in a fane?  
May be my love if she came in a thought  
It's her true worship, tears that brought!

The years old photograph is now dim and pale  
Accidentally I had a look and I became so sad  
Still your sweet fragrance I could feel and inhale  
The same teen aged boy naughty and mad  
Loved showers in romantic rainy noons  
Never cared if mud made them cartoons!

Akhtar Jawad

# Tears Of Regret

'Ungracefully I came into your arms, my mother,  
Having lost a garden where I learned what is love,  
Having faced an uncalled annoyance of my father,  
Though I was sent to you like a wingless dove  
Anyhow I managed to bring the seeds of life,  
Where is she, my beloved my beautiful wife.

Without her my rage is making me violent,  
I shall destroy everything if she is not found.'  
'Calm my son! Be peaceful and be tolerant,  
I didn't like your mutinous loud sound,  
Wash with tears of regrets your darkened face,  
Submission, can bring back your lost grace,

She is beyond the ocean of regrets and tears,  
Go and bow your head, your father isn't unkind,  
My son you'll commit many more sins, my fears!  
Powerful instincts make a youth so much blind!  
Your mutiny against your father, will not pay,  
He is so much mighty and you're a doll of clay.'

The dejected lover made a bridge on tears of regret,  
Crossed the warm oceans and his beloved he met.

Akhtar Jawad

# Tears On A Good News

God selects a few persons to promote humanity  
He knows us even before we are conceived  
He gives a kind and sensitive heart to lovely persons  
While selecting such a person God is ne'er deceived.

Such persons feel pains of others as if it's their pain  
They get helping hands always ready to serve  
Their souls are oceans of sympathy and kindness  
The best thing that these great persons deserve,

Are pearls of tears that are dropped on the cheeks  
On a bad news of deaths and destruction anywhere  
But the loveliest thing they are bestowed upon  
Are tears of thankfulness on a good news somewhere!

Akhtar Jawad

# Tears With Smiles

A scene that is seen under rare blue moons,  
When smile drops tears and tears smile,  
I can't believe, am I sleeping and dreaming,  
Oh human heart! You are so fragile!

While facing frustrations you were a stone  
Now when a dream has suddenly come true,  
You melted with joy like a heated ice cube,  
Pink in a moment in the next you're blue!

Unexpected joys how pleasant are you!  
Come on dear tears and with your salt,  
Let the lips taste hot pearls of my eyes,  
My lips will become a work of art!

The tears that kiss the smiling lips,  
Are better than smiles that end in tears,  
Thanks God how you oblige a man,  
Who passes his life in doubts and fears!

Akhtar Jawad

# Teen Age

Sometimes a cradle,  
Sometimes a cage,  
Tears and smiles  
Innocent teen age!  
Uncalled jolly joys  
Uncontrolled rage  
Much in stores to laugh,  
Now at this old age!  
But the loudest laughter  
Is written on a page  
A long list of beautiful girls,  
Mistaking the boy a sage,  
Never knew his dreams  
His unconscious image.

Akhtar Jawad

# Tell My Enemy I Don'T Need Him Now

Tell my enemy I don't need him now,  
I am myself my worst enemy,  
I am enough to destroy my nation and my race,  
Today I killed more than hundred humans,  
Mostly were students of school,  
School was attacked by the seekers of paradise.

I saw someone who has raised his head,  
Towards the skies and asking Him,  
Can you hear my voice it's me the devil,  
Are sons of Adam not worse than me?  
I misguided tow adults with instinctive desires,  
They killed children, who are free of desires,  
Innocent buds with dreams to sprung,  
And spread their fragrance and colors of beauty,  
Isn't it enough to convince you My Lord!  
Adam was your blunder you should mend it now.

See ugliness of those who claim,  
They are moving on a road,  
That is shortest route,  
To the paradise that is built for them,  
They appeared to have been intent on killing,  
As many students as possible,  
Rather than taking hostages,  
So the devil is sitting on a golden throne,  
Decorated is his head with a diamond crown!  
In his court of sins he gathered students,  
Opened fire on them with a purpose nothing else,  
But to shoot and kill innocent students,  
For nothing but terror that is centuries old,  
Unless and until you go to the past,  
And condemn terrorists, who are your heroes,  
Terror will not end and it will continue.

I heard a voice from the high skies,  
Wait and see what happens now,  
You were happy on nine eleven,

But you saw what happened after that misdeed,  
And you will see very soon many Adams will rise,  
They will destroy your terror with a fatal blow,  
Devil you have seen your climax today,  
I have seen the eyes crying blood of the veins,  
I shall make a fire with the tears that are red,  
This fire will burn you all, dry woods,  
You will see the tears of the parents of the students,  
Will be turned in a flood that will sweep the land!

Akhtar Jawad

# Terror

Terror is instinct, seen in dejected,  
In the weaker creatures,  
Who can't face the powers,  
And strength of flash-eaters.

Terror is the weapon, first invented,  
To fight the nature,  
To assist in adventure,  
To raise the treasure.

Terror is thirst, widely accepted,  
To rule the earth,  
To exploit others' wealth,  
To put him on death.

Akhtar Jawad

# Terror ????

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Life seems to be a dance of terrorists  
What's stored in rotation of days and nights?  
Humanity was killed I wonder how man existed  
Perhaps he disguised himself as a dead body  
It has been happening, so what if it recurred  
It will recur as long as I think why should I bother?  
Is there any example anywhere else?  
Does anywhere Islam teaches this brutality?  
What a name I should give to a terrorist,  
Should I invent a bad name for him?

Akhtar Jawad

# Tested And Trusted Allies My Grandchildren

They always stand by their grandfather and their grand mother  
We solemnly affirm and state on oath, no other, no other,  
When life starts becoming an intolerable pain,  
Like clouds they arise from the ocean of love, hit mountains,  
Sometimes we see their collision, but on us it ends in the rains,  
We breathe in these flowers, their attractive colors and sweet odors,  
We breathe out what that repels our enemies beyond the borders  
Aging has dried our skins and cataract has blurred our sight  
Our tested and trusted allies can never be wrong, always right  
A treaty that we had signed and locked in grandmother's bosoms  
A promise to love and to help each other, in flowers it blossoms.  
Life is a bouquet of love, a white ray of light, diverged in colors  
Love is a bottle of perfume, with a lever that sprays ecstatic odors.

Akhtar Jawad

# Testing Muhammad By Abraham Lincoln's Quote

Abraham Lincoln said, 'Nearly all men can stand adversity,  
If you want to test a man's character,  
give him power.'  
Let us test Muhammad's character.

He was badly treated by Quraish at Makkah,  
He was severely injured at Taif,  
He with his tribe was confined in a hill,  
Hungry and thirsty,  
Hinda and Abu Sufiyan were his worst enemies,  
Abu sufuyan lead Quraish in the wars against him,  
He was forced to leave Makkah and migrate to Medinah.

But when he conquered Makkah,  
Not even a single drop of blood was shed,  
He declared a general amnesty, to Hinda even,  
Who plotted killing of Hamza, his beloved uncle,  
Through a Sidi,  
And had ordered the sidi to bring the lever of Hamza,  
And when Sidi obeyed her commands,  
She ate lever of Hamza.  
But in return Prophet ordered the house of Sufiyan,  
Along with House of God, The Kabah,  
Is a place of shelter where none can be killed,  
And he appointed Sufiyan as Governor of Yemen.  
Even the Hinda and the Sidi were forgiven,  
So this was character of Muhammad,  
Peace be upon him.

Akhtar Jawad

# Thank You Kelly Kurt

It's your garden,  
you spend a lot of time on it,  
it was brown one day,  
it is your fatigue that made it green.  
Green due to chlorophyll  
may be developed by a process of evolution  
but definitely not by you.

The ignorant plant thinks it is Kelly Kurt  
who gifted this magical agent  
and it sings in your praise  
a song of thankfulness.

Thank you Kelly Kurt!

It's not a flirt,  
I truly love you,  
sweetheart it's you  
thanks for your green gift  
I am now on a lift,  
I shall rise for love,  
Shall extend my branches to a dove  
shall invite the clouds for a shower  
shall stand before that lovely tower,  
where bells invite the lovers every morning  
where lovers pay thanks to someone every evening.  
Shall suck the solution of minerals through roots delicate  
in summers and springs and in winter when the sun is late.

Thank you Kelly Kurt!

It's not a flirt,  
I truly love you,  
sweetheart it's you  
who gave uncountable food factories  
my magical leaves! I am full of the accessories  
I am not a life that eats another life  
so with anyone I don't have any strife.

O what a good news! I am now an adult!  
Some beautiful and sexy changes abrupt.

Thank you Kelly Kurt!

It's not a flirt,  
I truly love you,  
sweetheart it's you

I am a bride decorated with the rainbow colors  
I can make anyone ecstatic with my alcoholic odors.  
Many come to me and say that they love me  
But the colorful butterfly you send I love to see  
So this is the puberty I had been waiting  
With a butterfly nowadays I am dating  
Thanks for making me able of pollination  
Thanks for making me worthy of the creation  
Thank you Kelly Kurt!  
It's not a flirt,  
I truly love you,  
sweetheart it's you!  
Here are sweet and delicious fruits for you  
Decorated with beautiful flowers, dear I love you.

Akhtar Jawad

# Thank You Sun For The Full Moon

He burned himself from dawn to dusk  
For what the handsome burned himself  
The burning traveler on unicorn of light  
For something else not power and pelf,

A journey of beauty that never stops  
Throughout the day it changed its dressing  
And in the pleasant evening he threw it all  
In a soothing ocean for a night recessing,

Sun gave his fire to the ocean for a tide  
But left behind in the blue skies  
His unicorn of light for a lovely ride  
What a scene when this rider flies!

Welcome, welcome, my lovely full moon  
Invade the earth with your cavalry of stars,  
Attack the earth with weapons of beauty  
If for beauty and love earth welcomes wars.

The pleasant summer wind with a guitar  
Dancing branches beating drums of leaves  
Abundance of beauty and love on the beach  
Who is afraid of the lovely thieves?

(Again it's Valsa George's poem 'A Royal Birth' that inspired me to write this poem)

Akhtar Jawad

# Thanks Ted Kooser For Inspiring Me

Last night,  
I switched on my fan,  
the first warm night  
the fan whispered,  
be relieved of cold  
now sleep early  
and dream in a garden of complete privacy  
touch the flowers  
but softly,  
sing with birds,  
not loudly,  
swim with dolphins  
not far from the shores  
dance with winds  
but be careful of your knees,  
then,  
get up early  
and pay thanks  
to the Lord who gives a few days of pleasure  
to everyone including the old sinners,  
like you.  
Don't tell Him anything about your sins,  
though he knows  
but He will pose  
as if He is ignorant of all your sins,  
He will treat you like a father,  
as he loves you like a mother.  
Rest assure you will find him  
a lovely friend.

In the morning,  
a pleasant morning,  
I read a poem,  
Late February,  
a pleasant poem.  
by Ted Kooser,  
saying goodbye to the snow falls,  
I don't have snow falls  
here at Karachi

but the northern cold winds,  
when rape my knees,  
I feel pain,  
I say good bye to the northern winds.  
Thanks Ted Kooser,  
For inspiring me.

Akhtar Jawad

# Thanks To Dust

Everyone is annoyed of you,  
but I am thankful to you!  
I know your impudent impulses,  
but it's you through that I see  
the radiations,  
my eyes are not sensitive for,  
I see your charms in the beam of light,  
that penetrates through  
green leaves of the creeper  
with sexy buds and flowers.  
I think of the games,  
you play with them,  
and I learn how to excite the leaves and petals,  
how to invite them to copy the nature,  
to recreate the life,  
to create the life,  
and I learn how great is the divine creator!

Everyone disgraces you,  
but I truly like you!  
I appreciate and admire,  
your burning in a fire,  
I know you are dust particles,  
but when incomplete combustion  
makes you dancing as a flame,  
I see you as a dancer of nature!  
When I see so many insects,  
kissing you and sacrificing their lives,  
I learn how to live in love,  
and how to sacrifice the life in love!  
I come to know,  
life wouldn't be charming,  
without the dusts.  
I then become a sincere thanks giver,  
to someone who is a great programmer!

Akhtar Jawad

# Thanksgiving

Thanks to the beauty that attracted my heart,  
Thanks to the light that bisected my heart,  
Now two hearts in the bosom so weak,  
See deep in the earth with my eyes on the peak,  
The truth of skies gently pushes to the ground,  
Where there is man so pretty and profound.

The old juvenile with the child so cute,  
During game when faces a quarrelsome dispute,  
The child is clever and he cheated old man,  
The annoyed grandfather says I see, yes I can.

The second heart from the deep inside,  
Control yourself warn you to abide,  
Remember you too have been dishonest,  
Calm my friend and complete what is rest.

Although too old but he can lift the child,  
Can please and caress someone soft and mild,  
Can smile with his joys can cry on his pains,  
Child pisses on him and washes the stains.

The second heart from the deep inside,  
Says welcome smiling it's better than the tide,  
That took to island of sinful desires,  
That blackened your face with smoke and fires.

I love you my child and I know my God,  
Is a better forgiver with smiling nod,  
I have only two but his hearts infinite,  
We see a few in the kindness of elite.

Who can pay thanks we can only try,  
A moment it may be when He opens sky,  
Like a night bird please let me fly,  
Towards the moon until wings are shy.

Akhtar Jawad

# That Life This Life

The lost boyhood and the lost teen age,  
Roaming on a bicycle in a small town,  
That wasn't completely electrified,  
Windy evenings of summer vacation,  
Standing at a cigarette and beetle shop,  
Greedy of watching pretty teen aged girls,  
Engaged in shopping and sometimes having a look,  
On the boys' penetrating eyes,  
Smiling slightly and turning their backs,  
Towards the Romeos, even more pleased,  
To have a nicer view of turning beauties,  
Difficult to decide whether a girl in a particular age,  
Appears more beautiful from the front or from the rear,  
Coming back home satisfied, content and peaceful,  
Sleeping below the open sky, starrng at the moon,  
Guessing the time with the help of stars,  
The inviting heavy eye lids to a land of dreams,  
Whereat those girls with fairy wings,  
With guitars in their hands and semitransparent milky dress,  
Singing, dancing the song of future,  
A future that is yet a dream of the world,  
Used to come in the bluish dreams,  
Interrupted by a sudden downpour,  
Quickly removing the bed to verandah,  
To enjoy a truly wet cloudy night,  
What a life it was!  
Could it come back! !

Awaking in a bedroom and watching the ceiling fan,  
Appearing as enemy's bomber in a blue zero power bulb,  
Reminding the threats of growing weapons,  
Reminding the threats of a nuclear war,  
Reminding the threats of growing population,  
Reminding the threats of scarcity of water,  
Reminding the threats of shortage of energy,  
Reminding the threats of shortage of resources,  
Where has gone the taste of vegetables,  
Grown with the help of natural fertilizers,  
Where has gone tolerance of religions we believe,

Why cruel nationalism has infected the loving human heart,  
Thanks to the man in the mosque who's calling,  
Getup old man and wash your dirty body,  
Proceed to the mosque and try to clean,  
The poisoned brain, the seat of your soul!  
What a life that was!  
What a life is it! !

Akhtar Jawad

# That Old Woman

I loved my eyes, I still love them,  
they chose a girl among so many girls.  
I asked my eyes as to why they chose that girl.  
My eyes smiled and replied,  
'She was so beautiful! '  
But now she is a grown up old woman,  
and her physical beauty is lost.  
I love my nose, I still love it,  
they stole ecstasy from the fragrant silken hairs,  
You thief! Why did you do that?  
'Her hairs were silky and the perfumed oil  
she used made me ecstatic.'  
But now her hairs are partly white and dry,  
have lost its softness, length and density!  
I love my ears, I still love them,  
they listened to a song by a girl in love.  
I asked my ears  
do you still listen to the forgotten melodies?  
'Yes, music never dies.'  
But now she cannot sing!  
I love my lips, I still love them,  
that tasted her lips.  
I asked my lips why do you kissed her?  
' I saw rose asking her lips for a loan  
of pink color and a silky softness,  
All her charms might have been reduced  
but her lips are growing sweeter every day.  
Do you know why?  
When ever a new bud of rose springs as a flower,  
It repays installment of the loan  
to her dry faded lips.'  
I loved my hands, I still love them,  
they hugged someone and became the wings of a bird.  
I asked my hands, do you still fly like a bird?  
My hands replied, 'When all other senses are dormant,  
your heart directs us to fly high with her,  
so high in the blue skies,  
chasing the moon and bright stars  
playing hide and seek in the dark black clouds,

and we follow your heart.'  
Then I became speechless!  
I love my heart and I still love it,  
I asked my heart if it still loved her.  
My heart became deaf and dumb.  
I also became deaf and dumb!  
I love my whole that became ecstatic once again,  
I didn't ask anything from my heart,  
but I kissed that old woman again and again!

Akhtar Jawad

# That's How

You say life is a passing show,  
I say life is still in its teens,  
Enjoy it as much as you can,  
You are a pessimist,  
I am an optimist,  
That's how we now live together!

You say you can't dance anymore,  
I say if I can still sing,  
Try once again, you'll dance,  
Get up sweet heart,  
Nature has started playing its guitar,  
That's how we now enjoy music!

You say, 'I am half empty, '  
I say you are still half filled,  
I am still an Adam, are you the same Eve?  
once left the heaven, left it for ever,  
You are not guilty, He wanted that.  
That's how the lovers now talk on the earth!

Suddenly the clouds start their dance,  
The pleasant wind then sings sweetly,  
The naughty moon half hidden in the clouds,  
Aroma of Jasmines and Queen of Night  
Smiles of nature envelope the earth,  
That's how nature approves their love!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Adventurists

He walked on a road ending on a ditch,  
And there was no danger sign to alert,  
His curiosity kept him moving forward,  
An adventurer who succeeded in revert,  
Snapped the ditch and while coming back,  
Put a danger sign on the dangerous track.

My salute to such so many adventurers!  
But those who could not stop and fell,  
And the world forgot their great sacrifice,  
My tribute, my tears, my words to tell,  
You're greater than those who didn't fall,  
Humanity is grateful to taller than the tall!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Bird Came Back In The Cage

My eyes say, &quot;I don't see him.&quot;  
My ears say, &quot;I don't listen to him.&quot;  
My tongue says, &quot;I don't know his taste.&quot;  
My nostrils say, &quot;I couldn't feel his smell.&quot;  
My whole says, &quot;I never touched him.&quot;  
My heart said, &quot;How can you?  
When I fell during my infancy he picked me up.  
I was touched,  
and this touch was so much pleasing  
that I have kept him in my safest chamber.  
I shall not let him go to you,  
I know you will pollute this touch.  
During my youth when I started loving beauty  
He appeared in different costumes  
but the face was always veiled.  
I tried to paint him  
and the brush I dipped in all the colors  
one by one  
but it painted only white on the white canvas.  
Though I never listened to his melodies  
but the waves of sound titillated my whole.  
I'm sure there was a sound.  
Sometimes like a naughty child  
through the windows I forgot to lock  
he jumped out and hid himself in the flowers.  
When I plucked the flowers  
he fled in the skies and hid himself in the clouds.  
With tears when I said good bye to him  
he came back as the rains,  
I saw him flowing in the rivers and I chased him  
but he vanished in the seas.  
Since then I was sitting at the shore of the sea,  
listening to only break, break and break.  
Now during at this old age  
I decided to break my relationship with him  
and go back home.  
To my surprise the touch was in the cage.  
I don't know what the touch is!  
But now I shall write Him for him.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Black Beauty

You say she is deaf and dumb,  
And she's completely blind,  
An appealing black beauty,  
Sometimes kind, often unkind!

Can't see your pink white skin,  
A sexy girl with a single sense,  
Can't look into your blue stars,  
But her touches are deep and dense!

Least interested in your beliefs  
Unconcerned what did you think,  
Never cared what did you speak,  
Could not read what did you ink,

Sometimes during starry nights,  
She comes out without a dress,  
See her hot in aurora two times,  
In snowfalls she seems in recess,

Why did she fly so high as clouds,  
When she has never seen the skies  
Comes back home in the dying dusk,  
Who guides her way she has no eyes?

Whenever you play on your guitar,  
Whenever you sing or only humming,  
You see her dancing on the floor,  
Listen to someone who's drumming,

Sweats with you in the humid days  
And in the rains enjoys the showers  
Shivers with you in the winter nights,  
During springs she blooms in flowers,

My friend switch off all the lights,  
A female Cupid with bows of love!  
Collect arrows from all the bows,  
Tolerate her nibs, after all is a dove!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Bottle Is Not Empty

Let the empty bottle rest in the shelf,  
Do not think it has no more wine,  
It's a bottle that gave ecstasy of love,  
It's still colorful, it hasn't lost shine.

It's still a source of ecstasy and beauty,  
It still holds odors, not empty at all!  
See the spectrum when light falls on it,  
It's there on the screen of jet white wall.

In a new flavor it's the same old wine,  
Though renamed as poetry, still ecstatic,  
Come close a little, and watch its magic,  
Throw some light on it, it's still magnetic.

Go on loving, it will never be empty,  
Sweethearts! Remain a source of light,  
It will create many more new rainbows,  
With more refilling it will be more bright.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Burnt Wings Of The Angels

When Angels burned their wings,  
I showered love on it,  
the half burnt wings were with me,  
I was repairing it,  
but I failed.  
An eve came from somewhere,  
she hugged and kissed me,  
I was astonished to see  
the wings have not only been repaired,  
but affixed on my right shoulder,  
and the other on her left shoulder,  
now with the spare hand in her hand,  
we pass our days on the earth,  
but during the nights we fly in the skies.  
Believe me,  
I am not in habit of telling the lies.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Candle

Burning and melting,  
Lightning but no thunder,  
Tears dropping down like icicles,  
Freezing but not cool,  
Having lost,  
Smoothness of her body,  
She is hot,  
The hot icicles have changed her shape,  
Still graceful,  
Looking more beautiful,  
Even more sexy,  
She is a source of light,  
Light that cracked,  
The dark lonely night,  
In a silent night she is silent but bright,  
Withstanding with the naughty blows,  
Of sea blows that touch her and runaway,  
See her smile on the naught of the breeze,  
She never protests,  
Just dances with the touches,  
The virgin is waiting for someone,  
Who not merely touches her flame,  
The bold handsome,  
Who can kiss her flame,  
And courage to be burnt,  
In a true love,  
That will burn someone,  
And convert in ashes,  
Lo he came and kissed the flame,  
Her flame dances last time,  
Nothing is remained,  
Except the fumes,  
Death of a night is birth of a day,  
It's not only moon and the stars,  
A candle too was burnt in a night,  
A dark lonely night for love only love,  
Leaving behind ashes and fumes,  
With tears of dew,  
With the parting kisses of night white flowers,

She goes by a flight of the Milky Way,  
And the Milky Way takes off on skies,  
The morning star,  
The only one,  
With the wet eyes, waves his hands,  
Sees off the candle,  
And leaves for the home,  
The smiling dawn takes over the charge,  
With an earth enlighten,  
Here goes a night with the tales of the moon!  
The forgotten candle I am sorry for you,  
And your lover too!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Children Should Be At Least Nine

The dawn comes with her busy moments  
In preparing breakfast for the kids to school  
Children complaining uniforms aren't ironed  
Husband's untimely flirts, but she is cool,

While putting sandwiches on the dining table  
The youngest one asks her for two boiled eggs  
The tray of breakfast falls on the dirty floor  
The two years old kid came between her legs,

She picks up sandwiches gives it to school goers  
The kid started crying he has been forgotten,  
As the husband objects, asks her to re-prepare  
She picks out the remaining egg, it was rotten.

The wife, a mother of eight children is now tired  
The children went to school without breakfast  
An unplanned family of lower middle class!  
The day comes to an end anyhow at last.

The dusk is romantic a full moon is ahead  
A night that deserves to be enjoyed at a beach  
But short of money due to low income  
Prices are high and beyond the reach.

Last week of the month and he is pocket less  
The children insisting for a dinner out side  
He promises for an outing on the coming first  
The tired wife looks a newly married bride.

No work, no entertainment, TV is boring  
No child during night will go to school  
Morning flirts now working at night  
Hot enough, she's smiling, and isn't cool.

Children in dejection go to their beds  
It's a moonlit night and weather is fine  
Number eight is not a very good number  
The children should be at least nine.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Clouds That Rise In The Mild April

Love rises as clouds from the oceans  
an a mild and pleasant lovely April,  
wanders under blue skies  
winkling the green trees,  
moves dancing like a dancer  
whose skirts often rise to expose beauty.  
April clouds! I see a beautiful teen aged virgin in you  
I read so many dreams in your deep eyes.  
When you hide the blue skies  
I understand nature is wetting your lips.  
When like a naughty maiden you shy  
and your dress fails to hide your charms  
I see nature smiling in your exposure.  
The green grass lands look at the tall trees  
and the tall trees jump to touch your feet.  
Being failed in their naughty attempts  
some attract the clouds with colors and aroma  
and invite to taste the forbidden fruit.  
Love promises the trees and the crops  
that it would come as pleasant showers  
it will remove the dirt from the green leaves  
it will increase the shine of the greenery  
and it will make the scenery  
a model for an artist to paint  
an inspiration for the poet  
facing a draught of thoughts.  
It will awake a singer from sweet dreams  
to the sweeter reality of life  
and the singer will beatify the winds to dance,  
to dance with the melodious waves  
that touch it and in return it touches all  
that comes into its arms.  
But love is destined to kiss the mountains.  
Waving its hands to the rivers  
and assuring them to join soon their grand walk  
it flies and flies to its final destination  
to melt the arms of high mountains.  
Surrendering its virginity to the graceful lover  
it will slide down as beautiful falls

singing and dancing fulfilling all its promises to the earth  
the clouds that rise in the mild April  
will go back to back their bed room for rest  
somewhere in the deep oceans  
to rest and sleep till the next April.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Color Of Life

Te dawn smiled and said,  
'It's all over now vacate the throne for me,  
and go,  
but before you go,  
sweep the sky,  
collect and count your twinkling stars,  
and all signs of feminine night,  
a masculine day is ahead,  
I have to paint something beautiful.'  
The night also smiled and replied,  
'The first things I would like to sweep,  
the stars of my eyes,  
the silk of hairs,  
the aurora of my face,  
my cheeks my lips,  
waves and the curves,  
shades of my body,  
and all this in a blue background,  
best of luck my masculine artist,  
try to paint the beauty  
but if you fail,  
I shall be back at dusk,  
with the color you lacked  
with the silk you needed,  
below hot burning sun,  
I hope the black and white painting  
will be shocking pink  
in a lovely evening,  
don't forget,  
to night the moon will be full  
you'll have to complete  
your abstract nude,  
in a moonlit night,  
and I know most of the night,  
you'll waste in lame excuses,  
for your heart breaking comments  
you shouldn't have made,  
be careful,  
and start colorizing your painting,

as early as possible,  
keep in your mind,  
despite your repeated prayers  
the sun will not be delayed.'

Akhtar Jawad

# The Colorful Canvas Of Life

Being deceived in love and attempting to erase you face  
from the white canvas of my life,  
I rubbed my closed eyelids and saw a blue color in it,  
then many colors started playing hide and seek,  
I saw a rainbow changing its shapes  
The flood of all colors painted different images.  
When the blue color started dancing on the tunes of sea breeze  
I saw a face vibrating in the tides  
Love, and the love of the moon!  
Having failed to erase the image  
the sea then surrendered to the tides  
it was no more calm,  
it washed whatever came in its way,  
the waves started coming and going,  
bringing many changes at the shore,  
I watched many colorful fishes trying to breathe on the sand  
I watched dead shells scattered above the sand  
and I saw sand settled and sleeping like a child  
among his toys a few intact but a few broken,  
dreaming new toys to be replace the broken ones.  
And when this game of excitement and ecstasy  
was over with a dawn,  
the sea found many new colorful fish and living shells,  
the sea was pleased to see  
the rainbow has been broken in pieces  
in colorful fish and in breathing shells,  
but it never knew in one of the shells is a pearl of love,  
that has started waiting for a diver.  
As long as its light is reflected in a moon,  
as long as a sexy phase of the moon  
is causing a tide in the sea of my heart,  
I shall be hopeful that the sun has created a shell  
that is hidden somewhere in depths  
and it has a pearl of love,  
let me dive in the sea  
and swim with the colorful fish,  
I shall find out the shell having a pearl for me.  
I surrender,  
I cannot erase your face from the canvas of my life,

It's not whiter but it's colorful like a rainbow.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Cracked Mirror

I have put in your room all you need  
If it's deficient now, it's your misdeed.  
Your hate, your violence, your greed!

I gave you a mirror that has been cracked.  
You! My image in it! Has been hijacked!  
Laughing mirror now, as you're off tracked!

I gave you thoughts to frame the laws  
You polluted it, now it has many flaws.  
Damaged stitching with your own claws!

Now you appear naked and too ungraced  
Reset your room, it is still well placed,  
Promise, your mirror will be soon replaced.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Cradle Of A Womb

At the twilight of his breathes, let him rewind,  
Video cassette of his life, with tears he will find,  
A woman is inspiring and leading from behind,  
When the lungs were sleeping in the womb so kind,  
He was deaf and dumb and completely blind,  
Sleeping peacefully in a world so confined!

Nothing to do except sleeping and dreaming,  
The brain computer is free of streaming,  
The only language is the language of touch,  
Nothing to grip and nothing to clutch,  
To move first time in the womb was exciting,  
The first experience of the life igniting!

Energized with her blood, oxidized with her breath,  
No need of biting, no fatigue, no pains of the teeth,  
A carefree life, his needs, from respiration to excretion,  
The cradle of a womb performed with perfection,  
How safe and secured that is why when he flies,  
What else he can do, he wildly cries.

He is now in a world of needs infinite,  
With lust and desires, that too so elite,  
How much he missed when he lost the womb,  
How much he cried when she slept in a tomb,  
But another woman a package of deeds,  
Kept him alive fulfilling growing needs!

Pleasant was the love, he induced himself,  
In a lovely embryo he reduced himself,  
He felt his presence in a new lovely womb,  
With flowers he visited his mother's old tomb,  
Mom! I have repaid my father's old debt,  
My wife will repay your loan that is left.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Crescent Of Hopes

O God, our Creator! Beneficent and the merciful,  
Beauty affirms and states you're so beautiful,  
Can't listen to, can't see or touch where you are,  
But your fragrance touches, so somewhere you are,  
Can't face the sun or sunlight but the milky moonlight,  
Diverged colors that converge in a single white light,  
The crescent of hopes after a dark and tearful night,  
Grows day by day till it becomes a charming smile,  
That whispers in my soul, "Oh! My lover in exile!  
I have filled the earth with falls and streams,  
I have filled your heart with love and dreams,  
Follow me in love and scatter on the earth,  
Grow day by day and increase your worth,  
I just give birth to a crescent with the hopes,  
Melt with the sun, flow on the sandy slopes,  
Cross all obstacles of violence and hate,  
Much time has been lost, still not too late,  
Ahead of you is a deep ocean of love,  
A musical sleep with a notion of love! "

Akhtar Jawad

# The Crucified Artist

Cross of his art on his bleeding shoulders,  
With a few friends who recognized him,  
With the bleeding body and crying soul,  
When all failures of life crucified him,  
Time noticed him with a nod at last,  
So what if now say he was God of Art.

On his grave now with heeling ointments!  
He has no wounds or any deadly pains,  
If there is any thing that bothers him now,  
It were you who gave him the dirty stains!  
Time! Do you remember, you did in the past,  
So what if now say he was God of Art.

Keeping works of his art under lock and key,  
You are selling imitations at a too high price,  
You critics! And so called patrons of art!  
I wish if mighty time could turn your dice!  
Time! Feelingless machine, playing his part,  
So what if now say he was God of Art.

With a hypothesis, he was a great artist,  
You are getting him out of a peaceful grave,  
The research work on him, truly sincere?  
I doubt in disguise is the same old knave,  
Pinching him again with a sharp new thwart?  
So what if now say he was God of Art.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Cut Trees

The trees who were dancing in the rains from the clouds,  
Cut and put under sun and moon, without the shrouds,  
Mercilessly seasoned in the hardships of the nature,  
Wrote many stories before being mended in furniture.  
The story of changing weathers they wrote on their stems  
I see them everywhere in the manmade selfish realms  
They watch how the doors we open and how we close  
Sitting on a chair the behavior of hips they can prose  
What we do on our beds and with whom we sleep at night  
They know the wrong we did and they know what was right  
They know how much money put in the drawers came as bribe  
The currency is local or foreign everything wood can inscribe  
Today man is reading the past in the writes on the stems  
Tomorrow he will read our private lives in the dirty realms  
Machines will be invented to convert their writes into speeches  
Wood's recording all whether pure showers or the acidic leaches.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Deceiving Dreams

A deceiving dawn when starts my day,  
And she when wears a lovely contrast,  
Shocking pink prints, bluish back ground,  
See a passing show of the dancers at last.  
I am deceived and in hopes of a day,  
With me are all outcomes of the clay.

Birds are chirping and flowers swinging,  
Starts struggle of searching provisions,  
Insects, sucking the living sweet nectar,  
A beautiful colleague with sexy visions!  
Bitterness bearable, the coating of sex!  
Kindness or cleverness of one on apex!

Thoughts that made restless in the day,  
In the hot and painful sweating sunlight,  
The divine technician modifies in dreams,  
Supplementing dreams by the moonlight,  
Sends her to relieve all the day's strains,  
I remember the days of deceptive stains!

(One of the charms of youth age that is never forgotten)

Akhtar Jawad

# The De-Juicer

A de-juicer I am,  
I de-juice the fruits,  
But I don't know why,  
The juice extracted,  
Is a little bitter,  
Always it's so.

One day,  
While de-juicing tangerines,  
The power was gone,  
I thought some core,  
Was yet to de-juice,  
But on that day,  
The juice was sweet,  
No bitterness at all!

On that day,  
I learnt a secret of life,  
Excess of any act,  
May be good or bad,  
Reduces the sweetness,  
Ends in bitterness!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Distant Dear

My friend remains away from me  
for days, for months and for years,  
but when my friend comes back,  
the friend,  
with a sweet smile wipes all the tears.

My friend though tested and trusted,  
I remain afraid of being ignored,  
but when my friend comes back,  
the friend,  
removes all my uncalled fears.

My friend is a human being,  
doing a lot for his nears,  
but when my friend comes back,  
the friend,  
is lovely and nice for the distant dears!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Dolls Of God

Daughters are not destined to all,  
A house, may be a hut too small,  
Or a palace of silver and gold,  
May be a new built or too old,  
When He sees His love is there,  
Felt though not seen somewhere,  
He silently comes and puts in a doll,  
For forty weeks He lulls the lonely loll,  
Visits your house for the charms of a doll,  
How lucky you have a beauty scroll,  
You don't listen to as to what He is saying,  
You think only you; He's also playing,  
You swing your daughter in your lovely arms?  
Could you see in you His heavenly charms!  
Dolls at that age listen to lullaby of God,  
You are great if you grow a baby of God!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Dove Of Peace

The charming one, Who is next to none,  
she is one only one, see what has She done,  
a gliding rainbow is the flying flute bird,  
a window transparent the skying cute bird.  
Through, She sees and peeps outside,  
the bird is a veil and She, the barbie bride!

Have you ever seen, how much She is green,  
No fighters no bombers see the nudes unseen,  
Enjoy carefree Her artistic porn,  
Here is a flower and there is corn,  
when the wind of peace brings clouds of love,  
that dance in craze with the wings of a dove.

When there's no war in the crying world.  
then flies this lovely charming bird,  
when rains start comes back in the nest,  
with her lovely spouse a coupling for rest,  
no food no grains but no strains,  
with peace and love how pleasant are the pains!

The hungry bird can love whole night,  
hoping a day so sunny and bright!  
And lo! A sunny day, no wounds no pains,  
Bird flies with joy in search of grains!  
In piece the fatigue of life is a pleasant sensation,  
Back home to relieve the spouse from a tiring incubation.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Dreaming Child

You are innocent and cute,  
You are pretty and lovely,  
When you move your lips,  
As if you are being fed,  
While dreaming what you sing,  
I can understand,  
The language of your music,  
Yes you muse,  
Yes you amuse,  
You speak like a flute,  
When sleep in the arms,  
You look like a rose,  
In the greenery of leaves,  
You look like a moon,  
In the blue sky,  
You look like a mermaid,  
In the waves of ocean,  
With your head on the arms,  
When you dream sweetheart,  
An angel smiles,  
That is hidden in you,  
I know your dreams,  
But you don't know,  
So was I,  
Not at all ugly!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Engagement Ring

Oh! black clouds,  
Go from here,  
I don't want thunders,  
I don't want lightning,  
I don't want rains,  
My beloved is away.  
When he left the village,  
I was just thirteen,  
But I am now sixteen,  
And I now understand,  
The meaning of the moon,  
In my ring finger.

All the girls of village,  
Are singing folk songs,  
On the swings that are hanging,  
In the mango trees,  
And behind a large tree,  
I am standing all alone,  
I feel something,  
In my body and soul,  
My eyes are wet,  
My age I regret,  
As I now understand,  
The meaning of folk songs.

