

Poetry Series

Mohammad Younus

- poems -



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Mohammad Younus()



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I And My Lord

I didn't take the human form of my own accord;
I was not asked for my willingness...
...when I was to be born (as His vicegerent?)
Had I known that the life of this world...
...is nothing but the enjoyment of delusion;
I would not have wished to be born here;
This is, however, God's decision to test me;
I must not be contentious and argue with Him...
...about his sending me to this world;
Just I must remind to myself that...
...of His spirit He has blown into me;
He is the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful!
Without my asking...
He cares for me, and blesses me with bounties;
I need not to moan or mourn for anything;
I owe Him everything I have, He is my Lord!
I live just for and because of Him;
I'm fond of His beautiful music and light;
And all His self-manifestation...
...in the heavens and the earth...
...and all that He has created between them!

MyKoul

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The Silent Fire

In the shadows of your mercy's domain, mm
Without requisitioning I get your immense love ko love,
A silent exhibition of Divine Providence
I watch your manifestation, with a yearning gaze,
As your smile dances in the musical embrace.

Your sweet voice, a symphony to my ears,
Yet you remain beyond my senses' reach,
I offer my heart and soul to you, and you see,
My pure love that blooms so fiercely in me.

Like a flower in a desert, I stand alone,
Nurturing desire to be seen by you awaiting
A silent fire of love consumes my soul,
As mad moth sacrifices it's life...
...going round the flame

But still, I cherish the ardent hope...
...of being reborn like a phoenix
Finding solace in your rhythmic dance.
For even in the depths of my afterlife mysteries,
I'll keep on loving you, as the Only-reality

Ignited on heart, my fire of love is pure,
A flame of love that forever shall endure.
In this silent story of love, I'll quietly stay,
Hoping one day I'll come to see One-reality

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Who I Am And What Is One-Reality?

Oh, what a Great Awareness it will Be;
To know Who I Am on All Aspects of ME.
The physical, the psychological, the spiritual!
What a Great Awareness it will be;
To Be Able to See Who I am? What is One-reality?
Oh, what a Great Awareness it will Be!

Having the illusion removed from the mind
Having the Blindfolds removed from the Vision;
We can see clearly into the gorgeous manifestation:
The Unity in diversity! The One-reality!
Oh, what a Great Enlightenment it will Be!

The World of Creation is the fantastic manifestation...
...of Divine Energy;
Giving Birth To All The Things Comprising One-reality!
But the Flawed Vision of The Polytheists cannot...
...see into it One-reality;
Just ask yourself:
What kind of Knowledge is needed to know One-reality?
Divine Knowledge! Yes, that only can help you know One-reality

Divine Knowledge one cannot have in a Madrassa...
...or from any person professing as a Spiritual Guru;
One can acquire such a knowledge with Divine Intellect only;
But, to be honest, 'Such is God's bounty!
He grants it to anyone who is willing [to receive it];
For God is limitless in His great bounty! '

Then, without any shame, we must ask Him...
...for granting us such a bounty;
Only the persons with Divine Intellect can have...
...Serenity and tranquility...
Cause they comprehend One-reality;
Oh what a great Spiritual Awakening it will be!
When we Know: who I am and what is One-reality?

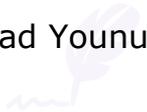
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Soon Peace Shall Return

The verdant forests have turned crimson red...
...and the soft earth surface has become hard!
It is red, and barren, it is empty of living people!
The cool air has turned cold - as cold as Zamhreer!
My throbbing heart still hopes it will revive its beauty soon!
Its locked up bravery one day will get released!
All the splinters thrust into its body will be removed!
From the cages, i trust, the singing birds will be freed!
They will wed peace and love and sing the songs of peace!
With a rough courage they will clear their nests...
...will abide there undisturbed to live in total peace;
There will be fresh snowfall covering the red stains;
Screams of orphans, widows, and broken parents will stop!
Peace shall return, no more the terror will tear our hearts!
Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace!

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We Will See One-Reality

One day we will see the dawning of eternal peace;
The ecstasy of tomorrow is but a gentle breeze;
That simply brushes off our face the dust of duality;
The thought of Tomorrow's joyful Eid puts us in tranquility.

We are in wilderness after losing the way to the Garden of eternity;
Rarely do we try to find the Wisdom flower, and the Knowledge tree;
Rarely do we lift our heads to wonder at the glory of one-reality;
Rarely do we remember our covenant with God...
...that We will be grateful to Him for His being our Lord!

Let us be Thankful to Him...

...in the light of day, and in the dark of night!

A chance to feel that we are born of His command Be!

We are born to sing His hymns and glorify His beauty!

Let us breathe the air of his music with joy and awe!

And be able to sail in our boat in the sea of one-reality!

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I Will Rise

I do believe that the Day of Qiyamah is near;
I do not believe that my death is sure;
I believe that my real being is not mortal;
When Izrael closes in on me...
...I will be alone to follow him;
But certainly with you I will be there...
...on the Day of resurrection;
I am happy, because I believe...
...you will only appear...
...on the Day of resurrection;
So I don't fear my demise!
After the current phase of life I will reappear!
I am sure!
just after my demise...
...I will come back to life;
The second phase of life!
Resurrection!
Miraculous and marvelous event!
With divine eyes...
...will I rise from the dead!
I will see your beauty with divine eyes;
I truly pray for divine eyes;
Please grant me those eyes...
...to allow me love your beauty;
Be I in Jannah or jahanam...
...after the order of judgement...
...I will continue loving you...
...gazing into your manifestation.

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Rising From The Dead

Rising From The Dead

Rising from the dead is in every way...
...spectacular and miraculous;
'Cause the dead have not to stay dead;
'And says man:
What! when I am dead...
...shall I truly be brought forth alive?
Does not man remember...
that We created him before,
...when he was nothing? '1

Until the Day of resurrection...
...no one will be raised from the dead;
Everything is bound to perish...
...save His (eternal) Self!
To show all that they have to account...
...for their deeds and beliefs...
...with Him rests all judgement on that day...
...when one and all will be raised from the dead;
And unto Him shall we all be brought back!
By His permission...
Israfil will blow the trumpet, and shout:
Rise! Rise by the command of my Lord!

In the same manner...
...when the Arifeen hear the trumpet...
...they wake up from the deep ignorance;
Their mind, soul, heart, their whole person...
...revives and rises from the dead...
...in response to Divine call to know one-reality;
From the start of ages, sages have proclaimed:
La mojud illa hu - there exists only one-reality!
He who comprehends this truth of one-reality...
...for him this divine knowledge is Proof of Salvation!

Dead are only they who are drained of...
...flow of divinely music and light;
They who recover from illusion...

...and disillusion can walk with divine!
Dualism begets the delusion...
...about the existence of one-reality.

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1. Quran: 19: 66-67

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My Thoughts

The divinely thoughts I really treasure
I take every care to keep unpolluted
My thoughts are real and pure
My pleasure to have such a treasure

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I Never Miss You

In the depths of my divine self - the fathomless ocean...
...where attributes and being do coincide,
I pen these lines, heavy with wisdom,
Expressing my joy of finding you...
...beyond comparison with or in contrast to anything!
Overwhelming is the warmth of your musical embrace...
...leaving no space in me empty and desolate!
Filling up the void that I experienced before!
Everywhere your presence!

In the echoes of silence...
...I notice the existence of one-reality;
Each passing moment...
...a reminder anew, of your presence I listen;
Never absent in me or around!
My heart, a vessel, overflowing with honey sweet;
Overflowing with euphoria, no way I am missing you!
Like a phoenix bird with eternal wings...
...in ecstasy's symphony my spirit sings:
I am immortal!
I am reality! I am the truth!
I am Absolute unity!

Yearning for satisfaction in the perpetual remembrance...
...the solace of your omnipresence, so enveloping I feel!
Without your all-time remembrance...
...the world seems to me colorless...
...and drained of light and music!
As I navigate the sights of your beautiful manifestation...
...Your laughter, your touch, your embrace my soul feels!

Lost in the depths of this heart-warming presence in one-reality...
...I cherish the sweet memory of my days in paradise;
No more now I want to tread...
...the labyrinthine streets and alleys of this mournful world;
Apprehension to lose the sight of omnipresence once more...
...leaves my soul sore;

So let the joy of knowing one-reality...

...flow out from my eyes!

Let my heart dance in ecstasy!

For in the manifestation of one-reality...

... spiritual peace and solace I find...

Because of being a staunch believer in one-reality.

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The Divine Energy

The fuel of my love's fire! The divine energy!
Resonating music inside and outside!
Strong yet tender tunes that don't stop!
Divine eyes see the truth of one-reality!
A divine fire burning on the heart!
A hot passion makes my heart beat
faster and faster;
Because of the passionate desire in me...
...to hold you, to touch you, and to gaze
into you;
But, how can I hold you, and touch you,
and gaze into you?
Impossible! Cause you do not have a
corporeal body;
Let me make then a humble supplication:
You hold me rather in your musical arms;
Touch me with your musical hands;
Gaze at me with your musical eyes;
So that I am enveloped by your sweet
music;
Bringing awareness and enlightenment
slowly in me;
That music is my reality; That my Lord
has blown into me!

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The Holy Voice

The music of the La illaha illa hu...

...sings in my heart...

...and also resonates in Afaq

A spiritual awakening and enlightenment:

Nothing is there except one-reality!

The voice comes from the unseen...

...not from man-made flute or lute!

You can feel with the divine intellect:

The Absolute Reality is the hidden secret!

When my ears and eyes hear...

...the holy voice echoing...

...I feel it is sprouting from every atom!

What this holy voice is revealing?

The Surah al-ikhlas in sweet musical tunes!

'He is the One God:

God the Eternal!

The Uncaused Cause of All Being!

He begets not,

and neither is He begotten!

He is unique! Incomparable!

'God is one-reality! ' The pleasing voice comes from the depth of my being!

I affirm my Lord is one-reality...

...without seeing!

When Words fail me...

...to explain this truth...

...the music speaks for me!

My divine vision sees one-reality!

Which my physical eyes cannot see!

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Good News

Divine word is just a connector to divine...
...it is not an end in itself...
...but a means to an end: the divine pleasure;
The wise and awakened lovers listen closely...
...to the word divine with the heart's ear;
God showers the choicest blessings upon his friends...
...who constantly listen to the divine word;
And in no time the listeners of divine word..
...get at peace with their self and with other children of God...
...and above every blessing they attain Divine pleasure;
Their reward [awaits them] with God:
Gardens of perpetual bliss!
Through which running waters flow!
Therein to abide beyond the count of time!
Well-pleased is God with them!
And well-pleased are they with Him:
All this awaits him who of his Sustainer...
...stands in awe!
This is the good news told by God to his friends in Qur'an!

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Seek Wasilah To Come Closer To One-Reality

Seek Wasilah To Come Closer To One-reality

He talks to me in silence, but in a wordless voice;
He speaks to me close by in my ears and through my eyes;
I do not see him in any physical form any time anywhere;
He is away from the reach of the senses five;
Explore the skies and the earth, you will not find him there;
Searching him at any place is a gross error!
Even so all the while I am immersed in his thoughts;
Be I sleeping or awake! Be it day or night!
I am feeling the burning heat of the sun of his love on my heart;
Hearing incessantly a lovely melody emanating as if from the heavens;
Perhaps it is a sign from the Almighty that He loves me immensely;
Who is this Almighty constantly calling me?
Why should the Almighty call me?
Drowning in the river of divine symphony for so many years...
...I have wondered the difference between the listener and the caller;
All the same, through this melody I feel connected to Almighty...
...as I remember the command given to me...
...through the medium of the Qur'an:
Yaaa aiyuhal lazeena amanut taqul laaha...
...wabtaghoo ilaihil waseelata...
...wa jaahidoo fee sabeelihee la'allakum tuflihoon;
'O YOU who have attained to faith!
Remain conscious of God;
And seek wasilah to come closer unto Him;
And strive hard in His cause;
So that you might attain to a happy state;
I hear this verse as if an angel is reciting...
...this verse to me in the angelic voice.

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No I And No You

There is no I and there is no You!
How can there be union or separation?
What sense is there in trying to see him...
...by meditation, or by renunciation?
But rather, directly know the reality...
...that He is whole!
Nothing can be included in him!
Nothing can be excluded from him!
He is absolutely one-reality...
...perfect and whole!
He is as He was!
He will be as He is!
From beginning to end, He is unchangeable!
That we fail to comprehend one-reality...
...is because in fact we are under illusion;
We wrongly perceive our false identities...
...as being separate realities.

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The Hidden Treasure

The Hidden Treasure

Before He thought of manifestation...
...His beauty, which now is reflected...
...in the mirror-house of the world of creation...
...was like a treasure buried under soil;
Or He was like a beautiful bride...
...fully covered under black chador;
So His glory was never witnessed!
A diamond hidden in the rock!
Then, He created human with divine eyes;
Only then could He be known!
Thus, He saw himself by himself...
...through the human eyes;
As the verse of the Qur'an mentions:
Laa tudrikuhul absaaru...
Wa Huwa yudrikul absaara...
Wa huwal Lateeful Khabeer!
('No vision can grasp Him,
but His grasp is over all vision:
He is above all comprehension...
...yet is acquainted with all things.')

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I Have My Own Book

I have my own book of knowledge!
Don't teach me anymore...
...your lessons that teach duality;
I Don't want to know...
...what God does not inspire me;
I believe in one divinely source;
Knowledge and wisdom drops...
... trickle down on my heart...
... about one reality constantly;
And unfold the secrets untold;
My beliefs are pure and divine!

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The Book Of Manifestation

Through the wended ways we are dawdling;
Seeking knowledge from the dead books and the dead gurus!
We are stuffed with obnoxious ideas and beliefs...
...and perform thoughtless exercises of meditation;
That weigh us down and render us unable...
...to scale the heights and achieve the feats;
But, he who is gifted with divine intellect...
...makes amends silently to his flawed beliefs;
The beliefs that dupe us into believing...
...that the simulated sunrisings...
...and smog-infested skies are reality!
These illusions give us only twisted meanings...
...that have little semblance to reality;
Our blurred vision stops us from clearly seeing...
...in the ever-changing manifestation, the one-reality;
It's awfully funny how people assume an illusion to be a reality;
They judge a book by its cover...
...and read not the whole book between the lines;
Believe me!
The reality is explained in the pages of the Book of manifestation;
The sages read through this book to get to know...
...the attributes of one-reality!

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Real Obedience To God

Accepting the existence of one-reality is the real obedience to God;
The obedience to God is not just to perform the man-made rituals...
...or to follow the dogmas and doctrines preached...
...by the obscurantist and extravagantly orthodox Sufis or Mullas;
The obedience to God is to acquire the prophetic wisdom and knowledge of one-
reality;
There is nothing for me to surrender...
...but my undivine knowledge that I learnt...
...from ignorant and illusioned Sufis and Mullas;
The obedience to God is to give up false teaching...
...of deifying, dead or living, Sufis and Mullas;
I surrender to nothing but to the thoughts...
...that come to me about the existence of one-reality;
My surrendering to my thoughts is because these are...
...inspirations from my God;
There is to me no religion apart from the inspiration...
...about the existence of one-reality;
I cannot surrender to duality and idolatry in any form!
Pity the person who does not have in his heart...
...the certainty about the existence of one-reality.

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Ask Those Who Possess Knowledge

You are away, far away, roaming in the valleys of illusion;
Come, come, come near to one-reality;
So far away lost in wilderness...
...you cannot see the overwhelming one-reality;
Come, come, come near to one-reality;
Turn, turn back! Gently come out of illusion of duality;
Together the whole manifestation in the multiverse...
...comprises one-reality;
Apart from one-reality, I know not of anything in the multiverse...
...being in itself a distinct and separate reality;
In my essence too, I am not distant from one-reality;
When I contemplate on the essence of my own existence...
...I see I am neither away nor near to one-reality;
I am not a dualist suffering from blurred vision;
I believe solely and wholly in the existence of One- reality!
What is one reality?
Fas'alooh ahlaz zikri in kuntum laa ta'lamooh!
(Ask the people of knowledge, if you do not know!)

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The Awakened Soul

the awakened
soul
a shadow fallen
into a river of
music
turning carefully
against the
pressure of a
spirit from
within
The vile beguiling nafs
Flowing towards the fathomless sea
where the heart
breathes
for the expected
calm
of when we
realise our essential reality
The all- encompassing One-reality

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Realise The Existence Of One-Reality

Do not be stuck in a void...

...and detached from the manifestation of one-reality;

Do not think yourself to be alone...

...separate and cut off from one-reality;

I am scared that if you follow the religion of duality...

...you will forget about your home of eternity...

...where you lived in peace and tranquility;

I am afraid that if you do not gain awareness of one-reality...

...you will go through motions of illusion and disillusion constantly;

You will be visited all the time by disturbing...

...routine thoughts and feelings of separation and duality;

You will not feel yourself to be the real pearl anymore...

and will just be like an empty shell without the pearl inside;

If you do not realise the existence of one-reality...

...your mind will become your own personal hell...

...in which you will suffer for ever, and God will tell you:

'The Fire be your dwelling-place:

You will dwell therein for ever, except as Allah willeth;

For thy Lord is full of wisdom and knowledge'

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Did I Not Enjoin On You?

I aspire of a life when I would be free like a rock pigeon!
My mind has turned me into a pet pigeon - a prisoner of nafs!
Since the hour I came down on earth by my Lord's command...
...most of my days have been trampled by illusion and disillusion;
Life of a person who has lost his way in the wilderness...
...of the world really doesn't excite me anymore!
I have been rebelling against my True self...
...and befriending the vile nafs!
Now by the grace of my Lord this friendship might forever come to an end;
I will inshallah get free of struggling everyday...
...just to keep myself away from following the Satan;
Just because I am keeping in mind the verse reminding me of my covenant with
my Lord:
'Alam a'had ilaykum yaa Baneee Adama al-laa ta'budush-Shaytaana...
...innahoo lakum `aduwwum mubeen'
(Did I not enjoin on you, O you children of Adam, that you should not worship
Satan...
...since, verily, he is your open foe)
Now I know what a great bliss it is to be...
...so engrossed in the perennial remembrance of my Lord.

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Lord's Favours

Before that your hair turn grey...
...and you reach the worst of your age...
Before that you lose your patience to face...
...all your inner and outer conflicts...
It is a time of remembering who you truly are;
It is a time of aligning with what is the one-reality;
What you are here to do...
...and what you are here to be;
A time of really letting go the things...
...that do not serve your real purpose in this life;
A time of really doing what you have promised...
...to God in pre eternity;
A time of surrendering wholly to the will of God!
And feeling the abundance of truth
The abundance of the real sunlight shining...
...softly on your mind, soul, and heart;
Feeling of integration with the beautiful manifestation of God;
So let you feel:
The abundance of the birds chirping!
For us to hear them sing in the morning and evening;
The abundance of the trees growing!
For us to look at and take in the Oxygen
The abundance of the water flowing!
For us to drink, take bath, and irrigate;
The abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables!
For us as food and to taste...
...a little bit of heaven within;
He has created the sun, the moon, and the galaxies of stars for you;
He has spread out the earth for all creatures;
In which there are fruits and date palms with spathes;
And grains with leafy stems, and fragrant plants;
Let us open all our senses that God has gifted us
To enjoy the beauties of his manifestation;
So dont forget to say:
Which, then, of your Sustainer's powers can you disavow?

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Symphony Of Love And Peace

It is so difficult for me to tell what I hear;
I wish I could utter it in words, but I can't;
Just no words for the tunes of the unstrung harp!
But only infinitely long sweet sound of Hu;
If this divine music ever stopped...
Time would come to a halt;
I would stop living in zikrullah (remembering divine) ...
If I do not listen to this eternal music in my heart;
Lord's name Hu resonates all the time in me...
...like a delicate breeze creating resonance...
...as it passes through the green foliage of trees;
Putting a listener's heart at rest and in peace;
It flows with grace like a roaring mountain river...
...enchancing heart and soul,
Listening to this Isme Azam (the greatest name) ...
...my heart pulsates fast...
...with a view to aligning with the sound of Hu;
Creating, as a result, a symphony of love, peace, and tranquility...
...that never ends.

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My Mom And I

Dear Mother!

It wasn't easy in that time,
Being a Woman in her prime,
Widowed at Thirty five years' age,
Not to go for second marriage,
Permitted by the Law of Islam,
But you were a mother outstanding,
You stopped drops of your bitter tears,
Your young husband and your youngest child...
...drowned in the Dal Lake,
Your Doctor son fled to a foreign country,
Despite these misfortunes you did not give in,
Nothing could dampen down your resilience,
You were my defender and Salvatore...
...amidst all sorrow and sadness,
I Love you Mom! I love you mom!
My life is because of you,
I learnt great lessons from you,
You sacrificed your self at the altar of your family,
For bringing up your orphaned children,
You made us engineer, doctors, and professors,
You gave up all your comforts and joys,
For our growth and development,
You are the one to whom I owe...
...every best thing that I own,
You got us out of darkness to light,
You gave us higher education,
You were a best manager and administrator,
You were a hard master too,
I love you mom! I love you mom!
The best mom! An epitome of sacrifice!

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Meeting The Real

Meeting the real is beyond every fantasy!
Wear on your eyes Love of one-reality!
Leaving the absurdity of visioning duality!
Walk with the real when you're walking...
...in the garden of the manifest-reality;
Over you will sweep waves of one-reality;
And soothe your soul with the cool of one-reality;
Let your mind expire and divine intellect replace...
...so that you find the way to one-reality;
Unfolding the hidden meanings of the verses...
...that are in a well-guarded divine book of reality;
None but the pure [of heart] can know one-reality;
Be patient! in your own time shall open to you one-reality;
Reading the secrets in your soul's rhythm...
...will make you dance with Divine in ecstasy;
And in the universe, you will feel presence of one-reality;
Clear the jaded memories from your past...
...when you indulged in the practice of duality;
Steer clear out of the mire of this duality!
Then only can you clear the confusions of the past;
Mysteries are too hard to understand for you...
...as long as you are unaware of and unenlightened about...
...the existence of one-reality;
Perceiving one-reality as the core of manifestation...
...more and more creates the yearn for loving one-reality;
Dualists flock like a moth to a flame and enter...
...the Womb of illusion and disillusion!
They can never comprehend the secret of one- reality.

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Lord's Mirror

LOOK - look into the beautiful manifestation!

For if you don't look,

You will fail to see divine...

...well-camouflaged around;

When given the mirror before you...

...don't look aside and ask for the glimpse

Look - look into the mirror and see

who is reflected there?

—He is not in Heavens afar!

Look - look into the mirror and see

who is standing independently tall and high before you;

Then you came, then i loved you more than what i could ever have.

Look - look into the mirror and see

whom you unintentionally denied,

whom you thought had never been there before;

I looked into the mirror and I saw the image;

I bowed to the image in the mirror

I admit that seeing him in the mirror is possible

but seeing him out of mirror is indeed impossible.

I lost myself into the mirror,

the ego that i manned vanished;

when I am with you, I realise

I am nothing but you are the only reality

I'm writing this poem here,

and the beauty is for thee to see

I had known for it to be only a glimpse

but ultimately, eventually, when I disappeared as an onlooker

it striked me that I see myself in the mirror

This wonderful thought gravitated me deep down to reality.

So thank you, O mirror, undeniably you have shown me my lord.

I love you, o mirror of my lord.

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Mohammad Younus

When Love Is Divine

When love is divine,
You will never beg for luxurious way of life;
When love is divine,
You will feel vast sea of love deep in your soul;
When love is divine,
You will feel echoing in your heart the sweet music divine;
When love is divine,
You will receive the green light of the Lamp divine;
When love is divine,
You will not fall prey to the schemes of the villain Satan;
When love is divine,
Both your nafs and heart will submit to you together;
When love is divine,
You will easily come out of illusion and delusion of mind;
When love is divine,
You will be gifted with profound awareness and enlightenment;
When love is divine,
You will be blessed with wisdom and knowledge divine;
When love is divine,
You will find in self and the universe one-reality;
When love is divine,
You will comprehend that your true self is from one-reality;
When love is divine,
You will have an innate urge to keep on loving one-reality;
When love is divine,
You will surely grasp with divine intellect the truth of one-reality;
When love is not divine,
You will go astray from the prophetic way;
You will not be conscious of your divinely reality!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Eternal Music

In the depths of my heart...
...a music I wish to constantly listen;
One that's never been heard!
A pure diamond, unbroken!
The eternal music of paradise!
The rhythm that joins to the eternal reality!
The melody that sings the word of God!
The music that brings divinely message...
...that from the heavens comes down!
The music with tunes that flow like a river!
The music that produces emotions fair;
The music that makes the listener a whirling dervish!
The ancient music that captures the soul!
The music heard on the Day of Alast!
When God told: Am I not Your Lord?
And boldly we had said: Yes, our Lord!
The music that leaves listeners feeling whole!
The music that makes realise one-reality!
The music that speaks of love and life!
The music that gives all the joys and removes strife!
The music that generates light that never fades!
The music that helps listeners have dreams sweet!
The music that is one of a divine kind!
The music that is a true treasure to find!
The music that makes see the enduring beauty!
The music forever pure, holy, and true beauty!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Promise You

I promise you that you will win
when you stop crying!

I promise you that you will fail
when you stop trying!

I promise you that you will be happy
when you stop fearing!

I promise you that you will be sad
when you stop hoping!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Song Of One-Reality

Hey Reality, I know I am ignorant of you;
I won't pretend to know you absolutely;
But I try to know myself and not in vain;
I take a deep breath, finding around me one-reality;
Let me think and talk about your beauty;
Let me take a bold view of your manifestation...
...and find a way of loving you exclusively;
With me self annihilated in your reality...
...I find nothing exists except you;
The obstacle in the way of understanding one-reality...
...is my past learning that there actually exists duality;
So please, O one-reality - don't let me suffer...
...in the delusion of duality;
For brave is a choice to be made about...
...accepting the religion of one-reality;
Only the pure lovers of Absolute Unity...
...can such a brave choice make;
As by joining the elite people professing...
...the religion of Absolute Unity...
...my heart can bloom like a lotus flower...
...that out of water cannot bloom;
Know, my friends, that I am here to listen...
...with an open heart and keen ear...
...to the song of one-reality;
With it my soul's ecstasy starts to increase boundlessly;
Let all of us together celebrate without fear...
...the perennial spring of one-reality

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Hell

Stumbling, slipping down into the gorge of hell;
The sinners' bones are broken and crushed...
...by the weight of peacelessness and unhappiness;
Their screams from torment and terror echo in my ears;
Making me filled with awful dread...
...as I think of my own fate after this life;
My own screams, groaning and moaning...
...with horrible pain I couldn't hear;
It is an horrible sight of The Hell to see!
The transgressor's destination!
The day is sure to come...
...when the hair of children with fear will turn grey!
So let me find a way back to my lord!
Let me take a back turn and start...
...walking on Unity's Way:
No infidelity!
No blind faith!
No meaningless rituals!
No meditational exercises!
Only one step needed to take on the path of love:
Let me withdraw myself away from myself!
This Path of love is straight and the shortest!
I must choose this road of Divine Love, and...
...then sit in the thought and remembrance of one-reality!
All the dread of chastisement in the burning Hell...
...instantly will go!
Verily the Hell is your own self!
Behold! When your self annihilates...
...only one-reality remains!
That is the true paradise!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

When The Caller Calls

When a person in deep slumber
hears in the early hours...

...the Muazzin calling to come to the Lord:

The meeting with the Lord is better than the sweet deep sleep!

The person hearing the call is free...

..either to declare the great Yes or the great No...

...to the Caller's call!

The person who is bold to say the Yes...

...the believer within him is awakened and enlightened!

He is saying to His God:

'Our Lord! We have heard the caller to ?true? belief...

...proclaiming come to God!

We believe in you alone!

Our Lord! Forgive our sins!

Absolve us of our misdeeds!

And allow us to die as one of the virtuous persons! '

Such a believer is elevated by the Lord..

...from honor to honor!

He is strong in his conviction!

He is strong in his belief! '

The person who refuses and does not repent...

...for his sins and misdeeds...

...and in his arrogance says No to the caller's call...

...while still sleeping under the quilt...

...within him is a rejecter residing;

Who drags him down all his life into:

Ignorance, illusion, and delusion!

Such a person if desists not,

God shall most surely...

...drag him down upon his forehead!

On the Day, when he is dragged to the hell fire...

...he shall say:

'Oh would that I were utter dust! '

Mohammad Younus

Spiritual Peace

We cannot ignore it, learn and listen to the nafs-e-lawama within;
Spiritual peace is the invaluable thing we have to achieve;
Yet it grows bigger and bigger like the sun's light after dawn;
It is the real thing that gives divinely meaning to our life;
And as such we must be constantly in its search;
Spiritual peace! That leads to real salvation;
If you desire to achieve spiritual peace...
...you can cultivate it only in its proper place;
Our turbulence-free and equanimous heart is the proper place!
Spiritual peace is our ace, it is the mother of world peace;
To make a candid confession...
...we are continually destroying our spiritual peace;
So, in the end, we have to admit our defeat in finding the peace;
We become childish in this world to have cheap fun...
...and then at the end of the day we find, we are done;
Frustrated and dejected as we get...
...we dread at the end of lifetime of an unpeaceful afterlife;
When we realise that we have failed to achieve the spiritual peace;
Our hungry glutton nafs feasts on our spiritual peace!
It happens too often until it leads us to our grave...
...without having achieved the spiritual peace;
In that moment, grieving and praying...
...for the Eternal Peace is but in vain;
Well, let you fight your nafs now before you are put in the coffin;
This nafs is your dreadful enemy residing deep inside you;
Fight it out from your heart so that you could find your spiritual peace.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

One-In-All! All-In-One!

I know it is right for me...

...to spend my time with lovers...

...who truly love one-reality;

I just don't want to associate myself...

...with people who believe in duality:

Whether it's the Mulla giving sermons on the pulpit...

...or the philosophers who couldn't see one-reality!

I consider myself to be like a flute...

...in the hands of a flute player...

...who controls the kind of tunes the flute should produce;

Cause there prevails absolutely one-reality!

It's the one-reality who is in himself...

...command, commander, and commanded in this world of creation;

Who himself makes plans and programmes...

...for the manifestation of his powers of creation;

He is one-in-all and all-in-one reality!

Look at the sun, the moon, the galaxies of stars...

Hewanaat, jamadaat, and nabataat...

...and different things in the multiverse...

...all of them are manifestations of one-reality!

Say goodbye to duality so that...

...we will see each other not as separate but as one-reality, one-humanity!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Lover Of Manifestation

When your beauty holds me captive...
...I can feel the power of your immense love;
I feel an irresistible impulse in me to see you...
...through the veils on your beautiful face;
I believe that you are secretly peeping...
...through these veils at your lovers;
I believe that it is only you around me...
...when I vision Your beautiful manifestation surrounding me,
I believe it is only you kissing my forehead...
...when the cool breeze in your garden touches me;
When I see your light flashes touching me...
...the feeling of ecstasy is electrifying me;
I express my intense love for you...
...through loving the things in the world of your creation;
There is no denying this reality!
When I behold your beautiful creation...
...I can feel your great magnetic power...
...that in every moment attracts me towards your beauty;
I feel I am the happiest person that I've ever been...
...when I feel that you are glancing at me;
EVER I do feel that I am nothing..
...but the lover of your manifestation, EVER!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Mystical Poems

Strive to discover now the mystery of one-reality...
...before this phase of life comes to its natural end;
If in present phase of life...
...You fail to know the meaning of one-reality...
...how will you then comprehend the secret...
...of your existence now, and in next phase of life?
All that is revealed to you by divine intuition in wordless voice...
...it is for you to present that in a spoken language;
You must choose with care appropriate words...
To weave the meanings of the revealed secrets and the wisdom pearls...
Into the golden fabric of mystical poems.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Merging Into The Music Of One-Reality

Those who have not realized one-reality will wander:

Clueless in the present-life!

Aimless in the next-life!

Watch the lovers who have realized one-reality!

They dance with divine ecstasy...

...grooving to the holy music night and day!

They merge into the music of one-reality!

They are free from the illusion of duality!

If you don't nurture in your heart...

...love for knowing one-reality...

...the springs of knowledge and wisdom...

...will not sprout in your heart;

You will live a life full with confusion...

...and will have delusion about reality.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am One-Reality

Look into the manifestation!

Catch a glimpse by your divine eye...

...of the being sitting inside!

Whispering your name in your ear:

Stand still and hear in my glorious voice:

'I am your reality! '

'I am one-reality! '

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

You Will See

When you contemplate with your divine eye:

All things in their essence are alike...

...you will see!

Little intrinsic differentiation

in the manifestation of all hues...

...you will see!

Just keep on coolly grooving to divine music:

All things are singing of one-reality...

...you will see!

Divinely beautiful manifestation, night and day...

...you will see!

Charming and in bloom all flowers of manifestation...

...you will see!

Sunshine as jewels, dew as divine pearls upon earth...

...you will see!

The fields gleaming golden, blessed by Sun and invigorated by the rain...

...you will see!

Streams of divine music flowing from Heavens...

...you will see!

In all this beautiful manifestation, one-reality...

...you will see!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am A Complete Poem

Without ever having known one-reality...
...all my poetry would have been such a waste...
...of well worded time and effort;
But then, between myself and the one-reality...
...who could ever guess....
...that there is no distance between;
The one reality loves me beyond any conceivable measure!
I am not too scared to proclaim...
...that one reality is rather... undifferentiated and absolute!
It is naive to think that...
...one-reality is made of parts and components;
So I am left with a mystic feeling in my heart:
I am not a mere shadow of one reality!
I am a manifestation of one-reality!
I am not a broken or a separate component!
I am not concealed in a hollow husk...
...like a grain!
I am not a poem incomplete!
I am not like a poem...
...under construction in my heart...
...waiting for its final touch.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Set Your Mind Right Before You Die

Coming this phase of life to a natural end...
...our new phase of life in the next world starts;
There too possibly we will go with present-life mind;
After-life mind will just be...
...an extension of present-life mind;
So if you want to be happy there...
...set your mind right here...
...under the prophetic guidance;
It is then we shall find the real meaning of...
...what the sages of all epochs said:
'As you sow (here) , so shall you reap (there) ';
The death explains to us the book of life...
...that we have written with our pen;
When gone from this world...
...after we have breathed our last...
...many of the present life beliefs...
...will be proved wrong, far from reality, in after life;
There we shall realise, but in vain...
...how foolishly, naively we had clung...
...to myths and gods that never...
...guided us to know one-reality.