Being burnt in the fires,  
Of my dreams and desires,  
I am now aware,  
Of the mystery of life,  
What I want from you,  
What you mean for me,  
Why I wait for you,  
Why I seek you dear,  
Why tears in my eyes,  
Why annoyed of skies,  
These rains blow the flames,  
Of your love, my love!

And the red stone,  
Of my golden ring,  
Appears to me,  
A drop of blood,  
That has frozen in a shape,  
Of a human heart,  
A symbol of a feeling,  
And a thought if you,  
Were here in the rains,  
I and you,  
I can't say any more,  
But I now understand.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Escape Goat

My mother was dead when I was born.  
You purchased me and brought me at your home  
your wife always treated me like her son  
and your son always loved me as his younger brother.  
I was grown in your arms being fed through bottles.  
Your home was my home and it's still my home.  
You helped me when there were alternates of your help.  
Today, I direly need you my father!  
I don't know why my mother has turned his tearful eyes  
and why my brother has brought me under the knife of a butcher.  
Where are you in this time of need?  
The butcher has cut my throat veins  
In that your love was circulating as blood.  
Your love is now scattered on the soil  
darkness is increasing  
I am feeling pains in breathing.  
You always loved me and when I really needed your love  
you are not here.  
Master Oh My master! Where are you?  
A man in a white gown came out from CCU,  
and informed, "The patient is now out of danger."  
The master is now living a life of his dearest goat  
every heart beat and every breath  
makes him more and more indebted of an escape goat.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Female Bird

Usually he does not take so much time.  
He always came back in the nest well in time  
to relieve me from incubation of eggs.  
And then I flew out to search the grains  
thrown out by the humans.  
We live on the food provided by them.  
Yes, humans are so nice but sometimes very unkind.  
I had heard a fire,  
perhaps it was a man,  
busy in hunting a bird.  
No, he cannot be my spouse,  
he will come back and share the fatigue of incubation.  
And he should,  
he shared the pleasure with me.  
These eggs are his as well.  
And he has come back to the nest,  
he is injured,  
thanks God he is not dead  
one of his wings has been severely injured  
he cannot fly,  
he needs rest to recover.  
Rest here sweetheart on the eggs  
these eggs will be incubated.  
I shall go out,  
I shall bring grains for you,  
and I shall feed you,  
as a she bird feeds his young ones.  
Yes,  
in the time of need a female spouse  
can treat her spouse motherly.  
Oh God!  
What if you would not have created the Eve for the Adam!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Female Flower

I looked at the hair clip  
in my sweet heart's silky hairs  
fighting with winds  
that like the shining hairs  
attempting again and again  
to touch the rosy cheeks.

I love those hairs scattered on my shoulders  
but when they scatter on her cheeks  
and crawl to her lips in a naughty mood  
I am jealous.

I think I should redress her hairs  
so that they may fail to materialize their naught.  
But how?

I should pluck a flower  
and while placing it tightly in the clips  
I should redress her hairs  
making it difficult for them to reach the coral lips.

I extended my selfish hands to a bud  
just sprung in a flower.

A flower, a model of delicacy,  
an art in pink color,  
an aromatic painting,  
a virgin wet in due drops,  
the petals shivering with fear  
to be plucked.

I heard the flower's voice.

No Sir,

please don't pluck me.

See the helpless green sepals  
not strong enough to obstruct you mighty hands  
I know thorns may fight for me  
but will surrender to you  
after just bringing a drop of blood on your fingers  
I shall feel guilty for that drop of blood.

Do you also feel guilty,  
when you obstruct my natural life cycle.

Look at the ovule in my ovary,  
It's dreaming to fuse a pollen grain in it.

Look at my style it's excited

Have you ever seen a teen aged girl after puberty?  
A blending of innocence, beauty and dreams!  
Look at my stigma.  
Have you ever seen that beautiful girl  
in a bikini at the beach?  
That innocent beautiful girl is designed to be loved  
and become a mother a creator.  
So I am,  
I am also beautiful  
I am also designed for pollination.  
Like that girl's womb my ovary will also carry an embryo.  
It will also be swollen as a fruit.  
Dear Sir, I am sure, instead of a flower in her hairs  
if my fruit you pluck and gift it to your sweetheart  
she will be more happy.  
She is also a female like me.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Final Learning

Imitating the elders the ignorant student  
Learned many theories and established facts,  
Some doubtful beliefs and some evident,  
Biography of great men their thoughts and acts,  
Bringing revolutions and changing the thinking,  
Some found foolish some we're still inking.

Now during prep leave before the final test,  
Ready for the last learning, what're the ends?  
What's a soul and life, who did this, at his best?  
Is it the same He created or affected by blends?  
How he regrets! Cannot pass on his last learning,  
An imposed penalty or a handsome earning!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Flag Of Nature

I am ancient and I was never a slave,  
But I was sleeping in a black hole's cave,  
The lightning within me made me amorous,  
Clouds roared and became so much porous,  
That the love frozen in me melted in rains,  
I became careless of obvious stains,  
When I saw a beautiful maid burning in fire,  
I cooled down her, now a thing to admire,  
When she smiled on the loss of virginity,  
My singularity diverged into my plurality,  
She was now green and fully fertile,  
From Volga to Sindh from Amazon to Nile,  
Rivers come down from her breasts  
Trees with the singing birds in the nests,  
Flowers with the softness and color of her lips,  
Beautiful landscape like her neck and hips,  
Oceans, lakes, planes and mountains,  
Gardens, fields, forests and fountains,  
Oh Men! You split her body in the nations,  
How can I express my deep frustrations!  
I dislike your flag and extremism of beliefs,  
I see so many notorious war mischiefs,  
I can break it anytime it's a fragile toy,  
Don't test me and too much annoy,  
In the rainy days through the blue windows,  
My flag reminds my writ look at the rainbows,  
All your flags you may see in the seven colors,  
Can't you throw the arms for flowers' odors?

Akhtar Jawad

# The Game Of Chess

The king is the weakest of all and helpless,  
Faces all the pains and strains and the stress,  
Just like a president in parliamentary form of Governments,  
Like a rubber stamp affixed on all documents.

And the queen, which can move in two different ways, is might,  
Controls the game from her place, and being might is right,  
Source of power of an underdeveloped nation,  
In a five star hotel who are God's imitation.

And the bishops with an oblique order of march,  
Two eyes on two different paths, like a broken torch,  
Just like the religious politicians and extremists,  
They support and patronize the violent terrorists.

And the horses that play games unique,  
One step forward and the next oblique,  
Just like a newly born baby in politics,  
Not aware of the principles of morals and ethics.

And the rookies blind, thoughtless, animals of a zoo  
Jobless followers who have nothing to do,  
An emotional, angry, and insane generation, □  
That's powerful, decisive but a thread to federation.

And the mates who are helpless people of the nation, □  
Who can vote for the leaders but cannot call explanation,  
But if they move and move straight and touch the goal line,  
They become a queen, and on the board they shine.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Girl At The Counter

The girl at the counter,  
in her early twenties,  
a smiling face,  
the dreaming eyes,  
received the money,  
being the school fee of my granddaughter,  
she gave her charming autograph on my bill,  
and passed the bill to the woman sitting in the rear,  
for feeding it in the computer.  
Meanwhile on the next counter,  
A few more transactions were made,  
more bills of exchange,  
The boy sitting on the next counter,  
Put the bills on my pending bill,  
The bill signed by the sweet little girl,  
felt a burden but it couldn't speak,  
how could a poet overlook pains of a girl's autograph,  
charming and smart, beautiful and nice,  
as the woman ignored the beauty of the basement,  
he was once again turned in a naughty boy in his late twenties.  
He said to the girl, "A man when old becomes a jolly man,  
but a woman when old, becomes hysterical,  
that is why I don't like talking a grownup woman."  
She laughed so much I was amazed and inspired.  
The output of my old smile and the young laughter in response,  
What else it could be from an old man of seventy,  
Here is my new poem!  
I wish I could tell the girl,  
a woman is behind you,  
and when you will see that woman in a mirror,  
you will find yourself more beautiful,  
than what you are,  
Cute Girls! The woman behind you is more beautiful!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Gown Of Graduation

No need to be confined in a net of knitted straws  
no need to be afraid of lightning and thunders of the clouds  
no need to hide behind the feathers of a mother bird  
now you don't need the shoulders of a father bird.  
The gown you wore is enough to protect you in the flights to come.  
My daughter bird I know it's raining heavily  
lightning and thunders of the clouds are frightening  
but the gown is an umbrella against all evils of the clouds  
ignoring the evils of the clouds be safe and secured  
in the beautiful rains the clouds provide,  
the pleasant winds will bounce back a little mild showers you need.  
Beauty of rains is infinite and its threats are finite.  
Now fly below the skies and pluck the twinkling diamonds.  
We are here in the nest, the same old knitted net of straws.  
Let us pay thanks to the kind and benevolent ancient light  
filtered through the greenery of a tree  
reflected and refracted that are still showing mini rainbows.  
Forming a beam of shining dust particles of aging,  
with a positive approach we can see even dust as a beauty.  
Let us capture memories of incubating a beautiful egg  
let us forget the fatigues of incubation,  
and let us pay thanks to God who bestowed upon us  
and gave us a right egg for incubation!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Grave Digger And His Son

Your dress is lovely and nice,  
must be very high its price,  
in place of buttons it has five stars,  
but I am not jealous of it,  
instead I am thankful to my fate  
that my body has a common dress on it.  
I know we both will be buried one day,  
you with a costly silken shroud,  
and me in a cheap cotton one.  
The grave digger will visit our graves with a pointed stick  
having a hook at one end,  
he will insert it in our graves  
and both the shrouds will be dragged out.  
Once again we shall be naked in the arms of our mother.  
When you'll start protesting I shall keep silence,  
and just smile,  
as I know how protesters are dealt.  
One day the shroud snatcher will also be dead,  
and his duties will be taken over by his son.  
When in the dreams the son will ask his father,  
"How are you dear father? "  
The old digger will reply,  
"I am all right, fine, thank you,  
but a few naked men use abusive language  
for a well-dressed man like me."  
"Why? "Asked the son.  
"I dragged shrouds from their bodies."  
"Calm, calm my father,  
since tomorrow onwards nobody will be abusive to you."  
The son snatched many shrouds like his father,  
but after dragging a shroud  
he inserted the stick in the middle of the grave  
that penetrated somewhere  
in the dead bodies of the protesters.  
You can guess where it did insertion.  
The man who was buried in a silken shroud  
cried and said that old man was better than the youth.



# The Heart Shaped Nest

Fell down several times,  
but learned at last,  
how to fly.

The joy of learning flying  
hasn't reached at its climax,  
meanwhile the same loving and helpful nibs,  
that provided every thing they needed,  
started hitting them with nibs and forced them to leave the nest,  
the joy of learning was then blended with tears.

What a garden is this!

What a life we got!

We shall not live in this beautiful garden,  
though it has so many green trees  
with colorful scented flowers and tasty delicious fruits,  
though its situated on the bank of a river,  
and its name is Mountains View,  
though the river may lead us to the sea,  
where we can see adventures of the diving and hunting birds,  
though it has many other colorful singing birds,  
and their love songs are sweeter than the sweetest,  
but we hate this garden,  
as here we lost our first love,  
and we are afraid we may loose our new love.

The couple started flying  
to the high skies,  
with an ambition to go to a new garden,  
where in place of flowers there are moons,  
where in place of mountains there are suns,  
where in place of oceans there is endless apace,  
the highway of the milky ways looked so close to them,  
they thought they will arrive at it in a single flight.

Soon they realized Milky Way is a mirage.

They started falling and fell down on a new green branch  
of the same old tree.

The old and kind couple asked them,  
may we teach you how to make a heart shaped nest,  
we think she is carrying now your eggs,  
and you are in dire need of a nest.

Forget adventures of suns, moons and the stars

forget the diving and hunting birds,  
this tree is a gift of mother earth,  
it has all that you need.

When you'll turn out your young ones from this nest,  
you will realize why we turned you out.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Hidden Beauty

Long ago,  
Millions or billions or trillions of years before,  
Or even more,  
Sweet heart you don't remember,  
But I have long memories,  
I can see you singing,  
I can see you dancing,  
Oh Goddess of Divinity,  
You never wore a dress,  
And I was used to in seeing you naked,  
I don't know how,  
I don't know why,  
One day your naked body,  
Excited me,  
And I started watching with a different pair of eyes,  
And you were shocked so much,  
Disappeared like camphor,  
Since then I am looking for you,  
I looked for you on the high mountains,  
I looked for you in the deep oceans,  
I looked for you in the plains of Ganges,  
I looked for you in the hot shining sand,  
I lost you,  
I couldn't see you again,  
Now I am looking for my old lost vision,  
Buried alive in the dirt of sins,  
I am hopeful; let me clean my eyes,  
Soon I shall look into my deep heart,  
The only place I couldn't search your beauty!

(Na tha kutch to Khuda tha kutch na hota to Khuda hota,  
Duboya mujhko hone ne na hota main to keya hota  
Mirza Ghalib)

(With thanks to

(According to an old Hindu legend, there was a time when all human beings were gods, but they abused their divinity. So, Brahma, the chief god, decided to take the divinity away from them and hide it somewhere they could never find it.

Brahma called a council of the gods to help him decide where to hide the divinity. "Let's bury it deep in the earth," said the gods. But Brahma answered, "Humans will dig into the earth and find it." Some gods suggested, "Let's sink it in the deepest ocean." But Brahma said, "No, Human will learn to dive into the ocean and will find it." Then some gods suggested, "Let's take it to the top of the highest mountain and hide it there." Brahma replied, "Human will eventually climb every mountain and take up their divinity." Then all the gods gave up and said, "We do not know where to hide it, because it seems that there is no place on earth or ocean that human beings will not eventually reach."

Brahma thought for a long time said, "We will hide their divinity deep into the center of their own being, Humans will search for it here and there but they wont look for the divinity inside their true selves"

All the gods agreed that this was the perfect hiding place, and the deed was done. And since then, humans have been going up and down the earth, digging, diving, climbing, and exploring, searching for something, which already lies within them.)

Akhtar Jawad

# The Hidden Chapter

We all are books having many chapters,  
why to complain the others,  
we ourselves don't read whole of the book,  
even if we try to read the chapters,  
we don't understand it completely.  
The chapter I read during my infancy,  
was a chapter written by God.  
I don't remember it but I can guess,  
my needs were limited and so was my thinking,  
I can guess the heroine of that chapter,  
was none else except my mother.  
Socialization wrote many more chapters,  
from an individual confined in instincts,  
I started growing in a web of society,  
and I found many stars and me a moon for all,  
I saw my mother orbiting round a sun,  
and me orbiting round the earth,  
She was no more a moon  
as she gave her face to me,  
I became jealous of the sun,  
being frustrated I started liking loneliness,  
but then I opened third chapter of life.  
I came to know the importance of sun,  
his fatigues to keep us alive,  
his sacrifices and hardships,  
and I started loving my sun,  
and the sun started developing,  
my personality and my character,  
he taught me lessons of love and friendship,  
respecting the beliefs of others,  
international peace and coexistence,  
bitter truths about creation by nature,  
who is God, where is He,  
what is reality and what's virtual,  
a poet is born but it was my father,  
who made me a thinking poet.  
And next chapter of the book,  
was most romantic and exciting,  
she came in my life,

and became my wife,  
for many years I went on reading,  
this lovely chapter of the book,  
the longest chapter having many pages,  
the chapter of flowers that sprung from her,  
the fruits and seeds and growth of new plants,  
and I know the only chapter left in the book,  
is painful and I don't want to read it,  
but I will have to read it one day,  
what's written in that chapter,  
no body can describe as he proceeds,  
to a destination completely unknown.  
The last learning of man and the last experience,  
he reads and carries the book with him.  
But when on of my nieces posted on a website,  
'Everybody has a chapter they don't read out loud! '  
I just smiled and let me confess,  
yes, in the book there is a hidden chapter,  
I cannot read it loudly.  
It's written by me,  
it has my personal views about,  
God and religion,  
history of humans,  
and bitter truths,  
I know I can never gather courage,  
to read this chapter loudly!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Hungry Cat Kalua

She was born in the house, adjacent to ours,  
She had a sister and another one,  
The other one expired at an early age,  
But the two survived.

Her sister was white,  
Beautiful and healthy,  
They used to visit our house,  
In search of some food,

My daughter was kind on cats,  
And so were my grand children.  
They named the black cat as Kalua,  
And the white one as Malua,

For some reasons my neighbors,  
Left the house on lease,  
Kalua and Malua migrated to our house,  
For shelter, being helpless.

Whenever my daughter gave food to them,  
They fought like dogs to have more food,  
The winner was always Malua,  
And the loser always Kalua.

The dejected Kalua left the house,  
But was often seen roaming on the road,  
How could one forget the place of his birth!  
A place where he is grown up and socialized!

Malua was the monarch in our house,  
My wife had a soft corner for the white cat,  
Probably because no one loved Malua,  
Or because she was whitish I am brownish.

The time passed quickly,  
And Malua became an adult,  
She started dating,  
And I was annoyed of the male cat visitors.

My grand children sometimes asked,  
What are they doing?  
How could I explain,  
Their romantic love scene.

And then came a bad day,  
Malua was hit by a fast moving car,  
Was severely injured,  
And could not survive.

My wife was sad,  
For her tragic end,  
But what she could do?  
Ironny of fate!

My grand children called in now Kalua,  
And she came in as she followed them,  
Their universal language,  
The language of love.

The time passed more,  
Kalua got a male,  
And I was surprised,  
Only one male cat.

The male cat started living in our house,  
We call it, a son-in-law at home,  
A happy couple,  
With a pleasant life.

I noticed an amazing behavior,  
When Kalua was given some food by the children,  
She always called her male,  
To share the food.

Then came another bad day for the cats,  
The male of Kalua left the house and was never seen again,  
Kalua now passed life like an Indian widow,  
And I noted she was carrying.

And today in the morning,

Kalua came down and sat by the door,  
And started crying,  
Crying of hunger.

I don't like cats,  
Like my daughter and children,  
My wife was sleeping,  
And my daughter is in Jeddah.

There was no one to help,  
And the cat was hungry,  
Needing more food,  
As she is carrying.

I opened the freezer took a piece of mutton,  
Being ashamed I took one more,  
And I went to Kalua,  
Who ran away when she saw me.

As I was never, kind to her,  
And I have been, a sight of fear,  
And sometimes I, a man of terror,  
How unjust! How unfair!

Then I spoke the universal language,  
The language of love,  
Kalua rushed to me,  
Took the pieces of meat.

I am also like this cat,  
Off course not carrying,  
But left my birth place,  
In search of bread.

Why circumstances force someone,  
To leave the birth place, the native land,  
Why in the world there are immigrants,  
Emotionally divided in two different persons?

I can't forget my place of birth,  
Fearless I say, I still love She,  
But I can't ignore my place of shelter,

Where I asked for one and got two breads.

I can wish, I can dream,  
The both may live long!  
With peace and prosperity,  
Like idols of love and coexistence.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Hyena Anchors

With fuel for the fire,  
Crocodile extinguishers,  
Popular in fools!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Hyena Justice

&quot;Polluted water! &quot;  
&quot;It's flowing to me.&quot;  
Contempt of the court!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Hyena Political Party (Only In Underdeveloped Countries)

Mighty and most organized  
Directors behind the screen,  
Guns vote they get in!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Hyena Politicians

They laugh or they cry?  
Politicians' black magic!  
We're always hunted!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Ice Cube

On the dining table I see a bottle of wine,  
Me! Water in a tray of molds  
kept in a freezer,  
At every moment I am colder,  
Why do you open the doors of a freezer,  
You can't keep me away from my fate,  
I saw you, too late,  
Let me freeze in the crystals of ice cubes,  
Get me out of the tray,  
With your colorful nails,  
Put me on your palm for a while,  
I'll kiss your palm,  
Pour the wine in the glass of passion,  
And let me swim in the wine,  
See me dissolving step by step,  
But before I am completely dissolved,  
Have a few sips,  
I'll kiss your lips,  
I'll enter into you,  
I shall appear in your passions,  
And when the Venus will meet her Mars,  
The joy of coupling will be shared by the cube.  
It's not ego sweetheart!  
It's wisdom of old age!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Ignored Child

You sweet little fairy,  
Why are you so angry?  
Why don't you speak?  
Why your rage on the peak?  
Why don't you smile?  
You want my mobile!

You flying butterfly,  
Why do you cry?  
Don't waste these pearls,  
Like foolish mad girls,  
Don't make noise like a hen,  
You want my pen!

You pink rose flower,  
At this midnight hour,  
You're still awoken,  
My room is shaken,  
Do you feel ignored?  
You want the key board!

You lovely little angel,  
After changing your angle,  
You opened my kit box,  
Like a bull like an ox,  
With a hammer's stroke,  
Corner table you broke.

You have taken my mobile,  
And made it a projectile,  
You have taken my pen,  
On the wall you've written,  
Now get out, I swear,  
Thanks God no answer!

You're a sleeping bliss,  
Let me have your kiss,  
On the bed your piss!  
My wife, now I miss!

She has gone somewhere,  
Daughter-in-law is here!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Immaculate Conception

Quran confirms the immaculate conception of Holy Mother Mary,  
besides Christians,  
Muslims also believe she was sinless,  
and that her son was not conceived by biological means,  
an Angel came and put His soul in the womb of Mother,  
they believe Jesus was soul of God,  
they also believe Jesus will come once again,  
with fresh remedies for an ailing world.  
though very close in their beliefs,  
how apart they are!

(Immaculate Conception, according to the teaching of the Catholic Church, was the conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the womb of her mother, Saint Anne, free from original sin by virtue of the foreseen merits of her son Jesus Christ. The Catholic Church teaches that Mary was conceived by normal biological means, but God acted upon her soul (keeping her 'immaculate') at the time of her conception.

The Immaculate Conception is commonly and mistakenly taken to mean the conception of Mary's son Jesus Christ in her own womb, and the virgin birth of Jesus. These are covered by the doctrine of the Incarnation, while the Immaculate Conception deals with the conception of Mary herself, not that of her son.

Although the belief that Mary was sinless and conceived immaculate has been widely held since Late Antiquity, the doctrine was not dogmatically defined until 1854, by Pope Pius IX in his papal bull *Ineffabilis Deus*.<sup>[1]</sup> The Catholic Church celebrates the Feast of the Immaculate Conception on December 8; in many Catholic countries, it is a holy day of obligation or patronal feast, and in some a national public holiday.) Wikipaedia.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Incomplete Love Story

The waters of the love river were too deep  
I was ignorant its banks were so much steep  
A few pages of my story are yet to be written  
To complete it come back in my arms and sleep  
I was silent, yet pains could not remain in hide  
My eyes relayed my heart beats and painful beep  
Come and listen to what happened in loneliness  
Youth I passed in tears though I could not weep  
My beloved's anger has love in its depths  
I see love, through the unkind eyes when I peep  
Once I saw your old black and white portrait  
I found you in my arms with your naughty creep  
I found you laughing on your pains and defeats  
Oh Arzoo! In your frustrations you never weep.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Jack Fruit

They call you the king of fruits  
but I call you the queen of fruits.  
because when I open you  
I see a sexy sweet beauty  
and that's too uncountable.  
I went on eating you again and again  
but I always remained hungry of you.  
You appear a perfect female to me,  
A lovely mother,  
keeps her sweetest child  
underground,  
hidden from the extremes of nature  
and hunger of a beast  
known as man.  
But man!  
the clever and cruel beast  
digs the earth  
for the fruit that is enriched  
and more suitable to grow new Jack trees.  
You should not blame man,  
life depends on death of another life  
everyone who breaths in and breaths out  
was and still a hunter!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Last Breaths

So you came at last,  
The candle's flame,  
In the winds of time,  
Vibrated with all her might,  
To survive for a moment,  
To have a look at you,  
And to kiss your lips,  
But the dry tongue,  
And the deceptive breaths,  
Kept the candle silent,  
The faithful eyes,  
Did their best,  
You read the blue stars,  
Came close to the candle,  
The candle smiled,  
And the threads were broken,  
The candle extinguished with years old thirst,  
You felt the heat could not burn your lips,  
The fumes dispersed and disappeared.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Last Courtesy Of Nature

When death approaches,  
nature makes him tired of all,  
tired of himself, too,  
he starts liking loneliness,  
light becomes painful,  
he gets peace in a total darkness,  
a complete silence,  
in that he can only think,  
and then he sees  
with his closed eyes,  
what he will miss after death,  
something he truly loved.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Last Episode

I still remember the charming dawn,  
When the shy moon behind a curtain,  
Slept and exposed all her charms,  
And the thirsty eyes without a refrain,  
Through a semitransparent cover of clouds,  
Took a pleasing shower from the fountain,  
Chasing morning star on the Milky Ways,  
Pleasure of love, no tears no pain,  
A real dawn of life I can't forget,  
The dawn I wish if I could sustain!

The dawn was turned in a painful noon,  
On every step a wound a blood stain,  
Slipped down to the lips and to the cheeks,  
The melting heart and the boiling brain,  
Is life a fatigue imposed up on?  
Who can tell, and who can explain?  
But the moon sleeping in a cool bed room,  
Hiding herself from the burning rain,  
From the cruel sun and the heat strokes,  
A kiss that showered as the pleasing rain!

At dusk standing alone, now on the roof,  
Where is the moon, I am sad once again,  
Can't she come here for the final hug?  
Could you relieve me of the deadly pain?  
I am going to write the last episode,  
I need you love for the lasting stain,  
I see a unicorn with the lovely wings,  
I'll have to go leaving loss and gain,  
I shall carry only your parting kiss,  
A hope to meet somewhere once again!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Last Smile

To me, my mother told,  
When she saw me after my birth,  
And touched my cheeks,  
I smiled and she prayed,  
Oh God! Keep this smile forever.

I don't know,  
If I really smiled,  
Or it was an illusion,  
Of a loving mother,  
But that is not important,  
Important are the prayers,  
Of mothers who pray,  
Who pray for smile,  
Of a newly born infant!

Let him live in peace,  
Let him think of peace,  
Let him work for peace,  
Keep him away of wars,  
Keep him away of hate,  
Keep him to love,  
And for love.  
When a mother prays,  
For her infant,  
She in fact,  
Asks her soul,  
To carry this,  
Electromagnetic waves,  
That doesn't need a medium,  
For propagation,  
And these waves,  
Touch the hearts.  
Hearts of friends,  
Hearts of enemies,  
And even,  
The non-living matter,  
When touched by the prayers,  
Is bestowed upon a heart,

To listen to the prayer,  
Of a mother in pain,  
Having just delivered,  
A baby so sweet,  
At least for the mother,  
After pains of hours,  
After fatigue of months!

The angel of life,  
Is touched by the prayers,  
And is back to skies,  
Shows a telescopic view,  
Of the newly born infant,  
To the angel of death,  
And asks him to smile,  
At the time of death,  
Of the child in view!  
And his friend smiling nods.

My dear children,  
I am hopeful,  
I intend to return,  
The smile of the angel,  
When I see him,  
My last thinking,  
Will bring peace to me,  
That my belief,  
Of a life after death,  
Was a truth,  
Is a truth,  
And will remain a truth.

If you see my body,  
Smiling after death,  
Snap it and preserve,  
And propagate,  
As a witness of the fact,  
There is a life after death.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Long Awaited Words

Your hidden words in enchanted tower!  
And that below my thirsty lips,  
Need something to blossom as a flower,  
A few hot kisses and the cooling sips!  
That's all we need, to you I said.  
You are shy, I am afraid!

I am on the earth, you are on sky,  
You are a sweet fairy, you have wings  
I don't have wings, I cannot fly,  
The fairy where dwells, where she sings,  
I asked a night bird, call her for a game,  
He asked me to tell your name!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Lost Charms Of Nights

Shortfall of electricity!  
I was annoyed too much  
at the early stages,  
but I am used to with you now,  
to be honest I am thankful to you,  
sleeping inside a mosquito net,  
I am recollecting my childhood days.  
Somewhere in early fifties  
of the century that has gone,  
in a small underdeveloped town,  
where there was no electricity,  
no artificial light or electric fans,  
I used to lie on my bed,  
protected by a mosquito net,  
looking into eyes of moon and stars,  
listening to the tales of lovely fairies,  
that walk on the Milky Ways,  
nicely told by my grandmother,  
and I don't remember a night,  
in that I listened to the tale,  
till its end but in my dreams,  
I always found myself a gallant prince,  
who fought the demons,  
with his magic sword,  
and the lovely moment,  
when the princess captivated,  
in an enchanted castle,  
was got free and she said to me,  
thanks my prince, I love you.  
In fact my heart was changed in a pen,  
in those nights of natural lights,  
natural air and a natural roof.  
Gradually that poetic heart,  
became dormant  
in a world of artificial luxuries.  
Thanks to the shortfall of electricity,  
I am back in my charming childhood,  
and I see that beautiful princess once again,  
the missing lovely child is back home at last

with all the lost charms of nights.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Lost Confidence

On the footsteps of Saint Mother Teresa,  
I saw her walking on the sands of deserts,  
She is daughter of a poet,  
She can think, she can feel,  
And she thinks and feels,  
The sand that is hot in the burning sun,  
And cooled down in the pleasant moonlights,  
Like a desert she loses her temper,  
When the sun irritates her thirsty soul,  
Like a moon she is quickly cooled down,  
I see blisters of her feet  
and I see a smile on her face,  
the smile I saw on the face of Lady Diana.  
She has lost confidence in all humans,  
Still she loves children, she loves animals,  
No surprise children are angels,  
Not humans like us,  
And animals don't deceive those,  
Who love them and give food to them,  
When she gives gifts to the sweet children,  
She looks like a Santa in desert,  
When she gives food to hungry animals,  
I see a divine peace on her innocent face,  
She appears a Mother Teresa smiling!  
Smiling like the graceful Lady Diana!  
I wish someone could restore  
her lost confidence!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Maundy Thursday

The basic need of the dove that is sick,  
Who has been injured and whose feet are bleeding,  
And I see blood on her soft silky wings,  
Can't we stop the blood?  
See the grip of her nibs!  
The branch of olive,  
Has not fallen on the earth!  
She is still holding it,  
She will not die,  
She will survive,  
It's a Maundy Thursday,  
We have arranged a super for her,  
Her feet will be washed,  
She will be all right,  
And we shall see her flying,  
Once again in the sun,  
Of a lovely Sunday!

(' Near the end of the Last Supper, after Judas had departed, Christ said to His disciples, 'A new commandment I give unto you: That you love one another, as I have loved you, that you also love one another.')

Akhtar Jawad

# The Mediators

I am busy today,  
to find out  
what's wrong in me  
and what's right in my unhappy friend  
that I always ignored.  
Misunderstandings that has affected  
the years old friendship  
should be removed.  
And now,  
when a common friend has invited both of us  
for mediation,  
I sincerely desire  
the beautiful wife of the common friend  
adds her beauty in the kettle of tea,  
adds her charms of forgetting and forgiving  
in the cups of tea she offers to us.  
I hope while we enjoy the delicious tea  
the mediator with his biscuits of jokes  
and with his magnetic smiles  
will target the sobers clouds  
that come and go with the winds  
but do not rain.  
Adieu! Mediator is a magician.  
I am sure  
he will suddenly show the magic of his naught  
yes, he can titillate the clouds  
we shall listen to the laughter of clouds  
and it will rain heavily.  
As it would be difficult to go back to our homes,  
what a night it would be,  
enjoying cups after cups of tea  
and playing whole night Bridge  
after a long time.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Mermaid Loves The Love

A dawn is approaching, an aurora is smiling,  
The morning star on the blue stage,  
With her wet eyes, drops tears that are boiling,  
But the dew earth gets is free of her rage,

Her soul is happy but the passion and lust,  
Sad and grieved on the passing show,  
The heated pearls have removed the dust,  
Wind that cools is soothing though slow,

The dew when settled on the lips of a rose,  
For the final shower of a flower to decay,  
He bows the head, he is now close,  
To a lovely friend, for the last display,

Display of his love with tears in the eyes,  
The morning hymn like the slow moving waves,  
The waves could not rise to the high skies,  
And disappeared in the bed's hidden caves,

The dutiful river diligent in her motion,  
Leaving behind the beds with petals,  
Carrying the aroma with beauty of devotion,  
The shining gems, the noble metals,

The mermaid in the ocean welcomed to see,  
"You forgot me, in the love of someone,  
Was she more charming and dearer than me?  
All your sins, for this love, are undone! "

Akhtar Jawad

# The Message Of Love

Silently it comes with a bouquet of pink roses  
Removes dark blanket in that earth is wrapped,  
Starts titillating her eyes smiling in dreams,  
One by one all the stars are kidnapped,

And the morning star with tears of dew  
Begs to be favored with one more moment,  
When silent is the moon having lost its shine,  
A parting kiss, disapproving the indent,

Having passed a night in dreams of love,  
The virgin buds with aroma and rainbows,  
Naughty winds, insects, beautiful butterflies!  
Look into; nature has opened its windows,

Honey bees the messengers from the skies  
Singing, 'Do you need honey, love is the way.'  
Get up for a day of struggles and fatigues,  
Reliefs are ahead in an inverted blue tray,

The moon will be back with all the stars,  
Swimming ecstatic in the tides at a beach,  
You start from love and at love you finish,  
The only heaven that's within your reach!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Mirror

Every morning every evening,  
She stood, all alone,  
In front of a mirror,  
And combed her hair,  
Checked her turn out,  
And liked her image,  
Up to a certain extent,  
But not too much!

When someone told her,  
You are beautiful,  
Your hairs are silky,  
Your complexion is milky,  
Your deep brown eyes,  
Like that of a deer,  
Your soft pink lips,  
Are buds of roses!

Your cheeks are rosy,  
And a mole on it,  
Is to protect the innocence,  
Of your untouched beauty,  
Like a lovely talking doll,  
When you speak to me,  
My heart listens to,  
A tune of flute!

Your face is a moon,  
And your rounded arms,  
With bangles in your wrist,  
A garland of flowers,  
And your ear rings,  
With tiny diamonds,  
Are the shining stars!  
You are nature's work of art.

Your charming body,

Like a milky way contains,  
Many hidden suns and moons,  
And when you walk on earth,  
It appears to me,  
A wave is moving,  
A mermaid is swimming,  
In an ocean neat and clean!

Nature has provided,  
The wealth of attraction,  
The worth of appeal,  
A shy smile,  
And an age in which,  
All girls look fairies,  
The only thing you lack,  
Is a ring in your finger!

The shy girl, next morning,  
When stood for combing,  
She said to herself,  
It's not my mirror,  
It cannot speak,  
And, describe me,  
My mirror is the boy,  
I met yesterday!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Missing Wrinkles

Sweetheart! I have kept a record of my kisses,  
I see a few wrinkles are missing from your face.  
Let me read the wrinkles,  
I want to know which the kisses are  
that you have missed,  
love stories are the wrinkles of a face  
and writer is the time,  
I can read the wrinkles.  
Oh! Your maiden kiss is missing,  
and the one in the night of wedding,  
again when you gave birth to my first child.  
Can you tell me where these wrinkles are?  
And when you smiled I dived into eyes,  
And I saw three mermaids  
swimming in the ocean of your heart,  
I realized,  
time couldn't change them in wrinkles.  
How naughty are the women!  
When they preserve something in their hearts,  
it becomes mermaids!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Moment In Between

Don't you believe in God?  
you will start believing in Him,  
there is always a moment in between,  
the moment you fulfill your needs,  
and the moment after a need is fulfilled,  
in between is climax,  
a moment of thankfulness for the life,  
feel impulse of that tiny moment,  
when someone inside,  
says, 'My sweet home!  
You did it very well,  
I am happy with you! '

Akhtar Jawad

# The Moon Boat

Live to love like amorous mermaids,  
Enjoy the tides in a full moon night,  
It's your ocean; it's your passion,  
You are yourself a Venus so bright.

So let the Venus be jealous of you,  
I assure Venus will never make harms,  
See the image of moon as a rescue boat,  
Catch it if you can and open your arms.

So what if you're exposed a little,  
And stars are starring at the hides,  
So what if surf is kissing your all,  
Be a little ecstatic in the lovely tides.

Don't destroy this life and this world  
We'll love more when go to the heaven,  
This world is a truth and before our eyes,  
It's one only one and not six or seven.

May be, tomorrow on way to the office,  
A suicide bomber takes off for the heaven,  
Whether we'll survive or flush and blood,  
On the road in pieces may be six or seven!

I assure this lovely vibrating moon boat,  
Is safe and secured it's guarded by love,  
Forget your religion, your color and race,  
Board as a mermaid and fly like a dove!

Terror cannot cut this image of the moon  
Dancing on the waves it will safely float,  
It's a cradle; it's a swing, and a rose's bed,  
It can fly as well; it's a silky moon boat!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Nameless Sentiments

Do you know why a blue moon appears and smiles?  
A blue moon is a hunter and it hunts a heart,  
Every time it types the command of rand,  
On his computer wherein there is a list of all living hearts,  
A name appears on the screen and within twinkling of an eye,  
The unconscious heart is hunted in a night,  
Not being conscious he dreams and dreams,  
Most of the dreams he forgets in a day,  
But often a dream sleeping in the depth of the basement,  
Awakes and escalates on the upper floors,  
Like an embryo that comes from the earth,  
Unaware as to who sown the seed,  
By passage of time it's a green lovely plant,  
And when a flower is blossomed in it,  
It's an amazing flower irregular in shape,  
Having all the colors of human sentiments,  
And all the aroma of a human soul,  
And the hunted heart becomes an enigma,  
He wants to give a name to this flower,  
He fails and when someone asks the name of the flower,  
He lies, and says it's a flower of friendship,  
What could he do he himself doesn't know,  
What a name he may give to the rare sentiments,  
A reaction of an action by Adam and Eve,  
Who were attacked by a blue moon on the skies!  
And their relationship flourished on the earth,  
The hunted enigma is hopeful on the earth,  
The nameless sentiments will get a name,  
Not here, there on the blue skies!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Naughty Beggar

Since morning he becomes lovely and descent.  
Dyes white beard, makes up his dent.  
If flattery is an art he is master of art.  
By evening he is more than over smart.  
Starts praising dishes she nicely cooks,  
'Darling! how pretty and appealing your looks! '  
How clever, her hysteria completely ignores.  
How sometimes she pinches and bores!  
By the night he becomes a flirting reptile.  
Kind is a woman to a beggar juvenile!  
For a beggar too naughty she has diamonds in gold.  
How turns in a necklace, let me keep untold.  
'In the name of God! ', he begs and prays.  
'Not a plate of alms, but trays after trays.'  
Retired by the unkind hot day lights,  
admired by the weak end soothing nights!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Naughty Boy And The Star

The queue of lips two eyes to sue,  
A naughty shout, snake in the queue,  
Queue in seconds completely shattered!  
The naughty boy didn't flattered,  
Still was snapped by the crystal blue!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Naughty Clouds

Clouds! You are very naughty! !  
Not only because,  
You excite the living matter,  
To enjoy the pleasure of love,  
To force her to see her beloved,  
With an inviting smile,  
And twist her body,  
By raising the hands,  
And exposing her beauty,  
And to force the beloved,  
To forget everything,  
And to stay at home,  
To stay in the soft round arms,  
To keep the head rested on the soft bosom,  
The most attractive place in the world,  
Since infancy to youth!

But also due to your naughty dance,  
On the blue sky,  
Forcing children to come in streets,  
Forcing youth to go to a beach,  
Forcing old men and women,  
To go to a park,  
And sit there in a shed,  
Watching porn of flowers,  
There striped showers,  
Listening to the songs,  
Of colorful birds,  
And children running in the mud,  
Falling down sometimes,  
And the naughty mother earth,  
Pasting mud of love,  
On the colorful dresses,  
And the old couple,  
Kissing each other behind,  
A tree with a stem so wide and thick,  
That can hide themselves,  
From the naughty children!

Everyone is naughty in the rains,  
But you, the clouds are naughtiest in the rains,  
You reshape yourselves,  
And I see Allah is written on skies,  
The ignorant becomes proud of his belief.  
But you reshape once again,  
And I see Krishna is written on skies,  
Another ignorant becomes proud of his belief,  
You reshape once again,  
And I see God is written on skies,  
Some other ignorant becomes proud of his belief.

How naughty you are my dear clouds!  
I love you,  
I wish I could kiss you!  
Anyway I am kissing the droplets,  
These droplets make me a youth,  
Once again, yes, once again!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Naughty Number Eight

Oh You! The naughty number eight,  
Why do you like to play with my fate?  
I don't believe in numerology,  
Still I see you are naughty with me,  
Sometimes you make me smile,  
Sometimes you make me cry,  
Have been eventful throughout my life,  
But I don't like you when I watch beauty.

Oh you! The naughty number eight,  
I know you, I can't under rate,  
I was born on February,8, at 800 hours,  
I multiply you by two,  
A sweet sixteen enlightens the sight,  
And you appear as sexy sun goggles,  
On the eyes of a lovely girl,  
And an excited boy of twenty only!

When I told you to stripe a little,  
You obeyed the command,  
I started looking into deep brown eyes,  
You got an opportunity to crawl and crawl,  
To the bosom of the girl,  
I took some time to come out of the pool,  
And you scoundrel, went further inside,  
How naughty you are!

I shall not give a command anymore,  
I am afraid of you,  
You may crawl to places,  
Where I can't see you,  
It's bright and sunny lovely day,  
Ahead of the day is a moonlit night,  
I shall see you tonight,  
Till then remain where you are.

Fifty years have passed,  
How obedient you are,  
You are still there,

Not crawled downwards  
Remain there,  
I have started loving you now!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Night After A Day Of Terror

A nation where people are weak  
is a weak nation.  
How much strong armed forces it may have,  
how many deadly weapons it may have,  
it's a poor nation.  
Health of people is reflected in its institutions.  
Healthy people are not ruled they are led  
by executive, judiciary and legislature.  
Prophet Muhammad (pbuh)said,  
we shall get rulers as we are.  
Are we the healthy people?  
Or we are the sick men of Asia,  
just like Soviet Union!  
Patriotic enough,  
armed with sufficient weapons,  
killing more than hundred people in a single suicidal attack.  
Islam our slogan but only a slogan,  
sadists in our extremism,  
tyrant institutions is our fate.  
Alas! We passed our time but  
next to us is a generation with more difficulties.  
I am hopeful the future of my next generations is bright.  
The day that started with a solar eclipse,  
was not the darkest day of our history,  
many days the people saw so many such days,  
a day before the valentine day,  
there was a day of attacking terror,  
killing more than hundred innocent men,  
the night that came after a day of terror  
was a night of ugly hate,  
hate was dancing throughout the nation  
but I was hopeful.  
A charming lady with her father  
I saw landing on the soil with smiles,  
I know why she was smiling,  
she was smiling as she won leadership for her next generations,  
not only in the largest province of the nation  
but in the whole nation,  
like the daughter of east,

whose entire family was killed,  
but his son arose like a full moon in the dark nights.  
So looks the fate of another daughter of east.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Night Jasmine

The dawn excited the thirsty birds,  
Who walk on earth and look at sky,  
In a blue background her sweet pink lips.  
Dejected at dusk, every dawn they try,  
An effort futile to fly and search,  
But a little higher everyday they fly.

The melted stuff whispered goodbye,  
They at last succeeded in melting stones,  
The teen aged girl ecstatic in changes,  
Saw flush and blood on the harder bones,  
Singing, dancing, descended downwards,  
Made everyone naughty with her tones!

During journey to the sea when she felt sleepy,  
Stopped in a garden of sweet white flowers,  
And watched a show of striping beauty,  
In a moonlight pond for the virgin showers,  
Entered through roots, too hungry and thirsty,  
And wind the companion with the powers,

Shaken her branches with such a vigor,  
The night jasmines decorated her feet,  
White in love, orange shades of life,  
Look for someone and love if you meet,  
Scattering a message of love and life,  
She entered the sea with all her fleet.

The silent waves vibrated everyone,  
One who breaths and kisses, or is kissed  
When earth kisses lips of a night jasmine,  
We all get that we always missed.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Night That Comes Only Once

In dark it's brighter,  
These are eyes of love,  
That sees in the dark,  
The treasure of beauty,  
Hidden deep inside,  
In a mortal body!  
And tonight's beauty,  
Shall become a memory,  
A lovely memory,  
Everlasting joy,  
To call back the youth,  
In the cold nights,  
Of the sadist age,  
That will not spare.

Let the title of this night,  
Be a silence of nature,  
That speaks through the hearts,  
And her words scatter,  
As moon and stars,  
As clouds that embrace,  
In the distant skies,  
The smiling moon!

The winds that blow,  
To see the dance,  
Of The Queen of Night,  
In the white bridal dress,  
And enjoys the fragrance,  
Of charming flowers,  
Like the fragrance of a maid,  
That can make insane!

The leaves of the trees,  
The waves of brooklets,  
Do not speak,  
But the wind touches them,  
And the body language,  
Of the silent beauty,

Writes a poem of love,  
A lyric in fact,  
A melody immortal,  
And sings a song,  
On the music of winds  
Just listen to it.

The nights of nature,  
Will continue to come,  
The moon will be kissed,  
The stars will watch,  
But this virgin night,  
Comes once only once,  
Let the lips talk the lips,  
And keep them engaged,  
Let the title of this night,  
Be a whispering silence.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Old Hunter

Busy in hunting throughout all his life,  
The old hunter threw his rusted knife,  
"I dislike this futile hunting."  
"It'll cut again though blunting.  
Knife is a knife", replied the wife.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Old Watch Dog

In comes the dawn with his fore finger,  
in the grips of aurora,  
and Venus now shining as a morning star,  
looking like an old watch dog,  
started his fatigue,  
frightening the twinkling sheep and goats,  
gathered the scattered shining animals.  
And the dawn! Holding in his left arms  
the aurora now sleeping on his shoulders  
played the last tune of life  
on the flute of winds,  
with all his goats and sheep,  
disappeared somewhere in a blue land.  
The game of life ended on the blue lands,  
and started now on the green lands.  
The old watch dog,  
having offered the morning prayers,  
asked the cute rose buds,  
to leave their beds,  
and get ready for the game of life,  
advised them not to take it as a fatigue,  
and to play it till the dusk like a game,  
when the old lady brings back the beauty,  
with her forefinger in the grips of aurora,  
and declares the game of life  
at the green lands,  
is a passing show,  
go back in the nests of green leaves  
talk to the shining moon,  
and sleep in the thoughts of the moon,  
wish you a peaceful sleep,  
and a moon that may bring,  
sweet dreams for you!  
The tired old man  
now removes the skin of a watch dog  
and asks the old woman,  
to be some more pleasant and beautiful,  
and inspire him to write a new love poem.



# The Only Worry

There descend Adam and Eve  
and set their body and soul dancing in the moonlight  
making a home below the stars.

Lo, the clouds came suddenly  
the dirt has been washed  
My God! We didn't see it in the heavens!

Not worried of any dirt now

You will send the clouds,  
that will make us green  
free of all dirt.

During rains a hut at earth  
is better than a palace in the heavens.

We shall follow the green trees  
soon you'll see colorful flowers sprung in us.

Amazing water is flowing with a lovely tune,

I remember when You taught us the names

There was a name, river we think,

We could not understand it in the heavens

Now we know what a river is.

Coming below from a mountain

but where is it going?

Let us follow it

Alas! It's no more!

It has been merged in the ocean!

Thanks God for expelling us from the heavens.

The only worry that is painful

is that you'll call us back one day!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Pain Killers

Blooming somewhere else but colors and aroma,  
Travel beyond the oceans with speed of light,  
Seen most of them in their rainbow portraits,  
But haven't seen some, are perhaps so bright,  
That camera couldn't face and went in coma,  
Or the fragrance of friends hides them in a veil,  
Anyway see your colors and feel your aroma.  
Wonderful are the friends we have never met!  
Still with the roses the relations are set!

Exchanging nice feelings, views and photographs,  
Sharing smiles and tears, adding beauty to the joys,  
And relieving of so many of our deadly pains,  
On the website their posts are like the toys,  
Life is at all not very much pleasant all times,  
We steal a few moments and we become a child,  
While watching a lovely and beautiful post,  
We become polite, so cute, soft and mild,  
It's a website friend and his magic that mends,  
Otherwise life, a victim of uncalled offends!

Love, respect and prayers for the distant friends,  
In the heat strokes they are soothing chillers,  
When pain penetrates flush, and the bones cry,  
The website friends are the real pain killers,  
When the clouds are naughty and the wind crazy,  
Mutiny of hearts when overthrows the brains,  
The beautiful friends come with a sweet lullaby,  
With showers of dreams and pearls of rains,  
When a vacuum is filled by the friends, unseen,  
Deserts bloom roses, dry lands turn green!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Parting Kiss Of Eyes

A parting kiss bidding farewell and my eyes,  
Asking the super moon to stay a little more,  
An incomplete shower in a complete beauty,  
Eyes need more kisses, and you more adore,

Heart knows you are going to sleep now long,  
When you'll awake the heart will be sleeping,  
Dark night, illusion or truth, seeping beams,  
Hopes of another kiss and soul's new leaping.

Dear life! How helpless I am in your love!  
Ignoring burns and wounds, all the stains,  
Just for for a kiss of a lovely super moon,  
My eyes are ready for the tears and pains!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Pirates

I am standing in the arts gallery,  
it's an exhibition of paintings,  
of an artist having no name,  
yet is called by so many names.  
Nobody knows when he was born  
and where he was born?  
He painted on the banks of Ganges,  
and on the banks of Nile,  
with a veil on his face he was seen painting  
sometimes on the Mount Everest  
and some times on the Mount of Sinai,  
wherever he was seen  
he was seen restless,  
as if he was not satisfied with his art,  
last time he was seen on the Hills of Faran,  
since then he disappeared and nobody knows  
where has he gone?  
Leaving behind many lovely paintings,  
now became a trading for many of us,  
many pirated copies are made every day,  
his original works are now an enigma,  
everyone claims the one he has  
is the real and original painting,  
where has he gone?  
Shall he come back?  
Everyone has a theory not yet proven!  
I bought a painting and brought it home,  
I don't know if original is it?  
Or a pirated copy!  
But I love the crossed and unhappy artist,  
and I want my drawing room to be decorated,  
so I shall keep this painting,  
I have no alternate!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Players

Sweet, charming, lovely players,  
Not cheaters like humans,  
They don't need an empire,  
They play fare games,  
The bookies can't purchase them,  
They don't play fixed matches,  
Their games are for the sake of games,  
They don't take the game as a war,  
They play for pleasure and fun,  
And for the peace of mind,  
They don't have deadly feelings of nationalism,  
They are internationalists,  
Whether they are monkeys or cats and dogs,  
Or the dolphins in the seas and ponds,  
Or the acrobats flying high in skies  
With an sportsman spirit,  
They play their games.  
They remind us the forgotten theme,  
Of games and sports,  
I can tell you why and how?  
Their society is not divided,  
In various nations,  
They speak only one language,  
They believe in an universal religion,  
To teach that religion,  
No prophets were sent,  
No books were written,  
As he wrote it in DNA of all,  
It's play of life, it's love sweetheart.  
We have played it while flying in the air,  
And while swimming in the blue oceans,  
It's scattered on the earth,  
It's Soul that colors in the flowers,  
The Aroma that touches, hypnotizes and mesmerizes,  
The pleasant rains and the lovely clouds,  
The exciting winds of heavenly springs,  
And the cold of winter in which,  
The distances tend to Absolute Zero!  
The need of time is to learn once again,

From the animals who are still innocent,  
Fair and honest in all their games,  
As the basic game of love they play,  
With same old passion of amateur players,  
I bow my head and I salute their spirit!

Akhtar Jawad

## The Poet Poet (Me Poet Yeps Poet [plume])

"The Poet Poet" is your pen name,  
but what's your real name  
and who are you?

I asked a flower, "Who is this man? "  
The flower replied once I allowed him to kiss  
he wrote a poem on me.

The poem was read all over the world,  
now butterflies of various colors and shades  
come to me and kiss me,  
I am annoyed of kisses.

I asked a butterfly, "Who is this poet."  
I don't know him but he chases me everywhere  
he snatches colors from me,  
and instead of painting me he paints a rose,  
I don't know why he doesn't love me  
the rose has only one color and I have so many,  
Alas! I have only colors,  
but the rose has fragrance as well!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Poor Child

She blames him,  
He blames her,  
And the child is stranded,  
Mentally divided,  
Marriage is breaking,  
A love marriage!  
They loved each other,  
And found their lives,  
Like a full moon light,  
And lovely words,  
Scattered in their way,  
As twinkling stars!  
Perfumed letters,  
Hidden in drawers,  
On colorful papers,  
Are still there!

The child can now read,  
He can write as well,  
He has watched many movies,  
Based on love stories!  
He is used to computer,  
And internet,  
And knows many things,  
That we came to know,  
At a much older age!

We grew up,  
In a joint family cage,  
Besides the parents,  
Grand fathers and mothers,  
And so many others,  
Had an eye on us,  
Under a blue moon,  
We enjoyed loneliness,  
Our lives were designed,  
In the way they defined.  
Got a low mental age,  
In the lovely cage!

But a modern child,  
Is now socialized,  
By machines that speak,  
Show the depth and the peak,  
But have no passion,  
No sentiments no emotion,  
Neither have they hated,  
Nor have they loved,  
The child is having,  
Much more mental age,  
Than his actual age!

How can you expect,  
From the child who has read,  
Love letters of his parents,  
Colorful fragrant,  
And is watching now differences,  
The rash exchanges,  
Shall he be socialized,  
As a normal man!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Queen Who Surrendered Before Her Majesty The Wife

It happened in nineteenth century,  
When monarchs of England were real monarchs,  
And the sun never set in their vast empire,  
The duke was too unhappy,  
He closed and locked the doors of bedroom,  
Confining him in a painful loneliness!

She came and knocked at the doors.  
"Who is this? " asked the duke,  
"Vitoria, the Queen of England! "  
Duke didn't reply.

But she was one incarnated,  
At the age of eighteen,  
She knocked once again.  
"Who is this? " the same question.  
"Victoria, your wife"

Prince Albert of Saxe, her first cousin and husband,  
Immediately opened the doors!  
If a queen can surrender before a wife,  
Why should I worry for a petty strife?

Akhtar Jawad

# The Rains

Unending rains, dense clouds are thick  
Enough to fertile human heart that is sick  
Abundance of water to wash the dirt  
Yes, now I see the earth's green shirt,  
Water of this rain has put the clock back  
I know what I lacked but I no more lack,  
I don't care I am young once again  
Let everyone listen to I shall not refrain  
See my silence break in a cloudy wet night  
Like flash of lightning in darkness of sight,  
The rains have changed everything I see,  
So what if I'm turned in a dancing tree,  
Thoughts and words that come with showers,  
Have blossomed in me the rainbow flowers,  
I shall sing what I used to sing in alone,  
I shall not whisper, in a clear loud tone,  
The song that will let everyone know,  
He still loves her see what he loves,  
She's a work of art and the art he loves  
My eyes will manage this lovely show,  
Listen to, but watch her dancing eye brow,  
You the graceful lady of unending charms,  
Hug the message of rains into your arms,  
I am a human being it's revival of age,  
Come on get out of the time's cruel cage.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Real Hero

Who is the real hero of Milton's Paradise Lost?  
Adam or the one whose blood, according to Iqbal,  
A famous Urdu poet, made the story colorful,  
A work of art, shining in the poems, large or small!

When Gabriel asked his old friend,  
Could you plead guilty and regret your sin,  
I am hopeful He is benevolent and kind,  
He may bandage your bleeding chin!

I feel the heat of the painful fire,  
You are burning in for violating the accord,  
The hero replied; go on reiterating My Lord, My Lord,  
My pleasure! I'm a thorn in the heart of God!

What I did, I did in His love,  
Let me live there, that's a lovely place,  
Wait for the Day of Judgment, you'll see,  
My chin, my body, my face with a grace!

You don't know who's been incarnated as a lover,  
Who is a beloved, a secret accord?  
All you know she is beauty n sacrifice,  
So go on reiterating My Lord, My Lord!

(Based on an Urdu poem of Allama Iqbal)

Akhtar Jawad

# The Red Velvet Mite

Restless I remained during the rains,  
I Came out, didn't mind the stains,  
What could I do with a paralyzed mind?  
Nothing left in life, but not yet blind,  
I can see, I can feel, and I can think  
I have beautiful words that I can ink  
Words are the mirror of my thoughts  
Come so suddenly in the mental droughts  
I need an inspiration only beauty I need  
For beauty my never ending greed!  
Without any refrain and any hesitation  
Walking in the mud for an inspiration  
See a red velvet mite the crawling ruby  
The vagabond beauty like a naughty baby  
For whom you are here for a rainy date?  
I came at the right moment I am not late  
It's a beautiful time now enjoy my flirt  
My muddy boots and all my dirt  
Not for you my shocking red jewel  
For my needy heart I need your dwell  
For your oil I shall not kill you dear  
Be patient and get rid of the fear  
My paralysis is at all not physical  
Your beauty is enough as it's mental,  
Inspire me my heavenly sweetheart  
Could I paint you but I lack this art!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Relationship Of Pains

You like one I also like one  
But she likes a foolish third one  
Well she deserves a fool  
Good friends at the pool!  
Let us look for a wise someone.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Saint Mother

I didn't find any other,  
Any one better than my mother, .  
But my wife is also a mother,  
My daughter is also a mother,  
My grand daughter with her doll looks like a mother,  
Every woman is a mother.

Even if she could not give birth to a child,  
She is never cruel, never unkind,  
She loves children of her brother,  
She loves children of her sister,  
Her love becomes universal and spreads like air,  
Every woman is a saint mother.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Same Naughty Woman Of Your Bed

How can I say a woman is equal to the man,  
She is ruler of hearts, and she rules,  
A man is a man and woman is woman,  
Don't compare Katherine with Jim and Jules,

Think why poems written on her beauty,  
And the paintings exposing her charms,  
Sad songs for her, touching hearts so deep,  
And the sweet dreams in her lovely arms,

Isn't life decorated by a loving beloved,  
Her colors and aroma and her delicacy,  
Man may be a stone but she can melt,  
After all she is nature's best delegacy,

See a lovely woman who looks like a goddess,  
Innocence of a mother when her infant is fed,  
Wonder! If you have a wonderful heart,  
It's the same naughty woman of your bed!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Scholar The Lover And The Fairies

Spending whole life to research on fairies,  
The scholar came having solved ancient mysteries,  
Meanwhile, lover in her arms,  
Raised many more new storms,  
The scholar was back in his libraries.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Second Cold War

Donald Trump has told Russia and Syria  
to "get ready" for a missile attack on the Assad regime,  
saying the bombs will be "nice and new and smart".

Can bombs be nice and smart?

Why we forget,  
Methyl Isocyanide,  
the germs,  
and the radio activity  
pollutes the air,  
and wind may change its direction at any time.

A war with unconventional weapons  
may be turned into an epidemic  
and it may be reflected to its initiator.

Dear World!

I am sorry to let you know CW II has started.

CW I disintegrated Soviet Union

what CW II is going to do?

I don't know

but I know every dawn is bringing destruction closer  
leaving behind a sad dusk  
and sleepless nights

Akhtar Jawad

# The Sick Eve

The Mountain of Rahmah,  
Where Eve met Adam,  
I went there alone,  
After sometime,  
She climbed the mountain,  
And reached to me,  
An Eve can gather courage,  
To meet her Adam,  
Anywhere.  
Unfavorable conditions cannot stop an Eve.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Sleep Walkers

A sleep walker on the street,  
He is wearing a thick jacket,  
Something in his hands,  
Is it a cell phone?  
No, a device, a remote control,  
Where is he going?  
To the paradise,  
To meet fairies,  
In a garden of flowers,  
And delicious fruits,  
To drink the flavored milk,  
From the canals,  
A teen aged boy,  
Presses the button  
of the device,  
His sleep is over,  
He finds himself in the painful fire,  
He regrets his sleep,  
But is helpless now!

A mother is waiting  
for his son,  
Just two days ago,  
A stranger came,  
Gave her some money,  
Sent by his son,  
She is waiting for  
the next remittance.

Another stranger,  
Not with money,  
With news that his son,  
A suicide bomber,  
Killed women and children,  
And himself too,  
All male members  
of the family,  
Were arrested for,  
Further investigations,

The second installment,  
For the ailing mother!

His old husband,  
Who took his son,  
To the place of cruelty,  
Knew everything,  
Was found guilty,  
And sentenced,  
With rigorous imprisonment,  
Of several years,  
The third installment,  
For the ailing mother!

His sister was engaged,  
To a cousin when she was a kid,  
The engagement has been broken,  
And the girl engaged to him,  
When came to his mother,  
She burst in tears,  
Blood brought tears,  
Here and there,  
Yes, everywhere,  
The fourth installment,  
For the ailing mother!

Many more to come,  
From the earth,  
And,  
From the skies!

How nice were the days,  
When kids of the family,  
Organized a sleepover,  
It was a moonlit night,  
In the large tall trees,  
Hide and seek,  
The street night cricket,  
Marriage of the dolls,  
Delicious foods,  
Pretty folk songs,  
Rubab mandolin of the east,

Smell of gun powder,  
Polluted the water,  
Polluted the air,  
All beauty was lost!

Many more to lose,  
In the black holes,  
of terrorism?  
Or the proxy wars!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Smiling Death (Being Inspired By A Post Of Ziauddin Bulbul)

The smile of dying and fading leaves,  
is giving a message to the humans,  
facing the hardships in the sun,  
I felt hunger of others,  
your excreted breaths and your wasted water,  
I utilized within me,  
cooked food that fed the whole of the tree,  
I performed my duty,  
and I bloomed as beauty,  
I lost my green color,  
but fed multicolored flowers,  
for those who are are blind  
I managed an aroma  
that touched their senses,  
and the obliged beauty kissed me.  
See me just before my death,  
I am turned in smiling lips,  
what a pleasant death is it,  
can't you make your death smiling like me?

Akhtar Jawad

# The Soft Doll

I always cheated my master!  
Master says, I am dishonest,  
I say I am simply naughty.  
I enjoy stealing as a fun,  
I think a lot as to what should be stolen.  
My criteria to select something for stealing  
is that it should be perfumed  
so that I may feel it from a distance  
it's colors should be so much bright  
that my eyes do not stick at a point  
and go on slipping from top to the bottom  
from left to the right  
from front to the back.  
It should be so much smooth and delicate  
that wherever I touch it my sensation  
from my fingers spreads throughout my body  
and when my lips like me are restless  
it should make me so much ecstatic  
that I have no alternate but to kiss it.  
I steal it in a very good manner  
and you know any act  
that is done in a beautiful manner  
is an art.  
Let my master call me a dishonest servant,  
you may call me an artist.  
Yes, I am such a great artist  
that within a short period  
though hidden in green leaves,  
I stole all the flowers of his garden  
Sucked its softness,  
its color and scent  
and hid it in my heart.  
My master was so much worried  
that he called an emergency meeting  
of his ministers  
whereat it was decided  
a soft doll should be manufactured  
with colors and fragrance  
and with a heart that should be

fond of this stealing.  
Soon the doll was manufactured  
I stole it and ran away to the earth.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Spanish Wine

Habits easily developed,  
Difficult to give up,  
The habit to take the Spanish wine,  
before the meals,  
was too indecent.  
In absence of sherry,  
It will be painful,  
and irritating,  
may not take a meal tonight,  
But in a few days,  
I'll be all right.  
The bottle of sherry  
will remain on the shelf.  
I was afraid of tremors  
of my weak old hands.  
The bottle is so beautiful!  
How could I break it!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Spray

I brought deadly spray,  
Poisonous and suffocating,  
With a smell too irritating,  
The spray killed the insects,  
But its aftereffects!  
Breathing problems,  
That annoyed me,  
More than the insects,  
The insects were killed,  
And I survived,  
But my precious life,  
Was reduced by,  
Many days!

What could I do?  
Was it written in my fate?  
Is it a cycle by Him?  
A check,  
On growing population!  
The law of nature,  
Survival of the fittest,  
Is it still enforced?  
If it is so?  
Let the insects prepare,  
To be destroyed anytime,  
By spray of weapons,  
The nuclear weapons!  
And let the beasts survive,  
To face breathing problems,  
On a barren earth,  
With no milk in her breasts!

(This is my 200th poem submitted on and it is written on a possible destruction of human race by nuclear weapons)

Akhtar Jawad

# The Stay Order

I wanted to leave Islamabad and go back to Karachi,  
my grandson was insisting me to stay here till his birthday,  
I suggested a balloting on the issue.  
I wrote on a piece of paper,  
he also wrote on another piece of paper.  
My youngest granddaughter picked one of the two.  
"Stay."  
I immediately picked the two and thrown it in the dust bin.  
In joy nobody could mind the handwriting!  
Now I have no alternate but to follow the stay order.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Story Ends

She never met him,  
He never met her,  
He was firm not to meet her,  
She was firm to meet him one day,  
Oh God! How much you love these toys of clay!  
You fulfilled both the wishes.  
A poetess has come to attend,  
the funeral of a poet,  
tears in her eyes,  
and worried too,  
how the spouse of the dead poet,  
will treat her?  
Lo! They have hugged each other.  
They are sharing their tears.  
They are sharing their pains.  
And why they shouldn't?  
Their pains are common!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Sub Continental Airlines

Greater than greatest Mahakul is the pilot  
Wonderful Valsa George is the copilot  
Dillip, Muzahid Flight Stewards  
A funny question, Akhtar Jawad's!  
Where air hostesses are, asks the idiot.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Summer Sun

Leave me alone, you are hot and sweating,  
When we need your fire in shivering winter,  
You come too late and not hot at all,  
Even if I close my eye lids, you peep into eyes,  
And the pain you give, obstructs my travelling,  
On the Milky Way, and the stars  
Those are shy to the sun and veil their faces,  
Moon even if appears, no moonlight!  
And the buds of the queen of night,  
Go behind the curtains of leaves,  
The night glowworms, lose their twinkling,  
And my beloved pulls up her silken blanket,  
That covers the charms of a sleeping woman,  
Oh Sun! I know you are crazy in love,  
And your beloved is a sunflower,  
He needs you, I too need you,  
But in winters not in summers,  
You come right time in the cold winters,  
What happens to you in the mornings of summer?  
Don't you sleep in the pleasant summer nights!  
She is with me and my nights are pleasant,  
Keep the sunny days for the foolish sunflower.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Sun Never Minds

Extravagant source of light when it shines  
Foolishly hoping what he touches all enshrines  
Stones unmoved though warmly heated  
Wax blocks have been melted!  
Sun innocently said it's winter he dines.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Sunprincess

She was daughter of the sun,  
That ruled a paradise on earth,  
Since her childhood although a moon,  
She never behaved like a moon,  
She preferred warmth of a sun,  
Over a cool soothing moon light,  
A child hood friend always tried,  
To discover a moon in her,  
Though liked by the princess,  
The noble always failed to see,  
The hidden moon in her,  
Throughout her life,  
The moon was dormant,  
And it was a sun,  
That shined on her face.

When she succeeded,  
The throne of her father,  
She tried to prove herself,  
A secular ruler,  
That was not liked,  
By the powerful nobles,  
They planned a scandal,  
Scandals do what swords cannot.

Her slave an Abyssinian Sidi,  
Her helper in riding,  
Often touched her,  
At places, those others,  
Couldn't think even,  
Even her childhood friend,  
Was always jealous!

He left her alone,  
Gained power,  
And attacked her kingdom,  
Defeated she was,

Sidi was killed,  
And she,  
Macerated in a fort,  
Whereat she enjoyed,  
Many liberties,  
And was ultimately constrained,  
To marry her friend,  
But he could never discover,  
A moon in her,  
She lived like a sun,  
She died like a sun,  
She wasn't Sultana,  
She was Razia Sultan,  
The first woman ruler,  
At the throne of Delhi!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Supporting Hand

The face is hidden but the hand is supporting you,  
my dear grandchildren can you read the lines of the palm,  
no, you cant, let me read it for you,  
The lines say I love you my grandchildren,  
and I pray one day you may return this support,  
this selfless love and this hospitality,  
to your loving grandchildren,  
I shall watch how you treat your grandchildren,  
from high skies,  
I am hopeful, the way you are supporting your younger sister,  
with an amazing smile at your face,  
that is a promise and it says,  
you will clear all your debts,  
with compound interest along with the principal,  
but if a little of it is left uncleared,  
I promise you sweet heart,  
I shall write it off.  
Because I am your grandmother,  
and mothers have no alternate,  
but to forgive their sons,  
hoping their mothers will forgive them,  
for their like slackness-es.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Suppressed Persons

You are weak suppressed and maltreated,  
you look for justice and it's denied to you.  
Do you think it's because of your religion and belief?  
Do you think it's because of your color, cast or creed?  
Do you think it's because of the language you speak?  
Do you think it's because of the nation you are living?  
No Sweetheart, no,  
the world is inhabited by two groups of person,  
one is the group of mighty and wealthy masters,  
and the other is the group of ignorant slaves,  
this has been happening ever since Adam and Eve,  
and this will go on forever, forever,  
Who can change this painful fate!  
Don't you see a few of you worked hard,  
got power and wealth,  
but what happened after that?  
They left the group of suppressed persons,  
And joined the mighty group of masters!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Sweetness I Miss (Based On Madam Perdita Young's Poem Ailment)

I was independent,  
I could eat anything,  
I could drink anything.  
Now I am a slave of bitterness  
of the growing age.  
Nature!  
What do you want to be done by me?  
I have been always a mediocre,  
as a cricketer,  
as an accountant,  
and,  
as a poet.  
How do you expect something outstanding by me?  
Why do you bribe me  
giving only six tablets of Canderel,  
or two cups of tea a day.  
I need sweetness of Ice Cream and Custard.  
Life is the name of sweetness,  
give back my life its lost sweetness  
and,  
take back the injections of insulin.  
Be sweet to stripe in a starry night,  
be sweet to smile like a moon,  
be sweet to sing like pleasant winds,  
be sweet to dance on the Milky Ways,  
wet the dry colors of rainbows in my pen,  
a lovely summer shower for the colors,  
but before all that a few sweet dishes,  
a poet is after all a human with instincts.  
My sweet heart is still a lovely brush  
I promise to paint sweetness of your artistic nudes.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Tall Tree

And what of winds,  
that change directions!  
Let them attack,  
my roots are deep in the earth,  
my branches are spread all over the garden.  
I'm looking in the eyes of the sun.  
Go on burning,  
change the weathers,  
change the climate,  
kill my leaves,  
kill my flowers,  
kill my fruits,  
your sword of summer,  
I have broken,  
see my shadow is still there,  
send the rains,  
with lightning and thunder,  
see my cover is still there,  
attack with autumn,  
see the bed of leaves is still there,  
why don't you see?  
The couple of twittering birds,  
is busy in collecting my dry leaves,  
they shall get it repaired,  
and renovate it,  
before you attack with a deadly winter,  
it's their nest,  
and when the she bird lays her eggs,  
you shall see incubating in turns,  
and when you surrender  
and put your arms,  
my branches will wear new green dresses,  
and you will see lovely pink flowers,  
and among the flowers,  
two pretty young ones,  
learning art of flying,  
and singing a new song of love,  
in exciting winds of the sexy springs.



# The Teasing Splinter

Dear Splinter, go on teasing me,  
How sweet is a friend who likes pleasing me,  
I know you just want a smile on my face,  
I love your words, it's glaze and grace,  
But how you'll see that I am pleased,  
How I enjoy when I am teased,  
We are pen friends never shake the hands,  
You fly on skies of the far southern lands,  
I am sitting on the shores of Arabian Sea,  
I wish we could share a cup of tea!  
Let us share words like two loving friends,  
Teasing is a color that nicely blends,  
Ocean that joins us has moving waves,  
Teasing fairies and the pleasing knaves,  
Friends can change the color of the sea,  
I can see your face in a cup of tea,  
Teasing and pleasing we can see on the clouds,  
Ugliness of time is covered in shrouds.  
Clouds that rise from the deep blue oceans,  
Are free to fly and carry such emotions.

One more thing I named you a Splinter,  
We all are pages come out of a printer,  
I am chasing you, the lovely first page,  
Seventy years old I'm running like a sage,  
I love to chase it's a source of delight,  
As you remain throughout in my weak eye sight,  
When you turn your head and see me chasing,  
You look beautiful with your teasing so pleasing!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Third Album (A Rewrite Of My Poem Two Albums)

In an old album of black and white photographs,  
when I look at the faces I have lost,  
my heart cries but tears do not come in my eyes,  
the lost faces took not only my smiles,  
they took my tears, too,  
When my heart is suffocated,  
I put that old album at the shelf,  
and I pick new album of colorful photographs,  
and when tears come back in my eyes,  
I smile,  
I can still enjoy the seasons,  
and flowers have blossomed,  
so springs have come,  
I am looking for what I have lost for ever!  
My tears and my smiles go back once again!  
But my heart is the same juvenile,  
and my pen can still write,  
the smiles come back once again,  
but followed by tears!  
I know I have lost a face  
that I don't see,  
in neither of the two albums!  
The album often white like my frozen tears,  
but sometimes melts  
in hot and red fluid somewhere inside my bosom,  
with a naughty picture,  
that only my pen can reflect on a white paper,  
but how can those lost eyes be reflected,  
love is miraculous but lost eyes of carefree youth,  
are above the reach of all the miracles.  
Alas! I have lost that naughty youth!  
But his refracted glimpses are often seen in my writes.  
Though lost for ever yet preserved in a third album.