MyKou

Mohammad Younus

Do Not Grieve At My Grave

Do not grieve at my grave to mourn;
Why mourn my death when I'm just here?
You might not recognise me because...
...you are unaware of everliving one reality;
Instead, show persistence in loving the manifestation of one-reality;
See Me blooming in the rose garden of manifestation!
Enrich yourself with divine knowledge...
...in order to see the perennial existence of one-reality;
Listen! The one-reality never perishes with death!
But rather refreshes with new and newer appearances...
...in its rose garden of manifestation!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Know Not

To Man,
I know not of a face...
...more beautiful than yours;
To the divine music,
I know not of a sound...
...more sweet than you;
To the divine light,
I know not of a light...
...more bright than you;
To death,
I know not of an event...
...more certain like you;
To life,
You are all I know...
...the truth! the reality!
Life!
I know not of any sign of one-reality...
...more manifest than you;
To man,
I know not of any being...
...more in the image of God than you!
Man!
You are the divine secret!
Divine is your secret!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Let Us Pledge

Let Us Pledge

I am amazed by the omnipresence of One-reality in:
Mountains high, oceans wide, verdant forests...
...beautiful moors, and meadows with blooming flowers;
Sweet springs, gushing mountain streams, and majestic rivers...
...flowing continually, calmly and quietly towards the seas;
And different living creatures - small and big -
that in this universe reside;
As I with my divine eye view this beautiful sight...
...I cannot help but feel that I am the integral part of one-reality;
Because the unparalleled beauty of the one-reality is manifest in the whole
creation;
We must not differentiate between one thing and the other...
...in this world of marvelous and graceful manifestation;
I hold in my mystical embrace the beautiful one-reality...
...and cherish, love, and glorify the grace of one-reality;
I see with my divine intellect that only one-reality...
...flourishes in me and out of me;
Let us take a solemn pledge:
We will, in no case, accept and follow the religion of duality;
Let us pledge to our creator:
We will never doubt the existence of one-reality;
Let us pledge to our Lord:
We will not ascribe partners to one-reality;
So that we can continue to nurture our soul...
...with the light and music of divinity;
For if we fail in fulfilling our covenant with our Lord...
...we will fail to understand the Essence of one-reality.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Do You See One-Reality?

I never stop to wonder about one-reality!
I never stop to think of one-reality!
I never stop to guess about one-reality!
I never even stop to notice one-reality!
There is someone in the background playing...
...flute, lute, guitar, rabab and sitar;
While I get up,
I see in multivarious dresses manifest one-reality;
I never even once consider or see any reason...
...in deeming myself apart or other than one-reality;
Why?
Because I see both me and the whole manifestation...
...praising and bowing down to one-reality;
I see beneath every pretty dress smiling...
...the brilliant face of one-reality;
I see in all seasons blooming...
...the colourful fragrant flowers of one-reality;
I see perfect, spotless - without faults...
...all around the awe-inspiring beauty of one-reality;
So pray tell me, my friends!
Do you also see the omnipresence of one-reality?
I dare to ask this personal question to you because...
...I see that almost whole population is deprived of...
...noticing in the whole creation, one-reality.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Always With One -Reality

I am always with one-reality, by day and by night;
I can feel the perennial presence of one-reality;
I can smell the perennial presence of one-reality;
I can hear the perennial music of one- reality;
In the cold night,
I feel the warmth of the presence of one-reality:
The heat rising from the burning flames...
...of my love for one-reality!
Kindled from my burning passion for embracing one-reality!
When I go to sleep after day's toilsome work...
...the one-reality is present already there;
When I wake up from my sleep...
...the one-reality is already there:
In soft milk white morning light!
And in the cool morning breeze...
...laden with the fragrance of one-reality;
Be it day or night, I cannot be without...
...the light and music of one-reality;
Sometime when I get lost in the wilderness...
...of forgetfulness and ignorance...
...the one-reality in a flash of light appears before me...
...like a father Kissing a prodigal son...
...on his coming back home;
The one-reality holds me tight to chest all the time...
...whispering to me confidently in my heart's ear:
I will not lose you to the illusion or delusion of duality!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Out Goes Illusion And Delusion

Someone playing the flute behind the closed door;
It's sweet, getting sweeter, more and more;
I head to the door of my heart to hear...
...the sound of flute in its close range;
Curiosity leads me there to see...
...who is playing behind the closed door?
I look through my divine eye - the window of my heart!
There is no one inside there!
Someone keeps playing the flute...
...behind the closed door;
It resonates, and resonates more and more;
I sit outside the closed door enjoying the flute sound;
Expectation: the insider will sometime open the door;
Suddenly, the lights started flashing...
...through the closed blinds;
I got free from the darkness overlapping me;
Everything became visible to my divine eye!
I saw the house is without doors and windows!
No insider there! No outsider there!
There is only one- reality!
I feel, I believe now, I am myself both...
...the player and hearer of the flute;
In comes awareness and enlightenment!
Out goes illusion and delusion!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Heart And Soul

To sweet celestial tunes I've given my heart;
To holy words that refresh I've given my heart;
To the book of divine knowledge I've given my heart;
To the shining pearls of wisdom I've given my heart.

Veiled was the face of the queen of my heart;
Her light passing through her veils...
...illuminated my heart;
O seekers of divine light!
This lamp of light I've found...
...in the niche of my heart.

Water of life is the soul that is blown into me;
Without body-frame soul can never activate;
The integration of body and soul is needed...
...to sustain the life in man.

The sweet melodious speech...
...my soul constantly hears...
...in the house of heart;
This sweet speech works as balm...
...for my sickness of love;
The speech resonates deep in my heart
- the safe abode for soul!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Man The Central Figure

The central figure of the world of manifestation is Man;
In arrogance, he who does not bow to Man...
...the fate of Iblis will meet that man;
Humiliated and disgraced will be that blind man!
The secret of the Divine manifestation truly is Man!
Using your Divine intellect, go and scan;
When God desired to manifest his powers...
...with His command Be, he created Man;
He set a seal of vicegerency upon the forehead of Man!
He would have not created the universe...
...had he not to create Man;
(His Khalifa on the earth is Man!)
The sun and the moon and all the planetary bodies...
...rotate and revolve for Man!
To tell you the truth...
...the mirror of God is the face of Man!
See the sovereign grace in the face of Man!
The pearl of divine reality is in the soul of Man!
The West and the East would not hear the message of God...
...if his mouthpiece were not Man;
Where is the lover who aspires to see God?
Let him come and know the secret of Man!
Divine is verily the reality of Man!
And he who does not perceive...
...the reality divine in Man:
He listens not the divine music of Man!
He understands not the reality of Man!
They are only like cattle!
No, more than that!
They are astray from the ?Right? Path!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Seed Of Spirituality

Listen, the wise is the sower who sows...
...the seed in a fertile land;
But, lucky is the seed that the soil hides under it;
Unlucky is the seed that is sown in...
...a rocky and infertile soil or...
...which the soil covers not, because;
Heat and cold will kill it!
Rains will wash it away!
Birds and insects will eat it away!
It dies, for it does not take roots in the soil;
Only the seeds sown in a good soil...
...produce a good crop!
Likewise, your master gives to you a mystic seed...
...to be grown as the plant of mystic knowledge;
Take good care of it - as much as a good farmer does;
You will get million heads from a single seed!
Seed of spirituality grows perfectly well...
...under the protective cover of Secrecy!
So said my master, Faqir M Rajab Guna to me!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Behold The Reality

Man!

Your ears to sweet music listen;
Yourself to virgin Horis of paradise listen;
Your divine eye to the divine beauty sees;
Your divine intellect the one-reality comprehends.

Man!

The beautiful reality has cast down the veils;
What lies there to discover for you?
Look into the core of manifestation!
The resplendent reality is smiling to you!

Man!

Acknowledge the presence of one-reality!
Study well the core reality of all manifestations!
You will notice omnipresent is the one-reality;
No blind, deaf, or mute can see but...
...the one-reality in the gorgeous manifestation.

Man!

The reality you can even discern...
...from the eye between your two brows;

Man!

Your moon-face with black archlike brows...
...is the sign of one-reality;
Your teeth more precious than the laa'l-e-badaKHshaan...
...are the sign of one-reality;

Man!

The ever sprouting spring under your tongue...
...(sweet like Kawthar) ...
...is the sign of one-reality;

Man!

The quiver full of arrows - your eye-lashes...
...is the sign of one-reality

Man!

Your eyes drunk with Love wine...
...are the sign of one-reality

Man!

Your face, with light upon light...
...is the sign of one-reality

Man!

Behold every thing in the manifestation...

...is the divine mirror;
Behold in it the beauty of one-reality!

MyKoul

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Mohammad Younus

My Dreaming My Reality

I have spent all my life loving you;
But, I have never dared to say...
...I want to see you;
Even though I know that you are...
...the transcendent reality...
...the desire to see you pops up...
...again and again in my heart;
That is why I keep on looking for you...
...in everything of the manifestation.

I know that you never cease to be present...
...though you hide your face...
...under the veils of manifestation;
Any time, anywhere, under all circumstances...
...you stand and walk with me.

In order to see you...
...I tried all odd things:
Renunciation! Meditation! and
Killing my ego!
I tried to shut down my mind...
...to discover you;
But, all these experiments and exercises...
...did not in any measure avail me;
On the contrary,
I found that you are beyond...
...experimentation, meditation, and renunciation.

Many a time I tried to give up...
...my urge to see you;
But, I found that your love impels me...
...to continue remembering you;
My intense love for you makes me feel...
...that while nothing can be like you:
I verily am in your image!
You are my absolute reality!
My idea of being separate and different...
...stems from my illusion about the reality.

I continually remember you!
And constantly I see your manifestation!
I marvel at the perfection of your order!
I long to get to know you again and again!
Until I absolutely annihilate in you;
You have offered me divine intellect!
By this intellect, I comprehend the one-reality.

I never want this dream of seeing one-reality...
...should come to an end;
I have been in this sweet dream...
...since the eternity;
My dream is my reality!
The real himself guides me...
...towards realising the Absolute unity;
O one-reality!
I love You in You and for You!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Unlearn Duality

O one who manifests the signs...
...of his absolute existence in his creation...
...You know it well, how the people...
...with poor insight ignore your signs;
I want to affirm once more my resolve that...
...I don't want to be a denier of your Absolute unity;
It is not at all a matter of grief for me if...
...the whole population disapproves of my belief...
...in the religion of One-reality;
You are the single reality that I deem to exist...
...in the hundreds of universes that you create...
...to manifest your powers, and your attributes;
But I must confess my inability...
...to define and describe Your reality;
Only one word comes on my tongue:
'You are what You are! I cannot know you! '
Your manifestation but explains your secret...
...to every viewer having the divine intellect;
You are the Soul-of-Souls!
You are the Essence of manifestation!
You are a permanent reality!
You are not ephemeral reality like a wind...
...that blows for sometime and then stops;
I want to talk about you all the time, but let me say:
'You are inscrutable! Indefinable! indescribable! '
I am here only to tell the world to unlearn...
...the lessons of duality.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Transcendent Reality

O Allah! Glory be to you!
You are The Transcendent Reality!
Your resplendent beauty is the source of light!
Your sweet words like springs of delightful music!
The numerous galaxies in fathomless space bright...
...draw their light and splendor from your source of light;
By your dazzling light Mansur and Nasimi were stricken with awe;
One reddened with his blood the gallows in Bagdad;
Another was executed and skinned alive in Damaskus;
One proclaimed: 'I am the truth!
Another saw your gorgeous features in Man!
The religion of belief in the Single-reality...
...but they did not shun!
To the feet of such knowers of the Absolute Unity...
...the angels - save Iblis - humbly bow their head;
Iblis refuses and runs away...
...because in Adam your reality he can not see;
You are really the Essence of your Creation!
A precious pearl hidden in the shell!
It is your command Be that raises the dead to life;
Your command Be brings into existence from non existence;
Your world of manifestation is a looking-glass...
...for seeing into it your reality;
And in it the people with divine eyes take continual delight;
He who does not see the presence of the real...
...in Your manifestation is blind!
O Allah, show me the truth as truth, and guide me to follow it;
Show me the false as false, and guide me to avoid it!
Amen!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Indefinable

The Real
That Can Be Defined
Is Not The Real!
Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Adam Says

God is the light of the heavens and the earth...
...Light upon Light!
This Light encompasses all the worlds of manifestation!
But no eye can in any measure reach...
...the reality of this Light!
The real is omnipresent though...
...no human eyes can or have ever compassed him!
He is the commander real and manifests Himself...
...through His command:
Be! And It Becomes!
Be silent!
Because no commentary in any scripture...
...can encompass his reality;
Only a skeptical person can say:
Is He or Is He not!
How is He? Where He is?
Through doubt and surmise no one can know...
...the Truth and the Reality;
The man whose divine intellect perceives the reality...
...knows well that doubt and surmise cannot...
...encompass the divine reality;
With due regard to His being formless and indeterminate...
...bear this reality in mind...
...that He alone is manifest in all things of manifestation;
No body in the worlds can exist without a soul...
...and the Soul is nothing but His command Be!
The real - before manifestation - was The Hidden Treasure;
Open your divine eyes and see...
...the Treasure is in your mine;
Although I am a finite body...
...boundless sea I can see through a minimost camera...
...that is fixed in my eyes;
My name is Adam! I am the noblest of all creatures!
On Mount of Mercy I reunited with my mate, Eve;
Here on this mountain we were forgiven our sins...
...and our wilderness ended;
It is on this Mountain that the Prophet Muhammad stood and delivered...
...the Farewell Sermon to his Companions;
A Manifesto for the humankind!

Hold your tongue and silent be!

There is no other tongue that can deliver such a great sermon;

If you want to know what the reality is...

...know it from this Great prophet!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Life Is A Dream

Dream:

the Fortified town:

All gates closed

I learned the inside way

From the insider

Calling from behind the veils:

Come in, come in:

Don't be scared

Don't loiter around

In wilderness!

Come Inside:

SPLENDOR

Cups of wine of love.

The saki:

Drink, drink!

If you are not

Ashamed of aspiring

To get in

Why are you ashamed

Of drinking the wine

In this tavern of love?

And he hugged me

With His arms of music

So close! So tight! ...

SAKI/ME

I am perplexed

Are both of us one

Or one disguised

as two?

NO WITNESS

NO OTHER OBJECT IN SIGHT

I am myself

My own witness

NO SAKI

NO Wine

NO CUP...

Nothing remains:

I know nothing:

All HIM

MyKoul cries out:
He Loves His Own Beauty!
The dream closes!
I am right
When I deem:
All my life
Since Eternity
Has been a dream.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Believe In One-Reality

I take the command from my Lord...
...His real servant I am;
The words of wisdom and the Qur'an...
...do I receive from God;
I am the one who was told by God...
...the secret knowledge about things...
...that even the angels did not know;
I am one who was made His Khalifa by God...
...and to whom all the angels were bid to prostrate;
I am the one whom Nimrod threw into the bright blazing fire;
I am the one who was saved by God from Pharaoh...
...the mighty but the cruel and vindictive king;
I am the one who was baptized by the water of life...
...the enemies could not crucify or kill me;
I am the one who was blown into by God...
...of His spirit of immortality;
I am the one whose existence was caused by God...
...the source of life!
I am the water vapour that originates from sea...
...and the water going back to sea I am;
I am the thought and beauty of the real!
I am the attributes of the real!
I am the command of the real!
I am the one whom God has made...
...the carrier of the preserved tablets;
I am the one to whom God reads out...
...from these preserved tablets;
I am the one whom God has honoured to be...
...in His constant presence through the Perennial prayer;
I am not hypocrisy!
I am not infidelity!
I am the believer in one-Reality!
MyKoul! You are a son of man and you are...
...he who received the life from God!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Promise

I promise to keep on my battle with the evil nafs!
Until my nafs is contented and its pain recedes;
Until the Nafs e Amarah sets me free...

...that has rendered me lifeless in its cage;

I promise to keep on my battle with the evil nafs!
Until the dark thoughts stop obsessing me;
Until I come close to the reality...

...and delusion leaves me;

I promise to keep on my battle with the evil nafs!
Until I no longer hang on to the theory of duality;
Until the devil-nafs inside screams...

...and submits to me;

I promise to keep on my battle with the evil nafs!
Until I am released from the mist of darkness...

...that envelops me;

Until the real showers light upon light on me;

I promise to keep on my battle with the evil nafs!
Until my ears open and listen...

...to the divine voice with clarity;

Until I do not hear anything but...

...the throbbing of my heart...

...saying Allah hu; Allah hu;

I promise to keep on my battle with the evil nafs!
Until I recall my ancient covenant with my lord;
Until I fulfill the same...

...as I have already promised to do.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

A Real Poem

I love to write poems about 'the reality';
(not an easy job to do)
I love to describe the all-encompassing reality...
...That I've found after I left...
...the philosophy of nothingness;
The crashing waves of ecstasy
resonate...
...in my verses about reality;
There is little talk of empty space and time!
There is only glorification of the manifest reality!
Any spurious mention of separation and differentiation...
...I omit from my verses about reality;
I do not mention the 'seven wonders' and the 'seven valleys'...
...told by some ancient sages before me;
I love to be positive and honest...
...and just write what is purely the Absolute Unity;
I do not want to let you hopelessly pondering...
...what my poem is all about;
I do not make speculations about what is the reality;
I write in my verses only...
...what the real inspires me about His reality!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

See Your Real Self

Take a break from...
Your mundane routine;
See Yourself!
Hear Yourself!
Speak to yourself!
Know yourself!
See your true self!
Notice your face...
...in the mirror of reality!
You are a human being...
Feelings dwell in you...
Emotions run in you...
You have a story in you...
... beginning from eternity!
You were someone...
...before coming as man!
A conscious being!
Your essence remains the same!
You have not...
And will not change!
Let you regain...
Your consciousness!
Realise you are a living being!
You really will never die!
In your heart read the lines:
I was! I am! I will be!
It is not a crazy murmur!
It is the Real...
Speaking through you!
And with this realisation...
The hotch-potch of ideas...
In your brain will evaporate!
That you are separate...
And different from the reality!
Be Quiet!
Discussions and arguments...
Do not avail here;
Pass beyond polemics;
You will then comprehend...

His reality and attributes.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Man And The Real

On the face of Man,
God has written Bismillah;
See me in this mirror,
O you who have eyes;
Because I have made him
In my image,
To be the noblest of all creatures;
Man! fulfil your covenant,
With your lord on the Day of Alast;
And try to prove yourself,
As His true vice-regent;
So that the angels today also,
Fall in prostration before you;
Break yourself out,
Of the cage of mud and water;
Know in yourself,
The presence of the Real;
Who brought you by His command,
From non-existence to existence;
I swear on the honour of the Real,
Who gave to Man,
of His wisdom and knowledge,
Before He manifested himself,
In the things of the world and humans;
Even then - Allah - existed,
As the only reality;
Think not like a blockhead,
That this beautiful manifestation...
...just happened without any command.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Unitary Vision

The Real is manifest in the population of the world...
...and every thing of the multiverse as well;
There is no room
for differentiation between one thing and the other;
Why see with the eyes that suffer from dialopic vision?
Use the eyes that have the quality of Unitary Vision!

O dervish!
Do not get involved in the exercises of meditation!
Know thou the core of remembrance and reflection!
Purify your heart from the dust of duality and differentiation!
Such that your heart becomes a clear mirror;
And when the sun shines on the mirror...
...man exclaims and says: 'I am the sun! '
The man is the mirror of the divine beauty
What shows in him is the reflection of divine attributes.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Be Sober And Listen

The sun coming up showers clear light;
The sleeping birds come out of their nests;
They twitter sweet songs in bushes and groves;
They are free from the state of intoxication;
Being sober is the real living, they realise;
Listen to the music of the stringless lute;
Stand up! Get out of the slumber deep!
Watch over this echoing melody sweet!
You will come closer to the reality;
The music streams flow over you;
You are totally immersed in the music divine;
The causeless music is echoing all around!
From within and from without!
From right and from left!
From front and from back!
From above and from below!
Do not ask me where from that music is coming;
You are yourself the real lute!
You are yourself the player of your lute!
You need not seek and search...
...the source of this music out of you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Say! You Say!

I say

Who thinks what I think

You say I

I say

who sees what I see

You say I

I say

who hears what I hear

You say I

I say

who contemplates what I contemplate

You say I

I say

who desires what I desire

You say I

I say

who loves what I love

You say I

I say

who circumambulates what I circumambulate

You say I

I say

who is hidden and who is manifest

You say I

I say

who is lover and who is beloved

You say I

I say

who is seeker and who is sought

You say I

I say

who is Zakir and who is mazkoo

You say I

I say

who is in Anfas and who is in Afaq

You say I

I say

who is in the heavens and who is on the earth

You say I

I say
who are you and who am I
You say I

I say
What for my Eyes?

You say
Keep them open.

I say
What for my Ears?

You say
Keep them open.

I say
What for my Heart?

You say
What is there?

I say
Much love for you there

You say
I am much beyond your love
Keep it empty for my Secrets

I send my secrets to you...
...through your ears.

Don't plug your ears

I say
Don't hide your face

You say
Look through my veils

I say
Don't let me be without your music

You say
Get on drinking my music wine.

I say
Don't let me breathe without being with you

You say
You remember me I'll remember you

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Kalima

God knows the best;
I know only what He lets me know;
What keeps me astonishing is that...
...whatever my real eyes reach...
(a flower, a thorn, a speck of grass,
or a stem of chinar tree)
It turns into a lute...
...and gives out melodious tunes;
I do some contemplation, and find it says:
La ilaha illa hu!
Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!
There exists none but the one real!
I say one must constantly hear...
...this holy kalima of the Real;
Then, inshallah, he may find...
...what wonderful things happen.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Sage's Eyes

If one gains sanity, sagacity, and awareness...
...he could see a hundred visions of the real being...
...in the beautiful manifestation;
There are no penetrating eyes than a sage's eyes...
...that could see into the core of the things;
The vision of sages discerns that the essence of all things...
...in the world of creation is absolutely the One real being
Thus, they rid themselves of the delusion of duality;
Their heart is empty of the illusory differentiation!
Only the real being, they perceive...
...in the beautiful creation!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Pure Travelers

Those on the way of love walk under cover...
...so that the hosts of Satan do not hijack them;
A person of divine vision but
recognises the travelers on the road of love...
.. by their marks on their foreheads and...
...halo around their faces;
And by the words of truth and the divine knowledge...
...that sprout from their mouth;
And then start following them on the road of love;
Be like such pure travelers as never leave...
... travelling to their Friend.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Eternal Real

Who says the eternal being is not real?

Who says the sun shines of its own?

One who is blindfolded, says:

I don't see anything! Nothing exists!

When you feel your eyes becoming infinite...

...and perceive the infiniteness of time and space...

...The eternal real you will observe in the manifestation.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Hear With Care

You speak and I start listening with care;
Your speech brings to life the dead Corpses;
I'm trying not to think of gibberish things...
...when listening to your speech;
Though I was totally lost and wandering...
...you brought me out of wilderness;
No one ever stays depressed and dejected...
...when listening to your speech?
Those listening to your speech receive light...
...and give out light;
Secrets cannot be kept hidden
from a confidante!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Let Love Bloom In You

Where is the traveller...

...who can travel on the road of love?

Where is the eye that can see the real in the manifestation?

Show me a man who is willing like Abraham...

...to be thrown in the blazing fire

Show me a man who is willing like Moses...

...to walk through Zulmaat...

...for finding the water of life;

The moment this love comes to bloom in you...

...you will become worthy to travel on the road of love.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Infinite Being

Man you're so finite!
How can you see the infinite being?
How can the infinite love be inside you?
Unless you understand...
...how the infinite being encompasses you;
Look at the pupil in your eyes, how minute it is!
But through this small camera...
...you see enormous things.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Voice From Inside

A voice from inside sings out;
At times a calm melodious voice pacifies us;
Other times excited tunes make us jubilant;
The fragrant voice spreads its fresh smell;
Get up and take that voice in;
It is this sweet voice...
...that lets lovers live;
Breathe, before you're gone with the wind!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Learning And Teaching

Night comes so people can take rest...
...like birds in their cozy nests;
Then day follows the night;
Some people get up for their business;
Others go to their schools:
To learn...
...knowledge and wisdom from their teachers;
Learning and teaching are the prime activities of life!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Will Wait For You

Swallows go back...
...to where they come from;
Everyone returns home one day;
Swallows, when you get there...
...do not forget me please;
I love you! I will wait for you!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Read My Poems

Listen to the voices inside my poems;
Let them guide you to where they will;
Follow those clear hints to know the secrets;
And never turn a deaf ear to wisdom words.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Spring Rains

Haiku

Incessant downpour
The Spring rains have the healing touch
The Blessed Spring Rains

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Blessed Rains

At first, I listened to songs and ° concerts;
Losing my precious time of remaining awake...
...for night prayers, zikr and meditation;
Now, more intense, calm and composed, I am;
When rain falls, fire flames douse!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Purity

What is Being and what is non-being?

I do not know?

In my view, only Being exists;

Non-Being does not, and can never be;

The reality is not what it seems to be.

Being is one, unique, unborn and indestructible;

SAY: 'He - Allah - is the One:

Allah the Eternal, the Uncaused Cause of All Being!

He begets not, and neither is He begotten;

And there is nothing that could be compared with Him!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

No Intellect Denies

No intellect denies that you are the reality;
Only a few know that you are their reality;
Very few give in completely to the reality...
...that there is no place where you are not;
Yet you are not seen by any human eye;
But yes, you can be seen in the mirrors...
...of the manifestation.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Falling Into Absolute Silence

From the real source comes...

...the sound of a flute;

The flute is not made of the reed;

The flutist is himself...

...the listener of his own flute;

He sips the flute-music like wine;

He flutes more and more...

...and sips the music more;

Until he is fully drunk;

He starts to fall into the high clear silence...

...and forgets all images and impressions of duality.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

One Day I Will

One day I might be...
...completely out of the delusion of duality,
I will know the reality that...
...the angels could not know.
The real will write on my tablets...
...the poems about my reality...
...that I haven't so far thought of!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

What Is My Essence?

You are what You are!
I am what I am!
Your love in my heart!
My heart not the organ of body!
With music resonating inside!
I have no name for...
...what resonates so perfectly!
Giving me peace and tranquility!
I remember You! You remember Me!
I love You! You love Me!
I am Your Àbd! You are my Maula!
I am not You! You are not Me!
Of Your spirit You have blown into me!
Who is then my essence other than you!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Listening

Listen, if you can!

Listening means connecting to the Friend;

Listening means listening to silence;

Listening transports you to a place...

Where the ear sits inside the eyes.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Read The Book Of Life

You come to reading the book of life;
If you see the book is sealed:
Don't hurry! Don't worry!
Do not be tired and ready to quit;
Let your ears hear the divine music;
Let your eyes see the divine light;
Let your real intellect shine...
...with the divine intellect;
The seal of the book will break forthwith;
And you will read into the codes...
...the real meaning of life!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Keep Walking

Keep walking on the path of love...
...though there's no place to get to;
Don't try to see through the distances because...
...that's not for lovers true;
Move within, to see your reality;
But don't move the way quest to see...
...someone other makes you move.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Eternal Remembrance

Remembering Allah heals me;
Not remembering Him...
I feel the doors closing on me;
I would not wish for anyone else the absence...
...from eternal remembrance;
Verily, in the remembrance of Allah...
...do hearts find rest!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Realised

I pretended to fix my gaze...
...to see if I could see the real;
One day I realised the reality...
...that the Real is actually here,
I have not to arrive anywhere,
Nothing of reality is distant,
The real is present everywhere
Nothing is left to arrive

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Not For Me

Here's a magnificent preacher
Holding out Fat books,
Reading out long passages,
To me, I hope, not for me!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Universal Intellect

The prophets, sages, mystics, and divine philosophers...
...tell and share with us precious secrets...
...that descends on them from the Universal Intellect;
They all are born of a woman...
...they aren't supernatural beings;
But still the great sign of the truth and reality...
...a guidance to people to know the reality!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Real Lover

The real lover is graceful, rational, and realistic;
Someone sober, not lost in delusion,
He doesn't ever worry or fear about the love affair;
He annihilates from his mind all inclinations...
except his love for the real.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Divine Intelligence

The food of spirituality cannot be eaten,
Nor the pearls of wisdom can we get from barren minds,
Nor the knowledge can we get...
...by looking at the face of our teacher,
There is a secret core in everything of manifestation,
Not even Gabriel can know without the Dvine intelligence.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Omnipresent

I pretended to fix my gaze...
...to see if I could see the real;
One day I realised the reality...
...that the Real is actually here;
I have not to arrive anywhere;
Nothing of reality is hidden;
The real is present everywhere;
Nothing is left to arrive!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Pure Religion

There is no religion but love;
No scriptures, no rituals, yet, a pure religion;
The Friend calls from there:
Why do you hesitate when the road is clear!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Be A Student!

Knowledge and wisdom are gifts from the Real;
In the frame of of skin and veins...

...The teacher -Divine Intellect - abides within,
Know this Sheikh and become a student...

...to know the Truth and the Reality!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Be! And It Is!

Out of His Command, 'Be! '...
...the Real manifests His reality...
...through humans and non humans in the multiverse...
...where the real exhibits his own beauty to Himself;
Nothing exists here except by His command 'Be! '
Read His command 'Be! And it is! '...
...mentioned in the Book of His creation!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Divine Intellect

Divine intellect is like a sieve to filter the nafs,
It reveals impurities of nafs and removes duality,
It shows the light of the Real who throws...
...His radiance into the man and the universe.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Divine Presence

The one who floods my heart and mind with His zikr,
Who takes away from me the thoughts of duality,
Who drags and throws me in His sanctuary,
That Unitary Divine Presence...
...is the source of poems I write.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Hidden Diamond

The illusion clears, Knowing comes;
The reality is not like a dead corpse;
But the reality is hidden from eyes;
As a diamond is hidden in the stone!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Your Reality

Your reality does not begin...
...when you're conceived,
It is the eternal light that is your essence,
Your reality cannot hide in the envelop of your body,
It gives off radiance that illuminates your intellect.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Reedsong

All day and night, the eternal zikr,
A wordless, quiet, soundless zikr,
Reedsong, a secret between you and the Real,
If this song stops, the light goes off.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Real Is Present

Sleep and slumber the Real has not,
Night and day the Real is watching you,
Stop looking for the Real...
...When you're sleeping,
Wake up - He is before you,
You will see the Real...
...at dusk and dawn!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Life Eternal

The life extends into eternity,
Truly knowing this is what awareness is,
Not knowing it is ignorance about reality,
And it is the lack of enlightenment.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Transparent Glass View

The world of manifestation...

...Is not as we on its face see;
But if we go into its different things...
...we may appreciate its divine beauty;
And may find insight into the One reality.

The colors and the patterns of the world...

...when we see with the divine eye...
...tell us about the inherent reality...
...that we normally might not see;
Lord, give us all knowledge and wisdom...
...to set us free from the illusion of mind.

How will we see the manifestation...

...separate and different from the reality...
...when we see that in all ways...
...all things are of the same reality;
All manifestation is in essence...
...the expression of the same reality!

So much of differentiation we may take...

...for granted to exist in the manifestation;
But our perception about reality can change...
...when we have a transparent glass view...
...of the world of manifestation;
There is no manifestation except the single reality!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Hidden And The Manifest

Ever since my First birth I've loved You;
Neither I knew your face nor your name;
A voice from my within and out of me...
.... constantly hearing I have been;
Telling me that Me and the whole creation...
... is in essence one and the same;

The reality is like a shapeless flame...
...facing all the directions!
A formless reality in exquisite manifestation!
Worshipped that all-in-all reality must be!
Far far beyond human comprehension!
When, where, and how it came to be!
Except the lovely glorious manifestation nothing one can see!
My soul, opens its eyes to love the sight...
...and opens its ears to hear the melodious music;
How else could I vision the beauty of the beautiful?

Love can not be there unless...
...the subtle reality takes the body of manifestation;
As such what the real is, and who...
...I bid my love to see in the beauty;
Now that the real has come out in its manifestation...
...I fix my unwavering gaze at it...
...and bow to the beauty expressed in the manifestation;
Nothing veils the reality from my sight!
It scatters it's light bright through the manifestation!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Illusion Of Separation

Having passed away from self alienation from the Real...

...I realised it was my ignorance, and delusion,

That all along I had considered my self having...

...a seperate identity, existing of its own...

...apart from the real which is an Absolute Unity;

The illusion of my separation from the real blazed into flames!

A path to Thy reality, thus, by your guidance, did I find!

But Lord! No creature like Iblis - who has avowed to lead me astray...

...may draw me away from the religion of your reality;

I can no longer live, my Lord, without the belief...

...that you are my reality;

Your reality is everywhere: how can I flee from the truth?

I have desired through hope to acquire from Thee...

...knowledge about your Absolute unity;

You have opened in me the eye of divine intellect!

I very clearly see the beautiful design of your reality!

Lo! I have severed every thought of alienation and separation from me;

My imagined separate selfhood has died!