(I rewrote my poem Two Albums because  
I realized that I could not describe correctly  
that I am looking for my lost youth)



# The Third Eye

I was drowned in the beauty of the eye in the right,  
I was crowned with love on a throne in a night,  
In a twinkling of that eye I lost my self and forgot who I am,  
How lovely were the days when all traffics were jam!  
It were you only you who came and went on the cycle of time,  
It were you only you moving deep in the soul with flow and rime,  
You ruled my world you ruled my home you ruled the roads,  
The clusters of my heart and that of brain were your downloads,  
I thought in those days God has nothing with Him for me at least,  
Sweet juice of life He fermented by you that acted like the yeast.

And when I was drunk and senses were dormant I saw you again,  
This time your left eye I peeped very deep found still you retain,  
The wine tastier more effective more delicious for the joys of life,  
A beach of beauty whereat were scattered lovely toys of life,  
I drunk more wine and went out of senses and the world was confined,  
In a temple on high hills lonely and selfish where love was enshrined,  
What's going on what the past is teaching no worry of future!  
Love is a wine having its own ego an' ethics its customs and culture!  
Love is a light that makes the eyes completely paralyzed,  
For the sight of someone else in need of us being too agonized!

Then you opened your third eye and the flowers were sprung,  
I heard so loud the music of life and the songs unsung,  
Effects of alcohol then started shading I came back on the earth,  
Meanings of life were clear and distinct with their wisdom and worth,  
A caress sight of the beautiful flowers inspired the eyes to look at others,  
To look at the friends to look at the children and fathers and mothers,  
The relationships' network was again activated and the world then revived,  
I am surprised although still I drink how the senses survived,  
Its beauty of love when it touches its apex its arms are stretched,  
What of earth and skies the vast universe in a second is fetched.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Third Option

You say we rise to fall,  
I say we fall to rise.  
Best of luck my friend  
rise and fall.  
Let me fall to rise once again.  
When you shall be falling from the skies  
and I shall be rising from the earth,  
somewhere among the twinkling stars  
we shall pass each other.  
With tears in my eyes I shall watch you falling  
with a smile on your lips you'll watch my rising.  
I offer you my friend  
to shake our hands through the windows.  
We shall hold the hands of each other tightly.  
I am sure the resultant force  
of the forces of friendship and love  
will turn us in the third direction  
and we shall land on a planet of compromise.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Three Singulars

Pairs I see in the body of a human,  
It's cruel to take anyone to pieces,  
Being a human I am a bit cruel, too,  
And I take myself in the pieces I have.

Eyes and ears and holes of the nose,  
Lips and jaws, and the friends our hands,  
Never the less my helpful legs,  
The acts by pairs are balanced all time.

My rights are engaged in giving something,  
My lefts take back whatever I give.  
No profit no loss I break the even,  
How to make the loss by sinful singulars?

But the singular two are the sinners in fact,  
Hidden in the jaws my tongue so nonsense,  
Delivered beauty under a blue moon,  
Brought hates and dislikes, I hate you devil.

And device of pleasure, an idiot-maker,  
You brought death and I lost paradise,  
I couldn't see yet your real face,  
A satanic agent in a lovely disguise!

My God! They were slaves of instinct,  
What could I do, helpless I was,  
I tried to control but often sometimes,  
I'm Adam I failed what a beauty is an Eve!

Can you forgive the two for the third singular?  
In the name of Your holy lovely home,  
When it converges it becomes Your lovely face,  
When it diverges it becomes the vast universe.

It's a mosque; it's a church, and a temple of truth,  
Who grows old if the heart is a youth?  
You know My Love it's not ugly at all,  
Don't know whereabouts, but I act on its call.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Two Instincts

Evolution couldn't eliminate completely  
the animal within man with the sharp claws  
sincere efforts of great thinkers,  
framed from time to time many laws,  
to control this animal, to make us Angels,  
but time always found in it many flaws,  
men who chained this animal in a cage,  
became ultimately a victim of its jaws.

How we can get rid of our instincts,  
imitation where outclasses education,  
change education, make it so much mighty  
that it starts outclassing the stale imitation,  
keep the soul and spirit of the law you follow,  
make it a discipline for man's perfection,  
we know there are many flaws in the laws,  
and we know the beautiful art of selection.

But fear and greed of an unseen apex,  
ruins the seen valleys between mountains,  
we look for the water of life on the peaks,  
ignoring neat and clean water of the fountains,  
drink it and have a bath of love in it  
its water of love mental health it maintains,  
be beautiful and carefree what may be at apex,  
will not harm the man if this beauty he sustains.

Being helpless before the nature's instincts,  
we can make the beast a friendly pet,  
give him his favorite food, love don't hate,  
I hope within a short time the beast will be set,  
but if sometimes it becomes abnormal,  
keep ready with you a metallic grilled net,  
keep him hungry and thirsty for some time,  
he will twist his tail hoping food to get.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Ugly Painting

Something is hidden in my heart,  
I feel it but I cannot see,  
I do not listen to it,  
it's something abstract,  
sometimes I think it's a wave of music,  
that touches my whole body,  
or it's aroma of a flower,  
that makes my soul ecstatic,  
and when my ecstasy makes me sleepy,  
snoozing I dream something very beautiful.

So it's beauty!

The source of a river  
and its name is love.

Millions of years have been passed,  
Dear Beauty! Your repeated efforts;  
to make me, too, beautiful like you;  
could not succeed.

I am afraid being tired of me,  
one day,  
you may torn me into pieces.

Though it's not my fault,  
why did you make me so much ugly?

Are you a nursery child,  
who paints an ugly photo  
and then his attempts to make it beautiful,  
make it more and more ugly.

The child cuts a page of his note book,  
and throws it in the waste paper basket,  
paints another photo,  
goes on painting,  
photos after photos,  
and when he reaches to a page,  
half part of that was torn and thrown,  
the child exclaims!

Alas! I have destroyed my best work,  
and now I confess  
it was better than my latter works,  
he starts looking for the paper,  
but many days have passed,

and that ugly painting is no more there.  
could have seen beauty hidden in my heart,  
is it anything else other than your love,  
you would have been sleeping,  
satisfied and content.

I may be ugly,  
but I am a work of art,  
I love you sweetheart!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Undefined Saint Abdul Sattar Edhi

The candle extinguished but I see,  
still not dark, many candles were lit,  
a living candle, a source of light,  
let the candles lit, we need it.  
A saint and servant of all,  
irrespective of languages and religions  
Who was he? Can you define?  
Let him remain undefined,  
he was a sun he shined and will always shine.

(Saint Abdul Sattar Edhi

Abdul Sattar Edhi

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Angel of Mercy[1]

[2]?????? ?????

Abdul Sattar Edhi

Born Abdul Sattar Edhi

1 January 1928

Bantva, Bantva Manavadar, Western India States Agency, British Raj (Present day Bantva, Gujarat, India)

Died 8 July 2016 (aged 88)

Karachi, Pakistan

Cause of death Kidney Failure

Resting place Edhi Village

Nationality Pakistani

Ethnicity Bantva Memon[3]

Known for Social work

Simple lifestyle

Humanitarian[4]

Title The Richest Poor Man

Spouse(s) Bilquis Edhi

Children Faisal Edhi, Kutub Edhi

Parents • Abdul Shakoor Edhi (father)

• Ghurba Edhi (mother)

Awards Lenin Peace Prize (1988)

Nishan-e-Imtiaz (1989)

Ahmadiyya Muslim Peace Prize(2010)

Website Official website

Abdul Sattar Edhi (Memoni, Urdu: ?????????? ??????; 1 January 1928 - 8 July 2016) was a prominent Pakistani philanthropist, social activist, ascetic, and

humanitarian. He was the founder and head of the Edhi Foundation in Pakistan and ran the organization for the better part of six decades. He was known as Angel of Mercy and was considered Pakistan's 'most respected' and legendary figure.[1][5] In 2013, The Huffington Post said that he might be 'the world's greatest living humanitarian.' [6]

Revered by many as a national hero, Edhi created a charitable empire out of nothing. He masterminded Pakistan's largest welfare organisation almost single-handedly, entirely with private donations.[7] To many, Edhi was known as the &quot;Father Teresa&quot; of Pakistan.[8]

#### Early life

Edhi was born in 1928 in Bantva in the Gujarat, British India.[9] When he was eleven, his mother became paralysed from a stroke and she died when Edhi was 19. His personal experiences and care for his mother during her illness, caused him to develop a system of services for old, mentally ill and challenged people. The partition of India led Edhi and his family to migrate to Pakistan in 1947.[5][10] He then shifted to Karachi to work in a market at a wholesale shop. His mother would give him 1 paisa for his meals and another to give to a beggar.[11] He initially started as a peddler, and later became a commission agent selling cloth in the wholesale market in Karachi. After a few years, he established a free dispensary with help from his community.[10]

He told NPR in 2009 that 'I saw people lying on the pavement... The flu had spread in Karachi, and there was no one to treat them. So I set up benches and got medical students to volunteer. I was penniless and begged for donations on the street. And people gave. I bought this 8-by-8 room to start my work.' [12]

#### Charity work

Edhi resolved to dedicate his life to aiding the poor, and over the next sixty years, he single handedly changed the face of welfare in Pakistan. Edhi founded the Edhi Foundation. Additionally, he established a welfare trust, named the Edhi Trust with an initial sum of a five thousand rupees which was later renamed as Bilqis Edhi Trust.[13][14] Regarded as a guardian for the poor, Edhi began receiving numerous donations, which allowed him to expand his services. To this day, the Edhi Foundation continues to grow in both size and service, and is currently the largest welfare organisation in Pakistan. Since its inception, the Edhi Foundation has rescued over 20,000 abandoned infants, rehabilitated over 50,000 orphans and has trained over 40,000 nurses.[citation needed] It also runs more than 330 welfare centres in rural and urban Pakistan which operate as food kitchens, rehabilitation homes, shelters for abandoned women and children and clinics for the mentally handicapped.

The Edhi Foundation, founded by Edhi, runs the world's largest ambulance service (operating 1,500 of them) and offers 24-hour emergency services. It also operates free nursing homes, orphanages, clinics, women's shelters, and rehab centres for drug addicts and mentally ill individuals.[15] It has run relief

operations in Africa, Middle East, the Caucasus region, eastern Europe and United States where it provided aid following Hurricane Katrina in 2005. His son Faisal Edhi, wife Bilquis Edhi and daughters managed the daily operations of the organization during his ill health.[citation needed]

Edhi was influenced by Muhammad Ali Jinnah and Mother Teresa. He was referred as Pakistan's version of Mother Teresa, [16] and the BBC wrote that he was considered 'Pakistan's most respected figure and was seen by some as almost a saint.'[5]

#### Recognition

&quot;People have become educated, but have yet to become human.&quot;  
— [citation needed]

Together with his wife, Bilquis Edhi, he received the 1986 Ramon Magsaysay Award for Public Service. He was also the recipient of the Lenin Peace Prize and the Balzan Prize. In 2006, Institute of Business Administration Pakistan conferred an honoris causa degree of Doctor of Social Service Management for his services. In September 2010, Edhi was also awarded an honorary doctorate by the University of Bedfordshire.[17] In 1989, Edhi received the Nishan-e-Imtiaz from the Government of Pakistan.[18] On 1 January 2014, Edhi was voted the 2013 Person of the Year by the readers of The Express Tribune.[19] He was recommended for a Nobel Peace prize by the Prime Minister of Pakistan with more than 30,000 signing a petition by Ziauddin Yousafzai, the father of Malala Yousafzai for his nomination.[20]

#### Travel issues

In the early 1980s he was arrested by Israeli troops while entering Lebanon. In 2006, he was detained in Toronto, Canada, for 16 hours. In January 2008, US immigration officials interrogated Edhi at the John F. Kennedy Airport in New York for over eight hours, and seized his passport and other documents. When asked about the frequent detention Edhi said 'The only explanation I can think of is my beard and my dress.'[21]

#### Personal life and death

Edhi was married in 1965 to Bilquis, a nurse who worked at the Edhi dispensary.[22] The couple had four children, two daughters and two sons.[1] Edhi was known for his ascetic lifestyle, owning only two pairs of clothes, never taking a salary from his organisation and living in an apartment next to his organization's office.[5][23][24]

On 25 June 2013, Edhi's kidneys failed; it was announced that he would be on dialysis for the rest of his life unless he found a kidney donor.[25] Edhi died on 8 July 2016 at the age of 88 due to kidney failure after having been placed on a ventilator. He will be buried in Edhi Village. His last wishes included the request that his organs were to be donated but due to his ill health, only his corneas were suitable.[26] He was laid to rest at the Edhi Village Karachi.[27]

Reactions to his death came from several high-ranking Pakistani officials. Prime

Minister Nawaz Sharif said 'We have lost a great servant of humanity. He was the real manifestation of love for those who were socially vulnerable, impoverished, helpless and poor.'[5] The country's head of the army, Raheel Sharif, called him a 'true humanitarian.'[1]

Honors and awards

International awards

- Ramon Magsaysay Award for Public Service (1986) [28][29]
- Lenin Peace Prize (1988) [18]
- Paul Harris Fellow from Rotary International (1993) [18]
- Peace Prize from the former USSR, for services during the Armenian earthquake disaster (1998)
- Hamdan Award for volunteers in Humanitarian Medical Services (2000) , UAE[18]
- International Balzan Prize (2000) for Humanity, Peace and Brotherhood, Italy[18]
- Peace and Harmony Award (2001) , Delhi
- Peace Award (2004) , Mumbai
- Peace Award (2005) , Hyderabad Deccan
- Wolf of Bhogio Peace Award (2005) , Italy
- Gandhi Peace Award (2007) , Delhi
- Peace Award (2008) , Seoul
- Honorary doctorate from the Institute of Business Administration Karachi (2006) .
- UNESCO-Madanjeet Singh Prize (2009) [30][31]
- Ahmadiyya Muslim Peace Prize (2010) [32]

National awards

- Silver Jubilee Shield by College of Physicians and Surgeons (1962-1987) [18]
- Moiz ur rehman Award (2015) [18]
- The Social Worker of Sub-Continent by Government of Sindh (1989) [18]
- Nishan-e-Imtiaz, civil decoration from the Government of Pakistan (1989) [18]
- Recognition of meritorious services to oppressed humanity during the 1980's by Ministry of Health and Social Welfare, Government of Pakistan (1989) [18]
- Pakistan Civic Award from the Pakistan Civic Society (1992) [18]
- Shield of Honor by Pakistan Army (E & C) [18]
- Khidmat Award by the Pakistan Academy of Medical Sciences[18]
- Human Rights Award by Pakistan Human Rights Society)

Akhtar Jawad

# The Undesired

The crop was almost ripen,  
The birds were stealing grains from the field,  
Wife of the farmer,  
Was busy in removing the undesired plantations,  
The lady said, "Hush! Go back you birds, "  
I don't need you.  
Then she collected the bunch of grass,  
Came back home,  
Gave the bunch to the cattle,  
Suddenly the hot winds turned cold and exciting,  
The farmer hasn't come yet,  
The lady started singing,  
Come to me, Oh You! The beautiful birds,  
Sing with me,  
My beloved hasn't come yet,  
Keep me romantic,  
Until he comes and hugs me,  
And pleases me with hot warm kisses.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Unknown Destination

I knew destinations of my entire body,  
my hairs' destination was a hand with a brush,  
that dressed it.  
My forehead's destination was two caressing lips,  
my nose's destination was smell of my feeding mother,  
my eyes' destination was a kind face,  
the most beautiful face I have ever seen,  
as long as It remained before,  
I waived my hands and kicked the air  
and you will not believe  
what I saw in the air  
and what I kicked,  
my laughter,  
when I saw instead of going away  
it came closer to me.  
Was it an Angel,  
or an infant's optical illusion!  
And my whole body's destination was a mother  
washing it, cleaning it, drying it with a towel,  
and spreading talcum powder on it,  
that had a pleasant smell,  
blended with the loving smell of my mother.  
As an infant I knew my all destinations.  
The cruel time took all one by one!  
Making me a traveler of an unknown destination.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Unplanned Family

A small flat of an unplanned family,  
only two rooms are there,  
it belongs to a clerk,  
serving in a government department,  
of an under developed country  
he is really honest,  
but when rent of flats touched the skies,  
he started thinking he should purchase a flat of his own,  
but the money required?  
From where the money would come?  
When he talked his colleague Mr. No Problem,  
he replied as usual,  
no problem!  
Just extract a few pages from a file,  
in return you will get a flat.  
He got a flat,  
and his miseries were lessened,  
at least his eleven children,  
never slept hungry any more!  
Next time when he talked Mr. No Problem,  
it was about his eldest daughter,  
in fact eldest of all the eleven,  
she is now twenty seven,  
I think she should be married before she is thirty.  
he replied as usual,  
no problem!  
Just add a few pages in a file,  
in return you will get sufficient money,  
to marry your daughter.  
He got the money!  
Mr. No Problem,  
Thanks for your valuable and wise guidance,  
but now I need a suitable match for my daughter,  
no problem,  
my son is serving in another government department,  
his salary is not sufficient,  
but his income is handsome,  
could I see your son!  
I shall send him to your flat on the coming Sunday,

let your daughter and my son meet in your drawing-cum-bed room,  
and the son came to the daughter.  
The clerk found in him a lovely match for his lovely daughter,  
The future couple was left in a room all alone,  
The clerk got an opportunity to discuss some instinctive issues with his wife,  
he closed the doors of his real bed room.  
All the remaining children were at schools and colleges,  
When the daughter with tears in her eyes knocked at the doors,  
they came out and asked as to where was the boy,  
'The ugly man at least fifteen years older than me is gone,  
I can't marry him.'  
Shut up!  
You are getting old!  
After forty weeks when she was being married,  
her mother could not attend her marriage,  
she was in a labor room of a maternity clinic,  
to give birth to her twelfth child!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Vagabond Poet

The vagabond poet is wandering in streets,  
Talking cats and dogs during roaming he meets,  
Mid night silence is dominant all rounds,  
Broken by mewling and barking sounds,  
Cold winds now blowing in the lonely night,  
Moon is shining and stars are bright,  
Sky is naked and free of clouds,  
Earth's good bye to the autumn with shrouds,  
Dew is a dream of a lovely leaf,  
Skin now needs a waxy relief,  
Flowers are sleeping and buds are dreaming,  
The poet insane is a bit screaming,  
The naughty scoundrel is on hunting for a thought,  
For a quiet few days he is blocked with a drought,  
Slowly and surely the cold is increasing,  
The wind is paining and pinching and teasing,  
An island he gets in a corner well protected,  
A window of beauty made his heart infected,  
Not only poet days and nights are affected,  
Time turned static and the laws neglected.

He saw someone inside in a blue dim light,  
In a white bridal dress what a lovely sight!  
She was dressing her silky shining hair,  
Sitting on a golden heavenly chair,  
Moonlight was spreading from her lovely face,  
Stars of eyes were increasing her grace,  
For the poet she was an inspiring beauty,  
Aesthetic sense was admiring her beauty,  
The poet got her for the poem at last,  
Really it was a creative blast.  
She turned to the windows and smiled with a tweet,  
I know you are there saw you in the mirror,  
Get rid of fear I liked your terror.

Can't you open the doors and call me in,  
I am a human being not an Angel or Jin,  
Your time hasn't come you remain outside,  
Let the springs come I shall call the tide,

Let the flowers spring let the leaves spout,  
Let the wind be pleasant let the beauty come out,  
Wait till the mustard yellow sexy flowers,  
Make a place in the fields of the lonely bowers,  
Wait till the birds sing inviting songs,  
Wait till the winds sing exciting songs.

Wait on the earth and go on creeping,  
You naughty vagabond! The skies you are peeping.  
I am a fairy of your thoughts I don't exist,  
The blocking of your mind I come to resist.  
Though grilled even open it's just for you,  
Frequently visit make it must for you,  
Write poems on me, my smiles and cries,  
If your love is love you will get me in skies.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Valentines Day Is For All

Like you I love, like you I hate,  
If I am a mouse, it's my fate,  
Look at me I smell this flower  
My sweetheart is taking a shower  
Smell of her body is so exciting  
So captivating and so inviting  
That being a lazy sleepy mouse  
I have come out of my house  
For you my house is just a whole  
It is a place where dances my sole  
But I swear my dear and on oath I say  
Where there is life there's a valentine day  
Love is precious but the stocks of nature  
Never short of love, what a treasure!  
As long as the flowers smell and spring  
She's a beautiful queen, and I am a king.  
As long as clouds rise dance and rain  
Life may be a loss but love is a gain.  
As long as stars twinkle and moon appears  
I shall go on loving without any fears.  
I am coming to you my sweet valentine  
I am yours only and you are only mine.

Akhtar Jawad

# The Valley Of Kashmir

She asked the teller to tell a tale  
she has never heard earlier.  
She asked an artist to make a portrait  
she has never seen earlier.  
She asked the poet to write a poem  
she has never read earlier.  
They all replied  
love me as you didn't love earlier.  
She said I am a valley of high mountains  
you listen to an echo when you loudly speak  
but the world is in the age of a deadly winter  
the echoes may break the glaciers  
and everything may come to an end.  
So will you please be silent,  
just exchanging smiles  
and waiting for the springs to blossom the flowers.  
When the glaciers will slowly melt  
and rivers will be full of water.  
The writer smiled and said firmly determined  
I can imagine that lovely spring  
and write a love story.  
The artist was excited and said,  
I can see it  
and I shall paint this valley of flowers.  
The poet with a cold deep sigh exclaimed  
I see red flowers in this valley  
but where is the fragrance of roses  
instead I smell blood, only blood!  
The valley burst out into tears  
The echo of her cries broke the glaciers  
and there was blood only blood!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Waves

Coldness, silence, and stillness  
Once broken is turned in a wave,  
One existed but unaware of himself,  
Cold, silent, still! A sage in a cave!

Then nature spoke and the wave,  
That started spreading all around,  
A stone thrown in a still pond,  
Waves are followed by a sound.

Whoever heard this musical note,  
It was vibrated and moved upwards,  
Got secrets of the pleasant life,  
Smiled and moved back downwards.

Pond then turned in a blue ocean,  
Skies then heard the song unsung,  
Winds excited the clouds to dance,  
Birds started flying, flowers sprung.

The sage in a cage left on waves,  
As long the waves aren't too weak,  
He will not wake, will not interfere,  
But the naughty poets' naughty leak!

With a better script and new actors,  
Sure, is dreaming for a further throw,  
Tears in my eyes! We'll not be then,  
New spectators for a new love show!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Widow Bird

I felt your pain in my beating heart,  
So I brought for you a new spouse,  
Quarrelsome bird! Forget the past,  
Welcome him in the lonely house.

You have injured him with your nibs.  
The gentle bird your amazing tolerance!  
Though more powerful with sharper nibs,  
I salute your behavior and the patience.

Don't know if you wait for the moment,  
When instincts make her again a Miss,  
With the same nibs that have injured,  
She'll surrender and oblige with a kiss.

Think you haven't seen My Fair Lady,  
Wish I could show you a real male!  
If over gentleness does not work,  
Force her to become a real female.

But I have noted before the attack,  
Comes close, waits, and frustrated,  
In rage she attacks and injures you,  
Hurry up gentle bird why so belated?

Akhtar Jawad

# The Winter Sun

Don't leave me alone,  
Come on, come on, I need your heating,  
In the hot summers  
You come too early not pleasant at all,  
Even if I open my eyes, you don't look into it,  
And the pleasure you give through your hot warm rays,  
Erases all illusions of the cold long night,  
I don't need a shining moon and twinkling stars,  
I don't want to travel on a Milky Way,  
Do whatever you like with the buds and leaves,  
And the sun flower,  
I am travelling on gem packed road,  
I have to reach the place of my work in time,  
I have to work hard and earn the bread,  
For me and my family,  
I need your heat, I need you light,  
The fog is dense, visibility is low,  
Why you are lazy like a man too old,  
It's not good to leave the bed so late,  
Shine, shine more and more, kill the fog,  
Thank you very much visibility is now fine,  
Have a nice time with the lovely sun flower!

Akhtar Jawad

# The Worst Man

'La', an Arabic Word that means,  
There was nothing that could be seen,  
There was nothing that could be heard,  
There was nothing that could be touched,  
There was nothing that could be smelled,  
There was nothing that could be tasted,  
There was no heart to feel,  
There was no brain to think.

'Ilah' another Arabic word,  
The creator it means,  
The master it means,  
The ruler it means,  
The lawmaker it means,  
The law enforcer it means,  
The caretaker it means,  
There was none to accept or refuse the writ,  
None to be subjected with the said properties.

'Illallah.' No one else but the God.  
Ancient, no begin,  
Immortal, no end,  
Like infinity,  
No doubt existed,  
Not a master at all,  
Not a ruler at all,  
Not a lawmaker at all,  
Not a law enforcer at all,  
Not a care taker at all,  
Because he hadn't created,  
Any thing, any soul, nothing at all.

Love was there, the eternal truth,  
He was nothing but love,  
Having no one else, fell in love with Himself,  
And wanted to see His virtual image,  
Confined in a point,  
Having weight infinite,  
And a volume that was zero.

So forceful was love,  
And still it is so,  
The point exploded and started spreading,  
It is still spreading.

Universe came into being,  
Black holes and galaxies,  
The two rival forces,  
The second for beauty and life and love,  
The first for destruction, ugliness and sins,  
The beauty is felt by seeing its contrast,  
The love can't be felt without hate,  
So beautiful was it,  
May be called muhammad,  
A word that means worthy of praise.

God wanted to keep intact His beauty and the love,  
He created Adam and Eve to guard,  
To guard and love His virtual beauty,  
To love all living non-living creatures.  
As he wanted to keep it safe and sound,  
The sons of Adam were made responsible,  
To do all acts for increasing the beauty,  
He sent His messengers avatars some say,  
With the message of love and laws for men.  
And the last of messengers, the worthy of praise,  
Was given the name, Muhammad it is,  
With the laws describing punishment and reward.

Good belief is it but what I see,  
Those not believing in it,  
Are trying to make this earth,  
More beautiful,  
Fighting with disease,  
Serving the humans,  
Serving the animals,  
Inventing luxuries to make the life,  
More peaceful more pleasant.  
With tolerance they preach,  
Live and let others live.  
The charter of U.N.O., last sermon of Muhammad.

While the believers are engaged,  
In killing each other,  
In the name of religion,  
In the name of sect,  
In the name of language,  
Abusing the children,  
Raping dead bodies,  
Pulling out of their graves,  
Every one is running to have more money,  
May be a Mullah, a justice, or a leader,  
May be a general a doctor or a teacher.  
Instead of making a welfare state,  
Working hard, to make, a hell-fare state.

One who does not believe in a religion,  
Is a bad man,  
One who believes but hates others'  
Is worse than him,  
And one who believes in a religion so well,  
But does not act in accordance with it,  
Is the worst man on the face of this earth.

Akhtar Jawad

# Then I Cried

They all think they are the best for the society,  
whether the liars making false promises,  
or the men with guns and bombs,  
engaged in killings,  
or the so called scholars delivering sermons  
in favor of the killers,  
at the places of prayers and worships,  
promoting the terror,  
and inviting the aggressor.

But I didn't cry.

I recollected the dawns and dusks of the late fifties,  
when guns roared for the first time  
and these were turned on the poor weak men.

But I didn't cry.

I recollected the days and nights of painful seventies,  
when guns were broken and became silent.

And repaired soon,  
not for the silencers of the guns,  
but again for the poor and weak men.

But I didn't cry.

Every time I saw an old man on the shop of equipment  
selling faulty balances at a very high price.

But this time when I see the same old man  
selling again the faulty balances,

and killing the principles of natural justice,

I look at the faces of my grandchildren,

I love my grandchildren,

and when I lost control on my tears,

then I cried!

Akhtar Jawad

# They Were Different Men

Yes, I can talk on any topic, I can walk in any field of thought,  
Whether it's wet and fertile sloppy earth with slips and stains,  
Or it's the dry and barren sky of bitter ethics with obstacles,  
Above my head are clouds of wisdom with abundance of rains.

I have breaths of my own, the inherited writes of my DNA,  
The big umbrella of my teachers! Remains always opened to me  
My breaths do not reach the God, interrupted, filtered and perfumed,  
Caressed on the foreheads, and with love redirected to me.

I am not a highly educated man, just an ordinary graduate,  
But the teachers I got were extra ordinary, honest, and men of principles,  
My filtered and perfumed breath is a breath of highly educated man,  
Among educated men I stand proudly being one of the luckiest disciples.

The mortal teachers who are now lying below the tons of clay,  
With the immortal art and style of teaching risen as the clouds,  
Our rectified breaths shall always remain grateful to them,  
The gone birds, your feathers, left overs are now our shrouds.

Fearlessly I am flying in the high skies with a branch of olive  
We listen to your song of love, peace and human brotherhood,  
Thanks for your colors, your music and your wise editing by  
Remixing tales by our parents, we listened to during childhood.

Akhtar Jawad

# They Were Something Else

I am so much obstinate,  
And I am so much absurd,  
Often I break the mirror,  
In it I look an ugly turd,

When my pen becomes a slang,  
I break it, its pieces I throw,  
Wish I could cut my throat,  
Whenever I sound like a crow!

I confess I am an obnoxious,  
And sure, I'm too despicable,  
Wish I could change myself,  
Admit I'm no more capable.

I dream to change the world,  
Me! Simply a bad bare kelse,  
Men who changed the world,  
Were really something else.

Akhtar Jawad

# Third View Of The Earth

Her father saw her from the top of infinity,  
her plan was just an insignificant point!  
But He could not ignore the point object,  
she grew in her arms and grown in a charming gale.  
Light of creation! I see you, through a female.

Her son saw her through his different phases  
every angle revealed a new and lovely elevation,  
the phases of earth it found lovelier than that of his own,  
it smiled as a crescent and laughed in joy as a full moon  
the handsome son reflects the light of his father  
but dances like her beautiful dancing mother.

And the one who saw her isometric third view  
gifted her the wine she was thirsty of and for  
oceans reproduced the clouds and clouds the rains  
she became a bride in a green gown with colorful prints.  
Let the humans love to spring the colors of love,  
let the father be thankful of his sons for odors of love.

Akhtar Jawad

# This World

The world is an under prepared wicket  
Here we are forced to play cricket  
Wicked bowlers can bowl anything  
How risky is the batting!  
Crowd wants refund of the costly ticket.

Akhtar Jawad

# Thoughts Of A Child

The child saw you as a little fairy,  
You are so beautiful, charming and pretty,  
Flying very high on the Milky Ways,  
Reflecting in the eyes your silky rays,  
With blue umbrella and mirror of the moon,  
Trillions of diamonds the twinkling boon,  
You waved your hands and a flying kiss,  
Made the child smile with the lovely bliss,  
The child waved his hands and invited you down,  
While replying to the child you lost your crown,  
The child jumped to catch it but high it flown,  
In cramps of heart your gown was lost,  
Your tears turned in the dew and his sigh in frost,  
As your gown someone turned in ash color clouds,  
When your tears were settled on the petals and leaves,  
Someone from skies or from the earth few thieves,  
Stole these pearls and hid it in the seas,  
Child was searching your crown on the trees,  
Dawn came with aurora someone peeped from the east,  
Child couldn't see your crown but a look at least.

The dejected child when sees clouds on the sky,  
He wishes he could catch it if he could fly,  
Could knit from the clouds your gown once again,  
And go to hiding place where you are in refrain,  
Snatch the crown from the cruel dawn,  
Incarnate you on earth at a greenish lawn.

Akhtar Jawad

# Through The Cracks

When one stripes the stony rocks,  
Beauty is unveiled through the cracks,  
How soft is the stone hidden in frocks!  
I see beauty in the feminine packs.  
Nature is a woman with breasts and valleys  
Beauty walks over drunk through the alleys.

Walk slowly and kiss it from the dreamy eyes  
This blendmaid dislikes aggressive walks  
Be blue and calm with stars like the skies  
Eye to eye, heart to heart, the silent talks.  
Looks so easy in a wet night, can dream and ink,  
Not so easy, yet easy in love, I feel and I think!

Akhtar Jawad

# Throw Me Out

Throw me out of a heart,  
Though it loves me a lot,  
But it hates someone,  
As his language is different,  
His religion is different,  
His nation is different,  
His race is different,  
His color is different.

Get me in, in a heart,  
Who speaks only love,  
Who believes in love,  
Who lives in love,  
He is son of love,  
He is a rainbow.

And do you know,  
Rainbows are spectrum,  
Of light that is white,  
A colorful write,  
Of a poet named love.

How amazing is his language,  
Even beasts understand,  
The sun writes it,  
The moon writes it,  
The stars write it,  
The clouds write it.

A burst out of streams,  
Joy tears of mountains,  
When a river carries,  
To a deep blue ocean,  
The waves of rivers,  
When start crawling,  
At the hidden body,  
Of the sexy oceans,  
Oceans are excited,  
And run on the lands.

That is thirst of love,  
Heat is increased,  
Clouds are raised,  
Cause rain on the earth,  
The earth then carries,  
Many babies of the sea,  
When babies are born,  
Everything is green.

The flowers sprung,  
And the grains are produced,  
Fruits we see,  
Allowed and forbidden,  
But love is love,  
And love is blind.

Get me in if you can,  
In a heart that is blind,  
Yes, blind in love,  
I shall live and die,  
In lullabies of love,  
I shall sleep for ever,  
But before all that,  
Throw me out of a heart,  
Infected of hate!

Akhtar Jawad

# Tightly Fit Or A Misfit

The only trouble it is tightly fit!  
The dress or me, who is misfit?  
My body or my soul,  
Who is playing foul?  
I don't know who's going to split!

Akhtar Jawad

# Time

Time the cruel robber,  
You took shines of her hairs,  
You took brightness of her eyes,  
Pink color from her cheeks,  
And the roses of her lips,  
Her silk from the skin,  
All her exciting charms,  
You took all her wealth,  
Her beauty and health,  
Her nice temperament,  
The peace she had,  
Hysterical is now,  
Seldom smiles,  
But the love,  
Her love for me,  
And for the children,  
And The Grand Children,  
And my love for her!  
Like the pearls and diamonds,  
Like the roses and Jasmines,  
Like moonlit nights,  
Like the fragrance of the soil,  
After mild lovely showers,  
Colorful like rainbows,  
Withstanding the sunlight,  
Tides and storms,  
You can't steal,  
Our love is so safe,  
It lives in the hearts,  
Very deep inside,  
It's neighbor of the God,  
Take it if you can!  
You are a failure as a robber! !

Really you are time?  
Or I am talking with an illusion,  
Someone whispered from my heart,  
Time has not born yet,  
When the time will born,

She will come smiling,  
With her silky hairs,  
With her moon like face,  
With starry eyes,  
With the rosy cheeks,  
With the petals of lips,  
And a charming body,  
And you the cheater in disguise,  
You will come as a horse,  
With beauty of wings,  
We shall ride at your back,  
We shall kiss each other,  
And embrace each other,  
And the helpless flying horse,  
No alternate for you,  
You shall fly and fly,  
On The Milky Ways! !

Akhtar Jawad

# Time Made Me Silent

Merciless and cruel,  
When you are infinite,  
And a fire you ignite,  
Why ends your fuel?

The beauty you snatch,  
Changes body and face,  
The heart has a grace,  
You dropped the catch!

My love is alive,  
The soul is the same,  
You lost the game,  
I still survive.

My heart still reiterates,  
Like a pet that is tame,  
The same old name,  
Should I show the gates?

Whispers in the ears,  
Where is the lust?  
And my outburst!  
Eyes wet with tears!

Akhtar Jawad

# Time Space And Man

You can feel me,  
You can't see me,  
I am a heat radiation,  
You are air,  
You have dust particles,  
These dust particles shine,  
And appear as a flame.

You can feel me,  
You can't see me,  
I am love,  
You are a heart of ego,  
This ego fools you,  
And foolishness appears as love,  
For a mirror that reflects you.

You can feel me,  
You can't see me,  
I am time,  
You are a tame,  
You see in a frame work,  
I am free of frames,  
No beginning no end.

You can feel me,  
You can't see me,  
I am unlimited space,  
You are a limited point,  
I am a twin of time,  
Expanding all round,  
And you are bound.

I am a man,  
Beloved of God,  
And if love is ego,  
You may see me in Him,  
I have a heart that loves,  
I have a brain,  
That thinks,

Yes I can think,  
And my thinking reaches,  
Beyond the time,  
Beyond the space,  
At the source where you can't,  
Whereat I am enlighten,  
And turned into flame,  
That has no dust.  
All the dust is left for you,  
During voyage of thoughts,  
Oh time! Oh Space,  
Oh invisible radiation,  
Oh nonsense emotions,  
You already own ego,  
I shall reach at the source,  
Dress less, dustless and bare footed,  
Like a newly born infant.  
Off course bleeding,  
From the wounds you give,  
Don't you know?  
I'm a man and I think.

Akhtar Jawad

# Timeless

We live in past,  
time is alive and present is missed by us.  
We die in future,  
time is dead and present is kissed by us.

Akhtar Jawad

# Titli

Tu titli hay to uncha ur,  
Phaila to zara rangeen yeh par aur mujhko muskane de,  
Keyun itna tu darti hay main hoon na yehan,  
Yeh sach hay tujhko pakroon gi.

Aa choom le mere galon ko aur ponch de mere asjkon ko,  
Phir dekh main kaise mitati hoon her khauf se tujhko bachati hoon,  
Aa raqs karein aur hum jhoonein,  
Deewana bana humjoli to ban.

Akhtar Jawad

# To A Friend Who Is Cross With Me

When I think My God is cross with me,  
I further bow my head and I cry.  
When I see my beloved is cross with me,  
I activate my dormant wings to fly.  
Hide me in the in the same green leaves,  
That were used by Adam and Eve, and  
I watch to learn how a cross fairy is dealt  
Slowly and silently I arrive in a fairy land.  
Leaving the garden when I am caught,  
Frightened I think I shall never be back,  
But when the fairy, also in green leaves,  
Smiling beauty, gifts me a fancy pack,  
&quot;It's a book in that it's written in gold,  
How to win again a friendship lost,  
Beloveds we win back in a twinkling of eyes,  
To win a friend back we bear heavy cost.&quot;

Akhtar Jawad

# To A Muslim Assalam To A Hindu Ram Ram

I want to die at the place of my birth,  
No soil is better than that soil on this earth,  
Colors of that soil have a rainbow in it,  
Any other soil for me is misfit,  
Smell of that soil inspires my soul,  
Everything of that soil suits me as a whole.  
But I know I can't go there,  
It's almost same I live now where,  
The culture of this soil is alike and same,  
Whom should I name and whom I blame,  
For the walls we built for the wars we fought,  
Were short sightedness and narrow minded thought,  
These are the questions to be answered in future,  
Nobody could divide our ancient culture,  
Music of Khusro and message of Nizam,  
To a Muslim Assalam to a Hindu Ram Ram.

Akhtar Jawad

# To A Puppet In The Dust Bin

The puppet is dancing on the stage,  
the crowd is enchanted by the colors  
how sexy are her costumes!  
While dancing,  
her art of exposing her appealing body,  
is the need of the slaves of the instincts.  
The song and music being played  
behind the scene is hypnotizing  
suddenly the thread is broken and the clever player  
replaces the puppet fell down on the floor.  
The gone puppet had great expectations,  
it thought the crowd loves it  
and will rush to the stage to re-join the threads.  
The rejected puppet in the dust bin is crying  
and remembering his lovely time  
when she ruled the hearts.  
Sweetheart!  
You ruled the hearts but you lacked a heart.  
For a heartless dancer there are only whistles of the moment.  
See the excited crowd whistling on the exposures  
of the new dancing puppet.  
Learn to live and love with a loving heart,  
the crowd will rush to the bin to bring you back on the stage,  
and the queen maker will become helpless before the crowd.

Akhtar Jawad

# To A Venus' Flytrap

This world is merely a Venus' Flytrap,  
In birth and death is a moment of gap,  
Life is the petals that act like bars,  
All living things are prisoners of wars,  
A battle field for the rival powers,  
The insect catchers, look like the flowers!  
But the flowers of life their beauty and charms,  
The attractive nectar has many hidden harms,  
Fragrance is deceptive but attractive as well,  
Colors are exciting and refractive as well.

The insect wants food to live and enjoy,  
Hunter is hunted and the Child breaks a toy,  
Oh My God! How shall You avenge?  
I don't understand Your award Your revenge!  
The Venus' Flytrap is destined to hunt,  
Is life a truth or a movie's stunt?  
Nobody knows, but the logic says,  
I have gone through the various ways,  
For a fly in trap another life is a must,  
The essence of beliefs I firmly trust,  
Life after death, a desire of life,  
I love this dream with admire of life,

And desire of life I've seen fulfilled,  
He will pay it, let the God be billed,  
Why to die in hate and to die in wars,  
Why don't fly in love to the charming bars,  
Let us taste the nectar of a charming flower,  
In the rains of emotions a pleasant shower,  
All for us, Rose or Jasmine or the Queen of Night,  
Warming up sunlight and the lovely moon light,  
Life is pleasant in love, may be love a trap,  
The ignorance in-between is a lovely gap.

Let us dwell in the gap and sing and dance,  
How lovely is romance! We have got a chance.  
Let the fate do, whatever is written,  
Let us taste the fruit, may be forbidden,

Very soon, the petals will capture,  
The beauty and charms are to rapture,  
With us, the ignorance will diminish and will die,  
Speak the truth, no refrain, don't tell a lie,  
Everything will be clear everything we shall know,  
The flowers are waiting, too close is the blow!  
Our life is nothing but a very short gap,  
With love to deception of a Venus' Flytrap!

Akhtar Jawad

# To Be Good

To be good don't pay any too high price,  
Just don't be bad I assure you are nice,  
My sweet, my cute, my dear Mickey Mice!

Akhtar Jawad

# To Sun With Love

I know, I know, yes I know  
Why did you spring beautiful flowers?  
My deaf and dumb silent teacher,  
The music down pouring in the showers  
And response of earth by a silky greenery  
I can read coded messages in the scenery.

You know, you know, yes you know,  
It's a lovely evening and a pleasant twilight,  
Lying on the wet carpet and waiting for,  
My moon, that rises in a moonless night,  
And your moon goes behind the sky.  
The beloveds are so beautiful and shy!

I know, I know, yes I know,  
What do you teach by springing flowers?  
I am not deaf and dumb, I listen to, I sing,  
What you convey through music of showers.  
You can never tell how you loved her above,  
Bu I shall write and sing my story of love.

You know, you know, yes you know,  
My story but you cannot comment,  
Here's a poet can write anything,  
In love how much we are ardent,  
Good Bye till dawn, see you again,  
If you aren't hidden in eclipse's curtain.

Akhtar Jawad

# Too Late

How deep you excavate,  
neither Adam was late,  
nor Eve was late.  
Love has no alternate.  
May be it was premature,  
but nature didn't took it much otherwise.  
What was done by Adam and Eve,  
was the fate ultimate.  
Why do you hate?  
I'll not let you die in hates,  
I have power of love  
that can close the gates,  
for the Angel of Death.  
I shall tell him,  
go back,  
don't you know,  
Love is God,  
and God is love,  
I am yet to love,  
I am yet to be loved,  
love is our fate.  
Man can not die in hates.  
May be today,  
may be tomorrow,  
may be day after tomorrow,  
but,  
man will have to recollect  
the lost love,  
it's not dead,  
it's still alive.  
Forget the past,  
Let us start a new affair.  
Sweethearts!  
You are too late!

Akhtar Jawad

# Touch My Words

So what if you cannot read my love letter,  
from your beautiful eyes.  
Sweetheart!  
You have beautiful long fingers,  
With nails like petals of rose!  
I know the magic of your fingers!  
So many I have watched,  
much more is ahead.  
I know the nerves of love  
of your sensitive fingers  
are the best splinters,  
and a messenger of love,  
always runs so fast  
and reaches to your heart  
yes, your fingers are always winners!  
The language of touch is the best language,  
Bless my words with the pinkish touches,  
First touch it from your fingers  
and then by your lips,  
your lovely smile says you have read the letter.  
I know where girls keep such a letter,  
Let it be kept there and go to your bed,  
Wish you sweet dreams throughout the night!

Akhtar Jawad

# Translation Of Jay Shankar Prasad's Beeti Bibhavari Jag Ri

The night starry,  
Is coming to an end,  
In the sea of sky,  
The queen of night,  
With the hands of dawn,  
Drowning pitcher of stars,  
The birds are twittering,  
The lotus is waving,  
Her wet night gown,  
The elegant creeper,  
The morning virgin,  
Has filled her vessel,  
The empty pitcher,  
With the wine so tasty,  
The crown of wines,  
And you lazy woman,  
Ignoring all this,  
And wine of the nature,  
Yet your eyelids,  
Meeting each other,  
Still sleeping,  
Your eyes filled with,  
A bird's eye view,  
Only!

Akhtar Jawad

# Treasure Island

Far very far in the deep blue oceans,  
Often over washed by tides of emotions,  
Where there are buds and colorful flowers,  
Always cloudy and wet with the showers,  
Dense trees cover and protect an island,  
My past is buried in a lovely dreamland,  
It has a mountain with a dormant volcano,  
In the forests I lost melodies of a piano.

The volcano is not dead and often bursts out,  
Precious rocks are spread with music in spout,  
My soul is free to visit the banned lands,  
It touches the crater with his thoughtful hands,  
It dives very deep and enjoys the fire,  
Comes out as a youth and model of admire,  
Its pockets are full with diamonds and gold,  
My beloved asks when I would grow old!

Akhtar Jawad

# Tremors, Earthquake And The Aftershocks

Innocent, ignorant and sentimental crowd thinks  
its opinion is the king maker,  
they don't know during the era of later Mughals,  
these were Syed Brothers who played the role of king makers.  
Was Arun Nehru, a cousin of Jawaharlal Nehru, really mighty?  
No, a king maker is never mighty,  
not even in the United States,  
where majority of people was with Hillary Clinton  
but Donald Trump managed to capture the White House.  
When people are weak certain persons in various institutions  
become mighty and start playing the role of a king maker.  
The tremors that started with the disqualification of a Prime Minister  
were tuned in an earthquake,  
he was sent to the Jails.  
People in the semi democratic countries are used to  
with such political shocks.  
Innocent People!  
Prepare yourself for the aftershocks,  
I think you are going to elect the same old group,  
but it doesn't mean the man with a hat  
will be crowned as your next Prime Minister,  
even if he takes oath of the seat,  
sooner or later a forward block will be made,  
and a man on an armored jeep may enter the Prime Minister House.  
An advice for the playboy  
your play may not flourish in the Prime Minister House,  
as an opposition leader enjoy your life with your gals.  
Another advice for the Cupid,  
your home is a nice place for hunting,  
don't waste your arrows in the forests of beautiful female deer.

Akhtar Jawad

# True Beauty Leads To True Love (Comments, One On A Poem Of Dr. Swain And The Other On A Poem Of Dr. Theodore)

Evening Prayer

I am close to the pink dawn in admiration,  
I acknowledge nature at noon that I got courage to earn my bread,  
I thank Her in the afternoon that I have taken my bread,  
I kiss nature at the dusk while travelling to home,  
I love the creator at night before I love my sweetheart.

Embedded in the Deepest Recess

When I surrender to love at the dawn,  
a crescent appears on the skies of my blue body,  
I work for my family and the crescent slips slowly  
from the skies to the wet soil of my heart,  
and when I expose my heart to my beloved,  
she says, its beautiful,  
wherefrom you brought this wonderful full moon,  
I reply it's a reward of my surrender to love.  
All lovely hearts lead to beauty,  
and true beauty leads to true love.

Akhtar Jawad

# Trump Card (Based On An Article Of Brijesh Upadhayay, A Bbc Journalist)

Trump Card of politics everywhere is hate!  
Wear masks of one who can frighten you,  
more than others, it's Halloween of elections,  
exploit the instinct of fear,  
attract the voters and get in the White House,  
fear of communism,  
fear of Islam,  
fear of immigrants,  
fear of chemical weapons,  
fear of nuclear abilities,  
if it is possessed by anyone else,  
other than you and your love child,  
and many more,  
exploit all their fears,  
Americans love to live in fears!  
Best of luck for the fearful nation,  
but if immigrants are not there,  
from where you will get the cheap labor,  
to manufacture your arms and other goods,  
at a competitive cost and price,  
and if Muslims are finished,  
how you will live without an enemy,  
I know, you, too, know,  
you cannot live without an enemy,  
so remain happy in Halloween of fearful masks!

Akhtar Jawad

# Trust

In me your trust has installed,  
A moral pressure uncalled,  
If remain a man,  
I shall do, I can,  
See me when it's uninstalled.

Akhtar Jawad

# Truth

Speech is silver but silence is gold,  
But I prefer to speak as I am bold,  
I am fed-up of lies, can't speak any more,  
Where is the truth that I may adore?  
I want to speak the truth, I couldn't find,  
I want to see the truth, I am not a blind?  
The world is a market where truth is sold,  
Everyone is claiming his truth is gold,  
It's me, who knows they are selling lies,  
Truth does not exist like the skies,  
It's the reach of my weak eye sight,  
It's black if I absorb all the light,  
If I reflect all it's white so bright,  
So it's me that is truth or a lie,  
I can see myself if I can dye,  
To dye myself I need to love,  
Kick all the lies be freed to love,  
Yes, love is the only truth I see,  
Burn all the markets, love is free.  
See even in love my ego is streaking,  
But the lie is a pleasure go on speaking.,

Akhtar Jawad

# Truth Is Truth

Truth! I shall speak you if I am in habit of listening to you,  
Truth! If the society in that I am living cannot listen to you, I shall remain silent.  
Truth! I know you are bitter but I shall taste you,  
Truth! You are a poisonous wine but I shall drink you.  
Truth! If you are my dream bring a Joseph to interoperate it,  
Truth! If you are Joseph's beloved I shall love dreaming you.  
Truth! If you are love I am ready to die being insane for you,  
Truth! I promise I shall not held you responsible for my death.  
Truth! If you are a reality why you appear as a superstition?  
Truth! Though I am your image but I shall not hide myself behind the screens of lies.

Akhtar Jawad

# Tum Aate To

Kutch tum sunte kutch main sunta per aate to,  
Keyun mujhse khafa ho baithe ho samjhate to.

In bheegi bheegi aankhon per,  
In sookhe sookhe honton per  
Tum madhu madira barsate to,  
Ek pal ke liye tum aate to.

Tum dekhte main phir keya karta,  
Tum keya jano main keya kahta,  
Main sari rat tumhein sunta tum gate to,  
Ek shab ke liye tum aate to.

Choti si yeh rat sahi main isko lambi bana deta,  
In nainon se kajal lekar main is sooraj ko dhundla deta,  
Zulфон se girhein le le kar tum chand ko bandi banate to,  
Main tare tor ke le aata tum apni mang sajate to.

Har geet mein mere tum ho base tum gate to,  
Jane keyun uljhi zulfein, tum aa ke inhein suljhate to.  
Yeh waqt wohin per rook jata tum pas mere ruk jate to,  
Tum dekhte meri aankhon ko ek bar zara mur jate to.

Hum dono ana ke sagar mein ayse doobey ke nikal na sake,  
Sulag sulag kar jalte rahe phir bhi hum dono pighal na sake.

Akhtar Jawad

# Tum Bhi Muhabbat Kar Ke Dekho

Tumbhi muhabbat kar ke dekho aaina acha lagne lage ga,  
Jeena to phir jeena hi hay marna acha lagne lage ga.  
Mur kar dekho kaun hay peeche, shayed koi apna hi ho,  
Apna agar mil jaye koi to murna acha lagne lage ga.  
Kiski nigah tumper hay jami, keyun tumko woh takta hay sada,  
Aankhon mein uski jhank ke dekho takna acha lagne lage ga.  
Shayed kahna chahta hay kutch, sun to lo keya kahta hay,  
Mujhko yaqueen hay sun kar uski sunna acha lagne lage ga.  
Khamosh raho aur kah na sako kutch, han aksar aisa hota hay,  
Lekin bolti aankhon se kutch kahna acha lagne lage ga.  
Tanhai se khelne wale tanha Khuda bhi rah nahin paya,  
Dost ka sang ho phir to tanha rahna acha lagne lage ga.  
Yun na akele chal pao ge rahein kathin hayn lamba safar hay,  
Hath mein lelo hath kisi ka chalna acha lagne lage ga.

Akhtar Jawad

## Tum Ek Bar Pukaro To

Tum jo chaho wuh nam mujhe do,  
Lekin ek bar pukaro to,  
Yeh aankhein bhi kutch kehati hayn,  
Ek bar inhein bhi niharo to,  
Main bikhra doon ga dobarah inhein,  
Tum apni zulfein sanwaro to,  
Jis geet mein koi aur nahin,  
Tum apne dil mein utaro to.  
Main tumko pukara karta hoon,  
Tum ek bar pukaro to.  
Tum dekhna kaise aata hoon,  
Main sath mei keya keya lata hoon.

Yeh dharti sari meri hay,  
Yeh neelgagan bhi mera hay,  
Yeh jo chandni ratein hayn,  
Aur yeh jo mehekkta savera hay,  
Yeh jo bikharti khushboo hay,  
Aur rangon ka jo basera hay,  
Wuh phool bhi sare mere hayn,  
Yeh bagh bhi sara mera hay.  
Yeh jo barasta savan hay,  
Yeh jo sulagta andhera hay.  
Main in sabko le aaon ga,  
Yeh wada raha cha jaoon ga.

Tum rahein meri niharo to,  
Bas ek bar pukaro to.  
Main badal ban kar aaon ga,  
Main kajal bhi ban jaoon ga,  
Main phoolon ka roop bana loon ga,  
Main taron ki sej saja doon ga,  
Main dhoop bhi lekar aaon ga,  
Main khushboo tumhein banaoon ga,  
Main pankh bhi lekar aaon ga,  
Aur door tumhein le jaoon ga,  
Tum urna chand ki sangat mein,  
Tum khona uski rangat mein.

Lekin tum mujhko pukaro to,  
Yeh uljhi zulfein sanwaro to.

Akhtar Jawad

# Tumbhi Darte Ho Ke Urian Nazar Aaoge Mujhe

Kitne baqi hayn jo dushnam lagao ge mujhe,  
Chor dein ge mujhe aansoo jo rulao ge mujhe.  
Tumne khawabon mein bhi ek dard hi dena hay mujhe,  
Tum to sote mein bhi aa ke satao ge mujhe.  
Main to so jaoon ga wuh neend ke toote na kabhi,  
Tum hi ro ro ke magar phir bhi jagao ge mujhe.  
Kabhi aa jao to parde se nikal kar bahar,  
Ek jhalak apni kisi din na dikhao ge mujhe.  
Main to maykhar na tha tumne yeh keya kar dala,  
Apne hathon se magar tum na pilao ge mujhe.  
Yeh to socho ke khilauna hay agar toot गया,  
Kisqadar qadmon mein yun apne jhukao ge mujhe.  
Keyun yeh kahte ho ke sijdon mein na band hon aankhein,  
Tumbhi darte ho ke urian nazar aao ge mujhe.

Akhtar Jawad

# Tune Of Love

The shining sky is mine,  
The fragrant earth is mine,  
The earth is mine and the world is mine,  
If one is alive, it's a paradise.  
The aroma of soil when it rains,  
Perfumes the earth with a wine,  
That awakens a magic,  
And earth becomes a bride,  
In a green dress having pink prints,  
The bud being blossomed in a flower,  
With the sexy movements,  
Of a bride of preceding night,  
Taking a shower with shyness!  
Somewhere at the far,  
Someone is playing on a flute,  
That is heard by the bride,  
Still taking a dreamy shower,  
The tune is old but vibrating,  
The body of the nascent bride,  
She is alive and the tune is new for her,  
This is tune of love and is the beauty of the earth,  
It makes the sky blue,  
Without it there is nothing in life,  
It's the source of pleasure and peace.

Akhtar Jawad

## 'Tutti Fratelli' (All Are Brothers)

I am not yet the man  
who was dreamed by my creator.  
Often I am too bad,  
but sometimes,  
my conscience is awoken,  
and I start looking at the foot prints  
of the great men and women  
who served humanity.  
Imprisoned on the top floor of an enchanted castle,  
built on the volcanic hills of hatred  
close to the beach of a shore of love,  
in the hot days of sunlight  
and in the cool nights of moonlight  
who can stop me watching  
the shining foot prints of  
the great humanists,  
withstanding in the roughness of sea  
blossoming like flowers in the days  
shining and reflecting light like the mirrors,  
kissing my eyelids to dance with the spot lights,  
touching my heart to sing the song of brother hood,  
enlightening the sleeping man inside me,  
still exist on the sand of life.  
I dream one day under a blue moon,  
before the volcano erupts  
the prints could make me so much ecstatic  
that I shall jump down on the sand  
and before I am vanished in the ocean,  
I shall kiss these foot prints  
and with me I shall carry the baggage of this touch  
on my thirsty dry lips  
during my last and final voyage.  
I am not sure if I can do it  
but isn't it enough for a prisoner  
that he dreams to do it.

Akhtar Jawad

# Twelfth Man

Neither he can bowl nor can bat,  
My dear Mickey Mouse, a lovely rat,  
Naught inside, cigar in lips,  
Iron tail behind the hips,  
Now twelfth man, looking for a hat.

(Pen picture of a Pakistani politician)

Akhtar Jawad

# Twenty Nine Pennies

A king of Great Britain, once asked a few questions,  
I don't know what were his intentions?  
I remember only two.  
How many stars are there in the sky and what's my price,  
And lo, all the learned fingers were searching the lice,  
Your Majesty! There are hundred trillion stars,  
You are a bishop but how can I believe,  
And what do say about my price,  
It's Twenty Nine pennies if you can believe,  
If you don't believe the number of stars,  
Get it checked and counted by someone,  
And you must know He was sold in thirty pennies,  
You are just one step down to Him.  
The Bishop didn't tell a lie,  
He was a preacher and he performed his duty,  
Nature of answers depend on the nature of questions.

Akhtar Jawad

# Twinkling Teens

Why so haste you tangent thirteen,  
Tangerine is bitter and still it's green,  
Well you are now a fancy fourteen,  
Sweetness increased but why so keen,  
Welcome to the age of fantastic fifteen,  
Now you have seen many things unseen,  
Oh! It's you the sweet sixteen,  
Still I advise to avoid this preen,  
See now grown to a sexy seventeen,  
Can't you wait for elegant eighteen?  
Welcome boyfriend say goodbye to the teen,  
Best of luck you nice nineteen!

Akhtar Jawad

## Two Flowers And The Bird

Alas! it's me who fell down in love!  
But one who got a crown in love,  
Almost alike both are pretty flowers,  
Smiled, Oh Bird! In your handsome bowers,  
I was shy I could not sing in love,  
And you wanted a sting in love!  
Pleasure of stings that doesn't sustain,  
When stings are over it turns in pain,  
How could I give a sting to you!  
I could only give a spring to you,  
She in the bouquet and I am down,  
Could you see me in a jet white gown!  
Lying on the bed and before I depart,  
Take back the spring of my broken heart!

Akhtar Jawad

# Two Lovers In The Rains

Two lovers in the rains,  
counting old stains!

The pressure of taboos  
obstacles of customs  
still danced on  
their hearts' fulcrums  
forgetting the strains.  
Two lovers in the rains,  
Counting old stains!

Were they blind,  
or in love insane,  
for a kiss so mad!  
A teenage inane!  
It removed their pains.  
Two lovers in the rains,  
Counting old stains!

And the old couple,  
with a naughty smile  
once again recollected  
the age so mobile  
in mountains and plains.  
Two lovers in the rains,  
Counting old stains!

Akhtar Jawad

# Two Moons

When I see you moon,  
A blessing and a boon,  
Reflecting light of the sun,  
With your showering gun!

Being filtered and transformed,  
What a job you performed!  
I wonder on filtrates,  
I salute to your dates,

When you are in your teens,  
Your writ like the deans!  
How neat and clean!  
Like a girl of sixteen.

You made me lit,  
How pleasant is it!  
How romantic is now night!  
It's magic of moon light!

Where devils have gone?  
Where evils have gone?  
Oh! Moon your sacrifice,  
How kind and nice!

How you manage this magic?  
Making heart so static,  
And the thoughts that in,  
Are free from the sin!

In her eyes my face,  
With glace and grace,  
Its image was so nice,  
I saw twice or thrice.

Then I asked sweet heart,  
I wonder on your art,  
It has made me what,  
That at all I am not.

How it happened so quick!  
In the twinkling of your eyes,  
From a ditch I arose,  
And touched the skies!

She smiled and replied  
It's love that makes,  
It removes the dirt,  
And flaws and fakes.

I keep all of that,  
And reflect your charms,  
Because I love,  
To remain into arms!

Oh! Moon, I now know,  
You are in love,  
Would have kissed you dear,  
Could fly like a dove!

Akhtar Jawad

# Ubharta Sooraj (Being Inspired By Nosheen Irfan's Poem Sunrise)

Sunahre sooraj ki sona jaisi sunahri kirnein,  
utar rahee hayn zameen pe meri,  
havaein rasta bana rahi hayn,  
fizayen rasta dikha rahi hayn,  
wuh udte badal ki palki se  
chupa ke zulfein,  
jhukae aankhein,  
chupae chehra,  
magar zara si  
jhalak bhi apni  
dikha rahi hay.  
Nai nai hay saji sajai,  
Zara si simti zara lajai,  
magar hayn aankhon mein uske sapne,  
zara zara muskura rahi hay.  
Khizaon mein bikhre zard patte,  
qadam qadam per hayn uske bikhre,  
wuh uske pairon ko choomte hayn,  
nveed-e-subh wuh suna rahi hay,  
darakht shahnaian bajate,  
parinde bhi uskaa geet gate,  
dulhan ne aakar ye keya kiya hay,  
andhere man jagmaga rahe hayn  
bane hayn soorajmukhi sabhi per,  
wuh mere pas aaj aa rahi hay.  
Whu dheere dheere rawan hay lekin,  
bada haseen peyar ka safar hay,  
jo uski manzil, wuh sabki manzil,  
jo uska rasta, wuh sabka rasta,  
Na jane hayn kitene roop uske,  
kahin hay kasrat  
kahin hat wahdat,  
wuh apni raanaion ki daulat,  
farakh dil hay luta rahi hay.  
Zara sa mujhko bhi rasta do,  
bada andhera hay dil mein mere,  
sakhi aroosa se bheekh lekar,

diya jalakar main dil mein apne,  
bas ek lamhe mein aa raha hoon.

Akhtar Jawad

# Udasi

Aaj ki rat keyun udas hay chand,  
Chandni khoi khoi lagti hay,  
Yeh sitare hayn kismadar khamosh,  
Patte patte pe ek sukoot sa hay,  
In hawaon pe ek jumood sa hay,  
Ro rahi hay na jane keyun shabnam,  
Phool bele ke pheeke pheeke hayn,  
Kalian juhi ki beqarar si hayn,  
Rat rani pe wuh bahar nahin,  
Aur mujhko bhi to qarar nahin,  
Kaise kah doon ke intezaar nahin,  
Rat dhalne ko hay na aaye tum,  
Ek tum jo nahin to sab hayn udas.

Akhtar Jawad

# Umbrella Of My Mother

I know this old and torn umbrella  
Can save one neither  
From lightning  
Nor thunder.

Still when it rains in June  
I pick it up from the safest place  
No dust I find on it  
I kiss its glace and feel its grace.

I come out with this black sky  
Under a blue and violent sky  
Hiding its face behind the clouds  
I don't know what for the sky is shy!

Perhaps it feels guilty  
For lifting my mother from the earth  
After a long and painful ailing  
And avenges her umbrella by increasing its worth!

Fearless I come to the lonely beach  
I do not hear the thunders frightening  
The wind deflects stormy showers  
Course is changed of the lightning.

And I come to the beach where she came  
During rains before she fell on an ailing bed  
Nothing happens to me but my hot white tears  
Become too cold and turn red!

Akhtar Jawad

# Umme Abiha (Mother Of The Father)

Kiss my forehead when I am sleeping  
Wipe my tears when I am weeping  
Forget for a moment that I am old  
Treat as a child crawling and creeping.

With my childhood and my youth  
Lost all my valuables one after other  
But the loss of love I couldn't forget  
Was the loss of my lovely mother!

Grown old I'm a child once more  
I need a motherly treatment again  
Seventy plus man is a helpless infant  
Wants a mother when he is in pain!

Vacuums have a tendency not to stay long  
So vacuum created by a mother expired  
Is filled in by cold air only, a sigh is it!  
But a touch! On the shoulders too tired!

Who is this? A lady, my best friend,  
My sweet daughter, model of affection  
Yes, she looks like my mother I have lost  
She is a reflection without any refraction.

She is the only one who can fill in the vacuum  
She is a great daughter but not the greatest  
Greatest was Umme Abiha binte Muhammad  
Fatima her name, as a daughter was the best.

With motherly affection for the Holy Prophet  
Unparalleled were her services and moralities  
She wiped his blood and bandaged his wounds.  
She stood by him when he faced hostilities.

Holy Prophet called her Umme Abiha  
A daughter is a mother of her father  
Who else can look after an old child?  
Only a daughter, yes, only a daughter!

Akhtar Jawad

## Umrah (A Pilgrimage Next To Hajj)

Tawaf karte hue mujhko mera yar dikha,  
Mujhe to jobhi dikha uska qarzdar dikha.  
Main samjha tha nahin dunya mein mujhsa aasi koi,  
Magar wuhan to har ek shakhs ashkbar dikha,  
Sai mein dekha to humsai o humsafar tha wuhi,  
Wuh ek bar nahin mujhko bar bar dikha,  
Main samjha tha nahin dunya mein ab bache aashiq,  
Magar wuhan to har ek qalb zar zar dikha,  
Jo qasr keliye aaya to sharm aai mujhe,  
Magar wuhan to harek chehra sharmsar dikha,  
Jo kooley ishq main aaya to wuh wuhan bhi tha,  
Yeh raz jan liya jab wuh razdar dikha,  
Main usko chor ke aate huey bahut roya,  
Jo ghar mein pahuncha to wuh mahve intizar dikha,  
Wuh ghar mein ab mere rahta hay aur bahut khush hay,  
Tawaf o sai ka sila itna shandar dikha!  
Wuh parahan ke jo rangeen tha khoone insan se,  
Wuhan geya to wuhi mujhko tar tar dikha,  
Kafan pahen ke geya aur usko le aaya,  
Isi kafan mein khuda mujhko aar par dikha.

Akhtar Jawad

# Unemployment

Engaged to you when I was only thirteen,  
A complete woman now being nineteen,  
In the last six years saw many changes in me,  
You came every year but you could not see,  
The buds that blossomed in colorful flowers,  
The fruits ripen in spring's six showers,  
Could you read my two glowing eyes!  
Could you drink wine of the thirsty thighs!  
Could you note vibrating soft pink lips!  
Could you watch dancing roundness of the hips!  
Could you come some close to my inviting neck's charms!  
Could you know how much I need your arms!  
Could you understand the message of a tide!  
My dreams to shy as a beautiful bride!

In customs, taboos and traditions en caged,  
Why a chit of a girl in the east is engaged?  
Where unemployment forces one to leave,  
An ignited, excited and restless eve,  
To burn and melt in the lonely nights,  
Alas! Her tears in the milky moonlights!

Akhtar Jawad

# United States And North Korea Confrontation

Is the whole world is going to be crucified?  
The injured mother earth this time!  
Carrying the cross of deadly weapons,  
bleeding,  
still not crying!  
Her tears have been consumed in blood formation,  
as she wants to live,  
not for herself,  
but for her sons.  
Her own sons this time!  
Slowly and silently  
she is carrying the cross of nuclear weapons and the missiles  
hoping and praying for a Good Friday.  
The green earth this time!

Akhtar Jawad

# University Days

I know like a thief you think of me,  
In the diary of dreams you ink of me,  
You don't look into my eyes and you don't smile,  
You avoid the tracks of a teen juvenile,  
I have seen your casual looks at me you look more charming  
Go on looking in the same manner, it's more warming,  
The moon too shines on skies at a distant place,  
I am a partridge deprived of embrace,  
Even then it flies at night and when tired sleeps lonely,  
But in his dreams he cries and weeps lonely,  
You are a moon to shine I shall sleep somewhere,  
Nights come and go I shall weep somewhere.

Dreams of years ago why do I recollect,  
At this stage of life are you restless of a theft,  
I wish I could see how you look nowadays?  
As a Grandmother your styles and ways!  
Love to see the same casual eyes, but with a smile,  
What else is remained for this old juvenile!  
It wasn't love but charming even if a naught,  
When I think of it I miss something I don't know what,  
How lovely were the moments how nice were the days!  
Have you still innocence and naught of the plays?

Akhtar Jawad

## University Days (Urdu)

Mujhe khabar hay chupke cheupke tum mujhko sochti rahti ho,  
Tum apne kunware sapnon mein bas mujhko dhoondhti rahti ho,  
Tum mujhse aankhen milati nahin mujhe dekh ke tum muskati nahin,  
Jin rahon per hota hoon khada un rahon per tum aati nahin,  
Wuh kanakhian maine dekhi hayn tum unhi achi lagti raho,  
Tum aise hi mujhe dekha karo tum mujhko unhi dikhti raho,  
Wuh chand gagan pe chamakta hay wuh bhi to mere pas nahin,  
Main to ek chakor hoon bus jise milne ki koi aas nahin,  
Wuh phirbhee raton mein udta hay thak jata hay so jata hay,  
Keya keya sapne dekhta hay keya jane kahan kho jata hay,  
Tum chand ho yunhi chamakti raho main bhi kahin so jaoon ga,  
Yeh raten to aani jani hayn main sapnon mein kho jaoon ga.

Barson pehle key eh sapne phir yad mujhe keyun aane lage,  
Keya umr ki is manzil pe tumhein wuh beete din tadpane lage,  
Jee chahta hay phir dekhoon tumhein na jane kahan ho kaisi ho,  
Tum nani dadi banker bhi keya ab bhi bilkul waisi ho,  
Sapnon mein bhi kanakhion se tum dekh ke mujhko hans dena,  
Ab aur bhala keya mumkin hay ab keya dena aur keya lena,  
Yeh peyar na tha per jo bhi tha ab tak acha lagta hay,  
Jab sochta hun un lamhon ko dil soona soona lagta hay,  
Wuh din bhi kitne peyare they aur tumbhi kitni peyari theen,  
Wuh ghadiyan ek sharart ki jo humne sath guzari theen!

Akhtar Jawad

# Uno (Card Game)

The naughty boys  
were just two infants  
when they played this game first time.  
Now they have grown in two giant monsters!  
What a game!  
The referee has only one card  
but it's a card in his hip pocket.  
The saline infusion sonography of the referee reveals  
his mother had an infected womb  
and the two uterus brothers  
The Little Boy and The Fat Boy  
will not honestly share a glass of water,  
will throw their cards on each other's faces.  
They will smash the deck and fight  
and will kill the referee before end of the game!  
The question arises, what next?  
The womb is still infected!

## Acknowledgements

With thanks to

The bomb dropped on Hiroshima from the Enola Gay was known as "Little Boy";. The bomb dropped on Nagasaki three days later was significantly larger and was known as "Fat Boy";. The Nagasaki bomb was a plutonium implosion device as exploded in New Mexico at the Trinity site in July 1945.

With thanks to

Ultrasound.... Contrast hysterosonography (often called a saline infusion sonography) , which is a special vaginal ultrasound where fluid is placed through the cervix into the uterine cavity to help outline and locate the fibroids, especially those that are 2,2017

With thanks to

The forerunner of the United Nations was the League of Nations, an organization conceived in similar circumstances during the first World War, and established in 1919 under the Treaty of Versailles "to promote international cooperation

and to achieve peace and security.&quot;

With thanks to Wikipedia

Uno (stylized as UNO) is an American shedding-type card game that is played with a specially printed deck.

Akhtar Jawad

# Urdu Translation Of Eesha Syed's Poem - Eye Love You

Jheel si gehri meri pak nigahen dekho,  
Sard mehri tumhen inmen na nazar aae gi.  
Ghussa aata hay magar surkh nahin hoti hoon,  
Bekhatar hay yeh nigah kutch bhi na kar pae gi.

Arghawani meri aankhon men muhabbat dekho,  
Fakhta amn ki inmen tumhen dikh jae gi.  
Meri aankhon se bikharte huye dane hain tere,  
Jab bhi aae gi yeh dane tu unhin pae gi.

(Eesha is a great promising poetess. Being junior to her in the field of English poetry I can't write her critical appreciation. Her thinking is high, writes poetry from a peace loving heart and believes in coexistence. All these facts have groomed her personality and her personality is reflected in her poems. Obviously it adds an element of beauty in her poems. I wish success and a lovely peaceful life to this sweet little child.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Urdu Translation Of Yogiraj Biplab's Just A Sincere Friend

Ek sache dost ko main dhondhta hoon,  
Jisse apne dil ki baten sab kahoon,  
Woh ke jispar main bhaosa kar sakoon,  
Dost aisa, dil se acha main kahoon,  
Sathi ho jo zindagi ka ek aisa dost ho,  
Main jise chahoon hamesha ek aisa dost ho.

Akhtar Jawad

## Used To A Cage

Hidden in the heart of a sweet beloved,  
the bird is confined in a lovely cage,  
he gave up the habit of flying,  
he knew the skies are merely mirage,  
he'll not go, you may open the gates,  
passing his life like a saint and sage,  
don't disturb he's happy there,  
his nibs are sharp, you may face his rage!

Akhtar Jawad

# Vagabond Thoughts

I see many charms in my mortal life,  
Life that angels dream and desire!  
Desire that forced them to burn their wings,  
Wings that lead to a world of desire,  
Desire that inspires a man to love,  
Love that created the beauty of an Eve,  
Eve who brought the Adam on earth,  
Earth that changes her dress day and night,  
Night that brings the beauty of the moon,  
Moon where man's footprints are immortal,  
Immortal things lack beauty and charms,  
Charms of the moon are a virtual beauty,  
Beauty that is real is the beauty of life,  
Life that is prey of a certain death,  
Death that inspires to fulfill the desires,  
Desires that blossom in flowers of the dreams,  
Dreams that are filled with many fantasies,  
Fantasies of man become fact in future,  
Future of man is a lovely paradise,  
Paradise that he left for the lovely earth!  
Earth I wish you could become a paradise!