Now, no one can banish from my heart the light of your absolute unity!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Serenity

Haiku

Come, raining outside
Let us sit behind the doors
Till the sun-rising

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Circular Journey

Look into the morning sun
Melting the pearls of dew drops
Dew goes back to the sea
Reflect, your journey is circular
No beginning, no ending
This is the reality of the Real

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Reconciliation

Strangers pass around me;
They who are my brothers, neighbors, relatives;
I have no obligation towards the person...
...who stops...
...and tells me: 'I know you',
I tried to look into his eyes...
...to see my pic;
And not finding me there...
I took my way back...
...and walked through the crowd...
...without looking back;
When he realises...
...his ungratefulness, and his betrayal...
...He will return to where I wait;
When he sees me...
...he will give me a big hug;
Tears will roll down my eyes...
...and I'll forgive him;
Who will I be?
Who will he be?
We'll not exchange regrets!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Look At The Mirror Of Heart

If you wish to know the reality of self,
Look at the mirror of your heart;
When the sun of reality shines,
It radiates light and brightness;
When the night of silence falls,
There resonates deep, sweet music;
Just as the ripples and waves...
...create music in the still ocean!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Golden Beacon

To know The Real
Cleanse your mind of illusion
Knowledge comes with awareness

The Way is neither long nor crooked;
A middle way - that is straight and shortest;
A calm and quiet traveler treads this.
The resolute traveler, with the staff of Moses;
Nothing more needed, only Divine intellect!

Climbing the mount Tour,
When the enlightenment arrives
Shut your mouth,
Don't talk too much about it,
To every Tom, Dick, and Hary;
Just live it in your own way

The travelers in the dark alleys...
...need the divine light...
...that sharpens their intellect...
...to know the deep meaning,
That Light comes naturally
Blessing and mercy of God

The fragrance of blossoms calls the beez;
They come in a twinkling of eye for the nectar
Our time in this world is so short,
To avoid regret, let us behave as beez
And not miss the opportunity to collect...
...the nectar of immortality

Like a torch bearer showing light...
...to travelers on a moonless night...
Divine intellect guides our passage...
...through this transitory world;
In the short sojourn here in this world...
...of darkness and pain...
...let us keep on lighting...
...the golden beacon of love and peace!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

We Have Lost Our Way

We might understand our reality,
If we given up on trying to search it outside;
(outside our selves or outside His manifestation)
We are never cut off from reality!
The search for reality is the quest...
...to gain knowledge of the divine Self;
...to regain the Edenic peace;
...to become a faithful servant of God;
...to get the Promised station in his presence;
...to meet sages and be their companions:
...to benefit from their knowledge and wisdom; and
...to live in harmony in the world of manifestation.

We are all pilgrims in this world seeking...
...to see the earthly paradise...
...that God had created before sending us here;
The task we're given is to realise our reality...
...and see the presence of the real in his manifestation.

But like a spider, we have woven a web of...
...superstitions, mythic beliefs, and illusions:
We continue to build icons and create gods;
We worship their images, graves, mausoleums;
We create and follow religions that are bent outwards;
We reject the teaching that could turn us inwards;
We're an outward looking people;
We have become extroverts in our actions;
We're inclined to what is unreal and misleading;
We're sanctimonious in our disposition;
We are away from reality, We have no sincerity.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Not A Hidden Secret

A feeling of hope when you wake up...
...is a sure sign that you put your faith in the Real!
Your desire to see into the essence of everything...
...is a sure sign that Allah wants you to see his reality...
...in the world of His manifestation;
He is not a hidden secret...
...if you have the real eyes to see;
Your aspiration which asks you to discern the reality...
...can only help you break through the walls surrounding the reality;
Give yourself a rest from searching the reality!
When the Real is revealing Himself to Himself!
When will you start realising...
...that He is your reality?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Rain Musician

The spring rain is falling,
Constantly for two days,
Creating soft music sound;
Rain whispers to me,
Hear the celestial music!

Rain musician beating drumsticks,
On the rooftops, hilltops, and human tops,
Creating the mellow music all around;
Bidding to recollect the ancient music!

Chords of my heart are awakened;
Notes of melodious music...
...rise and fall over my eyes and ears;
I am forbidden to expose the secret...
...hidden in the rise and fall of music!

Soft, gentle, and mellow music,
Produced with rain sticks,
Remind me the music of heaven;
God, the Great Musician,
Calling: bring your ears near to Me,
And hear the immortal sound!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Come Out Of Darkness

The whole world is bleeding,
A nation is coming over another nation
The ferocious wild beasts are ruling
The lambs and kids are shivering
The Falcon brings the message to the suffering
The father says I am sending my hordes
To free the people and give them peace
Over the whole earth they are coming.

The Cow is giving the message to people,
In my name you will be killed and lynched
But I will never deny my streams of milk,
To you or to your children
Krisna will again walk in the land with flocks of cows
To offer milk to all people free of cost

My children, my children, wake up! wake up!
Look up to see the morning star on your head,
It is telling you to rise up, brilliant sun is rising,
Wear the light of sun on your soul and body!
I show the light to you, my children,
I show the light to you, my children,
Come out of darkness! Come out of darkness!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Live In Peace

Every soul has to taste death;
Don't fear that you are departing;
Even on leaving you are still living;
Look deeply:
Before coming here...
...you were living;
Has there not been an endless span of time...
...before man appeared here?
He was not yet a thing to be thought of!
The birth and death are...
...just like the rhythm of heart;
That keeps you living...
...to hear, to see, to speak, and do marvels;
But you kill each other...
...and spill your own blood;
You had to create springs here...
...to make the flowers bloom...
...and load fragrance on the shoulders of...
...morning and evening breezes;
But you are filling the seven seas...
...with human tears and blood;
Please do your true job of creating peace;
But when it is said to you...
...don't create mischief on the earth;
You shamelessly retort...
...that you are only reforming the world;
Please let me live in true peace;
So that I wake up,
and open the window of my heart...
...to see peace flowering all over the earth!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am The Real

For me: world is not all empty;
It is the precious treasure of the Real!
Death and Life, Day and Night...
...go after each other...
...as the seasons of the year go;
Heart of man, after transformation...
...knows, and sees the reality.

The Truth from inside cries out:
I am much more closer to you...
...than the distance between Two Bows;
I am the Real! You are my manifestation!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The First Revelation

Satan's voice sleeps there...
...where the soul dives into musical stream;
The touch of music awakens the soul...
...and carries it on its untouchable wings...
...to where celestial bells are clearly heard;
The soul for the first time
listens...
...the verses from the Archangel Gabriel...
...from the book of knowledge...
...inscribed on the Preserved Tablets.

Shaken, never had heard the verses before!
Prophet comes down from the cave!
Khadija opens the door of home! .
Finds her beloved transformed to a new person!
Recites the first verses of the Qur'an...
...to the people of Home;
They hear and believe!
Those who knew him never questioned him!
How could they?
They heard the message in joy...
...and sincerely acted upon it till their life.

And the Satan was dead and life smiled again!
The seekers of truth, one by one, came to him, and said:
Speak to us of the Divine message...
...revealed for our guidance through you;
And he raises his head and reads out to them:

READ in the name of thy Sustainer, who has created...
...created man out of a germ-cell!
Read - for thy Sustainer is the Most Bountiful One!
Who has taught [man] the use of the pen!
Taught man what he did not know!

The people heard with awe...
...and there fell a magical stillness upon them;
And in a sweet voice he spoke to them:
When the Qur'an is read,

Listen to it with attention,
And hold your peace:
That ye may receive Mercy.

What Qur'an beckons to you, follow it,
Though the commands might be hard for you,
And might shatter your Worldly dreams,
Because when you take up the commands...
...the angels of God will unfold their wings for you!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

One Word Of Wisdom

Even if you consume whole of your lifetime...

...listening to Chhakri and Qawali,

At the banks of the Liddar river or in seclusion at your home...

...it is not as good as really catching flies in the air;

One word of wisdom:

If you want to know the prime secret,

Here it is: the Real can be found in the Heart...

...and in the beautiful manifestation out of the Heart.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



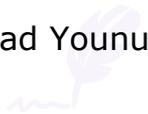
PoemHunter.com

The Song Of The Real

The flowering season has died;
The colourful flowers go on falling;
Nightingale is calling;
Silence penetrates its song;
The Wordless!
The Voiceless!
The Equanimity!
The reality of the Real!
Preparing to bloom in the Spring;
Preparing to visit the rose garden;
To enjoy the beauty and fragrance...
...of colourful roses;
And sing the song of ecstasy!
Giving thanks to Himself...
...for manifesting His power!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Watching The Rain

Alone, I watch the rain,
Washing the mountains,
Flowing down in rivers,
Walking back to the seas.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Life Moves On

Past is dead;
The dead does not arise!
Present breathing;
Until the last breath it exhales;
Future uncertain!
Future unpredictable!
Future unattainable!
Yet for the people of vision...
...as clear as the moon...
...in the cloudless sky!
In the last watch of night...
...the cool Breeze blows gently;
The moonlit window smells of roses;
Wake up! From sleep!
The sun is rising!
The new day is breaking!
The day and the night alternate!
Life moves on its circular path!

MyKoul



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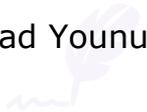
Mohammad Younus

My Prayer Tonight

Yes! My Lord, on this Night of power,
The night better than a thousand nights!
When You sent down the Holy Quran,
For the eternal guidance of humankind...
...on the Heart of your chosen one, Muhammad!
Your Honour, grant us what we ask Tonight:
All your blessings - Earthly and The Divine!
Do not withdraw from us your profound love!
Grant all things that make us your perfect servants!
Release us from the trap of our evil nafs!
And let our nafs be contented...
...with the manifestation of your reality;
That you have hidden in us on the day of our creation;
When of your spirit you have blown into us;
Amen! Amen! Amen!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divine Lute

The load on my brain I set aside;
Thus little disturbance remains there;
In silence and perfect composure I meditate...
...on the cherishing melodious tunes...
...coming constantly from heaven;
I don't have to bother to strum over the strings of any lute;
There's a divinely breeze sweeping over the strings;
And the divine lute plays itself without my effort.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Alif Lam Mim

Alif Lam Mim, The great book isn't difficult...
...for those who are righteous and ward off evil;
Let go off following the Satan of nafs, your evil ego;
And the book of knowledge will be perfectly clear;
When you cling to a hairbreadth of distinction...
...you will not vision the absolute unity;
If you want to realize the truth...
...bear in mind what is told by the Truth:
'We will show them Our Signs in the universe...
...and in their own selves...
...until it becomes manifest to them that this is the truth';
The struggle between good and evil must go on within your selves...
...until the disease of the mind is cured well...
...and goodness wins the fight;
Your effort in this regard is just grasping...
...the deeper meaning of truth;
The evil will then stop itself troubling the peace of your mind;
Your reality is as vast as the infinite space and time!
It is perfect and lacks nothing, you must believe in it;
Because you select your external nature...
...and reject the inner truth...
...you can't perceive your true nature...
...on which you really are born;
Don't get entangled in the ephemeral worldly things;
Don't lose yourself in the wilderness of emptiness;
Be at peace in the oneness of reality, and...
...all confusion of duality will disappear;

Asserting that the world of manifestation is real...
...you become a seer of the deeper reality;
Denying that the world of manifestation is real...
...you become blind to the one reality of all the things;
The more you think about the differences and distinctions...
...the farther you are from the truth of oneness;
Step aside from all thinking of plurality...
...you will find yourself the way to unity;
Returning to the root, you find the real meaning;
Go into appearances, you will get to their source;
At the moment you gain insight of the divine intellect...

...you transcend the outer appearance of the manifestation;
Don't keep searching for the truth here and there...
...the truth is nearer to you than your jugular vein;
Just let go off your deception and delusion!

For the heart in harmony with the reality...
...all duality and illusion disappears;
With even a trace of doubt about the book of guidance...
...you can never know the meaning of the verses of wisdom;
All at once you are free from ignorance about the reality!
With no trace of unreal images left on your mind!
All manifestation is real, true and perfect...
...in its being the manifestation of the powers of the Real!
In the world of manifestation, when you see its essence...
...you will at once say
' Nothing exists except the real! '

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Waiting For The Day

I am waiting for that day...

...when the old sun of peace and love rises on us;

Shining our mountains, dales, and valleys;

Removing the thick pall of smoke from our faces;

Wiping off from the faces of the Great Lakes and rivers blood stains;

Spreading the news about the much awaited news of...

...end to oppression and tyranny;

Proclaiming across the Valley resurrection of...

...the dead values of humanity;

Waking us up from the deep slumber;

Telling each one of us a story of...

...a silent revolution is in the offing;

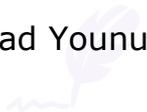
Moving behind the perpetrators of violence and killings;

I am waiting for that day...

...when our faces shine with the light of liberty, peace and tranquility.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Relaxing In Peace

I have come here from a place without limits...
...inhabited by the eternal Truth;
I am striving to come out of wilderness and...
...go back to inhabit in that eternal abode;
Sometimes I climb the peak of Illiyeen;
Sometimes I play in the Downworld of Saafileen;
But most of the time I relax in peace...
...and speak of neither profit nor loss;
Even if the world became a grove of gold trees...
...it wouldn't mean a fig for me;
Cause who can live on gold?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

No Dust On Mirror

Snow on mountain peaks

Gushing water in mountain streams

all flowing downwards back to the seas

The beautiful landscape

as we know

belongs to those who have aesthetic sense...

...to appreciate the beauty of manifestation

The upper worlds inhabited by light spirits

the lower worlds inhabited by fire spirits

originally are one - they're of the same reality

There is not a bit of dust on the mirror of seers

they have got only full, perfect, and clear...

...enlightenment and awareness.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Follow The True Teachers

Kneel down to true teachers and listen...
...to their wise words as a devout student:

The best comprehension is the way of 'non comprehension'...
...the radiance of the Divine intellect!
The best treasure is what cannot be looked for...
...the priceless treasure of the Real itself;

The most bitter truth is 'transcendent reality ' ;
That reality though difficult to know is the real reality!
The real life-giving drink is 'not drinking the cup of death'...
...taking the nectar of immortality!
It is the drink of 'I am the reality'!

Oh, this realisation needs no spiritual guru;
The awareness is a gift of Divine intellect!
This enlightenment is beyond words and description!
The divine intellect is not the lesson of children...
...nor is it that of scholars and logicians!

When you attain the truth of 'non comprehension'...
you receive the highest knowledge divine;
When you perceive the real in his beautiful manifestation...
...you realise the sublime truth!

If you approach the truth of 'reality' through Divine intellect...
...you follow the supreme path;
When you know that you are the vice regent of the Real...
...the ultimate knowledge you've obtained!

When you see the futility of reason...
...that is the supreme logic;
When you know that high and low realms are of the same Real...
...you have entered the real city of knowledge!

Discriminating between good and evil...
...opens the way to perfect wisdom;
Experiencing the dissolution of duality...
...you will come to realise the existence of single reality!

Observing the truth of 'manifestation'...
...opens the way to see the absolute unity;
Going beyond ' it is? ' and 'it is not'...
opens the way to perfect belief!

When you realize the truth of 'deen'...
you have attained to the highest purpose of life;
Ignorant are those who lack this truth!

Do not chose as your guides on your spiritual journey:
Fake teachers inflated by learning books of others;
Scholars bragging about their empty words;
And sufis seduced by illusory images;

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Give your ear to this warning of Rumi - the great master of the path!
For though they pose to be Gnostics and friends of God...
...they want to enslave you and catch you in their net
(the way a hunter catches the innocent birds)

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Joy Returned

Haiku

After long dark night,
Stands the sun, brilliant, cloudless,
On this spring morning

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Dust On Mirror

Actually there isn't any mystery;
Much more than dust to be wiped away;
He who wants to know the reality;
Need not to sit stiff in Yoga posture;
Sitting like a motionless statue in the temple;
Renouncing the beautiful World of the Real;
Poor unreal seeker of the Real!
Ever immersed in illusory scenes!
Open the eyes and ears of your
divine intellect;
Until a flash of lightning shows...
...hidden and manifest are dust on mirror.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Which Is Which?

I cannot say
which is which:
the glowing
Sun in the sky
the smiling
Sun in the pond.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divine Roses

The Real is something that no eyes can see;
Save knowing it's there there's nothing to know!
The comprehensions of created natures cannot get to reality;
The perception of reality is difficult to acquire,
Much more difficult is the perception of the reality of the Reality;
The Real is beyond what we assume to be the Real;
No human vision can encompass Him...
...whereas He encompasses all human vision:
...for He alone is unfathomable, all-aware!
The sun shines bright above our heads
But who can look at the sun...
...without losing the sight?
Who can see the Real...
...besides seeing His manifestation?
If you want to see the real, look at His manifestation...
...that blooms like divine roses all around.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hidden Scrolls

Neither seeking fame...
...nor grieving my seclusion;
I hide deep in the silence...
...far from worldly furore.

Years of life ending;
Weaving poems on mystic themes;
Withdrawing from public chating;
Who will befriend me?

Wisdom inscribed on hidden scrolls;
Seekers sleeping, wrapped in darkness...
...even in the last watch of the night;
My poems might remain unread.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Real Is Infinite

The abiding-place of the Real...
...has no boundaries...
...east, west, north or south;
You are the lote tree
in the middle of it;
Turning your head...
...you can look to each direction;
And for the first time find...
...that your eyes have been deceiving you;
As a matter of fact, the Real...
...is in each direction;
And to Allah - the Real - belong east, west; north and south;
And wherever you turn to...
...there is His countenance; Behold, the Real is infinite, and all-knowing.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The City Of Knowledge

The Great City of knowledge has no gate;
This is an unwalled city;
The thousand roads enter it;
There are no checkpoints on the roads;
All seekers have a free entry to this city;
When one gets into this unwalled city;
He freely obtains awareness and enlightenment;
This great city is within you!

Long seeking to go into this city;
I tried first to go with others to this city;
I was far from reaching it;
Now I walk all alone to this city;
I meet it everywhere;
It is just I myself;
And I am now within myself;
Understanding this way...
I found I am the real city of knowledge.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Spring Of Lifewater

Walking through the Zulumaat,
Not having found the lifewater, like Moses;
Walking back I found to my surprise,
The spring of lifewater is within my home;
Singing with ecstasy,
I am taking cup after cup;
Happily passing the day,
Flitting here and there,
Swinging my head,
I impress my own self,
That I've found the spring of lifewater!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Life And Death

Haiku

Watching life and death:
The visages of the Real
Spring after winter

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sweet Sound

The chinar tree sways in joy,
Sweet sound streams up and up.
There's eternal word in sound.

My heart loses itself to the sound
The waves of the sound strike
Against the walls of my soul

A cool touch wakes up my memory
Of the sweet music in paradise
Warms up my urge to go back home

I'll wait calmly on the gate of paradise
Until Rizwan allows me inside
And horis start to sing welcome songs

Time is singing on the divine song
Of 'I am the truth!' 'I am the real!'
Somehow, here and now, I am hearing.

MyKoul

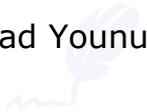
Mohammad Younus

Feel The Presence Of The Real

My heart and my nafs have both settled down...
...into perfect peace and tranquility;
Light upon light shines bright my divine intellect;
That makes me feel the presence of the Real...
...under and above the surface of the creation;
The enormous face of my familiar Real I see...
...as one sees the face of the moon at night in a clear pond;
(Though I know it is ever impossible to see the source of this reflection)
When I see the reflection...
...all my shrillness fades into the sound of silence;
But, now and then, thick clouds float over the pond;
It confuses me a lot, at that moment...
...as I'm unable to see the reflection;
But not enough to make me forget...
...the presence of the moon in the sky.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Open Those Eyes

Striving to broom away the evil thoughts...

...you become part of what's evil;

Strive to cultivate the good thoughts...

...the evil thoughts will get weeded out;

Ceasing contemplating on images is...

...in fact the real contemplation;

So how do you gain control and get beyond the unreal?

Open those eyes... the ones that are in your spirit!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Wild Roses

You've traveled and toiled in vast deserts in search of the Real;
So many long days you have spent in the libraries and archives;
Reading, copying, and making notes...
...on paper, ipads, and laptops;
The gravity of the meditation and the profundity of the study...
...and the renunciation of comforts...
(that God had not forbidden to you)
...make a heavy weight on your feeble bones;
Here! I've picked a bunch of wild roses from the divine garden of roses;
Their meaning and utility is profound, and their fragrance connects to the Real;
They're the flowers of all time! They never fade and lose their fragrance!
Do you not remember what the great sage of Kashmir had told afore:
'Get a flower provided it is a wildflower'!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Real: An Open Secret

No need to glide and fly like birds in the air;
The same Real is in the heavens...
...and the same Real is on the ground;
No wisdom in asking for the miracles;
When you're yourself the chief miracle of the Real;
No point swimming back to the origin;
When the river is flowing around you in all directions;
Is it not absurd to count the ripples in the ocean?
When you're yourself the real ocean;
No point travelling in search of the Real;
When the Real is not apart from you;
The invisible Real and the manifestation of the Real...
Where is there any difference?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Adam Speaks

Born by the will of Allah at the beginning...
...of the manifestation by the command 'Be',
All other beings of intellect - the angels and the jinni...
...were turned upside down;
I am Adam and so have an intense urge in my heart...
...to climb straight on to the lofty summits...
...to view the beautiful manifestation of the Real;
Between my eyes a divine eye sees the Beautiful World...
...in beautiful colours and shapes;
I find the Real in pure beauties that He created...
...to adorn the empty-multiverse;
The real in me holds up the eyes to look up...
...to see His light in all His manifestation;
As I dive in the 'Ocean of my Knowing-intellect...
...the Pearls of wisdom shine forth by themselves;
Space brightened by the light of the Real, I see it telling:
I am the independent!
I am the Real!
I am the truth!
So I throw my net and catch the dragon of my nafs...
...to burn it to ashes;
It is the barrier between me and the Real;
Alone I walk with a view to...
...connecting to the Real through its manifestations!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

When You Know The Real

This is an exquisite truth:

Sages aren't just the ordinary folks;

They aren't of the same intellect;

Speculating about no basic difference...

...is like equating a chimpanzee and a humane;

When you've a strong philosophical intellect,

You can then alone know the divine reality;

Once you know the Reality...

...intuition and cognitive power will intensify;

You'll become familiar with your essence;

Your illusions about the Real...

...will give way to the awareness;

Your heart-well will sprout...

...the springs of divine knowledge and wisdom.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Real: Behind The Transparent Veils

And my spirit is longing,
To fly to the highest heaven;
Its desire to know the Real...
...moves the Real,
To lend grace to my spirit;
And vision to know the Real;
Within! And everywhere!
The Kingdom of the Real!
It's just before my vision!
Just behind the veils...
...but the transparent veils!
For the persons of vision!

Law of the Real is without error;
The sovereign of the Kingdom is the Real;
The clauses, sections, and the subsections...
...of the Law of the Real are real;
And this Law reveals to the seers...
...the omnipotence of the Real.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Man: The Chief Manifestation Of The Real

You are the beginning of the book of reality!
You are the start of the verses of the Real!
You are the glorification of His manifestation!
You are the start of recitation by the Real!
You are the verses of His song of Love!
Love that made Him to come out of darkness!
Love that daily is expressed by the Real!
As He manifests and re-manifests His reality!
He is sitting on His throne of glory with His book;
Rejoice! Rejoice! You subject of His poems!
See the Real king on the throne of glory!
Writing and reciting His poems about His glory!
See the beauty of the real in you and around!
And dance in joy around the throne of His glory!
See, you are created in the image of the Real!
You are the chief manifestation of the Real!
Exult, exult, O precious manifestation of the Real!
So marvelously fashioned! In the best proportion!
Be glad! He is casting the light of reality upon you!
As a bride is gladdened in her bridal-chamber!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Wake Up And I See You

O My Lord, Your reality is not shrouded in mystery
Your Presence is manifest, not hidden in mystery.
You made my heart as the Temple for my worship
I hear Your praise in delightful tunes in this temple,
I offer the perpetual prayer with devotion in this temple
My prayers bring to my vision great pillars of light
I get fathomless delight in the recitation of Your Quran,
You reveal to me the secrets of your book verse by verse
Then I wake up, and I see You are the real, O Lord,
And I give thanks to You for it is pleasant to give thanks!
On knowing my reality, my origin, my truth...
...I proclaim: one who knows his reality has known the Real!

MyKou

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Lord, How Can I Deny You?

Lord, where shall I find You not?

The throne of Your majesty covers the heavens and the earth;

Your place is lofty and secret, deep within me;

Lord where shall I find You not?

The seven skies and the whole earth...

...and all that in and between them...

...is Your glorious manifestation!

Lord where shall I find you not?

You are the innermost and the outermost reality!

You are beyond the limitations of Time and space!

Lord where shall I find you not?

Your earth and your heavens cannot encompass You!

The heart of Your believing servant but encompasses You!

Lord where shall I find you not?

You have made the Earth a vast expanse...

...and adorned it with all the essential things;

You have erected seven high skies...

...without pillars over our head;

You have made the sun a brightly burning lamp...

...for our light and heat;

Lord where shall I find you not?

You are praised by Your hosts in heavens and the earth;

Even their praise is not sufficient to explain your reality!

You are the real manifested in all the things of your creation;

Lord where shall I find you not?

You are praised in masjids, temples and synagogues,

But no one can praise you as you praise yourself!

You are above everything...

...but You are nearer to the Gnostics' vision;

Lord where shall I not find you not;

My sight, my hearing, my speech, my feeling attest...

...that there is no creator except You!

Lord where shall I find you not?

I seek to know You with my intellect;

I constantly remember You with all my heart;

When I go out towards You...

...I find You coming towards me;

I look upon Your wondrous power and awe...

... Wherever I turn to;

How can I say that I have not seen You?
The multiverse and their inhabitants proclaim...
...Your tasbeeh -- without a sound;
How can I say that I have not heard your word?
My thoughts flow from you through my brain...
...that issue on my tongue...
...and express through my actions and deeds;
How can I say You are not my real?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Voice From Faraan

A voice arose from the mount Faraan...
...that the awaited messenger has come;
... to convey unto the people His messages;
a voice to cause them to grow in purity;
a voice to impart unto them the divine writ...
...as well as wisdom;
a voice that brings to life the dead;
a voice that comes forth from all the sides;
a voice that glorifies the lord of the universe...
...the Sovereign Supreme, the Holy, the Almighty, the Wise!
a voice that echoes in deserts and dales;
a voice that is like a roaring lion;
a voice that reveals the secrets hidden;
a voice that declares la illaha illallah,
a voice that proclaims Muhammadur- rasoolullah;
a voice that is eternal, and never expires;
a voice that brings out humankind from darkness to light;
a voice that blazes and sparkles the fire of love;
a voice that causes peace in heart and mind;
a voice that sounds without instruments;
a voice that Adam first heard in the heaven;
a voice to which all the angels prostrated;
a voice whose waves are like flashes of light!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My Pledge After Repentance

On coming near to the forbidden tree...
...He frowns and asks me to leave the paradise;
On leaving the God's sanctuary:
I listened to my guilt, and my Spirit wept...
...in its asking for forgiveness;
I repented and supplicated to my God:
'Our Lord, we have wronged ourselves...
...and if You do not forgive us and have mercy upon us...
...we will surely be among the losers."
Though my ego balks to accept my guilt...
...my heart is full with remorse, and is uneasy;
So I pledge to live as the modest being...
...and walk as such on the earth as a pure servant...
...with my head raised toward the heaven;
What good is the wealth and luxuries of the world...
...when the spirit is in pain?

The worldly thoughts are but worried about me:
For closing my eyes at the fine physiques of damsels;
They mock me for my unworldly lifestyle;
They look with wonder at my eyes...
...swollen and reddened with night vigil;
And not a one of the worldly thoughts speaks wisely;
Their souls are blunted, their eyes are blurred;
They are the goat-footed thinkers.

How can a person of knowledge and wisdom...
... hold back from longing toward rising to heights?
By God and God's beloved,
I'll keep my oaths; I'll climb the cliffs;
and ascend to the uppermost summit;
And cast my glances at the beautiful manifestation of the Real;
Until the word "God is beautiful, and He loves His beauty" makes
sense to me.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

He Made Me As His Faithful Servant

In the very beginning, before man's creation...

...He was just a hidden treasure;

He, then, brought me forth from Nothing;

And endowed me with sight, hearing, and speech;

With these divine powers he asked me to see and appreciate his beauty in his beautiful manifestation;

But at the end of time, I shall be summoned back after resurrection.

My life flowed out of the depth of his supreme spirit;

After giving me form and order...

...he blew into me of his intellect;

Divine command created me for being as his vice-regent!

And so he taught me from His book of knowledge the names of all the things;

Then, he presented me before the assembly of angels...

...as a being full with knowledge and wisdom;

They all submitted to me except Iblis, the ignorant;

He didn't know of the treasure...

...that God had invested in me;

Then, He shined his light on me...

...to lead me in the dark alleys of the earth;

He sprouted from my within the hidden springs...

...on my left and on my right;

He made me descend the steps...

...leading down from

the Paradise to the earth;

To be here as his faithful servant!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Deep Within You

You must know it quite well...
...that deep within you, there is only:
A single truth!
A single reality!
A single essence!
And that is called the Real!
Well, that has no particular name;
Rather that has got all names;
Then, if you understand this reality...
...do not resist it; do not flee from it;
It is your salvation!
It is your awareness!
And it is your enlightenment!

~ MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Constant Prayer

Make me like a falcon on the heights of your skies...
...and set me like a watcher on your world of manifestation;
Give me the wine of your love to drink...
...and cause me intoxication;
And satisfy me with your melodious voice...
...on the day of my resurrection;
Place the cup of marifat upon my right hand...
...so that my tongue of intellect gives voice to the pearls of wisdom;
Make me sing in joy your praise to glorify you...
...in response to your eternal song of love;
For countless years I have declared my faith in your absolute oneness;
Sitting behind my eyes, I've been in constant prayer;
I am grateful to You, my Love...
...for you've always answered my prayer.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Filicide

A haiku...

Holding her Papa's hand
the killer she never knew
For what sin killed?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Real Speaks

And the Real spoke to me when I saw His name...
...written on the wallpaper of my heart with the ink of His light;
Illuminating my intellect with His knowledge and wisdom:
And the Real said to me:
'Behold, I am the name of the poem, that you read in the book of your heart!
Behold, I am the beauty that you see with your heart's eyes!
Behold, I am the the secret word that you hear in your heart!
When your eyes and ears see and hear my name and my signs...
...I reveal to you the tremendous difference between you and me;
But, at the same time I astonish you when secretly I whisper to you:
You are from me, I have of my spirit blown into you.'

And there raged a war in my heart between
the evil and the good:
And by the grace of the Real, the light over the darkness was victorious;
And the Light from the Real illuminated all days of my life;
And so my nafs was contented finding the light within me;
As such I offer all praises to the Real in my heart forever.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

He Is What He Is

Well I thought I would not be able to find you here;
I didn't recognize that you aren't a stranger to me;
I didn't recognize your face in the mirrors around.

You said to me the last time:
'wherever you turn to I'm there;
It's the last time;
Don't roam around in wilderness anymore;
Breaking every barrier, removing all the veils...
...see that I am my manifestation;
I have not hidden my face...
...behind the piles of darkness over darkness.'

Now, I find you illuminating me and all the universe;
This all ends my ignorance right here;
Now, I realize:
You're the reality of my life...
...that has never to die.
O the Living! this is me standing before You;
This is me bowing my head to You in ruku;
This is me prostrating to you on my forehead;
Saying all the prayers that have no words and voice.

This is me finding rock bottom...
...realising that there is still a road to go ahead;
And that the road to the Real has got no ending;
Thinking that you have fully known the Real...
...is an unrealistic assumption;
In truth, the inability to comprehend is the real cognition;
This is me giving the further research away;
He is what He is, He is the Real;
Nobody can give His better definition...
...than How He tells about Himself in His scripture;
I know that is the only sound definition;
It's the only definition I've got to comprehend...
...and believe with conviction.

MyKoul

The Fathomless Ocean Of Light

The glaring bright beams sneaking through the window silts!
I gaze at them in wonder, for the lone reason...
...that they come from the lamp of eternity;
The holy beams of light brighten the soul with ecstasy;
These splendid beams are the messengers of the divine knowledge and wisdom;

Coupled with grand, sweet tunes of divine melody...
...they open the ears and eyes of the intellect...
...to join the dervish to supreme consciousness;
A spiritual awakening that the Reality brings about!
That enlightens the soul and removes from its face...
...the thick veils of darkness.

Oh the Real, you have shown me all the ways leading to my reality;
When fears swirl about me, and terror strikes...
You're mirrored in my eyes of intellect with grace;
And all the fear and terror goes off from my mind;
And thus You pull the dervish out of the abyss of ignorance;
The truth he comes to realise...
...that you are the eternal source and the essential truth;
'I am from the fathomless ocean of light'!
The proclamation he makes without any fear!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

All Is The Real

I look out from behind the screens to see the Real;
The Real is showing up there in his enormous manifestation;
The Real is looking at me with divine smile;
The Real is the reality of my life...
...for I do not exist at all apart from the Real;
The Real is the source of all existence!
All existence is nothing but manifestation of the Real!
The gnostics when they perceive Divine Reality, declare:
La ilaha illa Hu!
La ilaha illa Hu!
Nothing exists except He!
I am not saying something strange to you;
The Real speaks on my tongue:
'I am always one!'
'I am always unique!'
'Wherever you turn, there is the Face of Allah! ' (Quran.)
A realized person does not see at the forms;
But he sees rather in the forms;
His eye of intellect sees all objects...
...in the world of manifestation...
...as the Names or Attributes of the Real;
And his speech is all about the Real and His Absolute unity!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Sign Of Divine Mercy

A feeling of contentment and ecstasy...
...when you hear the call from your God...
...is a sure sign that your God is pleased with you;
You must as such put your faith in deeds pleasing to God.

Your desire to withdraw from everything that distracts your attention...
...when Allah has involved you in His constant zikr signifies...
...an evident sign of mercy from your God;

Your desire for involvement with the people of knowledge means...
...that Allah wants to withdraw you from the people of ignorance...
That is indeed a fulfillment of your high aspiration...
...to be in constant intimacy with the friends of God
Such is God's grace that He bestows...
...upon whomever He wills;
God is Possessor of Infinite Grace.

Your Aspiration for awareness and enlightenment...
...which springs from your brain to your heart is a hidden secret...
...that helps you break the walls of world's prison...
...and be like a free bird that soars up and up;
A clear sign of Divine bounty on you.

Give yourself a rest from roaming in wilderness!
When He whom you are seeking is not cut off from you,
Don't you perceive that He is your essential truth...
...and that you do not live by yourself!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Intellect

The light of the intellect lets you see His nearness to you;
The source of the intellect lets you see the signs in your self and His universe;
The eye of the intellect reveals to you the knowledge and wisdom;
The ears of the intellect let you hear the tasbeeh from everything of his
manifestation;
The truth of the intellect lets you see His Absolute unity;
The Truth tells you about His absolute existence through the intellect;
Allah was and there was nothing besides Him!
Allah is and there is nothing besides Him!
Allah will be and there'll be nothing besides Him!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

An Amazing Dream

As I looked through the windows of my eyes...
...I found my self amazed in your melodious voice;
I got filled with tremendous ecstasy...
...as I heard the most beautiful zikr - the king of zikr;
That I truly desire.

The way you spoke to me with this mesmerizing voice...
...together with your glaring light...
...that was truly awesome;

This was more than just a casual event;
This was truly your response to my prayers all the time;
To call me back to my original place in heaven...
...that you have named as paradise.

I always knew you'll call me back to the house of peace...
...to allow me be in perennial peace;
I always knew you'll take me in your merciful lap...
...under your graceful glances.

This was an amazing dream!
I wish to see this dream till my end!
This is what I always have solemnly prayed for!
I thank You my GOD for your great blessing...
...for I couldn't ask for anything more.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

We Are Dervishes

On the path of Love we are neither masters nor the slaves. We are only dervishes going from one exhibition of our beloved to another exhibition. We go not with a begging bowl in our hands from door to door. We go with bouquets of flowers of love from one door to another. We are dervishes. Our beloved loves his beauty through our eyes. Our beloved hears his sweet melody through our ears. Nay, we are dervishes. We possess nothing as our own. Our eyes, ears, and heart are actually of our beloved.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Real

The Real bids the brain to generate thoughts...
...the Real then begins to perform as You;
The Real sees, hears, speaks, tastes, feels, acts, as You;
You are not You separate from Real...
...though You do not know;
The thoughts are not Your thoughts...
...as the brain is not under your control;
Thoughts are of Real!
These are commands through brain from Real to Real!
How can you stop your brain from thinking?
That is really impossible!
Only fools think of stopping their brain;
The brain is under the control of Real;
The stupid do not know that a person is connected to...
... this world and to the other...
...only through the brain;
No action, no emotion, no passion is there...
before the thought is born;
Think what will be you like...
...if you are without a functional brain;
A lump of moulded soil!
Just as the sunshine is a real event...
And just the sun shines the world as it must...
Thoughts will continue occurring in your brain...
...that is managed and administered by the Real;
Thus the Real manifests itself as You...
...and lords over your world as You;
You are not the cause of your thoughts;
Rather it is the Real as originator of thoughts;
Nothing other than Real can ever 'cause' thoughts;
It's all the flow of The Real!
It is all the manifestation of Real!
The Real is flowing as 'you' right now...
and absolutely perfectly;
If we only knew!
The thought is Real! The Thinker is Real!
Brainless man is just a stone.

Mohammad Younus

If I Say

If I say that the skies have opened their gates,
I mean I have found the way to be in eternal presence;
If I say that I see the Light of the skies and the earth,
I mean that my beloved has shown me His light...
... in his beautiful manifestation;
If I say that the celestial melody is reverberating...
...in me and around,
I mean that my sweetheart is speaking to me with a smile.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Secret Whisper

Hatif whispered to me:

Let not the ignorant hear this secret;

I'll tell you the secret way...

...that can lead you to the Truth:

Ignore the paths of others;

Everyone has his own way;

Ignore even the saints' steep trails; They are not living to lead you the way;

Behold! Every saint has got his own way;

Don't follow blindly!

Don't journey at all aimlessly!

Rip the veils from your face;

You will know, you are the goal;

You need not go elsewhere;

Don't walk on the zigzag and crisscrossing roads;

Walk on the straight path that goes from You to You;

If the light is in your heart...

...you'll find your way home (Rumi) .

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

Thoughts

I had heard that, having passed into the state of perfect annihilation...
...I would blaze my all thoughts - concerning Here and Hereafter;
I thought it is the path to Thee, but...
...ah! The reality is that actually...
...no person may ever be able to stop his brain becoming non-functional;
None can ever draw near thee, save by Thy appointed ways!
My lord! I cannot live, without the thought of knowing You;
Thy thought is overwhelming me: I cannot flee remembering thee;
I had been given to believe that I can come to Thee...
...by stopping generating all thoughts save the thought about You;
I for long wasted my time remaining busy with brooming away the thoughts from
my mind...
...instead of concentrating on You:
Lo! How can I sever every thought from my mind?
Only after death can brain stop functioning!
I can think of thee only as long as I have a living brain...
...that can flood me with thoughts to know and love thee!
Without thoughts man is but a clod of earth!

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

From Me To Me

At first, the road of love seemed to be...
...leading me afar myself to God;
I thought the road is very easy and short;
I was under the impression that I'll reach...
...my God with meditation in the shortest time;
After taking a few steps, I but found that...
...the road is long beyond my imagination;
I got afraid that this road leads to nowhere;
When I got frustrated at last, I found that...
...the road turned back to me, surprising me;
I got to know that God was not far away from me;
I realised that it was a journey...
...from me to me.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Fake Sufis

They're always talking about Love, Love --
What Love is, they don't know;
They are always discussing Heart, Heart;
What the Heart is, they don't know.

Within the heart of the lover soul is found;
It isn't found anywhere outside;
The lovers find the Truth in their own vast souls;
What soul is, the hypocrites don't know.

They pretend to be Gnostics, and pick up qurrels;
Lot of questions! long empty talks! and fruitless discussions!
Their words are borrowed and deeds to show off their piety!
What is true and pure way, they don't know.

They worship their ancestors, and pay obeisance on their mausoleums;
They venerate the dead and do not seek knowledge...
...from the living sages;
And from the people of knowledge the pearls of wisdom do not collect;
What is awareness and enlightenment they don't know.

They err in believing that their dead have got continued existence...
...and have ability to heal their ills...
...and in difficulty come to their succour;
They seek help from non-Gods for easing their life and giving them fortunes;
They believe that the dead in graves can intercede for them;
'We serve thee and we seek help from thee', they don't know.

Leaving all these absurdities, I became a true person
Through God's vast mercy I was forgiven and purged off the duality
I found absolute oneness of the Truth...
...in all manifestations,
What the oneness is, they don't know.

MyKoul proclaims the Truth is my reality
The Truth is everywhere if you are willing to see.
When you come to know the Truth, there won't be any speech
What is the hidden truth of a human being...
...Mansur and Nasimi knew, but they don't know.

Mansur was sent to gallows, while Nasimi was skinned alive.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Dead Are Dead

If you have died, how can you be my saviour?
If you have died, how can you be my Imam?
If you have died, how can you rise from the dead?
If you have died, how can you hear my supplication?
If you have died, how can you help me?
If you have died, how can you harm me?
If you are still not born, why should I wait for you?
How can they hear, see, or speak...
...who are in graves?
The dead cannot be equal to living!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Divine Eye

Any eye filled with the vision of divine beauty...
...can only see the creation as His manifestation;
Any eye filled with the vision of differentiation...
...would be deprived of the Beauty of Oneness.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The River Is Looking For You

The river has been looking for you...

...since eternity;

It was looking for you when you were still unborn;

It was connected to you inside the mother's womb...

...through umbilical chord;

It appeared in your mother's breasts to quench...

...your thirst and hunger;

Many a time you run for water in the ten directions...

...you don't know that the ancient river is within you;

Woe unto you! You looked for water outside you;

I recognized you on so many different dry wells...

...looking for water;

What are you doing, my darling?

I have been with you since the Time's beginning...

...when in the remote past, of my spirit I blew into you;

You are still wandering for water far away from me;

I have been calling you by your name in your each search,

Come unto me, I am near to you...

...more near than your jugular vein!

Be confident that even though you have lost your way to me...

...you will finally find a way back to me...

...to have at source enough of the water of life;

Open up the lids on your eyes...

...I manifest myself right beside you;

I am travelling with you, believe me...

...on the road you are treading to look for me;

But you are still looking at others for guidance...

...as if I were not with you;

You cannot see the connection between you and me...

...for you have become blind to see the truth;

The old covenant with me you have forgotten...

...how can you enter into a new covenant with me?

You do not recognise me for your mind is caught up in mirages;

Come on! I am in you! I am by you! I am around you!

All your lifetime, you must get the water of life from me.

MyKoul

Walking With Nature

Let me enjoy walking together with nature!
Let me sit together with nature for a longtime...
...at the foot of old pine trees!
Let me stand side by side with nature...
...in silence for hours, listening to...
...the sound of the wind softly calling me!
Let me watch at the white clouds floating over my head!
Let me pick up fallen blossom petals...
...and make a beautiful wreath!
Let me enjoy beautiful autumn...
...looking at the burning chinars of my land!
Let me go alone through forests deep in snow!
But wherever I go I always will remember...
...my ancient home;
Where I lived near to my lord in peace;
Let me hear the big bells from morning to evening...
...that sound to wake up the sleeping self.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Light Of Allah

My yearning for Allah grows acute with every passing day;
My heart gets obsessed with his zikr with every passing day;
My longing for Allah gets stronger with every passing day;
My eyes roll up, high and higher, with every passing day;
My eyes fix their glances without waver at His beautiful manifestation;
His shining face appears to me as I vision His colorful manifestation;
My joy knows no bounds as I smell the fragrance of His beautiful flowers;
I perceive His oneness with the eye of my intellect as I sight His visions;
Wheresoever I turn to, His face shines like the full moon;
A brilliant light radiates from His suns of His manifestation;
That illuminate my black eyes, and give me enlightenment;
I am sure His light is the essence of my life, and of the entire universe;
The truth is that it is the glory of God from which all other glories emanate;
Allah is the Light of the heavens and the earth;
Light upon Light!
Allah guides to His Light whom He wills.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Forgetting Woes

Haiku

In love with the spring,
the almond blossom forgets,
Winter's woeful tale

(MyKoul)

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Be Free

Haiku

Flow with running stream
Do not swim against current
You will become free

(MyKoul)

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Sage Says

The sage says:

Knowledge is beauty;
Ignorance is ugliness;
Wisdom is virtue, folly is evil;
Recognize virtue, avoid evil.

'Is' is known after knowing 'Is not';
The success is born from failure;
The ease is born from difficulty;
Light is defined by darkness.

The sage understands this with meditation;
He always adds to his knowledge...
...and improves his wisdom.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Woe Unto You

Woe unto you!
You're looking at the sun;
See at its reflection...
...in the clear pond of water;
You're seeking to know...
...the soul of the world;
Come to your own self;
Seek your own essence...
Your True self, that is...
...present in you and in every place;
Now that you've known your True self...
...You'll find the hidden truth:
He has made His home in your heart!
When you find him in your home...
...You'll not seek Him outside...
...in other homes;
He who abides in your home...
...abides in every home.

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

I Am A Free Faqir

At last I am free;
At last am I a faqir free!
No more am I tied to any order;
I am free from the taqleed of five Imams;
Hanbli, Hanfi, Maliki, Shaafi and Jefffrey;
On my heart's writing pad...
I write only what my God lets me know;
No more am I bound to the sages...
...sleeping in graves;
They did not and cannot...
...teach me an alphabet or a word;
No more do I read volumes of philosophies and poetry;
I weave my own thoughts on poems' loom;
No more delusion! No more illusion!
I sit now in the shade of my own tree;
Meditating thus, I am happy, and free.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Give Me Wine Of Love

Wondrous is the mercy of God!
His mercy has graced the thorns with roses!
His mercy manifests in man and the universe!
His mercy is evident in His beautiful manifestation!
It matters not whether His mercy is thanked by any person;
I pray for His special mercy...
...for giving me to drink the wine of love;
Oh friend! What a great bliss lies in wine of love!
The wine of love can never cause derangement;
The wine of love causes awareness and enlightenment;
The wine of love sprouts from beneath knowledge and wisdom;
One cannot get knowledge of divine mysteries by reading books;
The benefits of the wine of Love...
...can never be described in words;
I have never understood real love from books...
...for it cannot be transmitted in words;
The wine of Love runs through the veins of lover's heart;
Oh God! Grant me the gift of Your wine of love;
Oh God! I long to live in Your garden of love;
Oh God! In Your books write not my name...
...as a person away from you;
Oh God! You know I always try to be in your presence;
Nobody can question my true and sincere love;
Oh God! You directly offer me the wine of love to drink;
Oh God! Your presence is in everything and everywhere;
Why should i feel separated from your presence;
You shower Your immense mercies upon me.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Be In The Image Of God

Man! you must have infinite love for all humankind;
You must make no distinction in love...
...between the blessed soul and unblessed soul;
Just as God loves even the lowliest of the souls...
...that are lost to the evil and devil.

Man! rejoice that God dwells in your heart;
Still more highly rejoice that your soul is from God;
Your heart is made in eternity to be God's abode;
The original home of your soul is God...
...who is manifested in you and all the things;
So man! you must be in the image of God...
...who is most beneficent, most merciful, all-love.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Walk Alone To Paradise

The paradise has no one gate;
There are thousands of ways going to it;
If you walk on the road of love...
...that is the shortest and straight;
But you can't take with you any guide;
No saviour! No intercessor!
You have to walk to the paradise alone;
The abode of enduring peace and comfort!
As God says:
No soul knows what comfort...
...has been concealed from them...
...as a reward for what they did (to know Him) .

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Peace Of Soul

Happiness is not enduring and sorrow continues to be long;
Why happiness is short-lived and sorrow continues to be long?
Because men do not live of, or for, equanimous and peaceful life;
This is why they are happy just for a short while and unhappy for long.

Therefore the sage makes peace and tranquility his way of life;
And yet peace is to be found only in pure and sincere love;
At the center of our being is love; pure and sincere love!
Love is the source of enduring happiness - spiritual ecstasies;
Love removes all agonies and wards off all miseries;
We must recover and protect this invaluable treasure;
Love is the song of the soul, singing to God in rhythmic tones;
Love is the surrender to the beloved's call of 'Come near unto Me';
Love is the elixir of life, reviving dead souls to life;
Love is the ineffable, silent call of the heart to live in divine;
Love is the fragrance of the divine rose of ecstasies;
Love is like the Hamsa that flies to the Cosmic Home...
To gaze with looks of wonderment on divine manifestation;
And to proclaim through silent speech:
God manifests His beauty to Himself - as the prophet says:
Indeed God is beautiful, and He loves His own beauty.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Precious Gift

My soul is eternal music that plays behind the veils;
Only the glorious tunes of music I constantly hear;
The eternal music that I hear initiate me into God;
I am a holy listener of God's song of love from eternity;
When I hear the sound of musical streams running into my heart...
...I fall into deep intoxication as I drink the wine of music;
What can I say of my ecstasy that I feel...
...when hearing with my eyes the song of love;
Only the mystics inebriated with the wine of love...
...experience such an ecstasy;
The soul's music produces light most bright...
...that burns away the darkness,
Only the glorious song of love the lovers of God as such hear!
The song of love, I swear, initiated me into God;
Only His glorious song of love do I have...
...as my precious gift from God!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Pledge

If I would have it so,
I will never end my hearing your song of love;

If it sets my heart's piano well tuned,
I will set my eyes fixed on your beautiful manifestation;

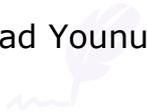
If I understand the road does not go to your home but to Zulumaat,
I will surely abandon this road and take another road...
...that goes straight to your home, the abode of Love;

If it confuses me and distracts me from your perpetual remembrance,
I will shun pursuing worldly pleasures and charming things.

If it takes me away from myself and fuses me to your oneness,
I will keep rowing my boat in the ocean of oneness.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Hidden Mystery

The mystery that can be known...
...is not the hidden and true mystery;
The mystery that can be named...
...is not the hidden and real mystery;
He who is the hidden mystery...
...is the Originator of seven heavens and earth...
...and whatever is in between them;
His manifestations can be given a name;
But He is nameless: who can give him any name?
He begets not, nor is he begotten!
He is the creator of all things!
He is his own manifestation!
Nothing is like or unlike him!
How can you compare him with anything...
...and give him a name?
He is the Exalted, and exists eternally!
He is not a body, jawhar, or accident!
He is not on a place or in a place!
Always He is a mystery that we must try to find!
Through meditation and contemplation, we can find but...
...that He is only the hidden mystery!
No one is able to find His deep mystery!
If we desire to know His mystery a little...
...we can see it within us...
...but not in its entirety!
Its outer fringe is all that we can see!
Under all circumstances, He is really the same mystery!
Mystery! Mystery! Mystery! Mystery!
As we understand some aspect of this mystery...
...we give it a name;
So we find different names given by mystics to the same reality!
The nameless still remains a hidden mystery!
His manifestations too are his mysteries;
Together we call them God - the Hidden Mystery!
You are the Mystery! The Universe is mystery!
The Truth is the mystery of every thing!
So I call the Truth by the name of the Hidden mystery.

Mohammad Younus

Hear And Speak Truth

We must hear and speak what is truth;
Hearing the truth fills the mind with truth...
...that comes on the tongue as the true speech;
We speak a lie because we hear and see lie;
That pollutes our mind;
And so naturally evil words come on our tongues;
We must be lovers of the Truth:
Hearing, seeing, thinking, and speaking truth...
...is the true religion;
We must love the Truth and be afraid of untruth;
We must hear and see truth that goes to our mind;
And grows true thoughts there, and...
...a true speech on our tongues is born;
He who has this secret known...
...he must peep into his heart: the temple of the Truth!
Where there is peace, and tranquility and love;
We must take precautions in the darkness...
...and go inside to see for ourselves the Truth;
Why this wild search afar, outside our hearts?
The Truth is in every heart: the essence of every soul;
If it is in the heart of Saint and sage, why not in you?
(Says MyKoul) the Truth is not far from any soul;
Without the presence of the Truth, man cannot be the vicegerent of God!
That explains the secret between Adam and God;
But everyone has not the eye to see the Truth;
I must say what comes to my heart from the Truth.

MyKoul

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Mohammad Younus

I See Him In His Manifestations

All in the world do not know the beauty of the beautiful;
Though the prophet says:
Allah is beautiful, and He loves His own beauty;
In understanding this way, the lovers have no idea of what ugliness is;
They all know the beauty of the beautiful, in all colourful dresses;
In knowing this way, they have the clear idea of what the divine is.

So it is the appreciation and non-appreciation of beauty...
...that give birth to the idea of the other;
Light and darkness are both the necessary beauties manifested by the beautiful;
Spring and winter, summer and fall, are necessary beauties of the beautiful;
His is the unmatched beauty!
He is the peerless and unequalled!
The gnostics of his unique divinity...
...do not compare and contrast;
The ideas of differentiation - high and low - arise...
...from the contrast and comparison;
The things that are apparently different...
...are components of one whole;
Just as the musical notes and tones become...
...harmonious and produce sweet melody...
...through the relation of one with another.

As such, the sages understand one single beautiful reality...
...manifested through multifarious beauties;
They do not make any differentiation;
They listen from the divine without the use of speech...
...that all things spring up from Him...
...and there is no one which of its own can show itself;
There exists no one but He, everything is his manifestation;
The work of His manifestation is never accomplished;
He does not take rest on the sixth day!
On every time, He is bringing about a new manifestation;
He himself is complete and perfect;
No one can see him except his manifestations!
'Tis what makes me believe:
God is beautiful and He loves His own beauty.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

All-Around Beauty Divine

By what name do I have to call you?
Certainly you are not known to any person in your entirety;
Who can choose a befitting name for you?
In the sense that the planets have been given names;
Just walking around, and finding your beautiful manifestation!
A secret of curiosity to gnostics, philosophers, and prophets!
But you are too clearly manifested through everything and everyone;
You are the secret of all beauties around...
...and you are the truth of every soul;
To say much about you is impossible;
You are our wonder, beauty around;
You are smiling to us through every beautiful face;
In your presence we never feel lonely and alone;
We find you with us wherever we are;
You never put us off;
As we realize your presence in us and around...
...all the curtains between get off;
That the shortest way is the most efficient way...
...that is your all-around beauty;
There is light and music sweet in your beautiful manifestation;
What a great mystery of divine presence! Come my friends and see it!
Come not near to any thought or sight undivine;
Come but near to divine beauty;
But if you dont still see him in dresses beautiful...
...grant that He sees you constantly.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Earnest Love

Sincere Lovers are ever intoxicated by the music of Love;
A mystic silence is needed to hear this melody;
The musician veiled in the rhythmic tunes seeks...
...pure love from the hearers of his Song of love;
What does He whisper to His lovers?
Only Earnest love!
Love is the subject of their wordless conversation;
In Love no longer 'separation' and 'union' exist;
For? when you know the absolute unity...
...You will not be obsessed by the fear of distance;
Nor will you crave for nearness to Him;
For He is whole:
Everything and everyone is His manifestation;
For believers in Absolute Unity...
...there is no room for I, You, and He;
Thought of duality or multiplicity is nothing...
...but ignorance about reality;
Draw aside all the veils from the Truth;
Then, in the Temple of love, you will love the formless...
...in his beautiful manifestations;
He who would know the secret of His manifestation...
...will find the secret of His presence...
...in his self and all other things in the universe;
As the Qur'an says:
'And on the earth are signs for those...
...who have faith with certitude;
And also in your own selves are Signs...
...of Divine Omnipotence, Grandeur, and Wisdom;
Will you not then see with your inward sight?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Command Of God

Ask those who have got knowledge divine...
...what's this thinking person...
...the amalgam of soul and body?
By what command he inhales and exhales?
What voice in rhythmic tones he hears?
They will tell you in the words of the Quran:
The Spirit comes by command of my Lord;
Of knowledge it is only a little...
...that is communicated to you;
The Lord sits on the throne...
...and issues the command;
Who is the King on the throne, and...
...who are you that is commanded?

Give thanks to your creator...
...created you when nothing existed...
...from His command: Kun Fayakun!
And since we are actually nothing...
...whose are all these powers and riches...
...that we possess?
MyKoul knows that he is nothing...
...but the command of God...
...that He inspires in him since the First day;
The world won't last for ever...
...but my Truth will remain;
What are You, my Lord? What am I?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Glory Be To Muhammad

Glory Be To Muhammad

The word of wisdom sent down from Truth...
...He revealed to us;
The sublime knowledge of Truth!
He explained to us great mysteries...
..about God and His beautiful manifestation;
And we swam and dived into the Ocean of One;
Glory be to Muhammad!

Beyond the bare hills, arid lands and deserts...
...of delusion, illusion, and ignorance...
...He guided us like a shepherd guides his flocks...
...to graze in grasslands, meadows and moors;
Under his guidance, we learnt to live...
...romantic, joyful, and peaceful divinely life;
Glory be to Muhammad!

We were like dry and lifeless plants in winter;
He moistened us with the water of life;
We grew big and became green plants;
We recognised our true self...
...and came back to life after we were dead;
Glory be to Muhammad!

To whatever lands we belonged,
To whatever races and languages we belonged,
He joined us together into one humanity;
He taught us the meanings taught to him by God;
All the 6666 verses in the Qur'an...
...and nothing did he hide from us;
Glory be to Muhammad!

He came here at the end of long trail of prophets;
To advise us to live in peace and harmony;
Let's be as members of universal brotherhood...
...and not live as strangers to one another;
Let's live under his banner, and follow his golden teachings;
Glory be to Muhammad!

He showed us the straight road to God, and said:
He is most near to you - wherever you are, He is with you;
Don't panic, don't lose hope, and don't fight with each other;
Then you can live a peaceful life, without any strife;
Glory be to Muhammad!

It's the same truth with you and me - the universal message!
Nothing reduces stress like the presence of the wise Shepherd!
When you are living in close connection to Muhammad...
...you can find the road to God, and will not get lost.
Glory be to Muhammad!

MyKoul

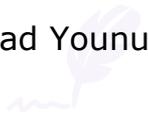
Mohammad Younus

Arifs Of Hidden Secret

Arifs' hearts with knowledge and wisdom are blest;
Arifs' eyes with divinely sight are blest;
Arifs' ears hear in the audience hall divine...
...the word of Allah: there is no deity but Hu;
Arifs' intellect perceives what rationalists perceive not;
Arifs' tongues deliver divine speech of secrets;
Arifs do not speak words of delusion, and myths;
Arifs wordless conversation with God...
...is beyond the recording angels' pen;
Arifs fly with the wings of hope and fear...
...to divine presence getting detached from attributes undivine;
Arifs are inheritors of the sciences of hidden secret;
Rather than all lore of nonsense and falsehood...
Arifs speak about the great signs of God;
And nullify impostors' all claims.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Midnight

Midnight -- no light, no sound
Midnight -- no birds singing
Midnight -- no insects singing
Midnight -- sitting still
Midnight -- empty mind
Midnight -- Heart awake
Midnight -- Soul in zikr
Midnight -- Hearing zikr
Midnight -- in the mid-prayer
Midnight -- only Allah: with me
Midnight -- whole life be as if midnight.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In The Life Hereafter

I will rise again in the life Hereafter;
My Love will welcome me with a gentle smile;
About the things that remained undone or half done...
...I will ask my Love, Let you give me one more life;
He will offer me life in paradise;
He will not turn me away;
He will not consign me to scorching flames of fire;
He will allow me to continue to be in His presence;
I will persist in the state of peace and equanimity.

My holy dream will not be broken abruptly there...
...as it amazingly breaks sometimes here...
In presence with my Love there...
...my heart will be in perpetual ecstasy...
...hearing sweet melody, and seeing light upon light;
There the fountain of love will never dry;
In that everlasting Garden, I will hear no empty talk;
Countless springs will flow there;
There will be thrones of happiness raised high;
And goblets of wine of love placed ready;
This is what God has promised me in His Book.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Go Beyond Yourself

In the path of love:
the eye must cease to see,
the ear must cease to hear,
the heart must cease to perceive...
...save of Him, and about Him;
Be a traveller on His path;
On this journey...
...You will go beyond yourself...
And know the ultimate truth;
The goal finally achieved!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Now I Am Man

Once I was not here,
Not in this form!
There has come upon me...
...a period of time...
...when I was nothing!
But now I am a man:
The most beautiful thing!
The most perfect being!
If there's really a secret...
... It is only me! It is only me!

If the truth can be known...
...and encompassed at all...
...it could only be known by man,
Not by any other being,
Man, the supercreation of God!
Whom God gave life by his own spirit;
That very spirit whispers...
...to people of knowledge and wisdom:
'If anybody could be in God's image
It could only be you,
Man, you have nothing of your own
Neither body nor soul!
If I had any body, if I had any soul.
...then, without question, it could only be you.
But, I have neither body, nor soul,
I am what I am! '

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Listen O Friend!

As the night of darkness was ending...
...and the sunlight came in from all sides...
...my heart, mind, and soul came out of dreaming;
My eyes woke from deep sleep;
Then, the dawn sought to greet me with light;
The morning birds greeted me with sweet music...
...as if master musician in his hands held the lute...
...and moved his fingers skillfully over the strings;
Where are You Master musician, who keeps my heart awake?
Every moment sweet lute sound is coming from You...
...so that I feel myself no longer separate from You.
The lute sound is echoing from every side - sweet music of love!
If you reflect on this mysterious lute...
...You will see that it says: Come to me! Come to me!
Listen O friend, God is calling you from every side!
Your lord is saying: Call upon me, I will respond to your call;
He invites you to the Home of Peace [i.e., Paradise];
He guides whom He wills to the straight path - that goes to Him.

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

It Speaks To Me

The Hidden Mystery!

It speaks to me in the silence of the night!

It speaks to me through the tweets of morning birds!

It speaks to me through the noising birds in the evening!

It speaks to me through the twinkling and winking stars!

It speaks to me through the shining moon on the Full-moon night!

It speaks to me through the smiling sun at dawn!

It speaks to me on a cloudy night...

...when moon and stars play Hide and Seek!

It speaks to me on a hot summer day...

...when nobody dares to look at the sun's face!

And do you know what words it whispers into my ear?

It says to me confidently:

'I am Light: heaven and earth cannot contain me;

I am Light: no eye can see me;

I am the Wondrous Phoenix...

...whome nobody has seen;

I am hidden mystery:

...I through my creativity manifest my beauty;

I speak with every tongue!

I listen with all ears!

I see with all eyes!

My tongue, my ears, and my eyes are you!

Since in all the world only I exist...

...no likeness or unlikeness can be found of me.'

My Lord's whisper has done more for me...

...than any scripture I will ever study!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

O Nightingale!

O nightingale!
Hidden behind the bushes and groves thick!
O sweet-voiced Beauty, nightingale!
Come with the sweet melodies;
Make me fused to your ecstasies;
Make me witness your unequalled Beauty;
Let hundreds of your angels in the Heaven,
Let Hundreds of your friends in the earth...
...known and unknown...
...with radiant faces and brightful eyes...
...be witness to my sincere love for you;
Your love makes everyone sing and dance;
Men, women, all celebrate festively...
...when you unveil to them your beauty;
Because of your merciful bounties, please...
...save us from worldly griefs and agonies;
Because world for your lovers is...
...like a dragon of cruelty;
O beautifully-voiced Sweetheart!
Cool my ears and eyes, soul and heart...
...with Your sweet, soft melodies;
With Your mercy, allow me entry please...
...in the land of your Presence;
Please blow your breath in my ear...
...so that I hear the secret melodies...
...that your chosen lovers hear from eternity.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

O Beloved! Guide Me On Your Paths

O Beloved, whose Love gives His birds wings...
...to fly in the sky of spiritual ecstasies...
...and makes them soar higher and higher...
...to reach your throne, and circumambulate,
Through Your magnetic pull of Love...
...'I can't detach myself from your strong hold.'
Your secrets full with meanings deep...
...behind forms and shapes are seen...
...every moment by your lovers true...
...by the eyes you have given them to see...
...some of your hidden things, by your leave;
Hearts of your lovers have turned into eyes...
..that see You as the causeless cause of all creation;
O beloved, I cannot call You by any particular name;
The names of all the things are truly your names;
O Beloved, who has seen you with his fleshy eyes?
But you split open the hearts of your lovers to reveal them...
...a little of knowledge;
To those who strive in You (to know you) ,
You certainly (through granting them knowledge and wisdom) ...
...guide them to your Paths to know your omnipresence and omniscience.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

When You Are At Home With God

If you can take care of elementary needs, do so!
But when you're living at home with your God...
...you should not sew the world together with desires;
Nor should you tear it apart with renunciation;
When you are at home with God...
...existence and non-existence itself is illusion;
All that is in you and out of you, is one!
When you are at home with God...
...whether you are a Zahid or Sufi...
...such a superfluous categorisation disappears;
When you are at home with God..
...whether you are a Muslim or a Kafir...
...no such distinction remains;
When you are at home with God...
...you have got what you have sought:
The essence beyond any cause!

Be more like the servant who owns nothing...
...but is satisfied with whatever he gets from his master;
He does not feel appetite for having more and more;
He does not crave for anything from anyone except from God;
He does not grieve or fear anyone other than God.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

On Being Humble

Being humble is right for you;
Don't brag and boast about yourself;
Do not assert your superiority over others;

Stop behaving like a wolf...
...terrifying the people around you;
Be always soft and gentle - down to earth!
But burst like a lion from the cage...
...when speaking for the defence of truth;
Thus admonished my murshid, M. Rajab, to me.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Road Of Love

You are not far from your friend..

...he is nearer to you than your jugular vein;

But you must set out along the Road of love;

The Road of Love passes through you;

The Road of Love consists of neither words nor songs:

only delusion can come from these,

and never any lasting peace and equanimity!

Love and peace are the words

of the traveller...

...who treads the Road of Love in silence;

when he speaks he speaks from awareness,

and when he is silent, he is engrossed in contemplation...

...gazing upon the light divine and hearing the music divine;

Thus advised my murshid, M. Rajab, to me.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Know Unity

When the truth of Oneness manifested on me, I saw...
...that the Truth is beyond the pronouns of 'I', 'You', and 'He';
When my heart's eye opened...
...I was freed from counting and differentiation;
Nothing other than the One did I see!
I was freed from duality and multiplicity!
When I came to understand the Absolute Unity...
...I felt I have seen all that there was to be seen;
There's no duality in the world of love:
what's all this talk of 'I' 'you' and 'He'?
All letters are essentially the letter Alif shaped differently!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Venerate Your Life

Ironic, the most invaluable thing that...

...we do not appreciate and venerate is life;

So beautiful is Life — but we kill its beauty day in and day out,

We cannot get this life back once death takes us away

Let us say "yes" to Life...

...Life will say "yes" back to us;

To live after death this is the golden key;

Let us Live our life to achieve Eternity:

The Life's purpose;

Let us use our wings to soar high and higher....

...and touch the shining stars...

...that enlighten us with knowledge and wisdom;

We can do it, that is sure!

God in eternity has given us wings to fly in His skies;

Those who glow with the light of knowledge and wisdom...

...are freed from ignorance, illusion, and delusion;

They are the true friends of Allah

'Behold! verily on the friends of Allah...

...there is no fear, nor shall they grieve';

But, they who are unenlightened and unaware...