Akhtar Jawad

# Valentine Day

You say don't celebrate a Valentine Day,  
Do you love my friend a Serpentine Day?  
A day on that the schools are attacked,  
Innocent children and teachers are sacked,  
A day when places of worship are fired,  
Rolling and tossing of flush admired,  
We see on the roads only hot red flood,  
Various human parts showered in blood,  
When only earning member of a poor family,  
With intestines came out of his burst belly,  
Go and celebrate an intestine day,  
Let me celebrate the Valentine Day,  
Come on sweetheart let me kiss you once again,  
No, don't show an uncalled refrain.  
Come on sweet heart my lovely valentine,  
Let me drink from your eyes a peg of wine.

You may enjoy the tears of the women,  
Helpless kids and fatherless children,  
If your thinking is affected and it's infectious  
You behave like a frog of a well, ridiculous,  
Go and celebrate a quarantine day,  
Let me celebrate the Valentine Day,  
Come on my children let us sing and dance,  
It's you, my joys you may cutely enhance.  
Come on my children let me kiss the foreheads,  
Let us lit a candle in the darkness of dreads!

You fight for the crescent it appeared or not,  
You're a number ignored on the nature's slot,  
Try to read what's written on the wall,  
Don't see your name in the write at all,  
Don't imprison Islam in the funny cages,  
It's an elastic ethics for all ages.  
Keeping basic principles should move forward,  
If you love to put the clock backward,  
Go and celebrate a serpentine day,  
Let me celebrate the Valentine Day,  
Come on my friends and let me embrace,

We need direly to exchange the grace.  
Come on my friends we need peace of love,  
Flying kiss to the bird, wherever is the dove.

Akhtar Jawad

# Valsa George

In Portuguese Valsa means Waltz?  
No, she is not a dancer,  
behind the screens she is a director.  
She directs the virgins of words  
and we see colorful rows of a rainbow,  
rearranging themselves at the stage of poetry.  
With joy my lips become a metallic bell  
music from my side,  
to applaud the charms when her poem starts dancing.  
I think,  
once upon a time she might have been a dancer herself?

Akhtar Jawad

# Valueless Coins

Some expired but some still in circulation  
Children play with it, love their accumulation  
Grandparents are old coins  
When a lovely grandchild joins  
Listen to the laughter on the revaluation.

Akhtar Jawad

# Venus

Early morning, evening and night,  
I see a star twinkling bright,  
I love sweetheart your pleasing light,  
Unlike moon, don't change your sight,  
And it's you not changing your phases,  
Why the sun so cruelly erases,  
From blue paper your lovely face,  
Polygonal charms and your grace,  
Where do you sleep during the day,  
Like a teen aged doll made of clay,  
Are you in love, what do you dream,  
Feel you running in my vein's stream,  
A distant beauty beyond my reach,  
The old admirer what do you teach.

She looked at me with a tangent smile,  
The cold old guy in a moment juvenile!  
I stretched my arms towards the sky,  
It's love in that one dreams to fly,  
The bright star performed her duty,  
Filled my heart with love and beauty!

Akhtar Jawad

# Venus Angelic

Looking for an angelic beauty,  
and in search of beauty,  
when I lost my hope,  
I started believing,  
no beautiful person was born  
on February the eighth,  
well, others are not ugly like me,  
some are very beautiful,  
but my aesthetic eyes  
were looking for an Angelic Venus!  
And when I got it  
I started believing  
all dates are lovely and nice.  
God may be reflected anywhere anytime,  
My pleasure my birthday  
is shared by Venus Palermo,  
one who modeled  
for breathing and living lovely dolls,  
It's not traditional to say  
happy birthday to one's own self,  
but when I say happy birthday  
to a heavenly beauty,  
I feel as if God is telling,  
'Thanks and same to you.'  
O amazing breathing doll!  
could I include you  
in the wonders of the world!  
Could I have managed  
to get you born in my house!  
And here is my will,  
when I am dying  
show me the picture of this Venus,  
I am sure  
I shall die with a firm belief in God,  
and with a pleasant smile on my lips.

Akhtar Jawad

# Vish Kanya

I am a poisonous woman.  
I was sent to kill you sweetheart,  
It's an irony of fate I fell in love with you,  
Since my birth I was given a spoon of honey,  
That was blended with a diluted poison,  
With the growing, concentration was increased,  
And when puberty made me an exciting beauty,  
Nothing was left in me,  
Poison only poison!

I am a poisonous woman,  
I was sent to kill you sweetheart,  
I cannot kiss you even,  
Even my breaths are poisonous,  
I am an exploited woman,  
Love is a forbidden fruit for me,  
Adam and Eve were sent on earth,  
I shall not be sent anywhere,  
I shall be burnt alive with you.

I am a poisonous woman,  
I was sent to kill you sweetheart,  
I could not kill you, how could I!  
If you really love me, please do a favor,  
Tonight when I sleep with my lips on your feet,  
Insert your dagger in my restless bosoms,  
Burn my dead body and collect my ashes,  
Disperse my ashes in the holy Ganges,  
I am hopeful of a life that'll be free of poison!

(In Gupta period of Indian History, beautiful girls were prepared by giving poison to the girls and quantum of poison was gradually increased. Ultimately these girls were grown up in a poisonous woman called &quot;Vish Kanya&quot;.)

Akhtar Jawad

## Vish Khopra ???????? A Monitor Lizard)

When a monitor lizard bit the tree  
A branch was broken and turned free  
Free of poison of reptiles  
Free for laughter and smiles  
It firmly stands and it is carefree.

The lizard is alive and active there  
And poisonous hot winds we feel here  
Its love to encounter hate  
May it change the fate!  
Besides the lizard, see a bird somewhere.

Listen to the song of the dove  
Ignore lizard for the sake of love  
Her wings are so colorful  
And she is truly beautiful  
Million kisses through clouds flying up above!

Akhtar Jawad

# Waiting

For a heart in love the life is a boon,  
A glimpse of beloved is a glimpse of the moon,  
Waiting for hours in emotional tide,  
The lover when thinks to commit suicide,  
And the beloved not yet at the meeting sight,  
The evening grown up in a lonely night,  
The stars whisper he's insane in love,  
But his firmness not at all is wane in love,  
His heart is sure she will come at last,  
Fleeting of mind a complete contrast,  
She will come, she will not, the petal now last,  
To end at the latter, a deadly blast,  
Quickly he said she will not she will come,  
Cheating in love so sweet and awesome,  
I'm sorry my love I am really so late,  
He heard her voice at the garden's gate.

Akhtar Jawad

# Waiting For Tears

My pain is yet to be melted,  
At the moment it's confined,  
In a heart that is still hopeful.

My hope is still alive,  
At the moment eclipse is not full,  
I can still see my face.

My face although a full moon,  
At the moment appears a crescent,  
No light, having no charms!

My charms that I saved from the devil of age,  
At the moment are overshadowed,  
I shall wait for the time.

My time changes like changing of weathers,  
At the moment I'm burnt in a heat stroke,  
But I see the clouds that are followed by rains.

My rains will come with the melting of pain,  
At the moment my pain could not shake my heart,  
Give more pain to this ignorant obstinate.

My obstinate eyes that dream of peace,  
At the moment can see the bloody proxy wars,  
I want to wash my blood with tears.

Akhtar Jawad

# Waiting For The Rains

Heavy clouds have darkened the sky,  
Rain sweetheart, otherwise may fly,  
But I don't see anything dynamic,  
Air is humid and the winds static,  
Moon is sleeping and stars are hidden,  
Engaged in a love, perhaps forbidden?  
Do dears what you're doing behind  
On this side of curtains I don't mind,  
Lightning rage, the frightening thunder,  
Pleasure of showers, a kiss there under,  
Frightened beloved when hides her face,  
Beautifies my heart by a rainbow lace,  
In my white heart when colors are stored,  
Other than love each ethics is ignored,  
Hide and seek, with my own shadow,  
After rains a dim dawn and a rainbow  
Sweats on body, and a soul suffocated,  
In music and song the story narrated,  
Pleasant and soothing refreshing rains,  
Could fall on me and wash the stains!  
Let me be recreated by a love story,  
Decorated by pearls a prismatic glory,  
Let the sun peep out with million prisms,  
Let the colors spread and kill the isms,  
Mild droplets for me if not the showers,  
Diamonds for leaves and pearls for flowers!

Akhtar Jawad

# Walking By Windows

The vagabond was once again on the window,  
Begging love and asking to open the gate,  
And the fairy inside the house reluctant,  
Said helpless she was being slave of the fate,

First you peep in the four windows,  
Starting from a slum to a palace very nice,  
Go and see what happens on the earth,  
Come back if the fire does not turn into ice,

It's an enchanted house, its keys you will get,  
If you can keep intact your fire inside,  
But if you are turned in a cold frozen flush,  
Just watch me from the window outside.

The peeper was amused so easy it looked,  
He went to a slum by the dirty drainage,  
Vomiting started but he was constrained,  
The needy of love moved on garbage.

He peeped inside a hut of the slum,  
A child was crying and asking her mother,  
Food, food, I am hungry, I am dying,  
You're careless and you don't bother,

With tearful eyes the widow replied,  
Go to the corner cigarette shop,  
You will find standing many gentlemen,  
Ask them, do you need some exciting pop?

Bring someone get some advance,  
Go to a hotel have awesome food,  
Come back after call for the predawn prayers,  
For your mother too please bring some food.

A cold wave started blowing within me,  
In the heat strokes of the early hot June,  
Someone from the far, who was he?  
Playing on the violin a very sad tune,

Child came out from the hut of pains,  
I stopped the child and gave some money,  
Go and bring some food for the two,  
I can only provide a few drops of honey,

What next I don't know I am not the God,  
Why it happens why it is so how long will it go,  
I have come on a mission now should leave,  
To the next window please let me go.

It's a colony of a poor ailing lower class,  
All the windows are open at this place,  
A man is beating his beautiful wife,  
An unseen pain on the husband's face,

He is an addict and in trouble at this time,  
He is asking for money and beating his wife,  
She earns livelihood by cutting and stitching,  
Her earnings have become a source of strife,

From the money I brought some flour and pulses,  
Now I don't have any more left for your drugs,  
He pulled her shirt and turned her out,  
Come back with money, his shameless shrugs!

The woman when saw me she was afraid,  
I gave her some money and also my shirt,  
My palms my feet all turned cold,  
Throats were dry I forgot my flirt.

Next window a colony of middle class,  
I selected a window for peeping inside,  
Loud voices were coming out of it,  
Scene difficult and hard to abide,

Have extra income from your office,  
To a husband, it was telling his wife,  
Everyone is earning by accepting the bribes,  
A couple I saw in a serious strife,

I have to deposit school fees of children,

Any extra income why don't you bring,  
Your salary is over now what can I do,  
They will stay at home in the coming morning,

The husband said I am an honest man,  
Get rid of your honesty and join the tribe,  
I can't I am honest because my job,  
Does not provide an opportunity of the bribe,

The money that was left I threw inside,  
Heat of money now gone with a breeze,  
I was cold like water of a lake in winter,  
That is too cold and about to freeze.

To a nice palace of rich upper class,  
Anyhow I moved forward once again,  
I didn't find any window to peep,  
With so many pains and my refrain,

I climbed on a tree and jumped inside,  
Two dogs started barking at me,  
They pulled my trousers from my legs,  
They were in mood of parking at me,

I ran and found an open window,  
Once again I jumped inside a room,  
It was a side room, with a door to the blow,  
From the key hole I managed a zoom,

I peeped inside found a barking wife,  
You did not come with a handsome friend,  
You old impotent I told you several times,  
To come with a friend at every weekend,

Kicked in her husband in dark side room,  
When he saw me there he was afraid,  
In just under wears looked like a thief,  
I told him my story and I then said,  
I want a dress be kind to redress,  
He smiled and uttered, I am in need,  
Take a dress you like from the wardrobe,  
We are now friends, friends in deed,

While he was knocking at the violent bed room,  
Darling! My friend is here see him if you can,  
I put on a dress jumped back to the lawn,  
As fast as I can to the gates I ran,

The dogs and the guard did not bother to see,  
A block of ice rolling down to the gate,  
I ran and ran to my hot lovely home,  
That was my fate, it's never too late!

(Inspired by Saadat Hassan Manto's short story Thanda Gosht, Cold Flesh)

Akhtar Jawad

# Wanted

Peace of mind,  
And,  
Love of a friend,  
To remain forever,  
For a restless life!

A lonely man,  
Who faces hysteria,  
Of all concerned,  
A singular man,  
Dictated by all,  
Misbehaved by all,  
Cheated by all,  
Deceived by all,  
Who is always wrong!  
And can't be right!

In response to this ad,  
Only one application,  
Was received by him,  
The applicant stated,  
Dear Sir,  
A chance of service,  
You may give to me,  
I assure you, sir,  
You will not regret,  
My appointment,  
If made,  
Sincerely yours,  
I am your death!

Appointment letter was issued,  
But the lovely candidate,  
Hasn't joined yet,  
The thankless job!

Akhtar Jawad

# Waste Paper Basket

And what else is the world?  
A magazine published by the nature!  
Writers send their short stories,  
poets send their poems,  
editors sort out the better ones,  
and publish it, but most of the writes  
are thrown in the waste paper basket,  
below the table,  
in the morning a sweeper comes,  
takes many poems and stories with him.  
And when chief editor calls a meeting,  
to discuss the reasons as to why magazine  
is not getting the sufficient number of adds  
the poor editors just read names  
of the writers and poets,  
and if these names are familiar to them,  
they keep their works  
and throw the rest in basket for the sweeper.  
They have to do their home work,  
to find excuses for decreasing popularity  
of the magazine.  
A few editors are fired,  
A few new appointments are made.  
But the commercial world is running  
in the same old manner,  
and it will run like this,  
until nature throws it in a waste paper basket!  
The only difference I see,  
The chief editor of the magazine is also dispensable.  
But chief editor of the world is not  
as he is the owner too!

Akhtar Jawad

# Water

You may agree or may not,  
It's my thinking,  
I may be right,  
I may be wrong,  
The need of time,  
Is to be elastic,  
And a little realistic!

I see a dispute of water,  
We both need it.  
We both need our resources,  
To be exploited,  
For welfare of the children,  
And to launch a war,  
Jointly against,  
Mosquitoes, insects and reptiles!

Let the water be distributed,  
Honestly in two neighbors,  
Close enough we may come,  
With many common joys,  
Everything is possible,  
But to extinguish the fire,  
It's water that is needed,  
Scarcity of water will make difficult,  
To extinguish the fire,  
That may turn,  
Women and children,  
Into coal and ashes!  
You have a powerful sucking pump,  
Your family is large,  
My family is small,  
Just close your pump,  
Four hours a day,  
I'm sure we can live,  
Like friends and good neighbors.

Akhtar Jawad

# Watering The Plants

Stolen piece of land from the blue skies,  
Is paradise obliged, why don't it cries?  
Watering the plants she got a bliss,  
Paradise-owner's lovely flying kiss,  
Brought by a golden unseen dove,  
The sixth sense felt the touch of His love,  
Where there is love there is paradise,  
An eternal life, no death no demise!  
Fantasy it may be the day of judgement,  
I see right now with my eyes tangent,  
Angels are carrying this piece of land,  
To make for the lady a lovely garland,  
With colorful flowers and the greenery grand,  
I salute the lady for increasing greenery,  
God loves to see such charming scenery.

Akhtar Jawad

# We All Are Clouds

You arose from a sea,  
I arose from a different sea.  
We both had love for the blue skies.  
You have a white skin  
I have brown  
and he has black.  
Our religions are different  
our culture is different.  
Our paths of journey may be different  
but we all have a common destination.  
We all are pilgrims of love,  
We start as love and we end as love.  
We are clouds,  
we are rivers,  
we have no alternate but to merge our identity  
in a great and infinite ocean.

Here we arise as vagabond clouds!  
We saw the deserts begging tears from us,  
we felt their thirst we saw their dry skin  
we saw their itching and scratching  
we noticed their helplessness  
to find a green oasis in the burning sand  
though our eyes were full of tears  
but we had no time for them,  
we are travelers of the skies!

We were invited by the dense forests  
smiling and assuring quiet lonely places  
to love silently in a beautiful hide.  
The forests hiding their beasts  
shown us a beautiful couple of vegetarians,  
coupling after struggling whole day for some food.  
A few of them were hunted by wolfs and lions.  
With a heavy heart we saw their skins and the bones,  
though our eyes were full of tears  
but we had no time for them,  
we are travelers of the skies!

We saw the plains and their fertility  
enjoyed the dance of the crops  
we listened to the tune of the flutes  
we saw their fairs and festivals  
after harvesting wheat and cotton.  
We saw a beautiful bride in a palanquin  
following a handsome groom on the back of a horse  
we listened to the tunes of shehnai  
we intended to go down as uninvited guests  
but we were too late the mountains were still too far.  
We just smiled on the beautiful life of a plain  
though our hearts had more smiles  
but we had no time for them,  
we are travelers of the skies!

And when the mountains started appearing  
making our faces bright and shining  
by now we had been traveling side by side  
the dispute of destination changed our moods  
there were so many high tops of the same mountain  
which one is the right one and where we should go?  
Lightning and thunders for each other  
we collided and melted on the various cliffs.  
The great mountain punished us to crawl on the ground  
but the mountain is great  
and even its punishments have rewards in its soul.  
How beautiful we are to be changed in a dancing virgin  
and crawling on the feeding breasts of mother earth!  
Now our heart is full of smiles  
we have time for all those we ignored  
we are now travelers of a great ocean.

Come on our banks bare footed.  
O you! The newly married couple!  
Wait a little more we shall pass by the desert  
we have ecstatic wine to excite them for love.  
Dear forest we shall enter in you and we shall increase your density  
you will have new and more dense hiding places for love.  
And lo! The destination appears,  
but before we enter the ocean  
we shall hug each other and do all  
that is done in love.

We shall enter the ocean as a single river!

(With thanks to Google - A Shehnai is a South Asian music instrument which is normally played at marriages and other ceremonies, rites and rituals. The word itself is of Muslim/Turkish origin, combining 'Sheh' (or 'Shah') 'Royal' and '-Nai' or 'Ney', a type of Flute.)

Akhtar Jawad

# We Are Fish That Can Swim Against The Streams

Time always run forwards and never backwards.  
Perhaps time has no heart to realize and regret its misdeeds.  
We have a heart it feels,  
It thinks,  
it smiles  
and,  
it cries.

Time can never look backwards,  
it's like waves produced in a river by a stone thrown into it  
by an innocent and naughty child sitting on the bank,  
playing the game of throwing stones in the river  
and watching the dancing propagation of circular waves  
coming to the bank and kissing his feet.

These circular waves  
sometimes interrupt  
the normal linear waves of life.  
But we are fish,  
living and loving in the flowing river.

We have a heart  
that knows the art  
of regretting its past  
we can swim in any direction  
we can restart with perfection  
we can go back to the point  
whereat we committed something wrong.  
we know we cannot undo it now  
but at least we can regret,  
through our confession  
without any lame excuses,  
that we both were wrong.

I can assure,  
with a sweet smile  
that it will not be recurred.  
I can write a promise on your heart  
and affix a stamp on your lips  
I am sure this sweet stamp  
will produce linear waves  
that will carry my message  
to the softest corner of your heart.

I am sure you'll be forced to realize  
that somewhere some times  
you were also wrong.  
Forget all that.  
I don't need an admission or confession  
I just need your silence in my arms  
and a pressure of your bosom on my bosom  
letting me know that even in the closest position  
you want to come more closer to me.  
We can go back  
we can move forward  
yes, we can be closer than the closest.  
We can be dearer than the dearest.  
We can be nearer than the nearest.  
None of us is time  
we are the fish that can swim against the streams.  
Hurry up sweetheart!  
The river of life is about to vanish in the ocean!

Akhtar Jawad

# We Are Not Lost Yet

I am a solute,  
a heart,  
and I have been dissolved  
in a solvent,  
your love.  
The solution has been fermented.  
It's a red wine now.  
Come on sweetheart,  
let us cheer each other,  
we are not lost yet  
let us share the drink  
to become ecstatic  
and to remain unaware  
of the moment of loss  
when we are really lost.

Akhtar Jawad

# We Are Nothing But Jokers

Our justices and leaders,  
Are our reflections,  
If the people are just,  
Justices are honest.  
If the people are sincere,  
They get great leaders,  
When the people honor law,  
The law is enforced.  
Where people are democratic,  
Democracy flourishes.  
When people love peace,  
The peace prevails.

When war hysteria becomes,  
A one day cricket match,  
War is imposed,  
Upon the sick people,  
Not aware of consequences.  
And they face its evils.

When the people agitate,  
And demand something,  
Beyond and above,  
Constitution and law,  
They are destined to cry,  
For another decade.

If our leaders are corrupt,  
We are also dishonest.  
If democracy is a failure,  
We are undemocratic.  
If judgments are funny,  
We are nothing but jokers.

Akhtar Jawad

# We Are Now Humans (Inspired By The Good With The Bad By Soha Zaki)

Similar poles repel each other,  
dissimilar poles attract each other.  
My goodness attracts the badness,  
and my badness attracts the goodness.  
I am a moderator,  
I can spend a little of my goodness  
to balance your badness,  
and I can spend a little of my badness  
to balance your goodness.  
Life is a game of give and take.  
Could you have given something to me!  
Could you have taken something from me!  
We are enemies,  
could we would have moderated ourselves  
as each other's friends,  
just to smile and say proudly,  
we are now humans!

Akhtar Jawad

# We Both Miss Each Other

You say I left you,  
I say you left me,  
both are sad!  
Are we mad?  
Neither had you left me,  
nor had I left you.  
Why don't we meet once again,  
why to refrain?  
Is it your ego?  
Is it my ego?  
Let us kill it.  
Can't we talk?  
Together we may walk.  
Slowly gradually I shall catch your hand,  
You will turn your face,  
I missed you,  
I missed you too,  
And then a kiss,  
will end the strife!

Akhtar Jawad

# We Don't Talk But Share A Smile

You may dislike,  
but if it's good,  
it's good.

You may like,  
but it's bad,  
it's bad.

You may dislike me  
but by now I didn't get anything to dislike you.

The positive thing is this  
that when we see each other  
we share a smile,  
though we,  
now,  
do not talk.

but we still walk,  
on the same pavement,  
that has so many flowers,  
how can we forget  
this greenery was jointly planted by us.  
Who knows if this smile is suddenly changed in a laughter,  
laughter in a hug,  
the hug in a kiss,  
and,  
the kiss in revival of love,  
and you know the magic of love,  
Imagine what may happen after revival.

Akhtar Jawad

# Weak And Feeble Voices And Cries

Weak and feeble voices and cries,  
Touch the heart of seven skies,  
The sky is shaken and it responds,  
Cruel and unkind are checked with bonds,  
But some time to improve the behavior.  
He loves His art and He is the savior.  
The riders are warned to control their carts,  
Earthquakes and tsunamis are nature's thwarts.  
Time and again the warnings are issued,  
If the atrocities are still, so much, continued,  
A rock very big proceeding from space,  
Changes the planet with a new lovely face.  
The silent and unconcerned ugly men like me,  
Do not survive to watch and see.

Akhtar Jawad

# Website Friendship

I know my fiends you know me not,  
I know we have not seen each other  
But the social contacts website is a knot!  
For my cap it's a precious golden feather.

It speaks, it writes, it showers,  
Friends are spring clouds that rain,  
All my friends blossom colorful flowers,  
They touch and perfume, give no stain.

They soothe my old deadly pains  
My lovely friends are the pain killers  
They relieve my heart's killing strains,  
In the heat strokes they are chillers!

In the autumn my fallen pale leaves  
At mid night they silently sweep  
I start looking as to who are the thieves  
I never saw them, still friendship I keep.

Like a blanket their thoughts when wrap  
I am warm and my soul is then enlighten  
I am inspired again after a sunny days' gap  
I manage to see you I'm so much brighten.

Reach to them in a second though in England  
My right hand is in Australia and New Zealand  
Left one touches Russia, Turkey and Poland  
In my access Argentina, US, Canada, Iceland

I am storing honey in my heart's beehive  
Taste it, if the human in you is alive  
I'll love your flight; I'll love your dive  
Atmosphere and oceans need you to survive.

Sindh and Ganges, Volga and Thames  
Mississippi and Nile feel my flames  
They can see me and I can see them all  
Websites are islands with a beacon so tall.

Though it's dark and weather is hostile  
Sweetheart! Your delicate lips are fragile  
So sending a flying kiss only, will you feel it?  
My kiss has been injured, will you heal it?

I hope in return I shall get so many kisses  
Like the Cupid's arrow that never misses  
And then the humans will enjoy a date  
Love was, love is, and love will remain our fate.

Akhtar Jawad

# Website Friendships

Flourish, flourish, what a friendship is it!  
Cherish, cherish, from the old clay,  
The green embryo peeped out for a play,  
By the passage of time the soft green chit,  
Grew so much it covered as a shed,  
With aroma of flowers white and red!

Hide, more hide the sun is sweating,  
Dense thick leaves green evergreen,  
Veil, more veil I am tired of the preen,  
I love sweetheart your art of cheating,  
Cheat and change the sun in a moon,  
Blossom more flowers I'm now drunk,  
Resting my head on your friendly trunk!

I would like to go to a lasting sleep,  
Your lullaby is pleasant and soothing,  
Roughness of age is now silky smoothing,  
Caress, caress I'm innocent like a sheep,  
Your thighs are soft may I put my head,  
I'm a cute infant and I need a bed!

Akhtar Jawad

# Wedding Night Of A Homeless Couple

Love was growing like cuts and curves of a growing gal,  
and when it became sublime she became a rare blue moon,  
the ocean was in love since it saw the glimpse of a crescent.  
After many dark nights the awaited message was received,  
the quiet and calm ocean felt movements of a shaking tide,  
particles of sand were shining like the silver ornaments,  
the waves decorated by golden image of the moon,  
hugged and kissed the shy bride of the thirsty beach.  
The mermaids became ecstatic and started striping  
throwing their shells on the wet and content settled sand.  
The show that lasted for the whole moonlit night,  
ended with the flash lights of the naughty sun smiling above,  
opening a bag of red aurora for collecting the diamonds.  
The colorful birds flying, dancing and singing  
being touched by the blows of winds full of wine.  
Not only birds the buds opened their mouth  
to suck the ecstasy of the winds humid enough with love,  
see their dance in so many colorful aromatic costumes.  
Nature is homeless; it's not confined between roofs and floors.  
The poorest homeless couple having passed their wedding night  
on the wet sand of a lonely beach below a moon and the stars  
collected the shells lying on the sand shining in the sunlight.  
Most of the shells were empty but love never leaves anyone empty handed.  
You are not poor you are rich in love and I wish a dawn  
in that on the beach you get a shell with the pearl of love.  
Your innocent efforts and fatigues for love may bring for you  
a shell with a pearl of love shining inside with heavenly glaze.  
Wish you a small but beautiful home with a pearl of love  
crawling on the floors below the safest covers of the roof!

Akhtar Jawad

# Welcome Back Geetha Jaya Kumar

I am excited,  
I am hypnotized,  
I am mesmerized,  
is it a truth or a dream,  
the great lovely poetess,  
is back to us,  
with lines like tides  
with words like pearls,  
with thoughts like Revelations,  
I hope soon the lights of stage  
will have multi colors  
and her poems  
will dance on the stage.

Akhtar Jawad

# Welcome Rains

Sea-sons showered pains,  
Injured knee on trousers stains,  
Still thanks if it rains.

Fine rain washed greenery,  
Leaves from nature's refinery,  
Poet paints a scenery.

A wet summer dressing,  
The naughty rains so tressing,  
For me a wet blessing.

A pleasant rainy night,  
Things look so lovely and bright,  
No pains of day light.

Titillated eyes smile,  
Write in her glassy profile,  
In rains she's fragile.

Akhtar Jawad

# Welcome, Welcome If Love Is The Greed

As long as his dreams are alive,  
Sure, he has a fair chance to survive,  
He is moving on a dangerous track,  
Why she is shouting, "He is a crack."  
Why her eyes are wet, is it love?  
He knows, he doesn't fly like a dove,  
He knows it's a rope not a bridge,  
The teen aged girl is standing on a ridge.  
But his eyes are on her pink gown  
He, a lover, who never looks down  
Journey of his eyes from feet to face  
Kissing and embracing her silky grace  
It's the midway and his eyes are at rest  
To get back his breaths the spot is the best  
Looking into his eyes why she is shy?  
Prayers for her lover! Looking at the sky!  
The same crazy in disciplined naughty boy!  
Different metals, can they form an alloy?  
May be; love is a magic, a force a might  
Anytime can change the wrong in the right  
He's close to the heart, a valley to adore  
Listen to the beats climb more, climb more  
Here he is, he can see her dancing hips  
Hands round the neck, lips on the lips!  
Writing and stamping a wordless deed  
Welcome, welcome if love is the greed!

Akhtar Jawad

# Well In Time (Inspired By Current Time - Poem By Kumarmani Mahakul)

When He ordered me to pray at once,  
I left the bed,  
I washed my hands,  
my mouth and my feet.  
I walked to a nearby mosque,  
and when I started praying,  
I found myself in a different moment.  
Alas! I could not follow His orders well in time.  
How can I get what I prayed for?  
Tears came in my eyes!  
How helpless is the man!  
But my great teacher wiped my tears.  
Congratulated me,  
and asked me to smile,  
as He gave me that  
what I prayed for,  
immediately when I intended to pray for it.  
My intentions were well in time.  
Man is not so much helpless!

Akhtar Jawad

# West And East

You are shining I salute to your grace,  
A steadfast mind an attractive face,  
You are simple in thinking and high in living,  
To the human race you have been giving,  
So many luxuries and lovely comforts,  
The wheat you donate I see at your ports,  
Medicines that are needed by the poor sick men,  
Advance theories that come from your pen,  
You are doing much more for humans in pain,  
You are high in sky and causing rain,  
You are making efforts to conquer the space,  
A flying kiss! I admire your glance.

I am East I have been a slave,  
If you dig my old and ancient grave,  
You will find bodies of great thinkers,  
Many pioneers and learned inkers,  
The foundation for you they laid down,  
In return to salute can you give a crown?

Akhtar Jawad

# Wet Night Shower Of A Rose

Not touched by the wind is the bud of rose,  
Not yet exposed to the warm sunlight,  
When took a shower of dew one night,  
The heart found a pinkish flower so close,  
That the soul had to move and give a place,  
Is it a rose flower or it's His face?

Lust has modified in pink soft petals,  
Odor is stolen from the fairy lands,  
Veil green is hiding the svelte from hands,  
Enough for melting the ethical metals,  
Aurora is crying she has lost her charms,  
Amazing beauty in the green hard arms!

A message of love to vibrating bosom,  
By the naughty winds who touched the rose,  
To spread her charms and to come some close,  
You are also a bud destined to blossom,  
To become a lovely beautiful flower,  
You'll have to take a wet night shower.

Akhtar Jawad

# What A Lovely Heart

&quot;From clouds to clouds from showers to showers  
From seasons to seasons from flowers to flowers  
From gardens to gardens from greenery to greenery  
From colors to colors from scenery to scenery  
From odors to odors from springs to springs  
From birds to birds from wings to wings  
From Moon to Venus from Venus to Moon  
From Heaven to Heaven from Boon to Boon  
From lips to lips I sucked beauty wherever I got  
But the slow rusting of my ageing, I forgot!  
From days to nights from nights to days  
My charms vanish and my beauty decays  
With every new kiss, ugliness further increased  
Teach me God! How ugliness can be decreased! &quot;  
&quot;Look into your bosom there's a work of art,  
Touching beauty of love! What a lovely heart! &quot;

Akhtar Jawad

# What A Poet Is Howard Simon

What a poet is Howard Simon!  
when he writes a poem on smile,  
my lips start dancing,  
and I say to myself once more romancing,  
when he writes a poem on tears,  
I start recollecting my lost years,  
my eyes down pour the shining pearls.  
When he writes a poem on love,  
the old man starts looking at the girls.  
A magician is he makes me juvenile.  
His poems move  
and with his poems  
my heart, my body, my soul  
all move like light straws,  
and I find myself in his poetic claws,  
like a bird who is so much used to a cage,  
that doors though open,  
she never flies back to her nest.  
Here she gets love, peace and rest.  
Poems of Howard Simon are the mental foods,  
delicious, hygienic and cooked nicely.  
With his poems I cry,  
with his poem I smile.  
What a poet is Howard Simon!

Akhtar Jawad

## What Else He Can

Dawn breaks with the cats' meowing voices  
And whistles of eagles flying close to the earth  
A man who has passed his night in dreaming vices  
Tears in his eyes, underestimating his worth

Though awakened by a touching human voice,  
From the mosque a call for the prayers  
The call should have been his first choice  
But he reacted to the call of the players

Cats and eagles and the street dogs  
Prepared to play the game of difficult life  
With a dashing long tongue like that of frogs  
Ready to hunt with teeth, the sharpened knife

A man with a bad smelled poly bag of meat  
Opens the gates for uninvited guests  
Sitting on the roofs and waiting for the treat  
Even lazy old eagles now become the pests

The dogs hidden below the cars parked in the lane  
The street snatchers become ready for attacks  
The eagles, the cats, the dogs; everyone insane,  
Painful instinct of hunger no body lacks!

A war in that so many were severely injured,  
Just for a piece of rotten meat, the man provided,  
Though peace, law and order, he never insured,  
Unanimously their god, on it they aren't divided.

Happy he goes to the mosque for the prayers  
To the lovely God who created the man  
Bowed his head with a group of admirers  
For the food He provides; what else he can!

Akhtar Jawad

# What Happened ??? - ??? ???

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## Ghazal - Keya Hua

Ab keya kaheN kh sath humare yeh keya hua,  
Pana to khair keya hay jo tha wuh bhi lut geya.  
Jis ghair se gurezaN tha thama usi ne hath,  
ApnoN ne kis muqam pe pahuncha mujhe diya.  
Toota nahiN hay dhage meN itni lachak to hay,  
HaN km to ho geya hay kisi se wh rabta.  
DilchaspiaN badal gaeN aaya hay wuh muqam,  
Jab mud ke dil ne dekha to maiN us ph hans pada.  
Ek mujh ph rone wala koi hai to bas yeh dil,  
MaiN dil ph hans diya to yeh dil mujh ph ro diya.  
Tanha nhiN hooN khwab hain mazi ki yadeN haiN,  
Kaise kahooN kh pas mere kutch nahiN raha.  
Tum mujhko bhool kar ho sukhi jao khush raho,  
Hum tumko bhool paye to socheN ge keya hua.

What happened with me, how can I tell!  
What I got, instead of losing all I had.  
The stranger I had been ignoring took my hand,  
The dear ones left me at what a place!  
Not yet broken, the binding thread is elastic at least,  
But the contacts now rare like blue moons.

It's a place where plays of heart have been changed,  
When my heart turned back I smiled, it cried on smile.  
At least there is one to cry on my grieves,  
When I laugh on my heart, it cries for me.  
I'm not alone, I have sweet dreams and pleasant memories,  
How can I say I have nothing to live.  
You forgot me, pass a happy life,  
What happened with me, I shall think if I forget you.

Akhtar Jawad

# What I Need

Beauty is scattered,  
Even in a particle,  
Below my boots,  
What I need,  
Just the eyes,  
That can see.

Pretty is the man,  
Even my enemy,  
Critical and violent,  
With a reason or not,  
What I need,  
Just to react friendly.

Lovely is someone,  
That hates me always,  
Condemns all my acts,  
What I need,  
Just a loving heart,  
That can love him, too.

Light is flowing,  
In all the rivers,  
Seen or unseen,  
What I need,  
Some courage to swim,  
May be it water or the fire!

The ocean is the same,  
From East to West,  
Different names at places,  
What I need,  
To fall in the ocean,  
And forget myself.

Akhtar Jawad

# What Is Life

A friend once asked,  
What is life?  
My lovely friend,  
Your belief is your life,  
And your thinking is your belief,  
And your God is your thinking.

If you believe about death,  
It is ultimate and final,  
While having experience,  
You can't describe,  
The last moments of your life,  
Will be hell for you.

How grieved will be you,  
To think and regret,  
You will be no more,  
Not on the earth,  
Not at the sky,  
You are going to die, for ever, for ever.

But if you believe,  
Your body is mortal,  
But your soul is immortal,  
And death is nothing,  
But the soul will get,  
Another form of life.

Your body may be impure,  
Do not worry, be confident,  
If your soul is pure,  
It has three basic colors,  
Keep it in your mind,  
Your body is mortal.

The three primary colors are,  
Faith and love and sacrifice.  
These colors make all other pretty colors,  
So lovely so nice so beautiful indeed,

And if your soul is beautified,  
You will see a rainbow, in the final moments.