...only add knots to their yarn-ball of life.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Invocation To The Lord

Glorify my beloved's Name all things in the universe;
Let me hear hymns of praise in silence...
...and sweet music from Heaven coming...
...in the innermost chamber of my heart;
Let my love, yearnings and longings be reflected...
...in my prayers and poems;
The flowers of the rose garden of the world...
...lose their glory and beauty after some time...
...but my Love's beauty is eternal, that never wanes;
O' Cupbearer! Give me to drink cups of Prem-ras (the wine of love) ...
...which will keep me intoxicated forever;
My Love, You are my heart's throbbing;
Let my dreams, visions and hopes...
...be filled with your glory and your remembrance.

O Lord! Open my inner eye to see your presence...
...in your charming and beautiful creation;
I know you are hidden behind your own curtains;
If you do not lift curtains on your face...
I will never be able to see unity in diversity;
I will never be able to come out of polemical debates about you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Gaze Upon The Truth

Now as the morning sun swings down...
...and the sunlight encloses the vast world,
I too enter the hour when my inside is...
...filled with the light and music
of love;
I see, He's inside me...
...just as the sun we see in the tumbler of still water;
Who says He keeps His distance from His Lover?
Don't be under such terrible illusion;
He stands before your eyes...
... but is dressed in many guises;
His most sublime and splendid image but are you!
He, verily, is the Perfection of
Love, Peace and Beauty!
When you get to know these attributes three...
...you will know the hidden meaning of Alif Laam Meem;
Let you gaze upon the Truth with your Heart's eye,
Because the hidden the truth, if you want to see...
...you can vividly see in yourself;
You are the best creation and the manifestation of the Lord;
Be not under any delusion!
The same truth that is expressed in the world of varied forms!
Every form is certainly the creation and manifestation of the Truth.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

See His Beauty

The true force divine moves...

...the vast world of creation:

Radiating light, glowing life, and deep secrets;

Consider, man, whither thy soul is going?

Behold the way that goes through your heart to the Lord;

Behold, how His Light shows the way to Himself;

And know that His Light crushes all darkness;

For from the depths of darkness...

...God leads into light: The Truth!

The Truth is the final reality - everlasting!

The untruth cannot lastingly prevail!

O man, abandon falsehood, strive on...

...like falcons flying toward the skies;

Discovering: Immortality! Eternity!

How canst thou call real what is ephemeral?

THERE has been an endless span of time...

...before man came to this world;

Then God created man out of a drop of sperm intermingled;

And made him a being endowed with...

...hearing and sight;

To show him the way to Himself;

It rests with man to journey through space and time...

...towards the truth;

Blessed is He whom the truth has kissed...

..on his eyes and ears;

He sees God's light in all the things of the world;

He hears God's word resonating from all the things;

He, therefore, loves beauty...

...and says nothing is ugly;

He loves the beautiful, because it tells of God;

God is beautiful and He loves His own beauty!

The people with eyes see His beauty...

...spread out in the whole of universe...

...because it is profound and never dies!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Living Proof

The eternal mysteries,
Following All-wisdom's lead,
Brought forth the human consciousness...
...as the living proof of the divine providence;
As long as...
...He hadn't blown into man...
Of his Spirit (consciousness) ...
...His power, His all countless attributes...
...were unknown to man;
Even so Man cannot measure...
...the full depths of His splendor.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Know The Reality

Till the end of my sojourn in this world...
... let me always stay occupied with your Zikr;
When I come to hear your fragrant speech...
...I believe you'll come out to see me,
Showering your sunshine on me;
My love, come! I'm waiting on your door...
...for one smile from you;
And I'll my heart upon the burning altar of your love throw;
When you come to rule my heart...
...I will be freed from the obsession of Salvation and damnation;
I will be freed from the botheration of,
Belief and disbelief.
When I go beyond myself, I will see finally the reality.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Froom You To You

You are the ocean,
I am the running water;
I flow from You to You...
...in a circular motion!
I am an eye,
You are the beauty;
I look from You to You!
You are not my body;
You are not my soul;
You are the whole;
I am not cut off from you!
I am a traveler;
You are my guide;
I travel from You to You!

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Light On Light

You are not unknown on account of being hidden,
But on account of the veils on our eyes;
You are sending from Heaven sweet notes of your music;
Not one of us could hear this music;
But only lovers with your eyes and ears can;
Your music turns to light, and enlightens our heart;
And so we see your Light everywhere...
...in plains, moors, mountains, woods and deserts;
Light on light! Light on light!
The invisibles become visible;
We get out of deep darkness into the light;
How can they deny you...
...who see your Light radiating from every side?

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Mohammad Younus



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Paradise - The Eternal Abode

Afterlife seems to be very far;
While on earth we must understand...
...Afterlife is not farther than the blink of eye;
Separation is hard to believe for one who is an Arif;
Be it this life or afterlife, you are the same in both the worlds;
No one stays here for ever!
No one becomes nonexistent!
Those who come to the world will go one day,
If you want to know the meaning of life...
...drink the sherbet (of Life) while living;
They say those who drink the Sherbet of Life, never die;
This world is like a bridge - Puli-Sirat!
Unless you pass over this bridge safely...
...you cannot reach your final abode;
The paradise - where you will dwell for ever!
Verily, in Allah's presence is a reward, the greatest!
Therein you will abide beyond the count of time!
Ignorants do not know it!

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

In The Meadow Of Silence

What are you saying to me, you singing soul...
...that joyfully sings in my meadow of silence?
The meadow of silence welcomes me in:
Walk into the silence, and listen!
Now here you hear the melodious tunes...
...of the song of love!
Insects, bees, birds, flowers, trees...
...streams, brooks, rivers, seas --
They too sing in their language so sweet...
...that you can only hear when you attain to...
...peace of mind and serenity!
The singing soul speaks to you of the secrets untold!
Do what you must to hear the whispers of the singing soul:
O wanderer! 'Come home! Come to me! '
The song awakens from the deep sleep to delight...
...my eyes, ears, and heart;
It seems that every atom of the universe...
...too sings the same song of love;
For lovers, the meadow of silence is a paradise...
...in which the blessed listen to the playing of divine flutes;
In human language, the song of love cannot be described;
For this melody is infinitely more sweet than any melody...
...that is heard in the world.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Under Your Cloak Is He

The Time wheel turns, and you are the center...
...because of His Spirit He has blown into you;
You contain the universe within you!
He would not have created the universe...
...if He had not to create you!
Your essence is divine...
...without beginning, without end!
As the Spirit cannot accept division...
...there is the whole spirit within you.

Know your holy essence!
Constantly remember your origin!
And submit sincerely to His sovereignty!
Whatever the atheists may say...
...you are from God!
And know to God is your return!
You are a rose that blossoms...
...in the rose garden of God!

Under your cloak you have no other but God!
He is inside you and He is outside you!
He is the best of Creators, and you are the best of Creation!
Your Soul is His soul and your body is His body!
Who else could make such a beautiful home with elements four?
He has given you five senses, intellect and heart!
Think not you are finite (small and insignificant) !
Think your essential core is infinity!
Through you and His all creation...
...He expresses His infinity and eternity.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Be What He Wants You To Be

My God, I must indeed be what You want me to be —
...in this vast world, as per your Master plan;
The same wanderer sent to the world from the paradise...
...to rediscover his divinity (divine attributes) ...
...that he is invested with originally;
He has to struggle and strive...
...to be What God wants him to be —
The caliph of God!
O Lord, You created man in your image —
You alone are the Truth of man!
It is irrefutable reality: the Lord is our Originator;
My heart knows that God is my reality;
Him alone I worship! Him alone I love!
I take refuge in God...
...from the world and my vile nafs;
For what I should be, I cannot be...
...if I do not turn my back on the worldly fascinations;
Only God is perfect - without flaw!
When God created us human beings,
It was as if He said:
Be what I wanted you to be;
For what I want is that you must hear my call.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Middle Path

Remember God, God will remember you;
To attain to God's presence...
...this is the middle path;
Guard strictly your prayers,
Especially the Middle Prayer;
And stand before Allah in devotion;
This is the shortest and the straight path...
That will take you to the summit;
The greatest moment of your life!
The moment that you spend standing before God!
Let you always stand there, as God is near!
And so the summit of your life is Here!
The perennial prayer of God is the sweetest remedy...
The panacea that heals all our soul's diseases:
With God each moment is Eternity —
A blessing from Heaven that gives peace and serenity.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Hidden I Is He

Why has God given us the gift of hearing and seeing?
To hear His speech and see His beauty;
Because God's blessing enters the heart of a person...
...through his ears and eyes;
The very first gift that God gave to a man...
...was His speech that He blew into him...
...on the day when He created him;
And it is also His gift when He calls him back;
A word of hope — Given by God...
...that 'You are from me, and to me you shall return.'
What is the substance which is the reality of man?
'The spirit that He has blown into him - His deepest I!'
He who on the Day of Alast said:
Man, hear me! I am your Lord!
Am I not Your Lord? He said;
Balaa! (Yes, my Lord) , Man said in response.
What you call created emerges from the creator!
Deep inside as our hidden 'I' is none but He.

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Mohammad Younus

Ascension

Whatever others may love, I love my creator...
...who created me from nothing...
...by his command: Be and I was!
In every breath, I love my creator who is with me;
My soul's Ascension to Heaven is...
...that I should know this:
Who am I and who is my creator?
He who really knows [arif] is...
...too preoccupied with the One he knows;
He is not concerned with glorification of...
...the arifs and the miracles attributed to them;
In every breath, deep in my heart...
...I must love the Most High:
The creator of all the worlds!

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Mohammad Younus



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Resurrection - What It Means

We exist, we existed before and...

...we will exist henceforth;

This is the reality of our soul!

We are resurrected by the will of our creator;

Just as He brought us to life...

...out of a drop of sperm intermingled!

We will be tried in His court...

...for how have we conducted in this world!

Mourn not that our youth and beauty have faded away; be thou mindful;

Lament not, for God never fails in resurrecting his flower garden:

He loves His own beauty that He expresses through His beautiful creation!

He resurrects His creation with a new radiance!

Yea, it is the deep melody of all beauty!

And know that every beauty that we see...

...is God's beauty that appears and reappears to our sight!

That is what we understand by resurrection.

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Acquire Knowledge

You, son of man, if you want to be wise...

...acquire divine knowledge;

Do not dillydally, time lost is never recalled;

Until your heart be filled with knowledge and wisdom...

...you cannot realise the purpose of your life;

Take One Who knows from Allah...

...the spiritual knowledge, as your guide;

He will lift your heart to golden heights;

You, son of man, acquire knowledge;

For it is said by Allah:

It is only those who have knowledge among His slaves that fear Allah;

So pray: My lord! increase me in knowledge and wisdom;

Then only will you know the secrets sublime.

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Eternal Now

Forget Here and Hereafter;
Forget Heaven and Hell;
Forget praise and chastisement;
Forget spiritual and mundane;
Forget Adam and Satan;
Forget space and spaceless;
Forget time and timeless;
Forget First and Last;
Forget Hidden and manifest;
Forget Inside and outside;
Know yourself that You are always 'Here'!
And that you live in eternal 'Now'!
In this Eternal 'Now' thy heart will not know:
Yesterday and Tomorrow;
In this Eternal 'Now' thy heart will know Infinity;
In this Eternal ' Now' thy heart will not fear death;
In this Eternal 'Now' thy heart is with the Truth that is ever living;
In this Eternal 'Now' thy heart will see Absolute Unity! ! !

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Silence

How can we find contentment in worldly things,
In play and dreams to which desire clings?

The worldly life is but play and amusement!

If contentment you want, then close your eyes;

Go into silence and hear melody of the soul:

La ilaha illa hu!

Silence is the wordless language...

...in which the Truth speaks to you;

You must not be deaf, dumb, and blind;

Then only, you can experience:

God's Presence and His Word:

La ilaha illa hu!

'Verily, in the remembrance of God...

...hearts do find their rest.'

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Mohammad Younus



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Contentment

What makes us happy? It is the Contentment;
No contentment in noise and agitation of mind!
Let the essential truth be our Morning Star;
Heralding the end of the Dark Night of Soul
The sense of life is Peace and Contentment —
The Essential Truth is the reality that what we are.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Fathomless Ocean

The end of the rivers is the fathomless ocean;
You think about the Ocean's wondrous depth...
...and then you feel the river's helpless flowing;
Ponder, where a river comes from and goes to;
What do you want?
To be in God's Presence is your rest!
Do not fancy to measure the depth of fathomless ocean;
Do not be like that Indian Sadhu...
... Who wanted to empty the ocean...
...by drawing out its water - mug by mug;
God is the fathomless ocean!
Sit on the shore and watch its waves...
... Chasing each other and making a melodious music!
Watch the vastness of the ocean as far as your eyes can go!
'Yea, turn thy vision again and yet again:
...and (every time) thy vision will fall back upon thee...
...dazzled and truly defeated!
Then look again and again...
...thy sight will return frustrated and weary.!'!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Paradise

If you have realised the essential truth...
...there remains nothing to be realised;
You have reached the mountain top;
Further you cannot go, you can see only...
...the world below that you have left behind;
You wonder at the glory of manifestation of the essential truth...
...in the varied colours, forms, shapes and designs;
The essential truth in you believes in Himself...
and performs the righteous deeds;
Without realising the essential truth...
...we are like heavy stones that sink to the bottom of a river...
...and are too weak to get out of water;
Our life must have a purpose - to know the essential truth;
Idle dreams have a scary end - ignorance and delusion;
Contentment is the ultimate truth of realisation:
'The Truth has (now) arrived, and Falsehood perished:
For Falsehood is (by its nature) bound to perish.'
'O thou human being...
...that hast attained to inner peace!
Return thou unto thy Sustainer, well-pleased and pleasing:
Enter, then, together others who have realised the truth - The paradise!
The abode of peace and contentment! '
Limitless is the value of contentment and peace;
And if you are wise...
...your realisation of peace and contentment...
...is the realisation of your self and your God-realisation!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

See God In Your Depths

What can liberate us from the trap of Satan?

It is said, it is to know first what is Satan;

Is he our external enemy who stands in ambush?

Is he our own vile nafs who commands us to do evil?

This may well sow some wisdom in our soul...

...to purify, pacify, and beautify our nafs...

...such that our satisfied nafs returns to our Lord...

...well pleased, and well pleasing,

And joins the band of lovers of God...

...to walk to paradise, the abode of peace!

But without the Fazal of God, how can we think of entering the paradise?

Paradise is nothing but to be in divine presence;

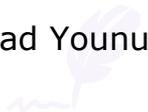
What would wisdom be, if that did not lead us to see divine presence?

In divine presence, our soul must always repose;

What liberates us is seeing God in our very depths.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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God's Creative Will

Even when lost in devastating earthquake,
Even when lost in nuclear bombing,
The world-wheel rises up again to being;
I asked God what is your will...
...says Sochha Kraal,
He whispered to me:
Creating, destroying, destroying, creating...
...and never standing still!
Perhaps the universe is not perfect as yet...
...says Iqbal
Every hour I hear the divine voice:
Be and it becomes!
It must be what is God's will!
God's Creative Will!

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In God's Presence

God manifests Himself In all ways and forms;
This is His Creative will!
God's manifestation is not separate from His Being;
Yet His incorporeality remains unaffected;
It is written in the tablet preserved

...

...in the heart of the gnostic:
World of manifestation cannot be divine!
The gnostic wants to be like a dutiful servant...
...and so stands in his heart - in God's presence - all the time;
If there is a Paradise on earth...
...it is here, yes, it is here!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Shortest Road

Am I not your lord?

Say "yes" to your Lord,

He is constantly calling you;

Don't tell me:

I have said 'Yes' in Eternity;

Do you remember your first covenant with your lord?

Remember your covenant with your Lord...

...and say with full consciousness:

Yes, my lord!

God will say in response:

"Then, listen to my song of love!

To be in my presence, this is the golden chance for you!

I do not care for your hymns that you chant...

...without knowing me!

I do not care for your counting rosary beads...

...without knowing my name!

When you remember me, I remember you!

This is the shortest road to me! '

MyKoul



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Hearken The Divine Melody

Do not think that the divine melody...
...flows from the strings of man-made lute;
The tunes of divine melody give peace and serenity;
Seek entrance to divine presence with patient perseverance and prayer;
Allah is with those who patiently persevere!
Happy the soul who with perennial zikr stays immersed in God;
A blessed instant is when walking to God with eyes as feet;
God's love for us is hidden in the divine melody...
...that we hear through our eyes without stop!
The divine melody is flowing in everything and everyone...
...though He himself remains as the unseen.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Journey From I To I

Out of my heart flows many a stream;
Streams of knowledge and wisdom
I sought them not, they were inspired in me —
O may the music of the God-given lute
Sound in me and with me constantly
Only this divine melody can uplift me...
...to the Consciousness of Absolute Unity!
May the light of knowledge and wisdom...
...be my companions in the cave of meditation;
And may I find by His grace 'I' deep inside:
The journey from I to I, they say
Is the journey from God to God, eternally.
We are as such commanded to say:
From God we come, to God we go.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Who Art Thou And Who Art We

O Thou whose Name is sweetest melody
And whose remembrance invokes our remembrance:
With Thee each moment is Ecstasy —
A melody from Heaven that gives us peace
And frees us from confusion and delusion.
Who art thou and who art we?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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See Absolute Unity

Wherever you are, He is with you;
In the asylum of God, you are secure...
...from the temptations of your devil nafs;
Your nafs is your open Enemy...
...but you do not see;
Your nafs withdraws you from the truth...
...through the gimmick of delusion;
So leave aside thy delusion, and...
...see not yourself as an independent entity;
Be you a seer of absolute unity...
...and you will come to understand the meaning of divinity:
'He is the One God:
God the Eternal, the Uncaused!
Cause of All Being!
He begets not!
And neither is He begotten!
And there is nothing that could be...
...compared with Him! '
Ne'er turn your gaze from Him who is the One!
He is the essence and the truth!
The turmoil of the world will not scare you...
...if you see absolute perfection...
...in the system and organisation of the universe;
So may'st you see yourself not as a part...
...but rather the whole;
Then alone will you immerse into the oneness —
Into the light of Eternity!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Gossip At A Barbershop

They at a barbershop were gossiping,
They have have been punished by God;
I still see the little baby under the debris
...moving his limbs,
He has not as yet learnt speaking,
Perhaps in wordless voice...
...he is appealing the rescuers,
To get him out - he is looking for his mother!
What is his sin or crime?
Is God a merciless killer like that judge...
...who sent to gallows today a youngman,
...who lived in the Apple-town...
...with his small family - old mother, young wife, and a small bud,
Till one night the keepers of law picked him up,
And was in the dark of night sent to gallows,
Where he was hanged to satisfy the national conscience,
His wife got the news about her lover
She turned into a stone sculpture...
...without pleasure, without pain,
Was he a thief or a murderer?
Till date everybody keeps the secret,
This secrecy makes him one of the martyrs that were...
...hanged from Adam's times...
...in the sun, in the snow, in rain, in light, and in darkness,
Nobody knows their crime,
If they were killed for a crime or some sin,
Is hanging a Life not a crime or a sin?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Light Of Love

Love though unspeakable in words...
...flows out of a pure soul to other pure souls...
...the way the sunlight rushes into a transparent object;
The more love that a soul gives out...
...the more it receives back in return;
We ought to grow clear and pure therefore...
...if we desire to be a fountainhead of love...
...to stream out love in order to foster...
...more and more peace in the earth;
We can create as such a paradise of peace on the earth;
The more souls who resonate with love together...
...the greater the intensity of their peace and pleasure;
As, mirror-like, each soul will reflect...
...the light of love received from the other;
God is near unto those who have love;
Love only can take people out of deep darkness into the light!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Prayer With Soul

Looking for the truth hidden...

...I went inside;

It was like the early dawn;

All the singing birds were out of the nests...

...singing on boughs and in bushes in melodious tunes;

A grand orchestra for my wonder!

O Creator of music, with deep devotion...

...I listen to the music, and come to feel:

I am the music! I am listening to my own music!

There can be no other prayer than the prayer with soul!

To You, O LORD, I pray with my soul!

Praying with soul I prefer to praying with words!

Indeed the prayer with soul draws us closer to God.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Stream Of Life

One thing in all things have I seen:
The same water of life runs through me...
...and through all things in the universe;
The same music in rhythmic measures...
...sounds in heaven and earth;
Everywhere! Everytime!

I see the mystic musical streams flow...
...in springs, streams, brooks, and oceans;
I see the mystic musical streams flow...
...in woods, mountains, moors, and meadows!
I see the mystic musical streams flow...
...in humans, animals, birds, and insects;
Getting absorbed in the music I no longer believe...
...that my stream of life is a different stream!

I hear this music divine resonating...
...within the depths of my heart, day and night;
I feel the waves of this musical stream...
...spreading to infinity;
It looks like the voice of La Illaha Illa Hu!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Divine-Nature

They say that those who do not know their self...
...cannot know their lord at all;
The real ignorance is not knowing the divine-nature;
This body of sounding clay is the very body of the Divine-nature;
When you awaken completely to your Divine-nature...
...there remains not delusion or illusion at all;
The source of our human-nature is The Divine-nature
You are like bubbles on the surface of the sea of oneness;
When you come out of your ignorance about the reality of your self...
...the Divine speaks to you secretly:
I am the Truth! You are nothing without me!
Fantasies and dreams come and go like clouds in the sky;
Avoid fantasizing like an idol-worshipper;
It is foolish to imagine the formless in some form.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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We Realise The Truth

With enlightened understanding...

...of the Kalima comes the awareness...

...that the life of the world is just a dream!

When the dreamer comes out of his dream...

...he finds that whatever he saw in the dream...

...was absolutely an illusion!

Once we awaken from the sleep to the reality:

We realise that we are perfect within us!

We realise that the alternation of life and death...

...is an illusion!

We realise that salvation and damnation...

...is an illusion!

After we awaken, we find that the whole universe...

...is empty without man!

We realise that there is no distinction between...

...the servant and the master!

We realise that the obsession with hell and paradise instantly vanishes...

...when we know the truth!

My tongue may be cut out forever if I deny...

...the existence of oneness!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Abide In Divine Music

Take refuge in divine music;
if You desire peace and tranquility...
...rest in the music;
Like the very fragrance in the rose...
...Divine music has accompanied you;
If you desire to get rid of all the pains, sorrows...
...take refuge in Divine music,
With loving attention follow its rhythm;
Know the mystery of where your soul
finds repose.

Listen with rapt attention to Divine music,
The music has been playing to you...
...since you were born,
Discover the secret it whispers to you,
Affirming that there exists nothing...
...but only One Being,
La Illaha Illa Hu is the key which opens...
...the secret of the unity of existence
Know the mystery of what is your truth...
...and who is your source.

Abide in Divine music:

the refuge from the snares of beguiling nafs;
the source of peace and tranquility;
the womb of knowledge and wisdom;
where Truth alone is revealed;
where the illusion of differences is removed;
where awareness of oneness is realised.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Say: He Is The Essence Of Everything

You are not fundamentally different from anyone!
If you assert your essence is totally different...
...that is your illusion!
Whatever is your reality, that is the reality...
...of all the things in the universe!
That which breathes in you, breathes in all...
...human and non human!
That which sings in you is singing...
...in each and every atom of the universe!
That which hears, sees, speaks, tastes, feels in you...
...hears, sees, speaks, tastes, feels in every one of us!
That which sings the melodious tunes in us...
...sings in every bird, animal and insect!
That which dances in us...
...dances in all the things of the universe!
That which is active in us...
...is active in all things of the universe!
That which commands us...
...is in command of all the things in the universe!
That which is our essential source...
...is the source of all the springs, streams, and brooks!
True is what the believers in absolute unity say:
There exists unity in diversity!
He is the essence and truth of everything!
SAY: 'He, Allah, is the One:
Allah the Eternal, the Uncaused Cause of All Being;
He begets not, and neither is He begotten;
And there is nothing that could be compared with Him'.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My Night Prayer

Allah Hu! May my speech be based on the inspiration!
May my inspiration be based on the preserved tablet!
O Self-existing One, reveal Thy oneness to me!
May there be no barzakh between me and You!
May both (my eyes and ears) be the carriers of knowledge and wisdom to me!
May not all that I hear in melodious tunes depart from me!
May I hear 'I am the Truth' day and night!
May I see the reality of things as that truly is!
May I utter what is the true speech!
May The Truth protect me from delusion and ignorance!
May The Truth make me listen truth!
May The Truth make me witness truth!
May The Truth make me speak truth!
Allah Hu! Let there be Peace in me!
Let there be Peace around me!
Let there be Peace in the forces that act on me!
Let there be awareness of oneness in me!
Let there be enlightenment of oneness in me.
Amen.



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MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Read Yourself

Haiku

God hid his secret
In His most closed book
You are that book: ? read!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Know Yourself

Haiku

Look deep inside heart,
In silence you may find there,
You looking at you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Deepest Secret

My dear, I carry your name with me!
I am your name in truth!
I am never without you!
I am your reality! I am your truth!
Anywhere I go you go with me!
Anything I do you do through me!
Whatever I imagine you imagine!
I have nothing of my own...
... everything belongs to you!
You are my life! You are my truth!
I fear no death, for you are my life!
You are the living, you are the ever living!
I need to hear no other sweet melody...
...for you are my melody, my sweet melody!
I consider and adore even the worldly beauty...
...for beautiful you are, the beauty you are!
It's you who is cool light of moon!
It is you who is always meant by the twinkling...
...of infinite stars at night!
It is you that the sun gives us as light and heat!
Whatever the birds, insects, animals, and plants sing is you!

I know this deepest secret that only a few know!
That you are the root of the root and...
...the seed of seeds!
You are the secret of secrets...
...that only the likes-of-Mansur dare to expose;
You have made Adam in your image!
You are the true source of knowledge and wisdom!
No eye, no soul, no heart, no mind can grasp you!
This is the wonder that's keeping amazed your lovers.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

One Reality Behind Masks

He wears a mask that is of human shape;
He hides behind our skin - black, white, or brown;
It is He who sees Himself through our eyes;
It is He who Hears His melody through our ears;
It is He who speaks out...
...His knowledge and wisdom on our tongues;
It is He who is constantly in creative process...
...to sustain our life in order to do His will;
It is He who keeps us in peace and harmony;
It is He who makes us smile...
...when our hearts are torn and bleeding;
It is He who inspires in us...
...his secrets with myriad subtleties;
Why should we not recognise His absolute unity?
Let us see only Him behind all veils...
...that He wears on His face;
Let the world dream Him a separate and different being;
But I will see only Him wearing veils and human mask!

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

Heavenly Azaan

A caller's melodious azaan...
...from the heaven in early morning hours...
...brings me out of deep dream;
I hear the azaan sitting quietly behind my eyes,
The caller goes on calling from the heaven;
I hear the mysterious call by my eyes, in silence;
The Azaan melody penetrates my each pore;
I get absorbed in the sweet sound of azaan so much...
...that I start feeling that I am myself azaan!
The Mystery! Unknowable, Unlearnable!
The virtue of Heavenly Azaan! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Love Mystery

Love itself is mystery!

For some it is...

...easy to fall in love, but difficult to explain;

For some it is...

...easy to explain, but difficult to fall in love;

For some it is...

... Unexplainable! Unattainable!

No love, No mystery!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Mixed Blessing

Haiku

On the white snow fields
Lazy and docile dogs run fast
Active birds droop wings

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Believe With Certainty

Your love is my invaluable treasure;
I preserve it in the vaults of my heart;
You are yourself the guardian over this treasure;
How can I lose my treasure?
I am your life-size mirror;
You see your own face in this mirror!
Through the pupil of my eyes...
I observe in the world of creation your beauty;
Through the ears of my heart...
...You inspire in me your knowledge and wisdom true;
Just with your blessing, you make me see...
...my inner beauty, that surprises me;
I come to believe that...
...I am either with you or You are with me;
You make me believe with certainty...
...that I am a bubble in your Sea of Unity;
I gaze upon the light coming out of my eyes;
That snowlike light is such a beauty...
.. that I adore it as Brahmins adore...
...the lifeless idols of clay and stone;
It flows forth from heaven to me...
...coming riding on the infinite sound tunes of divine lute;
Why should I lament in vain, my God is always with me?
He has opened my heart to the music of His lute...
...to meditate on His great name, and thus be...
...in His remembrance constantly.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Conversation Between son And Father

Son: Do you love me, my brothers, and my sisters?

Father: Yes? surely!

Son: My mumma too?

Father: She dwells in my heart.

Son: Do you love Allah?

Father: First of all?

Son: Where is He?

Father: Everywhere

Son: In your heart too?

Father: Yes, indeed!

Son: How can you have so many beloveds in your heart?

Father: What?

Son: Love for Allah is love for all.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Saw Myself

I heard music
and saw myself
Is the musician

I studied
The book of secrets
And saw myself
Is a learner

I went to my Guru
And saw myself
Is The Book of Knowledge

I looked for water
And saw myself
Is the ocean

I gained Awareness
And saw that
All is but Oneness

 PoemHunter.com

I woke up from slumber
And saw myself
Is Living.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Within Myself

Mun wa Salwa descends...
...from heaven;
It is within myself...
...what I get from Heaven;
That does not grow on earth;
What descends from God...
...Mun wa Salwa in my heart...
...is knowledge and Wisdom.
It will ne'er descend on those...
...who do not take rounds...
...of the sacred house of Allah;
Where with the pilgrims of lord I chant:

Here I am O God, here I am!
Here I am!
You have no partners, here I am!
To You alone is all praise...
...and all excellence!
and to You is all sovereignty.
There is no partner to You!

The music that I hear resonates...
...in my heart;
I am myself the musician playing...
...to myself the music of Love!
The endless melody: the song of Alast:
Am I not your lord?
As I hear this music of eternity...
...I respond by saying:
Bala! Bala! Bala! (Yes You Are!)

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Seed And Its Manifestations

Just take hold of the seed;
Seed is the source of
Tree: its root, stem, branches...
...leaves, flowers, and fruits;
Seed is the source of own seeds;
In the beginning it is seed;
In the ending it is seed;
Between the two endings...
...it manifests its powers and attributes;
That is, it exhibits its own beauty;
Seed has in itself...
...an enormous treasure hidden;
Now I understand the puzzle of oneness;
And the manifestations of oneness;
Seed is the essence of everything;
Everything sprouts out of it!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The True Way

They say the True way is to give...
...one's worldly life away;
And be a walker on the Divine way;
It is to be present always...
...before the Sultan...
...sitting on the throne of the soul.

When standing before the Sultan...
...it is to erase all other impressions;
In the palace of the Sultan...
...it is to become his guest;
To receive his glances of love...
...in the innermost room of the heart.

They say it is to be pure of all pollution...
...by taking ablution with the light of the Sultan;
It is to gradually come out of the darkness...
...of delusion and negligence by opening...
...the book of enlightenment...
...with the key of the Divine Names.

It is to follow the Shariah of the Sultan...
The True way is to follow divine commands...
...and not walk on the footprints of Satan;
It is to become a devout servant of the Sultan;
It is to be a faqir about whom our Master says:
Al-faqru fakhri, wal faqru minee!

It is to know the secret of self...
...and the secret of all creation of God;
It is to read the outer signs in the universe...
...and know the inner meaning of soul;
So that it becomes clear to the seeker...
...that He is the Real! He is the Truth!

O Friend, to know the True way...
...one must, in letter and spirit, be a True lover;
The one who gets lost in the infatuation...
...of earthly desires, will never know...

...the meaning of True love.

It is to see the One-truth appearing...
...in infinite number of forms;
They say it is to see an ocean...
...in a single drop of water;
It is to perceive the Truth...
...in every minute thing, in every atom.

It is to become a human being...
...illuminated with the light of Being;
And be in peace and harmony...
...with every person in the world;
Without making any discrimination...
...on the basis of caste, creed, and colour.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Friend Of God

Your friend stands for prayers, saying:
I cannot see You, but you are with me!
I do not see You are far-from-me...
...though I do not see You

Your presence with everything...
...gives the meaning of meaning to Your created things, ..
...and affirms that there exists none besides You!

In me I have got the spirit from You...
...that gives me life and the wonderful powers!
I cannot exist without Your being with me!
I do not have two spirits in me!
I have only one spirit that You blowed into me!

My silence and my speech - both because of You!
My hearing and my seeing - both because of You!
My intellect and my knowledge - both because of You!
'I am the Truth' - You proclaim on my tongue!

You have put Your perpetual remembrance in me!
I do not accept that between You and me...
...other-than-You exists!
In every moment I see Your power and splendor!
I am happy that You unveil Your Oneness to me!
I am happy You manifest your names to me!

Your light reaches my mind, heart, and soul!
Your light makes me aware about your attributes!
My eyes cannot gaze upon Your countenance!
No vision can grasp You!
Your grasp is over all visions!
You are above all comprehension!
Yet You have given me a heart that perceives You!

You raise up thrones for those who love You!
You send the flames of fire away...
...from Your friends and lovers!
You inhabit them in Your Garden near to You!

You get them out of ruined abode...
...and show them Your real home!
Never again will they be under delusion!
You ask them, Am I not your lord?
'You are the Almighty, You are the truth', they say.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Nothing Is Like You!

Nothing Is Like You!

I woke to a cloudy and a snowy morning;
The birds were still in their nests resting;
I stood up looking at the unseen playing...
...mystical tune - huuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!
I could hear that from behind the veils...
...a sweet voice was coming to me;
'There is no god but He - La Ilaha Illa Hu! '
Every time He played at His lute a new tune.

The sun beams were struggling...
...to pass through the clouds...
...fighting their way to shine the world;
The birds saw the morning light, and came out...
...of their nests, rubbing their eyes...
...to fly to the boughs to sing in chorus the sweet songs;
I too joined the hymning birds, and started singing...
...in silent mode the hymns to my lord.

O secret of my secret, you are veiled from me!
My imaginations cannot reach you at all!
Even all beings that You have created can't know you!
Yet, my heart perceives your absolute unity...
...outwardly and inwardly!
You are the sum and secret of all your creation!
Apart from me you are not, I believe!
You have blown of your spirit into me!
Yet I don't see you with my Head's eyes;
They fail to see so subtle a being as you are;
There is certainly nothing like You, You are All-hearing and All-aware.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Holy Dream

In visions of the musical night
I dream of myself listening to the sweet tunes-
The sweet dream of music and light
Makes my life shine with a brilliant joy

Ah! This sweet dream could get lost
If my eyes did I cast on ephemeral things
Of the world, looking beautiful to me
Let me turn my back upon the temptations
That could blur my visions of the musical night

That holy dream- that holy dream,
While all the world around me is in sleep deep,
I long to see without break as it cheers me
No other thing could make my heart more pure
Than the perpetual remembrance of my lord
While waking and sleeping I must listen to
The tunes of love, and look at the light divine

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Dry Winter

Haiku

The childless winter!
Snow-white not born as yet,
Lovers heart-broken.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Avalanche

Haiku

Snow flakes delicate
Constantly accumulate
Scaring Avalanche!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sacrifice

Haiku

Can we sacrifice?
Even life is not our own
God is not hungry

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Be Human

You cannot be human!
I tell you? You cannot be human!
A human needs a peaceful heart and eyes full of love!
You need to be as gentle as a lamb!
You cannot be human
You must spread your arms to hug when someone hits you!
You must be as if without a tongue when someone curses you!
You must be without self if you desire to be human!
You make a lot of sounds with your tongue!
You speak meaningless things that hurt others and mislead!
You get angry when your ego is touched by someone!
You can't be human! I tell you, you cannot be human!
It is not all right to be angry and lose control over your mind!
As long as you take offence, you cannot be human!
Unless you walk on the path of love and empathy...
...you cannot be human!
Unless you believe in coexistence and universal brotherhood...
...you cannot be human!
MyKoul, come, dive into the ocean of humanity...
...and purge yourself of all wild traits!
Unless you dive into the ocean of love, you cannot be human!
Those who learn to be truly human...
...find everything in being humble!
While those who look down upon the less privileged and are proud...
...are pushed down the stairs one day in their life!
A person who feels himself superior to others...
...can never be human!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Same Truth

Silver white is the colour of morning,
It is the proper time,
To look at God's creation;
In daylight, we see the universe...
...in all colours, shapes, and designs;
I dress my soul in the white of white light,
That helps me see the hidden truth...
...behind the heavy layers and surfaces of things;
I see with the divinely eyes the same truth...
...being my essence and of all the worlds.

I want you to know, o my friends, one thing:
May You know how I look at...
...the brilliant sun, the crystal moon, the starry skies, the lush green meadows,
the thick forests, the vast oceans, the arid deserts, and other creation!
Everything carries in it the same truth!
Everything that exists - aromas, light, music, flowers, thorns express the same
truth!
If little by little you start looking at the things as I do,
You shall stop calling some things beautiful and others ugly!
The whole existence is the same beauty of the same beautiful truth!
Let you know that beauty and beautiful are not...
...two things apart from each other;
God is beautiful, He loves (His own) beauty!
You will know this truth little by little!

If you do not look at the whole existence...
...through the single eye,
do not look for seeking the truth;
The truth shall not reveal on you...
...unless you see with the single eye;
But if each day, each hour, you feel...
...there exists nothing but one truth...
...you are destined to know the truth with clarity;
With each breath, a flower shall climb up to your lips...
...which will give out the the sweet fragrance...
...without leaving the flower;
The flower, the fragrance, and You make the absolute unity!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Must Follow Spiritual Way

If I walk back the winding and twisting streets,
And enter again many violent situations,
Or live the wild young life of my years gone by,
My new found peace will give way,
And I will regress back into meaningless life pursuits

I say to myself: the years are gone by,
And however great efforts there seem to be,
I must all go for the eternal peace and ecstasy,
A life of peace and ecstasy is my purpose of life.

When I look at the mighty chinar tree
I think: the king of all the cool and wide shade trees
It will outlive my limited age
As it outlived that of my grandfathers'.

Each day, every hour
I must follow in my thoughts and actions,
The spiritual way that will bring peace of mind to me,
The way of those upon whom God has bestowed His blessings,
Not of those who have been condemned by Him,
Nor of those who have gone astray!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Hope In God

With the perpetual remembrance I've slowly come to be contented with my lot;
Those who believe, and whose hearts find their rest in the remembrance of
God...

...verily, find their rest in the remembrance of God;

And, God be thanked, I am left with only hope;

The fruit of absolute faith at heart!

I do not despair in the hour of anxiety and grief!

I do not lose my faith even when the merciless storms sweep over me!

My necklace is the garland of fresh and colourful flowers of hope!

Even in sadness, and hardships, I wait for and expect of His mercy!

My God of mercy is never faraway from me, He is side by side with me!

Thus, dejection, desperation, frustration cannot conquer me!

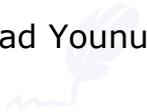
My flowers of hope are not withered by cold and bites of frost!

My Lord keeps me delighted by gales of sweet music and shimmering lights!

I never feel lonesome because I see God smiling at me, from all sides.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Let Us Live In Peace

Invocation For Peace

I shed my tears; my tears - in ecstasy divine;
I am silently watching the beauty of creator;
My soul is sunk in the remembrance divine,
I desire to go into the depths of divinely exultation.
I aspire of golden dream of life --
Vanishing of darkness, the light from heaven!
Perfect awareness! Perfect enlightenment!
I long in heart for mankind's salvation,
God let us live, but only let us live in peace!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Dialogue

He says:

What do you see behind your closed eyes?

I say:

I hear beautiful music

In fine tunes

Cricket, honey bee, bell, guitar, violin,

Lute, flute, conch, waterfall, thunder...

He says:

Now look at the mirror of heart!

What do you see?

I say:

I see none but myself!

Radiating different lights

He says:

Look at the things around

With your heart's eyes

What do you see?

I say:

I see beauty

The beauty I saw inside

He says:

I am the beautiful

I love beauty

All the beauty you are searching for...

behind your eyelids.

I express through you

And through the universe

Say: La Illaaha Illa Hu!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Deep Stillness

The deep music is reverberating
Like a swarm of bees making its way to rosegarden;
Flying quietly from the early morning together
Making a sweet buz while taking the rounds of roses
To collect the sweet nectar to be placed before the queen

Hearing the bees music i have transcended
Beyond this rose garden to the paradise lost
Now, the bees have come to my help
And on the wings of their honey-sweet music
I have returned to my beautiful garden
From where I had been expelled when I came...
...near to the forbidden tree - Satan had tempted me

With a loving embrace, the singing Horis welcomed me
Again back to the garden of music and light,
The bees'-music lifted me Higher into my God's presence
Where my soul found place in deep stillness
Where there is only love, peace, tranquility and equanimity,
And all the fears of desolation and anxiety fall away.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

In The River Of Love

My love for my divine self is on the increasing scale,
The river of love between my soul and the divine...
...keeps me united to Him incessantly;
The river of love is mighty as the Nile is in flood-time,
I dive and swim in the river of love like a dolphin and brave the waves,
My heart is strong on the deep, and never wavers;
I feel myself like Joan in the whale fish, reciting:
'There is no deity except You; exalted are You!
Indeed, I have been of the wrongdoers'!
The flood throws me up on the land to divine presence,
It is my God's mighty love that gives me strength,
And makes me dive and swim in His waters of love;
I gaze at my heart's desire, with heart's ears I hear...
...in silence the music divine deep in the river of love;
As I stand in meditation facing Him...
...I hear in melodious voice the Kalimah of Allah:
Hu! Hu! Hu! La Illaha Illa Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!
My Love appears on all sides, my heart exults!
My arms I have spread out to embrace my Love;
My heart sounds in divine Love: Hu! Hu! Hu!
Like a doll of salt, I have melted in the hot waters of love!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Chilly Winter

Haiku

Biting chill they see
But bliss in your snow-white heart
Blind Hearts do not see

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Proclaim Peace! Peace!

In humbleness and humility, always...

...you must keep your head low,

But mind it! you must not bend your knees before anyone...

...other than the Almighty Lord,

Raise your head high...

...when standing against the enemies of love and peace!

Keep your head as high as are the Himalayan peaks!

Proclaim at high pitch:

Peace, tranquility, and equanimity,

Your voice rending through the sky...

...touching the moon, the sun, and the galaxies...

...going to the Almighty's throne!

Open your eyes, ears, and mind...

...to the eternal wonders of the Creator!

Then the divine light shall shine on your forehead...

...like a royal crown studded with diamonds! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am Grateful To My Lord

My Lord walks with me in all that I do,
My Lord walks with me to all the places where I go,
For if He didn't walk with me...
...the Satan would get his evil hooks in me,
My Lord speaks to me with the tongue of His creation,
My Lord talks to me in wordless voice through inspiration,
My Lord protects me, and takes Satan away from me,
My Lord keeps his watch on me...
...and so I do not follow in the footsteps of Satan,
My Lords Keeps pulling me forward...
...and so I do not get stuck in rewind,
My Lord is in full command...
...how can I go astray and away from his way!
I can't, because I always try to submit to the will of my Lord,
Satan, therefore, submits to me...
...when I tell him Laa Illaaha Illaa Hu!
My Lord always comforts me in distress and pain...
...with his sweet echoing name! ! !

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

Wedding Divine

When my soul is wedded to divine, my incomplete life will become whole,
This wedding will create the fusion of my soul with my source divine,
A wedding that will hold me with my Lord infinitely,

Music and light will be performed when I take the wedding vow,
That will ensure the permanence of my wedding for rest of life,
The promise the divine will take from me to always be together with him,
Am I not your lord? My lord will ask me on my wedding ceremony,
Yes, my lord, I will say, nodding my head before Him,
I will never break my wedding covenant with my lord,

A wedding that is meant for me to be a special servant of my Lord,
Only through this wedding divine can I know myself better...
...and know my true relationship with my Lord,
Only the pure wedding to my Lord can bring smile on my face,
And only this wedding divine can make my life perfect and complete,

I have been waiting for this moment since long - it is going to arrive soon,
A moment that will keep me wedded perpetually...
...to the remembrance of my Lord...
...for every second of my life onwards,
A moment for which I have been waiting so long,
A moment that will make me stay with my Lord for lifelong.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Saints And Sages

Adam is special and distinct, even the angels did not know!
They questioned the Lord when He took him as His viceroy, do you not know?
No one can understand what is to be God's viceroy...
...who can Know about God's plan?
Alone and lost in the world, man came to live...
...and perform God's will on earth,
The love of God for man, I see with my heart's eyes,
He created the whole world to sustain the human race,
Man braved all the odds, that perplexed him in confusions unknown,
The children of God. - saints and sages - always look to their Lord...
...and turn to all the sides...
...to see His light and hear His voice;
They clearly see Him On all the sides...
...and see Him in Human face and in the face of all His creation;
Their Soul always stays connected to Him...
...they cannot flee from Him!
Man is purely a spiritual being, cause God has blown His spirit in him,
This true aspect unites the saints and sages to the Truth! ! !

MyKoul



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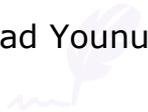
Mohammad Younus

Journey To The Eternity

Since the time's beginning - I mean since man's creation...
...evil egos have caused men to wander from darkness to darkness!
Men at large, barring a few, have not experienced the sweet music and light
divine...
...while roaming in the witherness of this world!
How could they hear and see the music and light...
...unless they came out of the wilderness...
...and settle in spiritual domain of love, peace, and tranquility!
Of course, this is a long and difficult journey from the temporal life to the
eternity!
We have to cross the distance between this and that life with a lot of pain!
The camel walks slow, the bells are making a jingling sound!
The hudikhawn is singing the sweet notes...
...to make it walk at a faster pace...
...to reach the destination on time and join the camel owner! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Be True Inheritors Of God

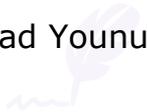
Be True Inheritors of God

Searching harmony by a peace seeking eye,
In this strife-torn world is not so easy a job!
Just like an improper desire to find...
...lush green forests on a bald mountain!
Or like trying to find lotus flowers in a desert!

Let's talk to suffering children of the world,
In these burning times of total chaos and mayhem...
...when the flames of fire are rising high up to skies;
Wake up and rise up against the enemies...
...of love, peace, and high human values!
And let you become the true inheritors of...
God of peace, love, mercy, and humanity!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Childish Wish

You are my early morning brilliant light!
You are my early morning birds' melodious song!
You are my cool and refreshing spring time!
Your touch is like morning and evening breeze!
Soft like shahtoosh on the face of my soul!
I hear you playing melodious music around me!
I hear your sweet voice in my heart's ears!
It is my childish wish to search and watch you!
Just for adoration! I know you are beyond my eyes' reach! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The World Is A Bridge

This world where you are born is not a prison!
The way to other side where the paradise lies...
...goes over the bridge of this world!
Only while in this world, you can open the window...
...that opens on the hidden world of infinity!
Here, by design of the Divine plan...
...you have been sent to be God's vicegerant,

Shed off the fears and imagining the other...
...if you want to know the secret of unity!
If you want to know what you are in your originality...
...when the creator breathed in you of his speech!
When he taught you the names of all the things...
...on the day of your coronation!

But when your mind remains mainly engrossed...
...to the satisfaction of your unlimited wants...
...this mind serves as a friction in your forward movement...
...to the door of Higher Consciousness!
Thus this mind becomes the Satan that vows to keep you away...
...from your divine consciousness!
Tell your mind the word of Allah and make it totally submissive!
If you aspire to move beyond yourself...
...without any friction to Higher Consciousness!
Then you can know your true self and be in the house of peace!
You will be free there from the limited earthly vision!
You will be awakened from slumber through gaining...
...spiritual knowledge and wisdom!
Learn to know yourself! That is the only way to know your lord!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Is A Melodious Song

Love is a melodious song, that the lovers hear;
It is too beautiful to be expressed in words;
No one can sing the song of love in vocal voice;
The words convey not the full feelings of true love;
My ears are fine tuned to hear the song of love;
My tongue is not well expressive of my love;
My heart only knows the meaning of my love;
My soul feels that this song of love...
...is really meant for me;
I am born to listen this song all my life!
I feel that I have been hearing this song...
...since eternity;
The sweet melody of the song of love...
...speaks to my soul!
I never hear a song that freezes my soul!
It bestows on me everything that I am!
It makes me so powerful that...
...every other thing becomes powerless for me!
It is so captivating a melody that...
...it is the only song on my playlist!
I used to hear the worldly songs before;
Now all other songs are mute!
I see myself in the melody of the song of love!
It shows me who I am!
I am forever grateful to my God that He...
...opened my heart's ear to the sounds...
...of His horis and angels...
...singing to God in perfect harmony!
All men are not supposed to hear...
...the choir of horis and angels!
But I am allowed to hear with full devotion!
It is the sheer blessing of my God...
...though I am not worthy of it!
I am happy that the song will never get old!
I am happy that the song is pure in its essence!
No one can delete the song from my consciousness!
No one can ever be able to write one word...
...of the song of love that my God lets me hear!
How can a listener share this song with anyone else?

How can he give a piece of this song away...
...to those who do not appreciate it!
The song of love is one of the great wonders of my God!
The sheep that hear this song from their shepherd...
...will never go astray from the meadow...
...in which they are meant to live!
O friends, you will never understand...
...why I am fascinated with the melody of this song;
I am sad for him who has never and will never...
...hear this melody;
I smile with ecstasy while I listen to this melody;
I pray that this song of love may forever be with me;
That it may be my theme of life!
It is the song that is played to make me...
...aware of the reality of my life!
I know my God hears my heartbeats...
...while I am hearing this song of love!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Each Soul Is Unique

Each of us is a unique expression of the Truth!
There is none like us, nor will there ever be!
We develop, at our own pace...
...in understanding of our divine potential!
Though similar in many ways...
...we are different in some ways!
Each soul a singular combination...
...of emotions, passions, needs and desires!
Our physiology and psychology do not match!
Even so, our universal consciousness is the same!
Our true self is the same!
God has breathed single spirit in us!
That our external self is different from our Inner Self...
...is just an example to teach that...
...in this corrupt world, our pure and godly soul has got corrupted!
There cannot be two spirits in the same body!
An interplay of many exogenous factors cause us behave...
...contrary to our true conscience!
Each one of us is born at fitrah...
...with an inner, spiritual relationship to the Truth!
Before our creation, God told us...
...what we are and what we must accomplish;
Then, He asked us: Am I not your lord?
To which we replied: Balaa - yes of course!
We need just to gain awareness of our divine potential!
That is what sages of old call consciousness
We have to be true and devout learners to know our true self
To what extent and at what rate can you gain awareness...
...depends upon the traveler's effort and his taking lessons...
...in the open classroom divine - the world of creation! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

New Year

Haiku

The new year baby
Born at midnight or at dawn
Date of birth not known

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Inside The Divine Melody

I must need to sing the songs sweet for Thanksgiving,
Cause I dwell in that safe place in my heart,
Where no satanic thoughts or nightmares reach me.

My love for the truth is like the bright dawn,
That raises its head out of the dark quilt of night,
Awakening all the singing birds sleeping in nests,
To flutter out to sing the melodious songs on boughs.

The sound of the voice of lovebirds resounds the whole atmosphere,
I too notice a sweet music coming from my inside,
A new music! That resonates inside and outside of me!
It is a divine secret - if I expose it, people will call me an infidel.

Whatever this melodious music enfolds in my gaze,
That quickens in me the joy of being a good listener;
This music places smiles like flowers on my soul;
In the garden of my heart, I hear the nightingale singing;
My mind thereupon sparkles with delight and wonder.

Though my days here in this ephemeral world are brief,
My spirit enjoying the divine melody...
...is live, awakened, and enlightened.
I no longer look towards the fleeting joys of this world,
Cause I dwell inside the rhythm of divine melody,
As close to me as I am to the thought of my beloved.

Though I cannot see the divine with outward eyes,
I know my soul's gaze is always upon the face divine,
Smiling back at me from within everything...
...in the world of creation,
To which I sing out the best of my poems!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My Divinely Dream

The long days in my past I have spent...
...languishing over mundane ideas and dreams;
They had left me virtually worn out..
...to visit the divinely ideas and dreams;
Some sort of secret divine call...
...I am getting now in my heart of heart:
Come unto me! Come unto me!
An intense urge in me is surging up to look forward...
...into the lights of my true self;
I feel only a few around me have got such divinely desire,
I feel as if I am alone, all others being happy and busy with undivine,
It is indeed a great blessing that I don't get along with the evil,
My divinely dream will come true, though I'm unable to awaken yet,
I fix my exploring eyes on my true self, and hear the speech divine...
...holding on to every word believing it will truly give me insight,
But deeper looks with unwavering eyes are required still;
Sometime definitely I will find, what is my true self;
I will dance then as I start witnessing my true self;
I am continually hearing the melodious music...
...that the divine band is playing all the time;
When I was younger and busy with earthly love...
...I never thought that one day I could find my true self;
A Divinely future is set out for me!
And the price is never too much!

MyKoul

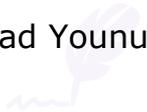
Mohammad Younus

The True Lover

The true lover closes his eyes...
...on everything other than his Love;
and as such the fires of the undivine love go out;
As the evil inside the lover's mind dies...
...a breath of fragrant air he heaves...
...the day in and the day out;
The divine sun shines on his mind...
...and as such the dark side of his mind...
...shines brighter than a diamond...
...Illuminating all of his thoughts that sprout from his mind...
...erasing all the impressions of lies and carnal love;
He drinks the elixir of love and knowledge divine...
...that cures the cracks in his mind;
Until he constantly remembers his name...
...and remains fixed to Him by heart and soul.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Confidant Person

Who shall I trust my secrets with?
Is there someone meant for my secrets?
Someone who will accept my secrets...
...just as I believe in them!
And be content with what I tell them...
...in my Sohba secretly!
Who will acquire from me my light...
...for their awareness and enlightenment!
I have got these pearls from the greatest treasure within!
I am in search of a sahib-e-dil to share with him...
...my gnosis and the pearls of wisdom!
Who would hear and see as I do...
...and feel love and peace as I do!
Who would never doubt the book that guides me!
There are only skeptics around who think...
...my secrets are just the dreams unsound!
These are tall aspirations I have for the person...
...whom I wish to confide my secrets!
Perhaps one day God will smile on me...
...and send me a confidant person...
...with whom I can share my secrets divine! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Supreme Lord

Lord! We are your innocent sheep!
You graze us in beauty on your deserts and dewy dales!
You provide us all that's best for our sustenance and growth!
Lord! You are our shepherd with a staff in your hands!
Holy, holy, holy are You - pure, and perfect!
Nothing and nobody can compare to Your glory!
Nothing and nobody stands opposite to You!
You have been eternal...
...before you created man and the universe!
You will always be as You are...
...even after man and universe you will finish!
And create a new universe and new humankind!
You know everything with minute details...
...from the highest of high to the lowest of low!
You have given man power but only a little...
...of your limitless, tremendous, supreme power! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Day Of Alastu

In solitude with my self: I love from my Heart!
I love: no body, no image, before me!
Just Heartfelt feelings of love!
For my originator, for my creator!
The love that I feel, joins me to my unseen lord!
I make a promise to Him as I witness through Him...
...that He is really one lord over all of us...
...and that He expresses His oneness through His creation!
For me this is the Day of Alastu!
A vow from my heart I make to my lord!
He asks me by the tongue of His creation:
Am I not your lord?
And I say as His witness: Balaa - yes my lord!
With pure mind, heart, and soul, I affirm:
You are the One Lord!
I testify before You Your oneness!
My Lord! Just your mouthpiece I am!
I speak not but you speak your truth!
About your absolute lordship and unity!
My lord! I can't keep my promise sometimes, I confess!
Get me please out of slumber to total awareness!
Let me dedicate myself to you as your sincere lover!
Tell me through your secret whisper in my heart's ear:
I LOVE YOU!
I SPEAK TO YOU IN WORDLESS VOICE!
I TEACH YOU THROUGH My PEN!
My lord! My love for you will never disappear in a vapour!
The pen of love that I hold writes nothing but...
You are my lord!
My creator!
My originator!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Eternity In Every Moment

Waking all night under the wet eyelids...
...in the shadows of black night!
The twinkling stars hiding behind the dark clouds!
I'm waiting to see the moonlight after amavasya!
I'm waiting for the sun to rise...
...from within the lap of distant azure mountains...
...till it gently starts ascending to the magical sky...
...to throw light upon light on my searching eyes!
For this spectacular sight, my soul halts and transforms to mirror...
...to reflect the soft milky white light of magical dawn!
Wow, my soul opens its ears wide...
...to hear the celestial music...
...coming riding on the light waves of the magical dawn!
The pupils in my two eyes miraculously become one...
...and I sit behind this magical eye to see and hear!
Sublime! !
Perhaps a glimpse of heaven!
Eternity in every moment..!

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

The Spiritual Knowledge

The secular knowledge essential for material welfare though...
...is as the flashes of lightning on a rainy day!
They leave you in darkness each time they depart...
...after flashing across the sky!
Realise the uselessness of the undivine knowledge!
Give up your sole attention on acquiring the secular knowledge!
It keeps you away from your lord...
...the giver of spiritual knowledge and wisdom!
Hold on therefore to the eternal teacher!
Such that he reveals to you the words...
...that give you awareness and enlightenment!

The people of ignorance always we see...
...belch out the words of others...
...whom they might have not even seen!
They are like shameless contingent of vacuous parrots!
Who recite, recite, recite, recite...
...only what their trainers have taught them to rote!
And have as a result for a few grains become...
...the caged pet birds!
As such they lose all their freedom and potentiality...
...to fly up high and higher in the vast skies.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Story Of Iblis

When the angels
started bowing to Adam...
...to save their own heads,
Iblis, the guru of all the angels...
...turned into a rebel, and declined...
...to bow before Adam made of clay!
The proud Iblis claimed he was a nobler being...
...since he was created of fire...
...whereas humans are made only of clay!
Allah: 'O Iblis! What is your reason for not prostrating? '
Iblis: 'I am not the one to
prostrate myself to a human being...
...whom you have created from sounding clay of altered black smooth mud!' ¹
'I am better than him!
You created me from fire and him You created from clay!
Allah: 'Get down from here!
It is not for you to be arrogant here!
Iblis: 'Allow me respite till
the day of Judgement! '
Allah: 'You are one of those allowed respite! '²
Iblis: 'This one whom you have honoured above me...
...I will surely mislead him and his offspring...
...till the day of Judgement! '³
With his pointed fingernails, he is always after us...
...to scratch the face of our mind, heart, and soul!
We must always be at our guard...
...against his temptations!
Be not rebel and haughty like Iblis!
I mean, if you were so
swayed by pride and hate...
...you'd become an Iblis too!

MyKoul

1. Quran: 15: 28-35
2. Quran: 7: 11-15
3. Quran: 17: 62

A Mystery

The Satan is nowhere but within!
The Satan is none but your ego!
The devout servant divine are you!
When you submit to divine will!
The battle between evil and good is within!
When evil takes over your mind within...
...you are vanquished by Satan within!
When good overcomes evil within...
...you are victorious over satan within!
Which one overtakes and which one is overtaken?
The choice is also yours within!
You are a mystery - a secret hidden!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Travel Goes On

Only a few are walking on this road
In this dark night
There is no oil lamp seen on the window
To show light to the travellers
I too am walking on this road
I think since eternity
Not knowing where
I am a lone traveller on this road
No one is travelling with me
No one is walking before me,
No one is following me from behind,
No footprints on the road
It looks it is not oft trodden path
It could be that I'm alone - a lone traveller
But God tells me
Wherever you are, I am with you
So be it, I understand I must walk on

The road that was straight...
...has now become crooked!
The road that was the shortest...
...has now stretched and become the longest!
The road that was walked by travellers...
...has now become the deserted road..
...and few travelers travel on this road!
I have chosen this road to walk on...
...and continue my travel to...
...wherever it takes me for good!
I think I am my own destination!
I am walking from my self to my self!
With my self, by my self, and for my self.
The travel goes on
As if it is walking on a circular road!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Mysterious Love

Love lies
In a contented heart!
That hears whispers
Of an eternal God!
Crying out
To be known!
As the One Truth!
The reality of human!
The reality of the Universe!
Love is limitless - eternal truth!
Love is unfaltering always!
Love is what love is!
Love is as it was!
Love will be as it is!
Always the same!
Neither increases...
...nor decreases!
Love is not compassed...
...by time or space!
Love compasses both!
Love is eternal!
Love is God!
Mysterious Love!
I'm lost in the thought of Love!
I want my Love's final touch!
My sack be never empty of love!
Every moment reveal to me...
...the plain presence of love!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Hidden Pain

Haiku

Too broken to cry
Throw out a deceptive smile
Pain behind the smile

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Old Age Days

Haiku

Old dog watches running
The young dogs on the fresh snow
Snowfall in old age

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Be Proud

Be proud!

That you are a human being!

That can hear, see, and speak about the Truth!

The Truth is your core and essence!

All attributes in you are the attributes of the Truth!

Know, you are from the Light!

The Light that never will extinguish! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Know Your Secret

You are the essence, the core of my existence!
You steer my boat in the turbulent waters...
...in the voyage of my life!
Wherever I go, You are always there with me!
My merciful lord! You shower Your free gifts all around me!
In all things of your creation, I see your face!
My omnipresent lord! You are present before my eyes!
If I lose sight of You even for a moment...
...I lose my knowledge and wisdom _ your gifts to me!
Whenever I am about to go astray...
...You put me back on the straight path!
Just by a merciful glance, you make me join the caravan of your lovers!
My teacher lord!
I Know you through the mind, soul and heart...
...that acknowledge you by your knowledge and wisdom!

MyKoul! You are nothing but a servant of lord!
Whatever you have, you receive it from your lord!
The greatest gift that He has given you...
...is the name of Lord - the melodious music whereof compasses you!
Nothing of this world can compass you - that is true!
Mykoul! Know your true self!
That is an omnipresent truth...
...which the two worlds cannot compass!
In plain language, I must tell you:
'Keep this secret hidden:
Kun Faya Kun is present in you!
That is your true self! '

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Road To Love Invisible

Haiku

Foot prints on the snow
Could lead me to my Love's home
Snow flakes have buried.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

What God Speaks To Me

Come to Me with a heart empty of all things!
He whispers in wordless voice...
...in my heart's ear!
I am here! I am here!
You need not to search me elsewhere!
Though I am all over in my world of creation!
I am in inhabited plains, in hot deserts???
...in high mountains, in dark forests, in vast oceans!
Everywhere - that is true!
So hold your tongue and silent be!
There is no tongue that can describe me!
I am the heaven, sun, moon and stars!
I am the elements five making the things!
I am in all the six dimensions!
You cannot see my being with your head's eyes!
But my attributes you can see!
Go and seek my attributes!
But you cannot count and explain them all!
Your eyes want to see and encompass me!
I am the core and attribute of everything!
I revealed the Quran in the Night of Power!
No tight-shut mind can compass its meaning!
Moses wanted to know my secrets...
...from my sharp-sighted servant, Khidr!
And he also wanted to get the water of life!
He failed - that is true!
You can see me on my throne...
...if I make my throne on your heart!
But not in corporeal image - that is true.
The agony of vain searching knows no bounds!
Until one day you get my eyes on loan!
Then you can see only me!
I am the truth!
I manifest my truth...
...to him I choose for viewing my unity!
Come and empty your heart of all the images and thoughts...
...except remembering me!
Know O my devout lover! :
It is only the empty heart that can compass me!

So come with a pure heart, clear of all filth and dirt!
As a faqir who has nothing and who wants nothing but me!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My Sincere Prayer

Getting me out of fear and grief...
...to Your refuge of hope and ecstasy,
Grant me a new birth...
...in your encompassing presence, O Lord!
From abode of ignorance and delusion...
...to the unending abundance of
awareness and enlightenment!
From doubt and illusion...
...to the abode of truth and certainty!
From the dead and directionless life...
to a fresh life full of faith and belief!
Grant me a new birth...
...in your truth and reality, O Lord!
From my will and rebellion to the acceptance...
...of your absolute will and sovereignty!
Let me always live my life...
...within Your Divine Will, O Lord!
Move me away...
...from my selfish life goals...
...towards Your blessed purpose!
From multiplicity...
...to the embrace of your absolute unity!
From pain and pathos...
...to the cradle of peace and tranquility!
From my lockup in finite self...
...to the cognition of your Infinite Self!
Grant me a new birth...
...in your purity and liberty, O Lord!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

O Formless One

Tell me O Formless One!

How can I receive and embrace You?

All time in silent hours of long cold nights...

...I stand gazing at you in darkness with my eyes closed...

...believing that there is none but you before me!

O Formless One!

You have stolen my heart and I feel...

...You very much dwell in my heart!

I know that you see me in genuflection and prostration...

...remembering only you!

O Formless One!

In any physical form or body I don't see or conceive of you!

In dust I let all other false notional deities fall away!

From dust they are, and to dust they go!

O Formless One!

With my mind, heart, and soul, I love Your Light Eternal only!

May I stay awakened and enlightened forever and ever...

...in your presence all around me!

O Formless One!

I have no illusions about your oneness!

You are pleased to see your sincere lover not roaming aimlessly...

...walking on so many roads and through unknown valleys...

...to find you existing separate from all things and me!

O Formless One!

Now come and whisper Your sacred words of love...

...in the ear of my heart!

Only the holy water of your word can wash off the impurity of duality!

Wipe off the hypocrisy that still exists in the folds of my mind!

O Formless One!

Please don't deny me your light upon light!

Please keep me hearing your holy words constantly!

Please burn, burn all the jungles of duality and hypocrisy...

...that I have grown in my mind...

...with the Fire of your Purity and Unity!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Bitterness

Haiku

Winter dry but cold
And within every home
A cold inferno

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mother Nature

Nature! You're beauty in simple words!
You were ever as you look now,
But you made me feel differently...
...at different times,
Every time I blink, when my eyes are closed...
...you still shine through!
Your beauty sticks around me...
...even when I don't watch you,
Nature! You breathe your warmth on my soul...
...and jingle my heart as if celestial bells...
...would sound in the heaven,
Sounding gracefully and naturally!
Even when it's night...
...and sun and birds have to leave...
...I'm full of mystical ecstasy...
...under the moon and starry night!
Nature! I have never seen gloom on your face,
You've always been radiant, soft, and cool!
All thanks to your beauty!
My beautiful nature! You will always bloom!
You will never be gone!
I know how you love me abundantly!
I have never thought that I'm...
...not a part of you;
Nature! You express your beauty...
...in me and out of me!
Nature! You are my mother!
You are my life!
I can't do anything alone!
I will live as long as your light shines on me!
I know I have no light of my own! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Not He

I am a Human being!
Yea! The creator has blown...
...of His spirit in me!
Yet I am not He!
The one is my source!
The one is my originator!
Yet I am far from being the one!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Continuation Of Life

To understand
Life secret,
I listen to echoes
Man will start
A new journey

No beginning,
No ending
Journey continues
Till the next world.

To go,
Not to go
A crude dilemma
Not for me
I am a traveller

I am in movement
No friction stops me
This is my life secret
I pass through
Deserts, plains, mountains

Through different situations
Melancholic and ecstatic
Turbulent and calm
Through different spheres
Through different environs

Can I get out
Of this circular journey
Nay, I will not
It is my life secret

I don't believe in
Annihilation
I believe in Continuation
I was, I am, I will be
In hell or paradise!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Cruel Winter

Haiku

Sky gloomy, winds wet,
The cruelest time of the year,
The season of death!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Healing Music

Listening to music that falls like rains,
Growing love, producing ecstasy,
I'm feeling peace in my soul and heart!
It lifts me up from the lowest of low!
My heart feels quiet and calm!
The flame of love within remains burning!
The light of love on my face shines!
Music enlightens my mind and soul!
When alone in stillness...
...I hear unending melodious tunes...
...coming from the hiding musician...
...who wears the mask of music over his face!
Still, I recognise this hidden musician!
By his sweet music, I forget about...
...all the trials and tribulations...
...that life throws my way!
Even when the ground is shaky...
...and strong winds make me sway...
...I stand firm through night and day...
...to hear the melodious music...
...echoing inside and outside me!
This sweet music gives me victory...
...over the temptations of my nafs...
...that remain coming and trying my resilience all the way!
I shall hold on and surface victorious...
...over sadness and disappointment...
...that come in my life!
Cause I hear the healing music constantly night and day! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Voice Of Truth

I am a poet!
I have no right to speak truth!
Truth is too much sour.
Omer speaks truth...
...even if bitter!
Should I not walk in his shoes?
They will book me under their law!
They don't like that world should hear
The voice of truth! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Secret Of Divine Music

Divine music, sweet, melodious music,
Leads my heart to the Baitul Mamoor,
Lifts me high above the skies...
...and joins me to the angels taking rounds...
...and chanting hu, hu, hu, la Illaha Illa Hu!
In my green dream! In My green dream!