Akhtar Jawad

# What Is Soul

We have very little knowledge of soul,  
I think there is a network of souls,  
Its nucleus is God,  
Initially all the souls were concentrated in the eternal soul,  
Now we have come out of the nucleus,  
And rotating in our orbits like electrons.

Although we had been a part of God,  
But now we cannot be called a God,  
Sufis give an example,  
A bucket of water taken away from the sea,  
Does not remain the sea at all,  
Will be a sea again, if throw back it.

We are familiar with normal electrical circuits,  
Wherein electrons flow due to potential difference,  
The potential of God is infinite,  
And that of us very very low.  
The eternal electrons, immortal eternal energy,  
Are flowing all over the universe.

Electrical current is rate of flow of electrons,  
Eternal current is rate of flow of eternal electrons,  
Its quantum varies from place to place,  
And from person to person,  
From things to things.  
Almost zero in non-living things.

An eternal electron is unit of soul,  
All souls are attached with each other,  
And together they form an eternal website,  
That is why when I pray, to have your love,  
If my love is true and powerful thus,  
The signal is conveyed so nicely to you.

It affects your thinking softens your heart,  
And a soft corner is created inside,  
You start thinking of me, day and night,  
You are more and more and more impressed,

And you fall in love with me at last.  
So my soul conquers a soul for me.

When I start believing in Almighty God,  
My thinking is governed by impulses,  
Of eternal electrons from a source, divine,  
Flowing from God towards myself,  
And what I think, I tell it to you,  
I can think, so I have a soul.

Akhtar Jawad

# What Should I Say How Should I Say Whom Should I Say

Did I commit something wrong, what's that wrong?

He doesn't talk to me.

Any slip from my side, what's that slip,  
I'm speaking to him, he doesn't listen to.

He should speak,

While parting when I said

Goodbye

Till tomorrow what he used to say!

What he used to do

and today, he said only

, Good bye.

He went and didn't turn his face

and didn't see me!

His eyes were silent

and his lips static

He just went, no phone call by now.

He did not become restless in the office!

No problem,

it often happens so.

He is a man who laughs always

sometimes he cries,

let me cry, too.

Let me wash my heart.

When the pleasant evening will come

and when drunkenness will rule the all

when on the darkie body of the evening,

moon will shower as moonlight,

when stars on the blue sky with smiles,

will come out for the naught,

when breasts of the evening flowers

will erect with a twist

and aroma will be scattered

he will come to steal my senses

to redress my grievances,

to wrap all things in his magic

to awake the sleeping beloved,

though not sleeping, just acting,

to turn the tears in smiles  
to flatter his crossed beloved,  
and yes, I forgot one thing  
he'll come with a pack of gift,  
But before he comes,  
today, I shall makeup like a bride,  
then enjoy someone's condition,  
and then I shall be cross with him.  
O evening hurry up today,  
my heart beats are increasing  
and my heart whispers to me,  
we shall refresh the lost springs.  
The moon and stars will see  
how we love each other,  
and shy buds will hide in the leaves.  
The wind will move like a drunk,  
and then he will enter me as a magic  
and again I'll turn into aroma,  
once again I'll be a bride.  
He'll remove the veil from my face,  
and shall sing a song for me.  
He will lose his senses  
and shall make me senseless, too,  
whatever I have will be excited  
all colors I have will emit a few rays.  
Tell me in such a moment  
colorful and delicate  
any other purpose of life can be  
just love only love,  
all other feelings and sentiments  
will be shy and leave the place,  
shall sleep somewhere like the children.  
These were the games playing that  
life has passed.  
Why I don't see in the world anymore,  
this joy, this pleasure, this compromise,  
not even in my children.  
Whom should I teach the ways of love,  
Who will listen to my songs?  
Whom should I say, "Love like this,  
Change a hot morning in a pleasant evening  
and change the evening in a lovely night.

Flatter her if she is cross,  
and a little cross when she smiles.  
Don't waste your time,  
live like a robber of love.  
Very soon the silver will appear in the hairs,  
and the days gone will never come back.&quot;  
But whom should I say?  
Who will listen to me?  
I don't see anyone like her,  
I don't find anyone like me.

(Based on my Urdu poem Keya Kahoon, Kisse Kahoon, Kayse Kahoon)

Akhtar Jawad

# What You Say What We Say (On Independence Day Of Pakistan)

You say you'll kill our children thirsty  
Yes, I am sure you can do what you say.  
We say, we shall never kill the women and children  
We shall not kill even the armless men,  
We shall not destroy the green fields.  
We shall not put the forests on fire.  
But sure we shall do what we say  
Because this the teaching of our Holy Prophet,  
All praise to him,  
And peace be upon him.

Akhtar Jawad

# When I Become A Rabbit

I like loneliness at least once a week,  
it gives me wings to fly on the peak,  
for rest and recreation a day one needs,  
a warm up exercise for six days' deeds,  
a day when I'm the monarch of house,  
no interruption from a boring spouse,  
no foolish questions of a lovely wife,  
no noise of a woman and no strife.

I pass a day that is sunny and bright,  
but when the day is melted in a night,  
I start missing her, a years old habit,  
and on her bell I leap like a rabbit!

Akhtar Jawad

# When I Believed In Fairies

Amazing were the days when I believed in unicorns!  
I could fly to the places of my fantastic dreams  
At a silvery beach of coconut trees where fairies danced  
I was a prince who saw a princess in the sea's streams.  
And when the fairy shouted for help I dived in the tide  
How innocent I was, to imagine the fairy as my bride!

Lovely were the days when I believed in fairies  
Round silky arms to swim and milky wings to fly  
Moon like face, rosy lips, round arms, golden hairs  
With a hand in a fairy's hand I explored the sky.  
When the naughty fairy freed her delicate soft hand  
My unicorn saved me from falling on the hard land.

Believed all that what read in the tales for the children  
For me the story books were like the heavenly books  
Whatever was written in it was the last and final  
Could you see my loving heart in my innocent looks!  
Alas! I lost my innocence, my fairy and my unicorn!  
Saw the nude of life and got access to its ugly porn.

Akhtar Jawad

# When I Kissed And When I Could Not

Recollecting the unforgettable moments  
fragrance I still feel but the colors I have lost.  
I remember a birthday party  
enjoying the humors of your fourth birthday  
as you were born on 29th of February  
though you were appealing and exciting from all sides  
your long silky shining hairs,  
your breasts like buds slowly blossoming in a flower  
your round arms restless to come around a neck  
the petals of your lips excited to open  
and to be kissed by a bumblebee,  
on your sweet teen birthday  
a funny fact  
I saw only four candles on your birthday cake  
though you were a perfect sweet sixteen.  
but I saw sixteen intact candles yet to delight  
a few in a sunny day  
and a few in a moonlit night.  
I thought leaving the rest for someone else  
at least I can lit the candle of your lips.  
When you pleased me with a dance  
In my maiden life a virgin romance!  
I dragged you in a lonely corner  
and I lit the first candle,  
on 29th of February,1964.  
Your silent but naughty eyes I read  
a friendly write  
I could lit only one candle  
and I should leave the rest  
for one who is not merely a friend  
someone more handsome  
and more deserving for you.  
Alas! I never knew  
that was a parting kiss!  
Now on 29th of February,2016  
I am again dancing with you  
I can read the write  
of your sobers eyes,  
&quot;You should not extinguish

the first candle you lit  
fifty-one years ago.  
I am not only a mother  
but a grandmother as well.&quot;  
My leap year baby,  
I know you are now a graceful lady.  
Yet, I love both the birthdays  
when I kissed  
and,  
when I could not.

Akhtar Jawad

## When I Think He Thinks With Me (Being Inspired By Dr. Antony Theodore's Poem "Calling The One Who Has No Name")

Why I think I should be good and I should do something good?  
Why I think I should not be bad and I should not do anything bad?  
I am a human being with so many instincts,  
and every instinct excites me for a specific desire,  
often I become a victim of my desires!  
Why I regret my sin when I willfully commit it?  
Why I think my sin should not be recurred?  
Who is this making me restless on my misdeeds?  
Who is this attempting to make a human being an Angel?  
Is he a lovely friend who leaves me alone in my weak moments?  
Why comes back when the weak moment is passed?  
Who is this, inspiring me to balance a misdeed by a good deed?  
Why my balancing good deed makes me peaceful?  
Is there someone in me who thinks with me?  
If I exist because I think,  
someone also exists because he thinks with me.  
But I don't know who this wonderful and faithful friend is?  
A nameless friend who deserves all the good names!

Akhtar Jawad

# When I Was Introduced To Love

I had thought love is a play of life!  
Alas! Could not see the sharp blade knife!  
Love! You made me so much fragile,  
What I was! Just a beautiful tile,  
A tile on earth but touching the sky,  
An ostrich with wings, that cannot fly,  
You broke me in a number of tiles,  
decorated your floor from Ganges to Niles,  
and then you started your exciting romance,  
on whispers of my song your nude dance!  
You made me a mirror to enjoy your beauty,  
and then turned me out from your cruel heart.  
What a love you are! I am nothing but your art!  
I think I have performed now my duty,  
No more an ostrich, I'm out of the sand,  
for a takeoff on a runway I stand,  
Yes Sweetheart! Now I can fly,  
With your thrown knife coming back to sky!

Akhtar Jawad

# When It Is For Truth

Qabile zikr bas wohi hay qadam,  
Jo uthe haq ke kharzaron mein,  
Jo chale such ki rahguzaron mein.

Koi bhi shakhs kuch nahin lekin,  
Doosron ke liye jo ho betab,  
Phir wohi shakhs ban gya nayab.

(Urdu translation of a poem from Gajanan Mishra)

Akhtar Jawad

# When She Appears Charming (My Urdu Ghazal Lagte Hayn Bhale In English For My Teacher Friend Bri Edwards)

Her tranquility is soothing and comforting,  
When she is cross, she is exciting and resorting,  
Fascinating a displeased beloved is charming,  
A miracle of cooling that ends in warming,  
The color of cheeks when becomes more pink,  
The latent call of the lips for a drink,  
Forces the beloved to hug and smile,  
From head to feet she becomes mobile.

She is not bad but she is not good enough,  
She comes for a kiss and soon she is rough,  
Leaving thirsty lover so alone in a night,  
She goes back like a flash of light,  
Let my heart burn and turn into ashes,  
Let the light of love with awaking lashes,  
Titillate my beloved, who is sleeping in the night,  
Unconcerned, unaware of the crying moonlight!

It's cloudy night with a shy moonlight,  
For me it's dark and at all not bright,  
The moon is sleepy and stars are tired,  
The Milky Way from sky has been fired,  
The night sky is a passing show,  
Can I survive of the painful blow?  
One can live without a date,  
But on a date a beloved, so much late!

Akhtar Jawad

# When The Moon Is Spooned

All her worries and all the strains  
Fly away like the frightened camphor  
Pink ecstasy pinning down the pains.

A romantic dark, a cold lengthy night  
It's too cold see blurred is the mirror  
Twinkling stars are truly over bright.

The transparent windows' glasses  
Revealing cuts and curves of the nature  
It's naughty Venus, moon it outclasses.

The moon smiling below being spooned,  
Friendly Venus deserves a casual adventure,  
Me! I've brought sky down, and it's mooned!

Akhtar Jawad

# When The Things Go Wrong

Unexpectedly when the things go so wrong,  
Surrender your thoughts to my beautiful song,  
The melody will carry you to a wonder land,  
Where someone will ask to hold her hand,  
And shall ask to share a journey of love,  
A promise of providing wings of a dove,  
It will lead your thoughts to the blue sky,  
Fly high, high with me and if you fly,  
You will find yourself on the Milky Ways,  
Where all around there are many bays,  
And in every bay there's a single boat,  
For carrying lovers to a castle of moat,  
The castle is a forbidden fruit for fears,  
Smiles allowed, not allowed are tears,  
You'll welcome sleep in the pinching eyes,  
The fairy's dreams will come from skies,  
The next morning when you will awake,  
You'll see a new man to further undertake,  
New propagation the sun has brought,  
You'll say goodbye to your mental drought,  
It's magic of the Eve try it if you can,  
I'm your woman and you are my man.

Akhtar Jawad

# When You Kiss My Soul

When I watch your beauty so warm so bright,  
Life smiles with the warm sun light,  
I am myself beauty and charm and grace,  
When I reflect your light and glitter my face.

For the whole of month I remain on skies,  
When I close my eyes I listen to the cries,  
Of the hearts with love and the poets with a pen,  
Men and women and lovely children!

The dark and grieved and black sky,  
Fatigue of the night birds insane to fly,  
The silent oceans and the dark mountains,  
No pearls no diamonds disgraced fountains.

And you my beloved then me you embrace, □  
When you kiss my soul I arise with my grace,  
Like a lovely child so sweet and descent,  
On the blue sky appears the crescent.

I start my journey with my childhood phases,  
When I am fourteen I get billions of praises.  
The earth turns silver and the poets are inspired,  
The beloveds are loved and the poems admired.

Akhtar Jawad

## When You Smile (Ghazal)

You smile sweetheart many flowers sprung,  
Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats are sung.  
Tide of beauty brings out many pearls,  
Ugliness sweeps out like dirt and dung.  
My days are yours my nights are yours,  
You are a song round the clock it's sung.  
I remember sweetheart a heart I had,  
With your earrings something is hung.  
I cannot see if your eyes are wet,  
My heart with you, see never it's wrung.

Akhtar Jawad

# When You Were Blind In Love

Read the writes of time  
when you are alone  
when it's total dark  
when there is a pin drop silence.  
Your heart is a book of fluorescent pages,  
go on reading these luminous pages.  
Stop for a while on a page  
you cannot read it  
slowly and smoothly  
touch the page again and again  
feel it and smile.  
Time had written this page  
when you were blind in love!

Akhtar Jawad

# Where Are You

Beautiful photographs of nature,  
quotes of great men with nice universal messages,  
meaningful poems of the famous poets,  
touching tunes and melodious songs,  
on a website of social contacts,  
your posts are like a bouquet of flowers.  
Your posts are rainbows of so many shocking colors.  
Your posts are the clouds  
that come and go with the winds  
without the showers.  
Everyday I look for you in your posts  
I like these beautiful flowers of colorful papers,  
that have beauty and charms for the aesthetic eyes.  
My thirsty heart opens your page  
likes it and closes it with the thirst intact.  
My heart is still waiting for a bouquet  
having white flowers only,  
but with your fragrance for my soul.  
My friend where are you in your posts?

Akhtar Jawad

# Where Has Gone My Pleasant Smile

Let me look for it on the graves  
of those who loved me more than themselves,  
let me look for it in the curves and curls  
of my loving beloved who shared my days  
whether good or bad, firmly standing by me,  
let me look for it on the faces of my caring daughters  
let me look for it in fatigues of my hard working son.  
Where has gone my pleasant smile?  
And then my youngest granddaughter  
who was asking me to spare my old PC  
to watch a video of Doreman on it'  
started crying and my heartfelt tremor  
forced me to go to the bookmarks option  
I clicked Doeman in Hindi/Urdu on youtube,  
and when it appeared on my LCD,  
my sweet grandchild smiled and clapped.  
I also smiled.

Akhtar Jawad

# Wherever You Are, It's A Land Of Dreams.

Arose sweetheart, the night is gone,  
Like a warming sun she ogles the clay,  
And the clay says it's not enough,  
Get up for a hug, it's your day.

Get up sweet heart for a charming hug,  
Get up sweet heart for a warming kiss,  
A crown of beauty on the face of the earth,  
A moon, a boon and a lovely bliss!

The earth is living due to love n sacrifice,  
The earth is green with your lovely streams,  
As a mother, as a sister, as a daughter and friend,  
Wherever you are, it's a land of dreams.

Akhtar Jawad

# Whispers With The Sweet Heart (A Ghazal An Experiment)

Not important sweetheart what your brain concedes,  
Important is the truth of your heart it feeds.  
Not important sweetheart, how much knowledge you have,  
Important is application when you sow its seeds.  
Not important sweetheart, how nice is your belief,  
Important is its reflection in your day to day deeds.  
Not important sweetheart your outer charms,  
Important is attraction from inside that pleads.  
Not important sweetheart the smiles and joys,  
Important is attention to the eye that bleeds.  
Not important sweetheart forget your sins,  
Important is regression after human misdeeds,  
Not important sweetheart, how much I love you,  
Important is my passion in the time of needs.

Akhtar Jawad

# White Flowers

Let me come so much close to you  
To watch whiteness of reflected colors  
You don't keep any color for you  
So you're capable of spreading odors.

Dear wind! Be slow and let me inhale  
Fragrance of these white delicate flowers  
Dear clouds! No, not at the moment  
Keep control on your untimely showers.

White flowers! I listen to your song  
I feel it but I do not understand  
Go on singing the lyric of nature,  
I shall live and die in your land,

I know what's hidden in your pouch  
You don't speak through the colors  
Your song is in the language of touch  
On the air are your singing odors,

Being touched, I know what you sing  
What else it may be it's a song of love  
Not only me, so close to white flowers  
Colorful butterflies and birds like dove

Everyone's in love see the dance of clouds  
Winds have joined you listen to the melody  
Clouds out of control to wash the dust  
For sickness of hate white flower's remedy!

I am no more sick of hate have been washed  
Let me throw all the dirt and go to beloved  
My sweet beloved waiting for me at home  
I hope this time I'll be kissed and loved.

Akhtar Jawad

# White Fruit Juice And The Red Alcohol

The journey started from a familiar place,  
Colorful faces of kind trees, red or white or pink,  
Some with green leaves and aromatic flowers,  
One hiding the juicy fruits for a lovely drink.

The white juice that was fermented as red alcohol,  
Gave extra ordinary beats to my infant heart,  
Forced me to crawl on the carpet of the grass,  
Standing with the trunks, for me was a great art.

Always thankful for the white juice I had sucked,  
That was reprocessed within me and turned red,  
How firmly I stood up among so many trees,  
Joyfully I walked on the earth's green bed.

Like a thief silently I opened the big main gate,  
Found myself on a romantic lane of adventure,  
And when I got a thief like me on my way,  
Heart beats were regulated, now a pleasure.

Fearlessly I went to the road with a friend,  
With a hand in hand I crossed the busy road,  
Walked with courage and arrived at the highway,  
Jumping like frogs was now the helpless toad.

We arrived in a garden of flowers and fountains  
Saw two buds, dancing on the swing of wind blows,  
Pink petals peeping out through the receptacles,  
I put my lips on the glass of inviting windows.

Friendship like a full moon brought in the tides,  
An electrical charge the red alcoholic induce.  
And when I kissed a half opened bud in the leaves,  
Love; pacified red alcohol; a gift of the white juice.

Thanks to the tall and dense tree for the fruits  
With the sweetness of love that counters violence,  
Thanks for the white juice that brought me up,  
How I can repay this debt of a mother's endurance!

Akhtar Jawad

# Who Am I

If you are mirror see a mirror in me.  
Placed in front of each other,  
making a number of images,  
you have seen this show,  
in a beauty saloon.  
If you are a daughter see a father in me,  
If you are a sister see a brother in me,  
If you are a mother see a son in me,  
If you are a beloved see a lover in me,  
If you are a friend see a friend in me,  
If you are a poetess see a poet in me,  
If you are a woman see a man in me,  
If you are a star see a star in me,  
Sitting at a distance of so many light years,  
Don't ask me as to who am I,  
In the endless time and space,  
we can only see the twinkling lights,  
But we have a prism too deep inside,  
And we have a screen of thoughts,  
within us,  
Diverge the light through the beating prism,  
Study the spectrum to know something,  
Ask the spectrum who is he?  
If you get an answer,  
you will see it's there in my list,  
I did the exercise,  
but the distance of light years,  
obstructed most of the light.  
The heart my prism,  
made an image on my thinking,  
that was too dim and not clear,  
could not make a clear spectrum.  
But I saw something is there,  
It was a write,  
"I am un-named."  
If you are un-named,  
I am also un-named!  
But that's the spectrum through my prism,  
Now the ball is in your court.

If interested and you have time to kill,  
do the same exercise,  
And if you find a clear spectrum,  
Be kind enough to let me know.  
Otherwise, let it remain un-named forever  
I never met you and I will never meet you.  
We shall meet on the Day of Judgment,  
There we'll decide mutually,  
Who are we?

Akhtar Jawad

# Who Are You

I'm not lost in you,  
in fact,  
I have found myself in you,  
sleeping carelessly,  
and smiling like an infant,  
just thinking of feeding  
and other instincts.  
I'm not lost in you,  
in fact,  
I have found myself in you,  
dreaming innocently,  
and smiling like a lover,  
just thinking of a beloved,  
and the day she meets.  
I'm not lost in you,  
in fact,  
I have found myself in you,  
loving yet fearing you,  
just thinking of fire,  
do you really have a Hell?  
I'm not lost in you,  
in fact,  
I have found myself in you,  
asking a garden of sexy fairies  
is a fairy more pretty than you?  
All right, but who are you?

Akhtar Jawad

# Who First Time Kissed

Neither the dense clouds, nor the winds exciting,  
You entered in her as a beauty inviting.  
It were you who rained on the soil too dry  
Here is a paradise; hell may be at the sky,  
It were you who danced as the showers  
It were you who sprung into flowers,  
Neither birds nor beasts, nor a human, or a Jinn,  
It's none else, wasn't me, who committed this sin,  
The weather was pleasant, and long were your arms,  
Drunk in the wine of your ecstatic charms  
It wasn't a girl, wet and visible in a suit of lawn  
Having dreamed a kiss in her teens she came as a dawn  
It wasn't a boy in the rains; she was difficult to be missed,  
It wasn't me, it were you, who first time kissed!  
And if the proceeding dusk lead to a moonlit night  
Don't hide your naughty face, it's too much bright.

Akhtar Jawad

# Who I Am Going To Vote For

Should I vote for a monetarily corrupt?

Who took loans from IMF to pay the installments of the loans,  
no I can't.

Should I vote for a religiously corrupt?

Who supports the killings of the terrorists,  
no I can't.

Should I vote for a politically corrupt?

who changes his political party every year like calendars,  
no I can't.

Should I vote for an ethnically corrupt?

Who burnt the city in the fire of hate,  
no I can't.

The list is long,

let me sum up Mr. Surveyor,

if I have to choose one of the corrupts,

I shall vote for one who is sexually corrupt,

I know he loves to change his women,

on regular intervals,

but I am an old man of seventy plus,

I am not afraid of being sexually abused!

Akhtar Jawad

# Who Is In A Cage

I went to attend a meeting in a park,  
A meeting of a leader, the ruling power,  
Addressing the people, both in dark,  
Promising to make a bright future.

The leader delivered his emotional address,  
Looking angry and in a tone of rage,  
Grievances of the people he must redress,  
A leader secured and confined in a cage.

Promising to finish the energy short falls,  
Promising to remove religious insanity,  
Promising to punish the lawless jackals,  
Promising to re-build federal integrity.

And a lot of many other promises,  
Regretting he couldn't do anything,  
Because he inherited a state in distress,  
An empty treasury having nothing.

The innocent people were excited,  
Their leader, not merely a leader, a saint and sage,  
Long live, long live, slogans they shouted,  
The leader or the public, who is in a cage?

Akhtar Jawad

# Who Is Not Sad

Why the moon is so much grieved?  
Moon light seems absent minded,  
How much the stars are restless!  
A silence is ruling the leaves,  
wind has lost something,  
how static is it?  
The dew is crying,  
without a reason?  
Buds, too, are sleepless.  
Queen of Night! Looking for the gone springs?  
I am restless, sleepless,  
having lost my self!  
Could I say!  
I am not waiting for her!  
How can I say,  
not waiting for her.  
Night is a passing show!  
Just for you,  
everyone is sad with me!

Akhtar Jawad

# Who Is She

A ten years old child,  
Wrote a poem on a girl,  
Described the curls,  
Of her silky hairs,  
And the roses she had,  
In the pinkish white cheeks,  
And the rhymes she sang,  
In her lovely voice!

The poem became,  
A headache for the boy,  
Somehow it was read,  
At home by the elders,  
His brothers and sisters,  
And the parents too!  
Everyone asked him,  
Who is she?

The boy never replied,  
And just smiled,  
On a birthday of the boy,  
She came at his home,  
And the love of the boy,  
Was now exposed!  
The naughty younger sister,  
Recited the poem.

And when his sweet class mate,  
Listened to that poem,  
She asked the boy,  
Who is she?

The boy lost the smile,  
With tearful eyes,  
She looked at the girl,  
When the eyes were met,  
She returned the tears,  
An amazing moment,  
When she appeared,

A grownup eve.

She came to him,  
And embraced her friend,  
With birthday greetings,  
And the shirt of the boy,  
Was wet with tears,  
Of innocent souls!

The boy hid the shirt,  
Unwashed and intact,  
Still it is kept,  
At a secret place.

Years then passed,  
An old man when retired,  
Being tired of his life,  
Saw again that shirt,  
And whispered to himself,  
Where is she?  
How is she?  
Having no reply,  
The old man exclaimed,  
Who is she!

Akhtar Jawad

# Who Is This Beautiful Girl

Is she a mother?

No, she is taking care of a younger child,  
but she is not a mother.

Is she a friend?

No, she is nice like a friend,  
but she is not a friend.

Is she an Angel?

No, she looks like an Angel,  
but she is not an Angel.

With Angel's like look

helping a child to cross a broken bridge

putting her life at risk,

she is a shadow of child's mother,

she is the soul of friendship,

she is incarnation of an Angel,

she is an elder sister!

Akhtar Jawad

# Who Kissed Who Was Kissed

The strife that was leading us towards separation,  
But the flower of love in her lovely arms,  
Stretched her hands towards me and said first time,  
'Pa! ', and smiled to calm down the storms.  
What else was the most amazing moment of my life,  
We met, saw each other, smiled, after a serious strife.

I took my daughter's head on my right shoulder,  
And started moving towards our bed room,  
Feeling a hot breath at my neck when I turned back,  
She looked like a bride following her bridegroom.  
I heard a whisper, 'We both are needed by the child.'  
The stone in my bosom became then too much mild.

'We are becoming now so much ugly and bad,  
Relations should be beautified by more flowers.'  
She remained silent but I felt gradually my shoulders  
Were so much wet by two loving eyes' showers,  
Then I turned my face and got what I had missed,  
Difficult to decide who kissed and who was kissed!

Akhtar Jawad

# Who Rules The World

A difficult question I put up for replies,  
before the earth, not before the skies,  
Who rules the world? I think cartoons,  
That grow in the heaven's dirty spittoons,  
and attract large number of insects and flies!

Akhtar Jawad

# Who The Devil Is Alive

Who drinks for pleasure,  
I drink to get courage,  
to sit with you,  
and to see you.  
And your lovely face,  
when enters into wine,  
it's an enshrine,  
in the temple of love,  
where there are bells,  
I get rid of the hells,  
and when I drink,  
you enter into me,  
and the bells ring,  
you come to my heart,  
where there is a wound,  
given by you,  
and when the bells ring,  
you so much cry,  
that your tears,  
wash my heart,  
then again you leave,  
and the wound is refreshed,  
and when listen to the bells,  
You come once again,  
How long will it go?  
I don't know,  
I think it will go on,  
Until I am dead.

But what do you think?  
Am I alive?  
No sweetheart,  
It's not me,  
It's my dead body.  
I don't see anyone,  
other than you,  
I don't listen to one,  
other than you  
I don't talk anyone,

other than you,  
I don't exist,  
If anyone exists,  
It's you in me.

Akhtar Jawad

# Who The Fool Is Watching The Moon At Skies

Full moon was shining on the sky,  
your hand in my hand, so close were we,  
I was in you, you were in me,  
and I was then in a mood to fly.

Naughty clouds partly covered the moon,  
a shy moonlight shivering with cold,  
stars were peeping, a show too bold,  
friendly winds of a late monsoon,

did a lovely job for the thirsty eyes,  
they uncovered two lovely moons,  
a kind downpour of wet monsoons,  
brought a clear view of pinkish dyes.

Two lovely dyes almost exposed,  
two brown moons, convex skies,  
life on the earth in concave dies,  
for the high skies my eyes were closed!

The brownish lover then turned so pink,  
how to control the stinging palms?  
How to defuse the current in arms?  
How to stop the lips from a drink?

'The weather is nice for the real romance,  
and the rains are cold and so warming',  
She said, 'The moon is too charming, '  
My eyes are busy with a feminine dance!

Who the fool is watching the moon at skies,  
Who the devil wants to watch the lunar eclipse,  
For me are the lips, for me the ellipse,  
swimming in a sea of a woman's dyes!

Akhtar Jawad

# Who Will Drive The Jeeps

If dangerous track on that  
we travel from Naran to Lake Saiful Mulook  
is metaled  
or a narrow railways track is built  
like that from Kalka to Simla  
or from Silliguri to Darjeeling  
built by the British rulers of this sub continent  
and areas like Mansahra, Abbotabd and Hasan Abdal  
are fully industrialized  
and jobs are prvided to the poor inhabitants  
of Northern Areas of Pakistan  
it will create a problem  
for the corrupt politicians.  
They will face heavy losses.  
They are earning a lot from the tourists  
who travel on jeeps owned by them  
and run by the helpless men of the area.  
If they work in the industries developed  
who will drive their imported jeeps?

Akhtar Jawad

# Why (Inspired By Born A Slave - Poem By Lungelo S. Mbuyazi)

Feeling you like the aroma of flowers,  
thinking someone is peeping out  
through the colorful windows  
when I fall in love with a rose,  
I think its petals will dry and fall.  
You left the rose to be faded,  
Why?  
When I think same will be my end,  
then you send a message  
this is just to test me.  
If you are my mother,  
and I was breast fed by you during my infancy,  
you need not to test me.  
I wonder if you test me!  
Why?  
So you are not a mother,  
you are a good teacher  
who becomes a stern and strict examiner  
sitting in in a closed room  
while testing my answers to your question paper.  
I know you will give me a big zero,  
as in answers to your all questions,  
I have written a big why.  
Don't ask why?  
Well, if you ask,  
I let you know,  
I also wanted to test you,  
and you know very well,  
still I don't give you zero marks,  
do not ask my love,  
why.  
Alas! You avoided to reply my question.  
Now I am constrained to reply my question myself.  
You are my mother,  
I know you built this house but it's now stale.  
and your new house is under construction,  
you are selecting a few children from so many,

the fittest children,  
and the remaining so many will be left alone.  
Well if it's so,  
I offer myself to be the first to be sacrificed,  
but I know it very well,  
after your selection is done,  
you'll leave your unfit children here in this old house,  
to meet their fate that is not written by you,  
I hope to see a few tears in your eyes,  
after all,  
you are my mother!

Akhtar Jawad

# Why Don't You Smile

Why don't you smile?  
Let your lips be dancing,  
It's really fertile,  
It's peace enhancing.

Even from the sand,  
And hard stones,  
If the smile is grand,  
If pleasing are the tones,

It can blossom many flowers,  
In the barren islands,  
A few loving showers,  
And hands in hands,

Not laughter so loud,  
Just a mild smile,  
Getting rid of proud,  
Can change your profile.

At your pretty lovely face,  
With the lips so nice,  
Put love and grace  
Once or twice or thrice,

Loneliness you complain,  
Try it again, and again and again,  
You shouldn't refrain,  
To remove your strain,

Your love they deserve,  
All hearts are fragile,  
No need to reserve,  
Your beauty of smile.

Akhtar Jawad

# Why Don't You Slap Me

&quot;I love you,  
you are so beautiful.&quot;  
&quot;Look at your back my younger sister is coming,  
she is more beautiful than me.&quot;  
When he turned back he didn't see anyone.  
She slapped him and said,  
&quot;If you love me, why did you turn back.&quot;  
Forgive me My God!  
I claim that I love you  
and many times a day,  
I turn back to false happiness  
that I never got!  
But why don't you slap me?

Akhtar Jawad

# Why To Blame Someone In Love

No shame for him,  
no blame for him,  
no name for him,  
no tame for him,  
no fame for him,  
no game for him,  
he is insane in love.

Is he a dove?

Don't shoot this bird he is blindfold,  
see how much he is brave and bold!

Or he is a dirty dog?

Who can see in dark and fog!

He has put his head on the feet,

He is happy in her treat,

He likes her sweat,

His beloved is unseen!

He is insane in a preen,

Yes, he cannot see her face,

But he can feel her endless grace.

He couldn't find her real feet,

but found her in a virtual meet,

let him lick her feet,

for him it's nice and neat!

Akhtar Jawad

# Wine Of Truth

I am not short of mental funding  
I can have any of these bottles  
available in the market.  
Packings are nice and the bottles are attractive,  
well supported by advertising,  
and many with handsome trade offers,  
but the wine inside?  
I am a years old drunk  
but I doubt wine in these bottles  
is not pure.  
Some have sexy colors  
some have exciting smells  
some may have a lovely taste  
some have all the three  
but blended with alcohol of lies  
manufactured in a brewery of assumptions.  
I am shocked why the manufacturers  
are engaged in a cutthroat competition.  
Why they claim the wine of ethics they sell  
is the real wine of truth  
and all other wines are blended.  
These bottles can't make me truly drunk.  
Let me die for want of wine  
but don't convince me to drink wine that is impure.

Akhtar Jawad

# Winston Churchill

Thanks God! It was Sir Winston Churchill.  
He could write to Field Martial Wavell,  
being defeated by Axis Forces,  
now there is no use of you,  
better go India and smoke Hookah.  
Great politicians, great generals!  
Wavell bowed his head before an elected leader.  
If I would be in place of Churchill,  
attitude of Wavell might have been different,  
he might have charged me of raping a camel,  
in Qattara Depression,  
and I had to pass so many years,  
in political asylum,  
with Stalin in Stalingrad!

Akhtar Jawad

# Winter

Winter in hot countries is a natural gift,  
Takes dirt and sweats gives a silky sift,  
I'm afraid of her hysteria in heat,  
During hot summers, it's often a rift,  
Always I am at her two arms length,  
She's at a distance, a model of no lift,  
Yes, prevention is better than cure,  
I too avoid her when I see her tift,  
Winter when fills us with hot water,  
In cold rains see an overall drift,  
Love it as remain in a blanket whole day,  
Dreaming a night that'll make her swift.

(I know someone may object on 'tift', so the explanation is given below: -  
A fit of pettishness, or slight anger; a tiff. After all your fatigue you seem as  
ready for a tift with me as if you had newly come from church. - Blackwood's  
Mag. Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary, published 1913 by C.  
Tift - definition of Tift by The Free Dictionary

Akhtar Jawad

# With Due Apology

Oh God! I know,  
I am your contrast!  
You are a smile  
I am tears,  
you are handsome  
I am ugly,  
you are nothing but love,  
I am nothing but hate,  
you are pleasant I admire,  
I am painful fire,  
but the clay,  
your love your proud,  
your beauty,  
your image,  
was incomplete,  
until my sacrifice,  
my self for you!  
Do you know why?  
I hate the rest,  
but I truly love you!

(Based on Allama Iqbal's lines: -  
Ho kabhi khilwat moessar to yeh pooch Allah sey,  
qissae Adam ko rangeen kar गया kiska lohu.  
Translation  
Ask God if you get a lonely moment,  
whose blood gave color to Adam's story)

Akhtar Jawad

# Wives And The Twelfth Man

In teen age are bath of steam,  
During conjugal life they are ice cream,  
Now a cup of tea!  
Wives always the Lady Lea,  
And husbands, twelfth man of the team!

Akhtar Jawad

# Woe Man

Yes, you can do what I can,  
Know all magic of woman,  
Fate line of my palm!  
Placid, patient, calm,  
Helpless man being woe man!

Akhtar Jawad

# Woman

I am a happy man,  
A woman I love,  
I am a nice man,  
A woman loves me.  
I don't want to see her,  
Illiterate and ignorant,  
For me she is not merely a luxury,  
She is need of my body,  
She is need of my heart,  
She is need of my soul,  
She can wipe the tears,  
She removes the fears,  
She can heal the wounds,  
She takes care of children,  
She takes care of house,  
She is a lovely spouse.  
She is a mother I love,  
She is a sister I love,  
She is a daughter I love,  
As a friend,  
She is a Barbie doll.

And you want to keep her,  
Illiterate and ignorant,  
You burn her schools,  
You burn her alive,  
For you she is merely a toy,  
A device of your pleasure,  
Your ugly caricature!  
You can't put the clock back,  
You can't change her fate,  
She will rise like Malala,  
An electric current,  
Of thousand volt,  
She will revolt!

Akhtar Jawad

## Woman Of The East (Being Inspired By A Poem Married To A Man I Hated By Tanzila Remat)

As long as I can see there is no other island,  
Endless is the Ocean! Where could I go?  
A shipwrecked neither happy nor so sad,  
I know for you I am just so, so!  
I never wanted to come to this lonely island,  
It was my fate that brought me somewhere,  
Not used to with the climate of this place,  
I came determined to adopt anything here.  
I see a crowd of insects and colorful butterflies  
But I never saw your caresses for my cute flowers,  
Ignoring me throughout the hot summers,  
You come like clouds with the casual showers.  
Embryo I planted is now a tall tree with a nest,  
It is full of flowers with aroma of my love,  
My flower has attracted a bird that has wings,  
With silver on my hairs I welcome a dove.  
Dear Dove! I didn't know how to change the fate,  
But now I have learnt a lot from the times,  
I have taught its branches how to caress the flowers,  
Read the poem of life with the beautiful rimes.

Akhtar Jawad

# Women And Nature

Nature behaves like a woman  
or a woman behaves like the nature?  
Shining silky hairs,  
shining starry blue eyes,  
shining reddish apples on the cheek,  
shining pink lips,  
shining appealing body,  
I wonder if there is a place in her body  
that's not shining.  
Still greedy of more shines!  
And so is the nature,  
always greedy of adding something more  
to her amazing beauty,  
the restlessness appears in the tides of the seas,  
in the thunder of clouds,  
in eruption of volcanoes,  
and,  
in the earthquakes.  
Apparently a terrorist  
in fact creative!  
Oh! Now I follow!  
My beloved who is apparently preparing herself  
to attack me like a terrorist,  
has an unconscious desire of becoming  
a beautiful creative mother!

Akhtar Jawad

# Women Of Color Day

Whatever her skin's color may be,  
She's a model of self sacrifice.  
Always pleasant always nice,  
The only thing I like to see,  
When I am sleeping at the night,  
And I am dreaming of moonlight.

So what if her skin is black,  
It's she, ugliness who absorbs,  
Takes only pains when she robs,  
And gives you that what you lack,  
Her skin may not be pinkish white,  
Still she is a lovely nice write.

Read her heart it's pink like others'  
She gives birth like a white woman  
She breast feeds the father of man  
Black or white I salute the mothers,  
A happy day for woman of color  
I am ecstatic, is it your odor?

Akhtar Jawad

# Wonders Of Kelly Kurt

How many times Kelly Kurt thinks  
When words of wisdom great poet inks!  
Only once! He is wonderful!  
But who is that beautiful?  
That blinks to show His alluring links!

Akhtar Jawad

# Wordsworth I Will Take Your Revenge

Death,  
that snatched your beloved from you.  
I will take your revenge.  
Why don't you speak?

Life,  
that is giving same pain to me.  
Come on and tell,  
whose pain is more severe?

Wounds,  
that inspired you to write,  
sweet but sad,  
so many songs!

World,  
still singing the melodies,  
you wrote from your fingers,  
dipped in blood!

Me,  
I shall make death helpless,  
I'll die for her.  
A happy long life to her!

You,  
spoke at last, what do you say?  
You will reveal a poem to me.  
Better than all your poems!

Ready,  
yes I am ready to die,  
again and again,  
Need revelations from you!

Once,  
I'll die for my sweet beloved,  
then I'll die many times,  
on beloved revelations!

Akhtar Jawad

# Wrap Me In Beauty I Am Too Ugly

I was wrapped in beauty,  
I forgot myself!  
Life a balloon inflating with my breaths,  
Sometimes I found me in the ocean of mermaids,  
sometimes I found me in the garden of roses,  
sometimes I found me flying among the stars,  
I never knew how cruel my breaths are!  
And when the balloon was over inflated,  
While I was dreaming like Alice in The Wonderland,  
it burst with a terrific sound,  
I was awoken and I found me stranded,  
in a dark and cold space of unkind nothingness!  
Oh! Now I recollect,  
Once upon a time I had been roaming here,  
with my eagle like eyes,  
I saw a couple on earth,  
doing their best to create a balloon,  
taking advantage of their over ecstasy,  
I entered the balloon not yet sealed.  
I can still enjoy a bird's eye view,  
I can see a couple though in dark,  
what a charming view of love!  
But it's not time to watch the porn,  
so many like me are running to them!  
My breaths! You destroyed me,  
now avenge your sin,  
get me out of the Hell,  
give me courage and more strength,  
to run faster than others,  
Oh Love!  
My ruler, You are King of the kings!  
Help me, to win the race,  
bless me with the peace of getting in,  
the paradise of a lovely hot balloon!  
You say I'll have to forget my past,  
my sweet past!  
I am ready to sacrifice whatever I have.  
Please let me enter the balloon once again,  
wrap me in beauty I am too ugly!

(Last time I won the race, I don't know how many centuries I shall have to live in Hell, this time. Life is a beautiful balloon, a paradise in fact. Life after death is a desire, but whatever a man desired he got. So I believe in another life after death, because it's not only me, we all desire it. I am obliging God with love, because He is love, and if I am sincere in love, I hope he will lead my soul quickly to a couple engaged in love. And I shall enjoy the paradise of a balloon once again.)

Akhtar Jawad

# Wuh Chupi Bat

Aap kah dete agar hum nahin kah paye wuhi bat,  
Ek janam beet geya aur rahi honton mein dabi bat.  
Aap se yun to bahut sari suni hayn batein,  
Wuh lateefe wuhi qisse ke na jimein thi koi bat.  
Shak to in aankhon pe mujhko tha hamesha lekin,  
Bas zara khauf tha kanon se jo inne na sahi bat.  
Chaunk kar aankhon mein jhanka to nigahein na hateen  
Aaj jab aap yeh bole ke sunaen na nai bat.  
Aankhon mein aansoo labon per wuh tabassum dekha,  
Aaj tak ho na saki thi jo nigahon se hui bat.  
Aur keya rah geya baqi ke karein hum batein,  
Ruki rahne do jo honton pe hay muddat se ruki bat.  
Khol do aaj ki shab jo bhi chupa hay apna,  
Khud hi aa jaegi pardon se nikal kar wuh chupi bat

Akhtar Jawad

# Wuh Kal Keya Thi Wuh Aaj Hay Keya Aa Dekh Le In Tasveeron Mein

Wuh kal keya thi wuh aaj hay keya aa dekh le in tasveeron mein,  
Wuh to azal se likhki thi in khamosh lakeeron mein,  
Na sone mein na chandi mein na moti mein na heeron mein,  
Dekho isko kaise bandhi hay is dil ki zanjeeron mein.

Yeh sooraj jab bhi nikalta hay dhaki chupi wuh rahti hay,  
Rat mein kitne jatan ke bad dheere dheere khulti hay,  
Bas mere liye wuh roti hay bas mere liye wuh hansti hay,  
Han main usper marta hoon han mere liye wuh jeei hay.

Tum keya jano keya cheez hay yeh, wuh poorab desh ki usha hay,  
Wuh dhoop mein thandi chaya hay wuh sunderta ki kaya hay,  
Ab tumse kahoon keya main jag walo keya keya usmein samaya hay,  
Keya keya maine dekha keya keya maine pay hay!

Akhtar Jawad

# Yachting Allure

All things are too difficult to do  
As long as we think we can't do it.  
With a patience to face the failures  
And with a smile if we can undo it.

Restarting in the light of past experience  
With new efforts after a failure  
Brings a day of success at last in the life  
Joy of a journey in a yachting allure.

Blue oceans are not for the fleets of wars  
Carrying nuclear weapons that can destroy.  
Blue oceans are for a friendly dolphin  
Beautiful, helpful, playing, a talking toy.

I know hate is one of our instincts  
It's not easy to end the instinctive hate  
I also know love is our supreme instinct  
It's written in DNA as our fate ultimate.

I have started sailing in a beautiful yacht  
I am sure one day I shall arrive in an island  
Where there is beach of acrobat dolphins  
And a silky touch of wet silvery sand.

Akhtar Jawad

## Yad-E-Mazi

Ek main hi to nahin teri muhabbat ka gunahgar,  
Is ghar ki har ek shay hai teri yad men beemar.  
Takiye se teri zulf ki khushboo nahin nikli,  
Chadar tere rukhsar ki lali se hay gulzar.  
Jisne tere honto se churai the gulabi,  
Woh jama abhi tak hay usi lams se sarshar.  
Phenke they jahan choori ke tootey huye tukre,  
Dekh aaj bhi rangeen hay wo gosha-e-deewar.  
Khoonti pe jo kamre men kabhi tanga tha toone,  
Ab bhi wohin maujood hay go sookh gaya har.  
Jalwey tere paikar ke na dekhe gaye jinse,  
Woh khidki ki palken hain usi tarah hayabar.  
Kamre ki ki fizaon men abhi tak hay basi too,  
Is dil ko abhi tak hay teri chah ka azar.  
Bahar to nikal hal ke is jal se ekdin,  
Mazi ke jharokon men kabhi jhank to ek bar.  
Woh pehla sa andaz liye bhi kabhi aaja,  
Waise to mere kamre aati hay too sau bar.  
Honton pe tabassum ho larazte hon tere hath,  
Dawat ho nigahon men zuban karti ho inkar.  
Khamosh ho too aur tera paikar ho ghazalkhan,  
Sanson se tere dil ki nikalti huyee jhankar.  
Ab bhi teri aankhon se chalakti hain sharaben,  
Ab bhi teri zulfon se moattar hay shab-e-tar.  
Katrata hay mahtab tere gore badan se,  
Hain aaj bhi phoolon ke liye khar yeh rukhsar.  
Jis dunya ne mujhse tujhe begana kiya hay,  
Us duniya se pal bhar keliye ho kabhi bezar.

Akhtar Jawad

# Yeh Meri Betian

Salam un betion pe meri jo jan dene pe aa gayee hayn  
Lohu mein apne naha ke dekho bahisht mein muskura rahee hayn.  
Unhin mein hay ek Sahar pur Afshan, bahisht mein bhi jo hay ghazal khawan,  
Azeem beti yeh bap tera nahin kahe ga kahan hay Afshan,  
Yeh chal rahi hay wuh phir rahi hay yeh aa rahi hay wuh ja rahi hay,  
Nazar uthao Wuh hoor banker bahisht mein muskura rahi hay,  
Shaheede awal ke dat gayee jo lohu se roshan chiragh kar ke,  
Wuh so gayee thee abhi uthi hay bahisht ko bagh bagh kar ke,  
Salam karta hay ek shair azeematon ko Sahar tumhari,  
Yeh hath lambe jo hote mere utar leta nazar tumhari!

Akhtar Jawad

# Yeh Tumne Rula Dala Hum Warna Nahin Rote

Ayse to nahin kahte ayse to nahin milte,  
Yun itne dinon tak bhi roothe to nahin rahte,  
Nazron mein nahin dikhti pehli si shanasai,  
Yun ajnabi banker bhi apnon se nahin milte,  
Sunna mujhe aata hay jo chahe suna dete,  
Wuh apni to kah jate han meri nahin sunte,  
Do satrein hi likh dete paigham koi aata,  
Ashaar to likh dale keyun khat wuh nahin likhte,  
Main kandhon pe sar rakhkar ro ro ke mana leta,  
Lekin wuh akele mein ab mujhse nahin milte,  
Milna to muqaddar hay ab aaj milein ya kal,  
Mujh jaise nahin dikhlte tum jaise nahin hote,  
Hans hans ke jo roye hain hans len ge zara ro kar,  
Yeh tumne rula dala hum warna nahin rote.

Akhtar Jawad

# Yellow Journalist

When I was a child,  
I was soft and mild,  
My father quoted,  
A thinker so learned.  
A young man who is an activist,  
Wonder if he is not communist!

He wonders once again,  
Is someone so insane,  
If an old activist,  
An he is a communist!  
When I grew old, old and aged,  
Soviet Union, disintegrated.

Now I wonder, media's sons and the dads,  
Promote sensation to have more adds,  
What is coming out from the prism,  
Uni-color spectrum, yellow journalism.  
Bribes as gifts widely accepted,  
Truth and honesty completely rejected.

Don't pour water in an acid-jar,  
You are on the wrong way and too far.  
Acid jumps out, may hurt journalism,  
Make a rainbow through your prism,  
Colorful spectrum will make you charming,  
But at the moment situation is alarming.

They say politicians, wrestlers they look,  
Not read yet, and discussing a book.  
The anchors adding, fuel to the fire,  
Owners of the media pleased to admire.  
Honest journals, they need to resist,  
And welcome the yellow Journalist!

Akhtar Jawad

# Yet I Believe In Dear God

They say God is the biggest lie, ever spoken.  
God hasn't made us,  
instead we made God,  
No heaven, they deny.  
Yet, I believe, in dear God.  
I know the meaning of sky.  
the seven spheres,  
of earth and atmosphere.

They say we, don't see Him.  
They say we, don't listen to Him.  
They say we, don't smell Him.  
They say we, don't taste Him.  
They say we, don't touch Him.  
A thing exists only if,  
at least one of our senses, witnesses it.  
Watch the beauty, watch the God.  
Listen to melodies, listen to the God.  
Smell the flowers, smell the God, .  
Taste a fruit, it has taste of God,  
Touch the broken hearts, and touch the God.

We exist because we think when we think God also thinks with us.  
If we exist God also exists.  
Postulates, assumptions and theories,  
don't have a proof,  
but when applied, in a certain frame work,  
are found true.  
The modern science and philosophy  
couldn't have been developed.  
without postulates, fundamental assumptions and theories  
It's God in me that makes me thinking.  
How could I think without a soul in me?

You assume,  
A quantity is either,  
Equal to the other,  
or it is greater than it,  
or it is smaller than it.

No fourth option is possible.  
Can you prove it?  
God either exists,  
or He does not.  
No third option is possible.

Read the Newton's first Law of Motion,  
a thing if static remains static,  
if dynamic goes on moving,  
unless and until an external force is applied upon it.  
Come to the Big Bang Theory, you read,  
a point with its volume tending to zero,  
and with a weight, infinite,  
burst and started spreading all around.  
This is how universe was created.  
The question remains, where from came,  
the external force exploding it,  
you don't have an answer, but deny,  
and state that God is a lie.  
God is the external force that exploded that point.  
Non-existence of God is impossible,  
the only possible second option, He exists.

He is present in my thinking;  
He has no beginning and no end.  
He is present in love of a friend,  
He is present in service to humanity,  
He is present in promotion of peace,  
He is present in all good acts,  
To remove illiteracy, poverty and pain,  
To teach the lesson of coexistence,  
To kill the hate to stop the wars,  
To save the planet from destruction,  
To teach the lesson of love all.  
It's God in us that we think to be good and intend to do good.  
I know it well, you'll still deny,  
yet, I believe in dear God.

Akhtar Jawad

# You And Me

You are my past,  
You are my present, too,  
You are my future, as well,  
I don't care,  
Whether you are mine,  
Or not,  
You are a friend,  
You are an enemy, too,  
In any case come to me,  
Although you are so close,  
That I can touch you,  
But look into my eyes,  
Still they invite you,  
But you don't come,  
The earth is the same,  
The sky is the same,  
I know we cannot meet,  
With the mortal bodies,  
But the journey of future,  
With the souls that are free,  
Free to fly like clouds,  
Who can stop the clouds?  
I know the fire of Heer,  
Is dormant in you,  
You too, must know,  
The fire of Rnjha,  
Isn't extinguished,  
But the book of love,  
Heer by Waris Shah,  
Still survives,  
I know you still sing,  
On the other bank of the river,  
You are still a beauty,  
And so is your voice.

In a moonlit night,  
With a veil on your face,  
Come to me,  
Unveil your face,

Have a kiss of the eyes,  
Be a little shy,  
It will add an element,  
An element of glory,  
In your lovely face,  
And then you recite,  
Verses of Waris Shah,  
The flood in Chenab,  
Is deadly and furious,  
Have courage from Sohni,  
And this time Mahiwal,  
Will not let you drowned,  
In a wet moonlit night,  
Come to the sleepless,  
And sing the Heer,  
He will not bother you again,  
He will sleep forever!

(Heer a classical Punjabi long poem, Heer the beautiful heroine and Ranjha the lover.

Waris Shah a great classical Punjabi poet,  
Sohni Mahiwal a famous Punjabi love story, Sohni tried to cross the flooded Chenab to meet Mahiwal but was drowned and when Mahiwal saw her drowning he also dived in the flooded river)

Akhtar Jawad

# You Are Just For Love

If you don't know me,  
If you don't love me,  
You haven't created me.  
I am a bye product,  
Accidentally created,  
A production loss.

If you don't know my soul,  
If you don't love my soul,  
You are yourself not a soul,  
You too don't live,  
And my life is merely,  
A property of the matter.

If you don't know my pains,  
If you don't cry on my pains,  
You don't have a heart,  
If you can't count me,  
And creatures like me,  
We are the process loss.

If you don't share my joys,  
We are nothing but toys,  
But are you a child?  
Innocent and ignorant,  
Who brings a lovely toy,  
To play and shatter.

But I know you,  
And I love you,  
You are just for love,  
I am just to love,  
Wherever you may be,  
Whatever you may be.

Akhtar Jawad

# You Are Kamini Beauty

You have lovely things,  
That is large and tall,  
I'm tied in strings  
But a few are small.

I ignore it at all,  
The beauty dominates,  
It's lack or shortfall,  
It never underrates,

The water of light,  
Like a fall from the hills,  
To an unseen sight,  
With a magic of fills,

Fills heart and brain,  
With the melted gold,  
And the silver strain,  
No more cold and old,

Brings back the age,  
That we lost in time,  
Was locked in a cage,  
With the same old rime!

With this charm of love,  
I sleep at night,  
An alarm of love,  
When the day is bright!

What if you are sick!  
My love all times,  
To your music I stick,  
I enjoy your rimes.

The treasure of your charms,  
The beauty and bliss,  
The pleasure of your arms,  
And a hot warm kiss.

And above all,  
You're pink and profound,  
Not very big, it's small,  
On a sloppy silky ground!

The blackish mole,  
A nature's work of art  
What a beauty as a whole,  
Come to me sweetheart.

I loved you ever,  
I love you now,  
Forty seven years!  
Forget what and how.

I'm naughty you are nifty,  
And love is my duty,  
With your love my fifty,  
You are Kamini beauty!

Akhtar Jawad

## You Are My Light (Wrote As A Comment On Abhilasha Bhatt's Poem Tum Ho Meri Roshni)

When love came suddenly as beams of light,  
the dark room of heart sometimes became a sun,  
sometimes it became a moon,  
I became restless as a sea in tide,  
life and death both got a meaning,  
life my beloved and death my bride,  
what a magic is love!  
At the moment my beloved is into my arms,  
but I am fully prepared for my bride's soothing charms,  
I assure you my bride after I kiss you,  
I shall smile with peace, an immortal smile,  
but as long as my beloved is with me,  
I am now moderate,  
My life a delight,  
no more a sun so bright,  
no more a moon raising the tides,  
In love I am twinkling like a star,  
the journey that started at dusk,  
making me an evening star,  
I know will end at the dawn,  
I shall see my end as a morning star.

Akhtar Jawad

# You Are No More My Leader

My body is the home,  
sweet home of my soul,  
I know my shoulders are blocked,  
I know my arms are giving pains to me,  
but I know, too,  
my disease is curable,  
I shall not go to anyone else,  
they are not good friends,  
they will cut my hand  
and sell out to the traders  
of human body parts.  
I shall control my disease,  
by suitable foods and exercises.  
I am sure a day will come,  
when I shall be perfectly all right.  
I condemn the devil in me  
an agent of selfish greedy curers.  
The devil with his crocodile tears,  
is crying for help,  
to the enemy's of my body.  
Ignorant, abnormal and foolish devil,  
I shall not allow you anymore,  
to lead the affairs of my lovely body,  
it's future of my offshoots,  
I shall get rid of you,  
you are no more my leader.

Akhtar Jawad

# You Blame Us

It was you!  
Who broke him into two pieces!  
And when he and she came into being,  
your magic,  
hidden in both the pieces,  
you excited them to love,  
and when they loved,  
you enjoyed it with them,  
you put all the blame on passion,  
and the two passionate lovers,  
and turned out the trio from your gardens,  
let me know sweetheart,  
why you had closed your eyes?  
Leave it.  
When your eyes are closed,  
let me love once again,  
again and again!  
Three hundred sixty five into hundred,  
Thirty six thousand five hundred times,  
Or even more!

Akhtar Jawad

# You Shall Never Know

There is a point,  
Where love and hate,  
Touch each other,  
And the blow of winds,  
Pushes a flower,  
Towards love of a friend,  
Hidden in in the leaves  
And branches of emotions,  
Power of passion,  
Keeps a friendship,  
Ever green,  
Alive and attractive,  
But the beautiful flower,  
Has the pride of fragrance,  
And colors of proud,  
And ego of the flower,  
Pulls back it,  
And keeps her away,  
From a lovely friend,  
Yes, a friend!  
A loving friend!  
Just a friend!  
And nothing else!  
You're still in the list,  
Of my lovely friends!

Do you know?  
I visit the garden,  
With a mask on my face,  
I watch your colors,  
I watch your fragrance,  
I appreciate your beauty,  
But,  
With a mask on my face,

I let you know,  
I shall come,  
To the garden,  
With,

A mask on my face,  
Like a cute butterfly,  
In a night of joy,  
I shall dance with you,  
I am your friend,  
And a friend is a friend,  
You'll enjoy dancing,  
You'll ask,  
Who are you?  
I shall disappear,  
Like metamorphic camphor,  
My dear lovely friend,  
You don't know,  
And,  
You'll never know!

Akhtar Jawad

# You, Sleep Or Death

Intezar - Poem by Akhtar Jawad

Aana to tha sooraj ke sang, chand ke sang aa jao sathi,  
Sara din to tadpa hoon main, sham ko na tadpao sathi,  
Subah ka bhoola sham ko aaye to bhoola kahlata nahin,  
Subah se ab to sham huei tum ab bhi aa jao sathi.  
Sham dhale poorab se uththeen kali kali ghataen sathi,  
Rat andheri sar par aai, tum bin kaise bitaen sathi,  
Barkha rut men dost ki doori, dushman bhi mahfooz rahe,  
Thandi thandi mast hawaen dilmen aag lagaen sathi.  
Tum aao ya neend aae ya maut hi aa jae sathi,  
Kuch to aisi bat ho jisse rat yeh kat jae sathi,  
Rimjhim rimjhim badra barse chamcham chamcham chamke bijli,  
Bheegi bheegi rat ka joban pal pal uthta jae sathi.

Translation

Waiting

You had promised to come with the sun,  
Now come with the moon,  
For the whole day I remained restless,  
Don't make me restless in the evening,  
One who forgets his way in the morning,  
If comes at last in the evening,  
He is not called a forgetful,  
The morning has changed into evening,  
You must come now,  
Since decaying evening,  
Black clouds are rising from the east,  
A dark night is ahead,  
How can I pass it,  
Without you, sweetheart,  
To remain away from the beloved,  
In a lovely rainy season,  
My Lord! Save even my enemy!  
The pleasant winds are burning my heart,  
Either you, or the sleep or the death,  
Someone should come to rescue,  
The restless lover to pass the night,

Music of falling rains and lightning,  
The magic of the breasts of a wet night,  
Rising more and more from moment to moment!

Akhtar Jawad

# Your Mother, Your Friend

My elder bother was born in nineteen thirty nine,  
And I was born in nineteen forty five,  
He often faced funny words of mine,  
He is dead and I am alive.

Once I told him, you came in the world with a deadly war,  
And when I came I ended the killings of humans,  
My brother replied, yes, no doubt, you came with a bar,  
But came with you the nuclear weapons.

What he brought could be repaired and mended,  
What I brought may bring the end,  
To moon and planets you are ascended,  
And the earth, your mother, your friend!

Akhtar Jawad

# Your Religion And Your Nation Both Are Mighty

When nature decides to destroy a nation,  
it injects fears and frustrations in the people,  
they start feeling insecure,  
they are afraid of even their own shadows.  
a night is not a bulb of your room,  
you switch it off and it's dark,  
night comes in stages,  
before a dark night  
there is a frustrated day,  
a tired sun spreading its sweats  
as aurora on the blue sky  
you call it a dusk.

When nature decides to build a nation,  
it injects confidence and hope in the people,  
they start feeling strength,  
they stand bravely looking into eyes of mighty enemies,  
a day is not a bulb of your room,  
you switch it on and it's bright,  
day comes in stages,  
before a bright day,  
there is a starry night,  
a newly born sun spreading its petals,  
as aurora on the blue sky,  
you call it a dawn.

When a nation is to be built,  
its leadership is passed in the hands of leaders,  
who promote hope and confidence,  
and when a nation is to be destroyed,  
its leadership is passed in the hands of leaders,  
who promote fears and frustrations.

My dear children,  
it's not only you,  
since my childhood,  
I have been listening to my leaders,  
saying our religion is in danger,  
our nation has been passing the worst days of its history,

you don't need fundamentalism and terror,  
to keep standing your religion and nation,  
what you need is to be more universal,  
and join the marathon of the world you see,  
in this amazing and lovely twenty first century.

Akhtar Jawad

# Your Tears Were Lies

One who twittered like birds!  
One who sang like winds!  
One who flied like clouds!  
One who rained like showers!  
One who sprung like flowers!

He was an umbrella for you!  
In the suns and in the rains,  
It's his portrait static and silent,  
He expired with all his worth,  
And buried in motherly depth!

With a bitter smile on tears,  
Yes, the dust on the portrait,  
His sigh could not blow,  
He can see from skies.  
Your tears were lies!

Akhtar Jawad

# Zara Der Se Aata Hay Poora Chand

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Aiy dhoop zara ruk ruk kar ja  
Aiy waqt zara jhuk jhuk kar chal  
Aiy sooraj itni bhi jaldi keya  
Aiy sham ke tare abhi na nikal

KeyuN saye lambe hone lage  
KeyuN patange abhi se udne lage  
Keyun panchi gagan se khone lage  
KeyuN rat ke phool bhi khilne lage

Lo thandi hawa bhi bahne lagee  
Yeh kiski mang meN lali bhari  
Dekho to kali bhi chatakhne lagee  
KeyuN sajne lagi fitrat ki pari

AankhoN meN sitare utarne lage  
Mera chand abhi nikla hi nahiN  
Tan man meN diye se jalne lage  
Mera dost abhi aaya hi nahiN!

Mere chand ko hone do tayyar  
Mera chand nahiN hay adhoora chand  
Use karne do kutch aor singhar  
Zara der se aata hay poora chand.

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Akhtar Jawad



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Akhtar Jawad

# ????? ?? ??? Barsat Ki Rat

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Aana hay to aaj hi aao waqt abhi hay hatoN meN  
Ud jaye ga eh panchi tika hay jo barsatoN meN  
Bahut dinon ke bad kisi ka aaya hay sandesh  
Ab bhi tum yad aa jate ho bheegi bheegi ratoN meN  
Teen ki chat per girti boondeN peyar ka yh sangeet  
Kahta hay koi geet buno meethi meethi baton meN  
Chand ka pajipan to dekho Cheer ke kale kale parde  
Dekhe humari ek jhalak laga hua hay ghatoN meN  
Tumbhi chup jao sajni meri bekal bahoN meN  
Rang chupe khusboo simti bheege bojhil patoN meN  
Nachte badal gati barkha preet ki rut ka sarosh  
Dil nahiN mana keya karte bah gaye hum barsatoN meN  
Bada garje bijli chamki sajni sahmi seene se lagi  
Ab kaise kaheN keya aor hua barkha rut ki ratoN meN

Akhtar Jawad

# ????? ?????? Bolti Aankhen

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Dil aankhoN se keh deta hay jo keh nahiN sakte  
Khamosh to rehte hayN magar reh nahiN sakte  
Roomal meN jo jazb hue unka nahiN gham  
Afsos wuh aansoo jo kabhi beh nahiN sakte  
Kuch aap hi keh deN magar aysa nah kaheN kuch  
Sunne ko to sun leN ge magar seh nahiN sakte  
Hum kehte bahut kuch hayn magar wuh nahiN sunte  
Sun lete hayn hum wuh bhi jo wuh keh nahiN sakte  
Keya aor nishani hay muhabbat ki bata dedeN  
Hum aap ko dekhe bina ab reh nahiN sakte  
Do pal ki judai bhi badi lagti hay bhari  
Wuh bojh nah daleN keh jo hum seh nahiN sakte  
Toota hua takhta hi sahi kuch to mile ab  
YuN tinkoN ki manind sada beh nahiN sakte

Akhtar Jawad

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Apna des to apna hay,  
Yeh ek shayer ka sapna hay  
yehaN sar ko utha kar chalta hooN  
Bekhauf yehaN lad padta hooN  
naraz to isse rahta hooN  
per peyar bhi isko karta hooN  
yeh hansta hay to jeeta hooN  
ye rota hay to marta hoon  
main shikwah bhi isse karta hooN  
jane keya keya kah padta ooN  
aor jab yeh bat banata hay  
bahlata hay samjhata hay  
main rooth ke phir man jata hooN  
main khush khush bahar jata hoon  
kutch din to ache guzarte hayN  
bahar sab ache lagte hayN  
phir iski yad satati hay  
mujhe neend nahiN aa patai hay  
us waqt koi dekhe meri umang

jab maiN ban ker ek patang  
panchi ke paroN ph baitha hua  
badal ke oopar udta hua  
dheere dheere chupke chupke  
ang ang mere bahke bahke  
sohni dharti ph utarta hooN  
kutch soch ke main hans padta hooN  
ghar aa kar so jata hooN  
main sapnoN meN kho jata hooN  
main dekhta hooN ayse din rat  
jab apni sajni se chura kar hat  
koi sajan bahar na jaye  
Ay kash wuh waqt jaldi aaye!

Akhtar Jawad

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Akhtar Jawad

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khoab muhammad

koi khawab kabhi aysa dekhoon mujhe apne aap pe peyar aaye  
ek bar nahin do bar nahin yeh peyar mujhe so bar aaye  
koi baadal uthe medina se beshak jo barse makkah per  
lekin barish kuch aysi ho is shahr men bhi bo chhar aaye  
wuh chehra itna roshan ho meri band aankhen to khul nah saken  
dil aysa khle ke khizaon men bhi aek lutf rashke bahaar aaye  
koi beshak mujhse kuch nah kahe bas Daal de mujh per aek nazar  
lekin yeh lamha kuch aysa ho jaise kh sadian guzaar aaye  
yeh jism to sookhi mitti hay aek abre karam barse aspr  
is mitti se mhke phool khilen dil ban ke gul o gulzar aaye  
is jism men aysi rooh phonke phaile jo dono jahanon men  
wuh husn chupa hay jo ander karne ko haseen izhar aaye  
aayene ki janib nazreN utheN shayed main acha lagne lagoon  
jab chehra dekhoon muhammad ka kesy nah mujh pe nikhaar aaye  
Ro ro ke kahoon ga dded hui ab is dunya meN rahna nahiN  
QadmoN meN jan luta dooN ga khaboN meN agar sarkar aaye

Akhtar Jawad

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Akhtar Jawad

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Akhtar Jawad

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### Ghazal - Khushi

Dekhi nah gai tum se ghadi bhar ki khushi bhi  
HontoN peh mere aa ke baht roi hansi bhi  
Dhun meN kh badal dooN tumheN baqi nah raha maiN  
Tum badle hue waqt meN baqi ho abhi bhi  
Badle ho nah badlo ge mujhe bas yeh gila hay  
Bhoole se bhi aate nahiN is ghar meN kabhi bhi  
Roothy ho to maiN aoon manaa kar tumheN laoon  
Wuh ghar bhi hay is dil meN nigahoN meN gali bhi  
Kar lena jo rahti ho jafa koi bhi baqi  
Ab bhi hay sakat dil men nah badlaa yeh abhi bhi  
Sah leta hoon toofan bujha jata hooN lekin  
Jo sah kh nah sah paya hooN kuch aysi sahi bhi  
Jo tumne kaha hi nahiN maiN sunta hoon wuh bhi  
Aor tum kh nahiN sunte ho humne jo kahi bhi

### Akhtar Jawad



Acha chalo baitho ye batao kh ho Kaise,  
Dikhte to zara tum bhi pasheman ho shayed.  
Ayse hi to hote hayN muhabbat ke yeh mare,  
Hairat peh kisi dost ki hairan huN shayed.  
Bhaari padi mujhko yeh rfoogar ki muhabbat,  
Kuch bhi NahiN aashiq ka gareban huN shayed.  
Matla haiN agar aap meri bhooli ghazal ka,  
Main aap ke afsane ka unwan hooN shayed.

Akhtar Jawad

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### Ghazal - Shararat

Kuch baat to hay aaj woh katra ke gaye hayN,  
Kal jo tha sameta wohi bikhra ke gaey hayN.  
Ghabra ke mere paas jo aate they hamesha,  
KeuN aaj wohi mujhse bhi ghabra ke gaye hayN.  
Taarif zara khul ke jo kar di hui ghalti,  
Mujhko bhi khabar hay kh woh itra ke gaye haiN.  
Jate hue naraz zara se bhi nahiN they,  
Han meri shararat peh woh sharma ke gaye hayN.  
Kal woh idhar aaeN ge mujhe poora yaqeeN hay,  
Ab phir nahiN aana hay yeh farma ke gaye hayN.  
Baithe hayN udhar ja ke koi baat nahiN hay,  
Keya tumse chupana hay idhar aa ke gaye hayN.  
Gustakh nigahoN se kabhi husn chupa hay,  
PardoN meN sahi mujhko nazar aa ke gaye hayN.

Akhtar Jawad

## ??? - ??? (With English Translation)

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Ghazal - Kaise□

Hont khlte nahin shikwe bhi karooN to kaise,  
AankheN band hoti nahiN chup jo rahooN to kaise,  
KahiN Eek apne pe ilzam nah lag jaye koi,  
Marte marte hay yehi fikr marooN to kaise.  
Khoon kambakht bhi bahta nahiN jum jata hay,  
Dard to hona hay hota hay sahoN to kaise.  
Bhoolna chahta hooN dil nahiN mane hay mera,  
Ask ghut ghut ke yeh kahte hayN rukoN to kaise.  
Main bahut door hooN ghairoN ki pahunch se Akhtar,  
Jo mere paas haiN unse maiN bachooN

I Am Helpless English Version of My Urdu Ghazal Kaise  
How (English version of my Urdu Ghazal 'Kaise')

English Version

I do not open my lips for the grievance,  
If my eyes speak, I am helpless!  
I fear a dear may be blamed for my death,  
How can I die, I am helpless!  
Blood does not flow it's frozen,  
Pain is not tolerable, I am helpless!  
I wish to forget someone, my heart disagrees,  
My tears repeat my words, I am helpless!  
I am not in the reach of anyone else,  
But those so close! I am helpless!

Akhtar Jawad

# ???? (Nature)

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Din meN titli rat meN jugno jo chaho ban jate ho  
Tum chahe jis roop meN ho har roop meN mujhko lubhate ho  
MaiN apni aankheN band kiye jab tumko sochne lagta hooN  
Tum phool bane khusboo ko liye dheere dheere aa jate ho  
MaiN apni aankheN kholta hooN aakash peh nazreN dalta hooN  
Tum dhanak ke satoN rangoN meN apna rang jmatey ho  
Jab mn meN ke andhere badhne lageN kuch nah dikhai deta ho  
Chanda ki rupahli palki meN dulhan ban kar aa jate ho  
Kabhi darya kinare milo to sahi maiN leela apni rcha looN ga  
Lekin darya ki dharaon meN bas apna aks nchatey ho  
maiN birha ki is agni meN ab sanola hota jata hooN  
Jab har tara ek gopi ho tum Radha ban kar aate ho  
Jab dil ki tapish phir badhne lage aor rooh bhi jalne lagti ho  
Thandi thandi hawaoN ke sang tum megha ban kar aate ho  
Jab peyas se bekal hota hooN mera man bhi jalne lagta hay

Is se pehle kh maiN mar jaoon tum amrit brsate ho  
Na jane kaun ho tum pr jo bhi ho tum mere ho  
MaiN to tumhara kabse hooN tum keyuN itna katrate ho  
Tum jaise bhi ho jahaN bhi ho kabhi khulkar samne aa jao  
Odh ke usha ki sari keyuN gore badan ko chupate ho  
Sur meN tum sangeet meN tum haN mere ek ek geet meN tum  
mere yar ke tn mn meN rach kr khul kr milne aate ho.

Akhtar Jawad

## ???? ??? Lengthy Nights

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Akhtar! I listened to your songs I listened to your tale  
Lengthy is the black night and now tired is the gale  
Can't you be nice to rain like the black clouds?  
Dissolve me like a solvent before the solute is stale.  
Sweetheart! Still the sugar hasn't lost its sweetness  
Make a drink for me to reduce the life's bitterness.

Akhtar Jawad



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Karachi Ki FaryadAkhtar ki Zubani  
Kahte to sab yehi hayN pe karta nahiN kabhi  
Marne ka daAwa aam hay marta nahiN kabhi  
Pthreeli sar zameen pr sjde bahut kiye  
Pathar hay joN ka to N wu pighalta nahin kabhi  
Yh Karbala hay ya yh Karachi ki ret hay,  
Baadal bhi munjamid hay barsta nahiN kabhi  
Asghar hay mutazir kh chale aayeN ab Hussain  
Lekin hussain sanchoN meN dhaltanahiN kabhi  
AasaN ezid ban na tha maiN ban geya ezid  
Rakhne se naam hussain ka banta nahiN kabhi.

Akhtar Jawad