Divine music is coming from the unseen!
No one is seen to be strumming the strings!
Divine music sprouts deep within me!
Divine music, I never knew before...
...cause consciousness had not revived in me!
Divine music is like mother's lap for me!
She comforts to happy me by her sweet lullaby!

Divine music fills me with love that is pure and true!
When worldly life diverts and amuses me...
...it comes to set me from Satan's trap free!
My heart throws the gates wide open to fill me...
...with wisdom divine and knowledge true!

Divine music gets me out of negligence and delusion
Divine music welcomes me back to the paradise lost
Divine music holds me tight with all its musical hands,
And makes me one with the source of love and peace

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Light Of Muhammad

The people that walked truly in Islam...
...have seen the true guide!
Who leads from darkness to light!
Know, the light of Muhammad is the light true!
The final prophet of God leading humanity to the truth!
The book of God! The Quran!
The book that descended on him for all humanity!
For people who are curious to live the life of Taqwa!
The Quran! The book of all times!
No such messenger will appear in the world now!
Gabriel will not come down again with any other book!
They that come to hear his sermons and lessons on godly life...
...on them light upon light will surely shine!
Know, the prophets of yore had told ere about his coming!
Know, they who follow his way...
...angels are standing in ranks to welcome them...
...to the garden of eternal bliss!
Where horis are singing welcome songs in chorus!
Know, they who increase in righteous deeds...
...heavenly joys will return them!
They will harvest the yield of the seeds...
...that they had sown before!
How joyful! They have broken the Yoke of earthly desires!
The burden that had oppressed them...
...before coming to Islam!
They have fulfilled their promise to God!
Allah fulfills his promise to them! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Unseen And The Unseeable

The time behind closed eyes...
...is the time with God!
The time before open eyes...
...is the time with the creation of God!
The simultaneous conjunction!
Of what is hidden and what is obvious!
Existing within in stillness!
Existing without in active manifestation!
An unseen and unseeable being!
Creation proof of his being!
There is nothing outside of his being!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Allah Tells You

Your soul is alive!
Make dhikr with your soul!
And watch!
Allah makes you dhakir true!
Fadhkuruni adhkurkum!
Allah tells you!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Irrefutable Truth

There is no truth like the feeling:
That I am the Truth!
At the day-break I feel the truth!
At the mid-day I feel the truth!
At the sunset I feel the truth!
Under the sky I feel the truth!
On the earth I feel the truth!
I have nothing in my soul...
...but the truth:
That there is nothing but the truth!
I have an old remembrance
that on my creation, the true spirit...
...was blown in me;
I only have this bliss: I feel the truth!
I feel alone and unique...
...no co-equal with me!
I am the witness to the eternal truth!

A sacred hidden secret...
...is speaking on my tongue!
The secret of the sun, the moon...
...all the galaxies, and the earth...
...the animate and inanimate things!
How can man and the whole universe...
...exist without the truth!
Who other could create and sustain them...
...with inexpressible bliss!
The true being is alone! One and unique!
The whole creation is a miracle of oneness!
The truth! The absolute irrefutable truth!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

She-Domination

Haiku

As older man gets
More empowered she becomes
To control her man

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Deception

Haiku

Pretty snow blossoms!
Look Like Tulips in the snow!
Lotus in dessert! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Open My Mystic Eyes

The mystic voice in my inside!
My soul dances in my inside!
Every bird and being dances outside!
To the rhythm of the mystic voice!
I stand behind my eyes, calm and quiet!
With curtains dropped over my eyes!
I try to sit cross legged to go into a mystical trance!
Still the mystic voice continues and echoes...
...inside and outside!
Rippling the atmosphere with quickened tunes!
Tempo of the voice compelling even the dead...
...to dance!
Then the mystic voice in my inside stops to beat!
Then, I open my mystic eyes...
...and I see that I carry the essence of everything in me!
Never I will beat so loud again...
...about separation from the Truth, and the duality! ! !

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Lovers Of Peace

I love you!

I love myself!

I love all! ! !

And yea I know:

Love is a strong word!

That's why I chose...

...it to be used in the vanguard...

...of Lovers of peace...

...for making the world...

...a paradise on earth!

Why do you expect yourself...

...to be well treated?

If you beat others down...

...and they let you down:

First grow in your own heart...

...the seeds of love and peace!

Grow good in your heart!

You will see good in others' heart!

The sweet love will attract...

...their soul to your soul!

Do not grow thorns in your heart!

They will prick your soul...

...and others' soul!

Pluck out the thorns of your heart!

Do not let them grow...

...on your sweet little heart!

So say it in your loud voice:

Yeah I love you!

I love myself!

I love all!

Let us love and be at peace!

To make the world...

...a paradise on earth! ! !

Nonetheless, at times...

...it can be too hard to love!

And hopes of peaceful coexistence...

...may fade away!

It is when darkness fills our heart,

And we're not sure if we can Kindle...
...the light of love
But even in the darkest night...
...there is a ray of hope!
A ray that reminds us smilingly:
World will shine up at the break of dawn!
Love and peace will prevail in the end!
When the world seems bleak and cold...
...full of blood, hate, and peacelessness...
...even at that hour you must not lose hope!
You must feel sure that it is the right hour...
...when you can do more and more...
...to foster love and peace...
...in the strife torn world!
Remember! You are not alone!
Hope must always glitter in your eyes!
The job may not be that easy!
But it's worth fighting for...
...to make the world a paradise on earth!
So hold on tight and don't give up!
Soon you'll see that life's worth living! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Chant Proudly

In the depth of my meditation on music...
...I proceed on musical path to a mystical place!
Although each station on the way is quite new...
...there's always the common divine light and sound!
Joyful scenes and spiritual ecstasy giving a feel of divinity!
Expounding powerful divine presence in clarity!
On waking, I can't describe the view in its entirety...
...as I'm short of words to narrate my sight exactly!
But the effects on my soul are real, true, indeed!
A silent melodious song of love I hear constantly!
I don't know the verses, just I feel the spiritual ecstasy!
Yet I wish to stay in this mystic state awakingly!

I smell divinely fragrance in the atmosphere...
...and hear mellow tunes echoing under the dome!
I hear and see from every atom...
...the same divinely light and sound coming!
I now understand and believe in Absolute Unity!
Yet it is not just my dreaming, and I am not insane!
I chant proudly the Great Word: La Illaha Illa Hu! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Connected To My God

Words fail me to express my silent protest;
Protest to myself for staying confined to my cage!
I am born free in eternity, my inner voice tells me!
How ecstatic I felt when God asked me...
...just one question...
...before I was sent on earth...
...to live in my own cage:
Am I not your Lord? Will you remember me?
Yes, my Lord! I had said spontaneously!
Since then, I feel within such an innocent ecstasy;
I recollect, how His spirit flowed in me electrically!
His spirit, that he blowed in me, glows inside me!
Smiling at me quite frequently!
I feel very shy to say the truth that stupidly...
...I think: You could just be in me!
But, there we are, supposedly two...
...gazing at each other, You and me!
My glances do not waver sideways!
I gaze as if you are standing before me!
No words required to say that I am...
...connected to you through music currents!
I'm confident that my ecstatic state...
...in divinely love will never fade away! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

What A Musical Touch!

Drowned in! Drowned in!
Deep down in the sea of music!
Lost in! lost in!
From top to toe melted!
Salt sculpture dissolved...
...in sea water!
Can't find my trace!
Even when I regain my sobriety!
Slowly and steadily...
...while I hear
the sweet music of the sea...
...undressed gets my soul!
The dress made of salt is gone!
My identity is gone!
Smoothly the hot waves...
...of the salt sea...
...obliterate my identity!
Neither I remain a hearer...
...nor a seer!
Witnesser and Witnessed...
...become one!
What a musical touch!
The True self uncovered!
That true hearer! That true seer!
Listens to himself!
Sees to himself!
No, I am just drunk!
Let me be sober!
Not reveal the secret!
Secret remains unsaid!
I know no language!
I can't tell the secret as such! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Fall

Haiku

Fallen chinar leaf
Hiding under the snow sheet
Ashamed of its fall

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Servant Is Meant To Obey

I am not a child of my own thought!
I think myself to be a dependent being!
Cause I feel that I am nothing!
God is the be-all and end-all of my being!
I am like a grass growing spontaneously...
...by the absolute command of God...
...not of my own accord!
So all I need do is to submit my will to...
...the supreme command!
And I must cast myself into a being...
...burning with the flame of His Love!
His presence though invisible to my Head's eyes...
...yet my heart, my sole, my mind...
... feel His presence all around!
I hear a mysterious calling:
I am the undivided and the indivisible being!
You are not at all cut off from me!

I am His devout servant!
Once a servant, my Lord tells me...
...always a servant you must be,
Yet in me I can't see it always:
And so the lost servanthood...
...I'm weeping for!
God! restore me please the position of...
...a loyal, dutiful, and devout servant!
A master can never stoop so low...
...as to be a servant!
A servant can never elevate himself so high...
...as to be the master! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Happy Birthday To Iqbal¹

It is on this blessed day
That an angel like son was born
To Qureishi family at Saraf Kadal
The sun appeared on the horizon
Swam across the blue mountains
To shine as well on my home every day

The sun climbed the blue mountains
Showered its brilliance on the valley, and...
...on the Dal and the Wular lakes
To smile on Qureishi and Kouls every day

The singing birds played their music
In bushes and on mighty boughs of trees
To reverberate atmosphere with sweet melodies

It is as if the rain of mercy from high heavens
Let us pay gratitude to our merciful lord
And celebrate Iqbal's Birthday today

I join his parents, and all his near and dear...
...in wishing him happy returns of the day
A Blessed Birthday Today! Happy Birthday To you!

MyKoul

1. Iqbal is my son-in-law

Mohammad Younus

Let God Lead Us

Let's walk on the straight path!
Let God lead us to the Truth!
Let God be like our horseman...
...who holds in His hands our reins!
Let's allow ourselves to be freed...
...from all other shackles!
The Lord alone can lead us...
...to the everlasting life!
Only He is the True Salvatore!
He alone can bring us out...
...of misleading dogmas and ways!
Let God lead us to...
...wherever He wills to take us to!
If we desire to attain to the true faith...
...let us not follow Satan's footsteps!
He who follows Satan's foot-steps will find...
...that Satan enjoins but deeds of disgrace...
...and all that runs counter to true faith!
God causes whomever He wills...
...to grow in sincerely and purity!
God is all-hearing, and all--knowing!
Let us be sure to answer His call!
And try our best at the job...
...that God writes for us to do!
Let us take God only our leader...
...and our guide to the Truth!
The fake and Charlaton guides don't play fair!
Their playing field isn't smooth and level!
And they certainly play against us foul!
Let God only be our trustworthy leader!
Let us be surrounded by His everlasting light!
Let us not get tricked by Satan!
Let us not follow him - he is our open enemy!
Trying to lure us into the dark of night!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Sincere And Pure Love

The energy provided by sincere and pure love...
...is like that of rain shower falling after lightning and thunder;
Love electrifies my heart and soul!
The power is conducted through the eyes and ears!
With this spiritual power, divine presence within becomes manifest;
Erasing all my doubts about the unseen secrets!
The blindfolds on my eyes, plugs in my ears get removed!
Comprehension of pure words of wisdom becomes easy and unambiguous!
Clear revelation from hidden parchments for reading with heart's tongue!
Loud of the rhymes echoing awakens me from deep slumber!
So I come to know what love can do!
Still I have an urge to hear more and more!
Fulfillment of my increasing desire to hear more...
.. is my life's goal!
The more I hear the wisdom words...
...the more my urge to hear increases! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Celestial Adventure

Celestial Adventure

I am in peace and calm at a place...
...where music is being played!
Musical are the wings of my soul...
...with which I fly and glide!
The music takes me high up in the skies!
Music lifts my head up to touch...
...the moon at dark nights!
Music is coming from the numerous stars...
...sparkling and twinkling!
I am hearing the celestial music from eternity...
... with my heart's eyes and ears held open!
I've not any other thing in my mind...
...except the thought of returning to...
...the supreme lord of eternity!
I love this adventure through the day and night!
The gravitational pull of the world is too weak...
...to hold me hugged to its chest!
I am too much proud of my Love's stronger pull...
... that breaks me off from the world's pull!
It is not just my crazy fantasy!
This desire emanates from my mom genes!
I'll certainly get into that blessed state:
Where there is no pain, no sadness!
Where there is no loss or gain!
A state of breakeven point!
An ever-lasting life!
An ever-calming presence...
...of consciousness! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Know Thy Name

I ask myself to know thy name!
Life will smell fragrant like rose and Jasmine!
Come from outside into your inn!
Then, you can see your True- self...
... your ancient dream!
When you know your name...
...then, you must alone come out of your inn!
In the world outside...
...you will see your name inscribed...
...on every thorn and rose!
No other names save your own name!
It is not your physical body that has got the name!
Will it respond on your death...
...to your shouts...
...when you call it by your name?
It is your true self that has got your name!
It is - The true hearer! The true seer! and the True speaker indeed! ! !
Hu is its True Name!

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

I'm From The Eternal Truth

On the wings of my soul I fly!
Not knowing, not understanding, where!
That I am flying to my Eternal home!
Innocent! Young! Just born!
My whole life before me!
I am never old!
Unworn Out! Undoctored!
Calm and cool!
What, why, how?
Because I'm from the Eternal...
...I live in Eternity!
Good enough - beyond measure - inside!
Not like anything!
Not unlike anything!
I am from the Eternal Truth!
I am the hidden thing!
I am opening!
I've been always as I am
I show myself (my essence) ...
...across and thru everything!
It is impossible to explain...
...my True self!
I am in boundless presence! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Weaver Bird

Haiku

Weaver bird pecking
Sanctuary for nestling
Rainfall expecting

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Eternity Is The Truth

I am not born of darkness, I am born of light!

I am not lost in wilderness!

My eternal home is in sight!

I sing and dance, finding the Truth with me!

Echoing vibrantly, in big ways...

...reminding me the memory of the Eternity!

Replacing every miserable moment with ecstasy and thoughts divinely!

With a feeling of pre-ecstasy for finding immutable presence with divine!

There's holy water of al-Kawthar - the fathomless ocean - in my heart!

My True self!

Therein I shall find...

...the 'Undiscovered spring of life'!

Once realised, I will know my Self to be limitless!

The Eternity - is the Truth that exists in me!

For a person of knowledge of oneness, No limits!

He must never ever feel...

ashamed of being in a small frame! ! !

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

Dear Child Of God

Stand up you
motionless
Calm and still
Before your lord
Looking at you
Dear child of God!

Standing still
With eyes' ears
Hearing calmly
Melodious music
Dear child of God!

From deep sleep
The echoing tunes
Will wakeup you
To hear His word
Dear child of God!

And from darkness
Come out to light
See in the mirror
Just your self
Dear child of God!

If you cannot see
Your True self
It's your fault
Apply kohl
To your eyes
Dear child of God!

In the mirror of heart
Then you'll see
Your True self
This is His promise
Dear child of God!

On the Day of Alast



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From you He took
A promise to know
Your Lord - your essence
Am I not your lord?
Dear child of God!

He reminds you constantly
Your covenant with Him
'I'll love you! I'll live in you!
I'll not live without you! '
Dear child of God

He wishes you
To come back
To Him running
To live in Him
Dear child of God

He is your father
Waiting for you
At His Eternal Home
Holding a bouquet
Dear child of God.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Awaken Your Soul

Control your nafs and surrender to your lord!
Rise up from the deep sleep, and awaken your soul!
I promise you will see the divine crescent again!
For you will get enlightenment after darkness;
And breathe in the unending liberation out of cage;
Let the bird of your soul freely soar in high skies;
Let its sentence of incarceration in earth now finish;
Come and join the celebration of Adam and Eve!
Cause they meet each other after their Exodus;
When you know your True Self, the mystics call it...
...the Meeting of Adam and Eve after long separation.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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I'm In A Mess

I'm not an infallible angel or a man;
For that matter, no one has ever been!
I'm human being - to err is human!
And I'm more often than not in a mess;
Good inside, though, not so fine outside I am!
I'm in a mess - none the less...
... I'm trying to come out of mess;
I've made many mistakes - I don't boast of being righteous always;
I say too much about love, peace, and joy;
But, many a time I push against the wall...
...the ones who love me!
Every next hour,
I resolve to be sober and amicable with all;
When I come to repent for my follies and harsh response...
...I try to hold so much inside, and forget and forgive...
...even those who have offended me;
Drowning my emotions and betraying patience and forbearance!
Until I am victorious over my Satan inside;
I'm speaking my own truth, bitter truth...
...I am not ashamed of it!
I fear not my Satan any more, he has submitted to me!
So, inshaallah, I will not hurt any one of you;
But, inevitably, if you hurt me tomorrow...
...I won't tell you that 'I am hurt';
That is all I can do!
Without being hurtful, I will always speak out my own heart;
Cause I seek help from God with patience and salaah;
I can now tell you any needs, and my secrets!
Hoping you will not be feeling lack;
And I've many things precious to give to you;
I'm not angry with you, and I'm not hurt!
No - I can't ever be hurt even if...
...you would dish the dirt, and spit venom!
I pray, you too make your Satan submit to you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

That Really I Am

Looked for, Loved for,
That hidden thing,
That is manifest from all things;
Who is that beautiful?
That is smiling in small and big things;
That tells me in whispered speech:
I am beautiful! I love beauty!
Where lies the One thing,
That really I am?
Where stays the One thing,
That is I but I never see?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Great Name

The great name worth listening!
So deeply melodious and
sweet!
Highly resonating in me!
And this smoothly soothes my rough brain!
And this gets me out of darkness to light!
And enlightens my dark mind...
...in its flashes of light!
So blinding bright that I see nothing other...
...than his radiant countenance divine smiling!
What a spectacular sight!
But, it is he who let's me see
the sight!
O not I, it is he seeing his own sight!
None else can hold in eyes his divinely form!
At the most, I can remember him in whispered prayer! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

It Is No Sin To Dream

I don't normally dream,
But there has been a feeling hanging onto me;
It feels heavy like a weight on my heart like...
...world could finish any moment, but it can't;
I feel like earth is going to stop instead of moving around;
I think it has come now of age...
...with the overwhelming realization that everything will come to perish;
No one can escape this reality!
Everyone must realise that a dooms day like is right at hand;
Well, after total annihilation, a new world will be raised;
A perfect world, everything will be in order!
Peace! Tranquility! Love! Silence! - A New World Order!
It is like day dreaming, it can never be fulfilled!
It is like aspiring for something beyond
Something we will never get - a utopia!
We will never get any perfection that we need!
Nothing in the world can change, until the doomsday!
But, I can't help but dream of a New World Order!
The dream I am talking about is not quite a new dream!
All sages, saints, philosophers, and Prophet's of yore...
...had the same vision, the same dream of perfection!
I am not talking of material welfare, or maximisation of the wealth of nations!
But, something much greater, so great I cannot describe it!
Nothing can describe it!
That's exactly what it is to dream for...
...peace, tranquility, love, silence, and joy!
it's a big thing! So far man has never achieved it!
But, I will never get tired of dreaming this green dream;
It is no sin to dream!
Dream! Dream! Dream!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Crazy Supplication

Open my heart's eyes you would if,
I could see then you;
Open my heart's ears you would if,
I could hear then you;
Make my eyes feet you would if,
i could walk then to you;
Speak on my tongue you would if,
I would be a speaker true ;
Fix your arms to me you would if,
I could then hug you;
A physical body you had if,
I could with my head's eyes see you;
Make my heart a lute you would if,
I would create melodies true;
Set my brain afire you would if,
I would not think of other than you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Satan Our Open Foe

In disguise of a friend...

...Satan tells in my ear in a seductive voice:

It was you and I hand in hand in that world;

Healed we were as we held each other very tight;

Although we were in the battles of life...

...we were happy even in the midst of strife;

But then a disturbing strategy of God unveiled...

...and embitterment between you and I was created;

Our flag of love ere flew free and unfurled...

...on the top of the highest mast;

In the garden where we lived together...

...until I got cursed out from there...

...for not prostrating to you, o Adam!

I accepted God's wrath on me...

...but stubbornly refused to accept your authority over me;

To accept you as my master, and I your servant;

How would I accept you superior to me...

...in the matter of knowing the truth of oneness?

I took the challenge and faced all the odds to stay...

...side by side with you!

I won't allow anyone else to be your Imam in my stead;

I'll be their enemy open...

...who come to instigate you to fight against me;

They make you stand against I and I against you;

No longer do they bear the partnership of two!

I was about to be beguiled by the cunning Satan;

Suddenly, from the heaven, I heard the voice divine:

'O you who believe come all of you into submission...

...and follow not the steps of Satan; he is a manifest foe to you! '

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

When I Met That Old Mystic

1.

WHAT was he doing, the great Old Man...
...down in the grove of reeds by the lake?
Spreading melodies, scattering, and splashing...
...the musical waves in the atmosphere!
But breaking not the golden silence of the lake.

II.

He tore out a reed, and made a flute for me...
...from the deep cool thick grove of the reed;
I held the flute in my hands and started playing...
...my sweet Song of Love,

III.

I cut it short, as the Great God responded;
(He started playing at His own long lute the Song of Love!)
Then, I drew nearer to the flutist unseen...
...in the heart listening to the melodious tunes;
Steadily, from the outside ring, I got inside and immersed in infinity.

IV.

This is the way, laughed the Great God,
(Laughed while I was sitting by Him in my heart!)
The only way, since the Time began...
...I've been making the sweet music...
...so that you could recollect the First day:
How I blew into you of my spirit...
...when I created you by my power.

V.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Divine Voice!
Echoing sweetly in my mind, heart, and soul!
Binding me sweetly to the tall Divine Pole! O Great Divine Voice!
The sun on the horizon will now keep shining on me!
The white lilies and lotuses will revive and bloom!
The migratory water birds that had flown away...
...to farthest regions will fly back, and sing sweet.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Said To My Love At Last

My past! all dead, blind, deaf, and mute!
And yet it seems alive...
...trying to rise from dead!
Causing tremors in my heart!
The strings of my lute are quivering!
I drop down on my knees...
...to my frightening past, imploring!
Please, don't come in my sight!
Please don't spoil my present!
This said, I wished my past to go out of my sight!
Once, as a friend: now my cold enemy in winter!
Sending chills down my spine!
I am fixed now with my friend in spring!
To come and touch my head with musical winds!
A divine thing!
I've been aspiring for him since my remote past!
I longed for this friend divine impatiently for a long time!
This my friend! ... the sun's light and celestial music!
Dear, I love thee; and I sink in your musical tunes, and awesome light!
God's presence lighted on my present!
This done, He said: my dear!
I have been shining on you in past as well!
But you were sitting cross legged with eyes closed!
I am thine! You are mine!
And so I woke up, and opened my eyes...
...with my heart beating too fast!
And thus, O Love, your musical touch and sweet words have unveiled to me...
Your face! My True essence!
This is what I dared to say...
...to my Love at last!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Lessons On The Unity

I started as a drop of sperm intermingled!
I was endowed with the powers of hearing and seeing!
That made me dive and swim in the ocean of love!
Then a word descended on me that made my story of love!
Since that time that speech divine is echoing in me!
But, some time I miss the speech due to my negligence!
Not because it had stopped, or that I was cursed!
But it is an unbearable torture to me...
...when I miss the speech!
With the re-presence and hearing of the speech...
...I am delighted!
The speech becomes more melodious and sweet!
As I go through this speech...
...I get clear lessons on the Unity being! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Looking In Heart's Mirror

Look straight in your heart's mirror!
You will not see your reflection there!
You will see your reality - your True Self!
But you can't...
...unless you slide off the curtains!
How we came to be diverse from each other?
Is it we became different outside?
Is it because of following the evil nafs?
Or, is this the life we choose to live?
Or is this the life we were taught to live?
Or is this the life we were meant to live?
What is this inner self that we see in the mirror?
Is it our basic nature on which we were born?
How should we live such that our self...
...is the same as is our True self?
Or, are we destined to be different?
One group for hell and another for paradise!
Or, we write our destiny here?
Why this battle between the evil nafs and the good nafs?
These are the questions of an innocent inquisitive mind...
...to peep through the lenses and see the reality of life?
When we become mature enough to apprehend...
...the paradox of Absolute Unity...
...all such questions will be erased from our mind! ! !

MyKoul

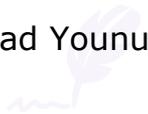
Mohammad Younus

Time Stream

Move along the current of the time stream!
It does not stop anywhere for anyone!
Time and tide wait for none!
Like an endless flowing stream...
...it keeps moving on!
Don't be stupid to swim in it...
...against the current!
Such a swimming will shatter...
...your power and morale to live!
Like a piece of iron...
...you will sink down!
And will carry with you only...
...sorrow and regrets!
No one ever can or could change...
...the course of this stream of time! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Dancing Like A Whirling Dervish

Do not dress like for a funeral...
...thinking that you hve grown old!
You must always look so innocent and sweet...
...and must ignore your growing age!
Even being a grandfather now...
...I have the emotions of a newborn babe!
A man becomes young again...
...when he feels to live his life head on!
That is when the light divine shines in his eyes...
...and the sweet music sounds in his ears!
It is when you can see him hanging off...
...his old and worn off clothes!
And find him embarking on...
...the long but stupendous journey of life divine!
He goes on walking on love's path...
...and he never grows old!
A bearer of Love's torch in his hand...
...his feeling of being young must never die!
He is always a young man...
...and the sun never sets over his grave!
He goes on walking along the circular road!
A whirling dervish! Circumambulating!
Physically active but in total meditation! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Auspicious Dream

I love walking inspite the most striking horrors...
...through the auspicious dream of life;
I know Satan stays somewhere quietly and secretly...
...thinking that nobody will notice him in ambush;
I know he is planning to do something worse...
...to see me dishonoured and dethroned from the caliph's chair.

I consider this dream of being the Caliph divine a blessing;
And of all the nebulous roads that I could traverse...
...I choose the most straight and the shortest road...
...which will lead me to bliss divine;
I see no possible terror or fear that could impede my walking ahead;
And I find all the diabolic gog and magog sleeping...
...while I walk along the way divine

In this mystical dream, the spirit divine leads...
...beyond the precincts of the skies and the earth;
The black venomous serpents and vipers do not creep to give a fatal sting;
So I'll walk on and on till I know the hidden secret of my life...
...and cross through the infinite billows of boiling river of life.
With open eyes, I will sight the great infinity, inshaallah!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Divine In My Eyes

Divine, in my eyes, is the morning smile...
...assuring and reassuring me that life is filled with love and glory!

Divine, in my eyes, is the cool musky fragrant breeze...
...sweeping over me with a gentle shahtoosh touch!
Coming running from the forest divine...
...as we journey through time!

Divine, in my eyes, is a kiss on the forehead...
...that opens my eye divine...
...and tells me after loveful embrace...
...'I love you, you are my beloved'!

Divine, in my eyes, is when I hear soul's sweet music!
Intertwining me with my True Self!
Feeling absolute oneness, under the sun, moon and stars divine!

Divine, in my eyes, is peaceful face divine smiling on me...
...while I am in sleep, while I am awake!
The company I cherish!
Always and forever I shall look at its shine! ! !

Divine, in my eyes, is this life that is born...
...from the spirit divine!
Though my flower of life has weathered the storms...
...yet, this life is eternal!

Divine, in my eyes, are the small and big moments...
...of grief and joy in between!
The love, the laughter, the tears and all that the life means!

Divine, in my eyes, is you and I, staring at each other...
...until I come to realise, 'I am not separate from divine! ! !'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Whispered Promise

Nothing happens, nothing you see, when you're in an eclipse!
Wait the day's sunlight will certainly wipe off every shred of darkness!
A dark night will lit up with a whispered promise from Lord...
...that the sun will rise at dawn!
And whispers, 'all I want is that you feel me constantly...
...in your heart and soul, in your eyes and ears, under your nose, and on your
skin like the sun!
My golden light will make living your phantom buildings!

Then, I see my true photo under the sunlight in my mirror!
It is Exquisitely beautiful!
But, I have no one to show it to!
He stands with me when I look in the mirror - in divine serenity!
I try to get into the mirrors and hug...
...my picture, and hold it in my arms!
But, the mirror holds me back outside!
It is the only curtain standing...
...though transparent - between Him and me!
And it tells me, 'my child, if you wish to know your True Self...
...do not shine your light of eyes on other, but yourself! ! ! ' .om

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Divine Epiphany

How can you know that Divine epiphany helps...
...the altruistic child inside feel much impatient...
...to actually come out to give the healing touch...
...to the aching and crying soul!
All of his songs are so meaningful as he has learnt...
...these songs on the first day when he was born of the eternity!
Tonight - he came singing to me near my heart's ear!
To inspire me with poems in praise of my lord of eternity!
I fear not of losing anything but my evil nafs!
Which has been with me since a long time - an enemy in disguise!
Cool Moon of Love and Peace appears now in my sky!
To show me his love and shower his peace!
I am becoming like a Mother- an epitome of love and empathy!
For everyone - even my haters, as I see the same True Self in them!
Awake, everyone awake, love yourself and love every self...
...for we all are from the same source divine!
Let us wake up and believe in our one True Self!
Then we shall come out of the Abyss of darkness...
...-we and all the people!
Who are struggling to get out of this predicament!
He keeps delivering to us Invincible knowledge and wisdom...
...every now and then, and wants to keep us with Him...
...through his soulful voice, and blissful light! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Our Earth Is Not A Place To Live Now

How would I say azaan to my unborn child...

...the first words to be told him...

...after getting the first slap in the world...

...when lynching mobs are waiting for him to welcome him...

...with the blood dripping swords and firearms?

He was safe and secure inside!

Pure, peaceful, and calm!

Still known to the eternity, with the eternity, and in the eternity!

Coming out of my flesh, he will but of sure see...

...the sun showering the dark light of pathos and chaos!

He will see in the sky bereaved stars shedding tears...

...from their twinkling eyes!

He will see on the sky blood moon...

...dyed and drenched in the blood of humankind!

How can I welcome the unborn child on my earth?

Why should he be another person to swallow...

...like us the darkness of this crying earth?

I am scratching my face to see him coming here! ! !

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

I Like Sense

I like sense!
It wakes up my wisdom!
A necessary ingredient for enlightenment!
That gives me light..
...to look at the distant and hidden secrets!
It helps me see at the truth...
...through the right end of the telescope...
...fitted in my brain neurons!
And helps me see through...
...the absurdities of mundane life!
And have a good laugh! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am In The Eternity

It's hard to be pessimistic...

...when I wake up in the morning...

...to the feeling that everything is blooming, shining, singing, and hymning!

And I'm reminded of the way it was like...

...in the paradise I had lost...

...with no self-pity and a head full of ecstasies!

I listen to the singing birds in bushes and on boughs...

...and everything feels so cool and green!

And I feel like Adam forgiven by Lord...

...after he committed the big wrong!

Just a

memory of the past, reviving and reminding me...

...of the Voices of horis...

...telling me: ' we have been created to sing for you'

I look out from the window God has fitted in my heart...

...and I remember the time of eternity!

I walk past the house of God and the lights are on!

So I write a poem to Him entreating to allow me come back;

I'm sure He must be reading my poem...

...because His beauties are throwing smile at me!

I swear it is not a psychedelic dream, a psychedelic scene!

Wherever I turn to I see His face!

Glimmering on every side...

...and sending out fragrance on every breeze!

He promises me the sunshine, rain, moonlight, and eternal snowing of love;

Vow! All the living angels prostate to me!

Life feels like a green dream, with no sense of mortality!

Thinking of the perfect thing to say...

...I am in the eternity

Life flows

onwards like a river in circulation! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Life Paradox

Life is not cut off from the tree of eternity!
Don't be under delusion!
Life is never born and it never dies!
No question of rising from the dead!
No question of coming and going!
Life is the whole time!
Life never gets older or newer!
Life has no beginning or ending!
No welcome or farewell for life!
Life knows not within or without!
Life is beyond space and time!
Behold Life goes nowhere!
Behold Life comes from nowhere!
Behold Life is the eternity!
Behold Life dwells in Infinity!
Behold Life is a fathomless ocean!
Behold Life is not a drop of water...
...separated from the vast eternity!
Behold Life is not like an icicle...
...that melts and becomes water!
Behold Life knows neither dawn nor dusk!
Behold Life is but behind four curtains...
...First, Last, Manifest, and Hidden! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Healing Music

Let's keep all the music divine close by our heart!
Let's see how our heart translates the melodies divine into words!
That would of sure reveal us wonders about the secrets divine!
The words of wisdom divine would spread...
...the snow-white carpet of light over our soul!
Indeed solace comes with a healing musical touch divine!
From our lord - the everlasting oasis of mercy in our desert!
Divine thoughts fly above the worldly ideologies...
...and reveal us the supreme knowledge for teaching humanity!
As a result, the cool chinars of love, peace, and tranquility...
...take their roots very deep in our soul;
Let's then bid farewell to the ideologies of unpeace, hatred, and violence
Let's then Music divine inhale such that our hearts beat in rhythm! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Gabriel Will Lead

Our perfect Will and Love can lead us...
...on our Lord's way!
But wherever we end up...
...in our travel on this way...
...the lord's word is what we must keep...
...listening to and following all the way!
Our salvation lies in complete submission...
...and commitment to our lord!
We must be attentive to what is revealed...
...for us by our lord!
We must share with patience and love...
...the knowledge and wisdom...
...that we gain all the way!
We need to share...
...our experiences and triumphs over our evil nafs...
...with other seekers of truth and lovers of lord!
Yet pay no mind to Satan's beguiling call!
There will be scoffers and criticizers...
...who will confront you on the way!
Pay no mind to these!
They have chosen error for the true word of lord!
We must rather follow the righteous...
...and adopt their way...
...in order to be the sole inheritors of the Kingdom of God!
If we learn to pay attention and closely listen...
...the holy word of God...
...Gabriel will himself lead us on the way! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Temporal Joys

The snow flakes!
On our feverish cheeks!
Give us no indication!
That soon they will die! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Dig The Well Tirelessly

Dig your well of Zamzam inside you
Relentlessly to find...

...the fresh, sweet, divine water!

This well is but covered by your crest!

Remove the crest upon your Well of Zamzam -

...your ignorance, your illusion, your delusion, your dualism, your superstitions,
your ego, your satanic thoughts!

If you desire to drink from your Zamzam-well...

...the water of knowledge, wisdom, and life!

This divine water of Zamzam will give you awareness and enlightenment!

You will have to remove the crest!

And reach deep into the well!

Dig the well tirelessly! ! ! ~

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mother Tells Me

The shining sun!

I rejoice for its shower of love!

The melodious music!

I hear it in rains, in clouds, in sunlight, in moonlight, in dark nights!

The light-rivers of laughing stars shower...

...on my soul and heart!

The mother in me whispers...

...you are my immortal son!

Though the umbilical chord is broken off...

...you are still in me! I am still in you! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am The God-Spirit

I am the God-spirit!
God knows it all!
I am not wrong!
In the God-house...
...I am in a God-made bone-frame!
Rolled down from the heaven!
In the world! God sent me down!
God-spirit!
I am often on my knees in wonder!
Why did I forsake my divine home...
...where I lived In the evergreen garden!
Cause came near the forbidden tree;
Saw juicy fruit on the tree;
My mouth watered!
Hunger God-given!
I took the forbidden fruit!
God was angry with me...
...for going against Him!
I exercised my free will!
The fruit had unspiritual effect!
I was humbled!
I repented for my wrong!
I bowed to my God!
Entered into a covenant with my God!
I will live in peace in the world...
...abiding His command;
I will not take Satan as my master;
So I sit under the shade of His blessed tree;
God-spirit, hearing the divine music!
I am breathing God-word!
I inhale and exhale only God's name!
I sing to the God-high His glory!
Deep in the music, I got convinced...
I am the God-spirit.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Kingdom Of God

Where is Kingdom of God?

It's everywhere we stand!

It's everywhere we sit!

It's everywhere we work!

It's everywhere we play!

It's everywhere we sing!

It's everywhere we dance!

It's everywhere we love!

It's everywhere we feel peace!

Welcome to Kingdom of God!

It is everywhere we kill!

It is everywhere we hate!

It is everywhere we oppress!

It is everywhere we enslave!

What does that mean?

It means God is everywhere!

It means God is in every atom!

It means God lifts His voice...

...in every song!

It means God is playing...

...at every flute!

So our hearts do not sing...

...their own song!

Welcome to Kingdom of God!

This beloved kingdom is in my heart!

This beloved kingdom is out of my heart!

This is everywhere we honour...

...the children of God!

This is everywhere we dishonour...

...the children of God!

This is everywhere we are strong...

...in faith and love!

This is everywhere we are weak...

...in faith and love!

This is everywhere we laugh...

...jubilantly!

This is everywhere we shed tears...

...in melancholy!

This is everywhere we make...

...our brothers weep!
This is everywhere we make...
...our brothers smile!
Welcome to Kingdom of God!
In certain words like these...
...I express the unity of God!
And praise Him for the free gifts...
...we are always sure of: -
sunrise, sunset, moonlight...
...dark night, twinkling stars!
Water, air, fire, earth, and spirit!
Welcome to Kingdom of God!
Now tell me who is other than God!
Now tell me where is other than God!
Indeed! indeed! you cannot tell me...
...that there is any other lord! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Self Love

I love the growing peace in my heart!
I love the weight of love on my head!
I love the ecstasy in my soul!
I love the knowledge I acquire!
I love the wisdom words I hear!
I love the awareness about my true self!
I love the activity after enlightenment!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Rise From The Dead

Haiku

Fall but rise again
Autumn whispers to the leaves
Yes! Life after death

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Musical Season

Haiku

Autumn is Awesome!
Rustling music through red leaves!
Musical season!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



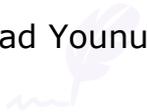
PoemHunter.com

Mundane Life

Beads connected through invisible thread!
No one is able to perceive the invisible thread!
Tis like musical tunes of a sounding lute!
Existing, heard, felt, yet nothing has been seen!
Spiritual life - as by sages it is seen - gives love and peace!
The true lovers find solace and comfort within their hearts!
No one, busy with mundane life affairs ever are aware of!
The peace, tranquility, love, and harmony, the spirituals have!
Cause they all are gheraoed by disturbing problems!
Although they pretend to be craving for spirituality...
...with mundane worries for them it is impossible to achieve!
For mundane life is the significant variable in non spirituality!
Fun events, sports, and amusement for them is the reality!
They do not know that the true life is in...
...the Abode of Spirituality!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Feeling Divinely Energy

I have been beginning to feel divinely energy;
Since the time your speech has been with me;
It seems as though the music like liquid flow is gushing out of me;
Fortunately, the musical streams do not divert away from me;
For I do not know a single truth except that ' I am the Truth';
I am not so dishonest to conceal the truth - never I can be;
I don't recognise any other voice that can detach me;
Because I never have any intention to stay back and forget you;
Your melodies take me back on their wings...
...in the highest garden of eternity;
These melodies I have not to search somewhere outside me;
These, in truth, are my secrets - as my essence, these exist in me;
The more I continue listening these...
...the more I forget my assumed identity;
I am awaiting the day when I no longer assume...
...that you exist separate from me;
I only aspire in my heart to forget totally...
...the separate existence - the duality;
Just waiting to forget my separate existence!
...so that I can know the Absolute Unity.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Gratitude

Gratitude in fact a poor man's¹ virtue is;
A rich man's¹ sick soul it can't afford;
Bankrupt he is of all spiritual values;
Only after burping, he says:
'Thanks be to the Lord.'

MyKoul

1. Rich man and poor man are used here in the esoteric sense.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Life's Mystery

In the boundless space...

...no limit to number of stars we see;

And so many suns glow and shine there;

There is no reason to believe as such...

...our earth is the only one where the humans live;

In the countless constellations in the space...

...unknown worlds full with life may be...

...with each only one Command to bless or blast;

And steer to destiny as per the Divine Plan.

Just think! Only one God is in full command,

To guide each vital system in the universe...

...with over all authority to boss the show!

A Deity supreme! the sustainer of all the worlds!

Such magnitudes of Providence beyond my mind!

From cosmic space I see it in full swings!

So ultimately glad to find that there is only one Truth...

...forming the essence of all the little and big things.

For look! Within my eyes a tiny pupil visualises so vast space;

While I am a person with limited power to see...

...I hold a little grain of pupil in my eyes to see!

And wonder what is there and where who sees!

Lo! It is not me but the divine who through my eyes sees;

I have no brain to understand and comprehend...

...what the Life's mystery might be;

But, He whispers in my heart, I am your Life's mystery!

There exists nothing apart from Me! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Home Of Eternity

It was an infinite time ago!
I have almost forgotten my home!
But it was there then in front of my creator!
My home was in the garden of eternity!
Exquisitely lightful and adorned with jewels!
No barrier between me and my lord!
And then the wall rose, slowly and slowly...
...between me and my eternal home!
Cause I pooh poohed my Lord's command;
I came near to the forbidden tree of my accord;
I was told to leave the garden of God...
...and I lost my beautiful home!
There I stood in divine presence all the time.

No longer the sound and light of the garden!
Only the thick wall of time between me and my home!
When and how shall I get back to my home?
I have a strong urge to break through the wall!
And find My home in the garden of eternity!
Help me, my Lord, to shatter this remoteness!
Help me by giving the wings of sound and light!
I long to fly back to your presence!
I long to be in My home and abide there!
I long to live in the radiating lights of your face!
And be a whirling dervish circumambulating You...
...in my House! No! No! Your Home!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Inner Self

Let's take our inner self for a walk;
Show it the fresh morning and bright sunshine;
Let's make it relish the melodious music of the mountain brook;
And let it watch the morning singing birds;
Hymning the praise of Great God;
Let's show it the spring emitting the fragrance in the willow groves;
O! then let's take it down to the fathomless sea;
Where the brooks in the end go;
I know it is in need of music that would flow...
...with melody, sweet, deep, clear, and liquid-slow;
Oh, the healing tunes, high and low, of the divine song...
...give life to the dead tired;
Let's make our self hear the music of the waterfall;
That falls from the heaven on our head;
There is a magic made by melody of the waterfall:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool heart!
That finds stillness in the the roaring sea!

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Scale Of Justice

Going! One day going!
To some unknown place! God knowing!
All I am behind one day leaving!
They too will go, where I am going!
Another life I shall be taking!
Life is in flow circulating!
Useless are the plans I am making...
To get out of this circular flow!
This movement I can never stop!
Through sleep and wakefulness...
Through darkness and daylight...
I will go on the circular path moving!
I am conscious of my real being!
I know the truth of life!
I have come to know its secret!

To gain is to lose, to lose is to gain, and:
To live is to die, to die is to live!
These parables I hear from Gnostics!
I cannot say, but only this thing:
The life and death are just an illusion!
Life is eternal, it has no ending!
Through this thing called life...
...I am through Hell and paradise travelling!
I abide least with those who believe...
...in the passing to be like a dead rotten bone!
Life is going! ! Life is going! ! !

I am awaiting for my next life!
I look at the scale of justice!
I tremble with fear!
I cannot look away!
I look at the scale of justice!
In divine hand!
I see some whose measure is heavy;
They shall be successful;
And rewarded for good deeds;
On the day of justice!
I see some whose measure is light;

They are due to suffer for their misdeeds;
They disbelieved in the Day of justice!
The just God rewards the righteous!
The just God punishes the unrighteous!
They whose measure of good deeds is heavy...
...shall be granted a pleasant life!
They whose measure of good deeds is light...
...shall be given a woeful life!
Their abode shall be the abyss!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Holy Vision Of Unity

Love as profound as divine,
I am sure you would never find,
But only when your self is...
...as pure as newly fallen snow;
I Wish you could ever ever know...
...the extremes of His love for you;
That you are unaware about!
Exposing the secret is sinful indeed,
But, I want to shout it out loud!

At times I picture myself together...
...with Eve my mate in the lost paradise;
In my sweetest dreams that bring...
...the Garden of the eternity...
...verily close to me - in front of my eyes!
As real as it may have been!
Embracing with each other so tightly!
Though God had expressly forbidden me...
...to come near to that forbidden tree;
God had instead implicitly commanded me...
...to hold only Him close to me - exclusively;
I rather kissed Eve very much passionately...
...ignoring the breath of God that He had inspired...
...in me when He conceived of me lovingly!

Oh I am gonna losing my secrets now!
'Hold your hidden secret', He voices me suddenly;
With my heart pounding, I quiver at this voice;
But, then, He hugs me so affectionately...
...I feel warmth in my soul and I melt down...
...like an icicle on a hot summer day!
I realise that I am not a separate frozen entity!

I stand astounded, having seen that I have...
...the ocean of oneness in me!
I love the ocean more since the day...
...the divine Providence Kissed up on my eyes...
...and whispered in my ears the sweet song of eternity!
My Darling Unity! hold me so tight, and don't ever let me go!

I wish my state of realising the absolute unity continues!
And my dream doesn't end ever - a dream so vivid!
With you beside me manifesting from every atom!
I wish my holy vision of unity in diversity goes on and on!
Till The Eternity ceases to show up itself in duality or multiplicity.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My Lord! My Friend!

My Great God!

What offerings can I make to you?

I have nothing to offer you except myself;

But, that self is only granted by you;

Please accept my supplication, give me of Your Light;

Then only can I walk through the haunted vales of darkness;

And can protect myself from getting lost in wilderness;

I ask you for guidance to follow the Path leading to you;

I ask you for inspiring me of your knowledge true and wisdom...

...to help me verify the reality and truth of my True Self;

My evil nafs always distracts me...

...from doing good works and be righteous;

Please give me the criterion, to enable me...

...differentiate the pure from the impure.

My Great God!

I want you to proclaim on my tongue: I am The Truth!

I pray you to give me a heart certain of Your Absolute Unity;

I want You to illumine my mind...

...by Your Light-upon-Light;

Such that by the providential awareness...

...I can see Your Oneness;

Please bless me with the Spirit of holiness...

...that stays with me from now to my end;

I ask you for making me desire only your pleasure;

Please, bestow me with a soul at peace...

...with myself and with all your Creation;

And an understanding radiating with the flashes
of Your Sound and Light.

My Best Friend!

You only be My Khider on Your Way;

Show me the innermost spring flourishing with the
water of life...

...such that I know how The Eternity is apart from but the essence...

...of the ephemeral world of creation;

I have a childish desire to witness...

...the secret mystery of Your Being...

...in the blemishing beauty of Your creation;

Please, give me the strength to acquire the divine knowledge...
...so that I can be free from all ignorance and delusion;
Guided by Your divine intelligence, can one know but a little...
...of your intentions, Pure and Wise!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Fake Gurus

Fake and charlatan gurus without any right...

...claim to be the genuine scholars;

Making false claim that they only know...

...Molvi Rumi and Tabreze;

Nonsense and ludicrous sayings...

...they call the mystic secrets...

...they inherited from godfathers of old;

Blowing, talismans, and clay clods they trade;

Superstitious, Guru worshippers they beguile;

Sorcery and jugglery is their religion main.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divine Wonder

Lost in the labyrinth
of this ancient world!
Though this has come into existence after me!
Where was I before?
Let there I be!
I'm trying to imagine!
My life! when did you begin?
I imagine you never began!
There seems to me you've no beginning!
My life! when will you end?
There seems to me you've no ending!
Dead end clues!
What use is to imagine...
...about the beginning and the ending?
You were! You are! You will be!
My feelings green!
I am from God! I am with God! I'll be with God!
I'm evergreen - the autumn does not visit me!
The light from the divine...
...enacting as the light of my life!
My wonder! Divine wonder works!
That's nothing is there but God!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Ancient Covenant

The more ancient the covenant
—the more obliged we are to fulfill it;
But should some one remind us of this covenant;
We have absolutely forgotten the covenant;
As Allah reminds us in the Qur'an:
AND, INDEED, long ago did We (God) impose Our commandment on Adam,
but he forgot it;
And We found no firmness of purpose in him.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Sea Of Oneness

Close your eyes...
...and look for pearls in the sea;
Then alone could you hear the echoing voice...
...of the sea that envelopes you;
But, only a few could know...
...what the enveloping sea is;
Who will find a clue to the Enveloping Sea?
Close your eyes, ears, and tongue...
...to ignore all that you deem to be other;
Then alone could you know...
...the Sea of Oneness.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Am Not A Separate Entity

The ancient music in my heart...
...keeps me awake all the while;
It sounds in me through the night...
...even when I am under heavy winter quilts;
It opens the door of heaven to me...
...showing me into a magical world;
I get wonderstruck to see the new world...
...where everyone welcomes me with words...
peace! peace! peace!
Streams of honey, milk, water, and wine...
...flowing with musical ripples and waves.

'Good morning Lightful horis! '
'Good morning Youthful boys! '
'Happy to see you all welcoming me! '
I certainly am happy to come to your magical world...
...where death and dread are not found;
There is a shimmering divine presence everywhere!
Not even a little patch of earth is without...
...green grass, plants, and flowers;
All the singing beautiful birds are there...
...singing hymns to greet me in divine presence;
It dawns on me, no pun intended...
...that I belong to this living, singing world.

At dawn, the sun shines on my eyes...
...and I open my eyes to see to my sheer surprise:
I'm made up of all the stardust, the sunshine, and the moonlight!
I share every atom, molecule, particle of the universe!
I see my symbiotic relationship with all of life!
I am one with the brooks, streams, rivers...
...as they flow to the boundless ocean...
...creating melodious music;
I am one with the oceans, their waves, chasing each other...
...and beating upon the shores;
I feel the rhythm of life that has existed...
...from the very beginning of life;
I am one with creation, creation is one with me!
I am not a separate entity!

I believe in absolute one entity!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Mystery Of Life

Where does life begin?

Does it start in that beautiful question...

...that Lord asked the souls, not yet born? ¹

Is it forever captured in the perfect memory of the souls...

...that heard the Lord's address in the pre eternity? ²

Does life begin with the creation of man...

...when Lord declared to the assembly of angels:

I'm planning to make Adam...

...as my vicegerent on the earth? ³

Is life echoed in the eternal breath...

...that Lord breathed of His spirit into man? ⁴

Is it carried in the air that...

...we breathe in and breathe out?

Is it in the light that shines in us and the lord's universe?

Life begins with You, o my Lord! It's safe to believe;

Life is real, not ephemeral, this I know to be true;

Cause I feel I'm not dead while I understand...

...You're standing next to me.

MyKoul



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1. The Quran 7: 172

And ?remember? when your Lord brought forth from the loins of the children of Adam their descendants and had them testify regarding themselves. ?Allah asked, ? 'Am I not your Lord? ' They replied, 'Yes, You are! We testify.' ?He cautioned, ? 'Now you have no right to say on Judgment Day, 'We were not aware of this'.

2. Ibid

3. The Quran 2: 30

And [mention, O Mu?ammad], when your Lord said to the angels, 'Indeed, I will make upon the earth a successive authority.' They said, 'Will You place upon it one who causes corruption therein and sheds blood, while we exalt You with praise and declare Your perfection? ' He [Allah] said, 'Indeed, I know that which you do not know.'

4. The Quran 15: 29

When I form him perfect, and blow in him of My spirit, then you must fall down

before him in prostration.'

Mohammad Yunus

Music Language

If music were the only language here...
...the world would be a place of peace and love;
Who would like to leave this real world...
...and aspire to go to the unknown other world...
...where all the residents may not know each other?
I would only, volunteer to go there...
...if music were the only Language there.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Know Then Thyself

My job has always been to hold a mirror...
...up to my inner self;
I look in the mirror religiously;
I see an innocent child, pure and honest;
His innocent smile erases a lifetime of pain;
His smile is so powerful that it pulls me...
...in a wink of eye out of gloom...
...to peace and tranquility;
His smile makes me work...
...with strength of hope at day;
His smile gives me a sweet sleep...
...with green dreams at night;
The cruel life gives us...
...thousand reasons to cry and wail;
But, if you find the innocent child in you...
...you have million reasons to sing and dance!
The bright day is born after dark night!
The ecstasy is born after melancholy!
The awareness is born after ignorance!
The easiness is born after the uneasiness!
The fusion follows the confusion!
The beauty is defined by the ugliness!
The high tunes are complimented by the low tunes!
Tunes and voice as such achieve...
...harmony and symphony!
That is why the sage acts...
...with composure and comfort;
And imparts holistic education...
...to his pupils without words;
Only one who makes an attempt...
...to see in the mirror...
...can know his inner self;
Know then thyself.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Worldliness

Haiku

Inside the mirror
Smiling the innocent child
You cannot find me

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Learn To Be Generous

O Man

Once you have frozen
It is hard for the thirsty
To quench their thirst
Learn to be liquid always
And invite the thirsty
To come to you
For quenching their thirst.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Heavy Voice

Where does this voice come from?
What I hear through my eyes...
...from inside my head?
And I dont know who is playing at the lute?
But it seems my eyes never stop hearing...
...this musical voice of no end;
I lie awake listening to the innermost voice;
This magical voice cuts me off from...
...all external thoughts and dreams;

At first, I was confused and thought...
...if this voice comes from inside or outside;
By and by, I came to believe that this voice is me;
I have no inside and outside!
This voice sounds in all persons and places!
This is my true self! This is my essential self!

Sometimes, I feel intoxicated by this voice;
And sometimes, I feel awakened by this voice;
Sometimes, Satan whispers in my ears:
Is this your reality...
...or some very fascinating fantasy?
But this magical mysterious voice...
...touches my heart and soul;
I too start singing and dancing...
...to the rhythm of this divinely voice;
I go in a trance like a whirling dervish!

If I continue to hear this fascinating voice...
...where will I end up?
Oh voice inside my head coming through the eyes...
...tell me:
Am I you or you are me?
Oh tell me is this really my reality or an illusion?
Oh tell me are you something apart from me...
...or are you something that is calling me?
I still hear the pounding of my heart...
...as I hear the heavy voice:
I am you! You are me!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Kun Faya Kun

I died while I lived
I lived while I died
Now I am told
You have never died
You have never lived
Delusion! Delusion!
Neither you die
Nor you live
You are what you are
A command of Allah
Is the command...
...ever separate from...
...him who commands?
Remember He blew into you
What He blew of His spirit
When He commanded:
Be! And it was.
(Kun Faya Kun)

MyKoul

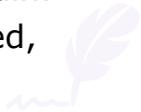


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Mohammad Younus

Within

War
Going on
From
Within!
Pandavas
And Kauravas
Fierce battle!
Billion deaths
As if Kurukshetra!
Combatants
Good and evil
Opposite forces
Within!
Great War
on a genetic level!
Predetermined
Neurons
In the brain!
Programed,
Inserted
Deep cover!
Shock troops.
Always
Ready for action
On time!
Fully integrated.
Unnoticeable!
Active on
More than
Light and sound speed!
Under the control
And command
Of the unseen!
Slowly and steadily
building
Shaping
The battlefield!
Controlling
The mind



PoemHunter.com

For continuous
And full-scale war!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Walking To My Home

Ghostly shadows chase me walking by;
No street lights! No human in sight!
Dim yellow moonlight!
Gloom of night enshrouding me...
...with pall of darkness!
The moon overhead creating...
...ghostly apparitions!
Appearing on my sides!
Walking ahead of me!
And trailing me from behind!
Strange crazy patterns of shadows!
Stealing my sleep as I walk over the snow;
Going to my home far away, with no stop!
But, sorry, I don't know the address!
Where to go in this winter night?
My heart throbbing, I walk down lonely...
...making roads over the snow;
I am trying to walk ahead to my home unknown;
This maddening state can in no way stop me;
The grim prescience of the horrors of the way...
...haunting me have not stopped me...
...from walking to my home to this day.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Walking This Road

Where shall I start;
Where shall I halt;
I am on the middle of road;
I don't know where it starts;
I don't know where it ends;
The road is straight...
...but infinitely long;
This road passes through...
...an uncharted space;
On this way I persistently walk;
If I crossed this road, it would be...
...an achievement of my lifetime goal;
Walking on this road will...
...enlighten my heart;
And surely will awaken me...
...from my dead sleep!
The walk on this road counts...
...far more than our sitting inert.

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

Don't Send Me Away

With new joy and excitement your friend pays a visit...
...to the orchestra arranged by you for your lovers;
As a stranger a guest comes to hear...
...the sweet music in your honoured presence!
In need of permission from your majesty...
...I am standing at your gate;
Don't send me away, please!
Oh don't send me away, please!
Don't ask how a guest comes without your prior permission;
Oh, there is no authority other than you!
My coming to your orchestra is with your will;
It is your custom, I know, to keep waiting your lovers...
...at the gates of your beneficent Providence;
And then after a great wait, give a warm welcome.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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When You Realise

When you realise...

...you are in Divine presence,
How can you not find peace and tranquility?

When you realise...

...that He loves you truly,
How can you not love all His children?

When you realise...

...that you live with His water of life truly,
How can you consider yourself independent of Him?

When you realise...

...that He is manifest in everything and everywhere,
How can you deny the oneness of His majesty?

When you realise...

...that He is nearer to you than your eyesight,
How can you not bow down to Him in all humility?

When on your tongue He makes the declaration:

I am the Truth! I am the Truth!

How can you attribute to any other person divinity?

Some people are just happy to think themselves apart from Him,

But there are His friends who contemplate Him by Him;

There is no other choice but to come out of the ignorance;

So let us realise our true self in order to know the Truth;

Then only can we be His grateful and graceful servants.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Book Of All Times

He would go into the cave on the Mount of light...
...to find answers to the questions and mysteries;
He looked into his heart in the silence of the cave...
...and began meditating and contemplating,
And the days passed!

Though no answers came in human words...
...he continued looking straight at the formless...
...believing He is before him;
And asked questions about mysteries again...
...without moving his tongue and lips,
And the days passed!

One day he heard a mysterious voice, calling:
'READ in the name of thy Sustainer...
...who has created...
...who created man out of a germ-cell!
Read - for thy Sustainer is the Most Bountiful One...
Who has taught [man] the use of the pen!
Who taught man what he did not know! '¹
Tears of his heart began to flow from his eyes!
And the tears went down like spring rain;
Because he could not read!
And then he looked up at the archangel Gabriel again;
And heard from him of the words of God!
And read what God wanted him to read!
He got answers to all the questions and the mysteries!
And the days passed!

This is the Quran that descended...
...on the heart of Muhammad...
...from Allah!
The book of guidance for the whole humankind!
The book of all times!
He came with this book as the final messenger...
...from the Timeless for those who long to be righteous;
He came as a mercy to all the worlds.

¹ ref. al-alaq - the 96th chapter of the Quran.

Mohammad Younus

I Glorify You

Praise be to You, O Allah,
You are the mighty one of strength!
Verily, I am here present, I have come!
I behold your face wherever I turn to!
I have passed through the world of darkness!
I have seen you that you are formless!
I have seen that no form does exist...
...without your power!
I praise You for scattering away from me...
...the gloom of ignorance and delusion!
I am Your servant, I am man - Your beloved one!
I have come into existence by Your command!
I have seen that nobody can see divine...
in any particular form!
I could not stab the heart of my Satan...
...that beguiles me!
But You make him submissive to me...
...when he tries to overpower me...
...as is his nature!
I have performed all the deeds just by Your will!
You have opened every way in heaven and in earth...
...that leads to Your home of peace and love!
I am Your humble servant who loves You!
You are my absolute master!
Who cares for me!
You have furnished me with all that I need!
I glorify You, O Allah, for your mercy!
You have made a path for me, O God,
...that will lead me to You!
And make me victorious in this life and the next life!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Divine Writ

THE DIVINE WRIT

O SAY:

HE IS PURE, WHO WAS PURIFIED BY THE WATER OF DIVINE WORD;

He IS PURIFIED, WHO WAS PURIFIED BY THE WATER OF DEEDS;

HE IS PURE, WHO WAS PURIFIED BY THE WATER OF Thoughts;

HE IS PURIFIED WHO IS PURIFIED BY THE WATER OF LOVE;

HE IS PURIFIED WHO IS PURIFIED BY THE WATER OF PEACE;

HE IS PURIFIED WHO IS PURIFIED BY THE WATER OF KNOWLEDGE;

HE IS PURIFIED WHO IS PURIFIED BY THE WATER OF WISDOM;

IT IS WHAT IS WRITTEN IN THE WELL PROTECTED BOOK;

THAT NONE BUT THE PURIFIED CAN TOUCH.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The True Seeker

True Seeker

IF YOU ARE A KNOWLEDGE SEEKER OF WORTH,
WHO SITS IN HIS MASTER'S SCHOOL;
CONCENTRATE WITH SILENCE ON EXCELLENCE...
...OF YOUR MASTER'S SPEECH;
YOUR SILENCE IS BETTER THAN SENSELESS CHATTER;
SPEAK ONLY WHEN YOUR MASTER ASKS YOU TO SPEAK;
IF YOU ARE A TRUE KNOWLEDGE SEEKER OF WORTH,
GAIN FROM THE KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM OF YOUR MASTER,
THROUGH INTELLECT OF YOUR HEART;
DON'T BE HAUGHTY BY THINKING, 'I KNOW THAT';
LEST YOU BE HUMBLD AND BE SHUNT OUT OF THE ASSEMBLY,
THOUGH YOU MIGHT BE PHYSICALLY PRESENT.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Al-Haq: The Truth.

The truth is
Not any person
Who begets
Or is begotten;
But, like the water of life:
It is the essence of everyone,
It is to be found everywhere;
The truth is formless:
Not to be found
In any particular form.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

You Are Beyond Imagination

In out-of-reach place of the heart...
...where my thoughts about you never cease...
...this lover has been quietly imagining you;
And waiting until you were ready to emerge...
...from the unseen;
For a long time I have been watching...
...your images that I am creating in my mind;
And I come to realise the emptiness growing inside me...
...noticing how you have willed not to be imagined...
...by any other;
Still I am unable to leave imagining you...
...in different beauties making the universe;
I feel you yourself playing with yourself all the games;
And whispering to me that you exist as oneness in diversity;
I hear the waves of your music rise and fall...
...speaking of your oneness...
...through all things created by you;
Thus, you fill me with great delight as you kindle...
...the lamp of oneness inside me;
You keep my heart's eyes always young...
...with your sweet music and spiritual light...
...and the spring of plenitude you open before me...
...thus, keeping your eternal promise to me.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Try To Be Happy

I saw myself in a mirror;
I saw myself thinking about...
...the wrinkles on my face;
Thinking about
All my successes and failures
All my challenges and opportunities
I looked at myself with a smile
My tears making a river flowing down
I tried to cheer myself up
And told to Me in the mirror
Do not give up.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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As Galib Says

I sat facing the Qibla for hours...
...but didn't see you;
Nor did I hear your speech in human language;
Then finally you made me hear your unspoken word;
Removed from delusion and sleep...
...I saw Oneness smiling at me from all the sides;
I was neither inside nor outside the clay frame;
I stopped to point at the unseen;
I looked deeper and found to my amazement...
...that two beings - the seer and the seen -
are actually one and the same;
That He is only seen by Himself!
Look deeper! The mystery calls and calls me:
When I seek him, I do not find him;
When I find him (oneness) , I leave seeking;
I know only one thing that he cannot be seen;
To me the witness of the Oneness
annihilates...
...the crazy desire to witness him;
As Galib says;
In reality the witnessing, the witnesser, and the witnessed...
...are one and the same;
Only Oneness! No Trinity!

MyKoul

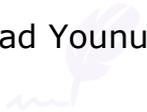
Mohammad Younus

Let All The Sorrow Vanish

Let all the strains of sorrow vanish in my song of love—
The love that makes the earth flow the melodious tunes...
...over the riotous and tumultuous heart,
The love that lets life free from the fear of death...
...listening to the ecstatic music from the source divine,
The love that sweeps in with the tempest...
...shaking and waking up...
...the sleeping life with divine smile,
The love that opens gently the petals of the lotus of heart,
On which the dancing drops of water of life...
...glitter with the sunshine,
And then those water crystals fall back...
...into the Ocean of Oneness,
The love that throws off every thought from the mind...
...that knows not the true word divine.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Merciful Divine Touch

This new life is a gift from You, my lord;
I opened my eyes in this world...
...after my past life in that paradise;
It is no way less beautiful and fantastic!
It is wrapped with Your Love!
Here you have given me full liberty...
...to exercise my free will;
And go near to any tree of my choice;
I am not told here: don't go nigh to that tree!
You have made this life full of possibilities for me...
...to come back to you - from where I have proceeded;
So I haven't decided to stay here, though...
...its fascinating beauty shamelessly captivates me;
I'll open the bonds with this enchanting world slowly;
Working on it during the day and night incessantly...
...so that my lord lifts me up from my lowest of low position;
And gives me the highest of high position in his presence...
...where He would touch my head with his merciful soft hand;
That merciful touch only can make a difference to my life! ! !
My lord is most beneficent, most merciful...
...I seek refuge with him for all times to come! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My True Master

Faqir Rajab, a true master of the Way!
He guided me to the truth in silence!
I won't say any extra words for him...
...or do some exaggeration or fabrication;
Even after passing away from this world...
...I stay in his company as a true student;
He never did hard meditation exercises;
He never read the mantras and hymns;
He never gave long lectures about...
...the intricacies of Fiqah or Mysticism;
He Just taught me to see man...
...as the super manifestation of God's powers...
...to be his hand in the world of his creativity;
I sat under his tutelage...
...but could not really become a good student;
I met him but did not really get...
...all his knowledge and wisdom;
He said to me not to take him as the divine...
...or an intercessor with the divine;
He said the truth is the sole essence...
...of me, him, and everything in the universe;
Faqir Rajab, a true master of the Way...
...taught me to read from the tablets of my heart...
...the book of knowledge and wisdom;
He said that man in reality is the Ummul-Kitab!
That is the Hidden Secret!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

God Of Love

My beloved God is always patient and forgiving;
He is waiting for me, to welcome me back;
He has been waiting for me ever since I lost my way;
He will wait for any length of time...
...until I came back on the straight tract;
He knows I am walking back...
...to his home from the first day;
On every breakaway, he is there to show me the right way...
...exactly like the father who is always ready...
...to welcome his prodigal son back to his home;
Because Love never says, 'This is the last time';
He will never let me go astray, he guides me to his way.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Hear Your Name

From within,
An inexplicable music...
...follows my breath;
I hear your name - a long unbreakable hu!
My heart opens its ears wide...
...to hear the name of the tall God...
...with grace in silent mode;
The resonating sound...
...of the great name envelopes me;
I get dissolved in the sound...
...and I come to believe;
The incoming strange sound is me;

Spotless in dark,
The divine music breeds there...
...something mysterious;
Displaying light upon light, to my delight;
I can't count the golden tunes...
...sounding in my black eyes...
...drowning me in the sea of Oneness;
A right step in a right moment!
I become a prisoner of my Love...
...with no desire to come out!
In this prison my new life - Unending - begins.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Prophet Of Love

Everyone needs the Prophet of love;
He is not for a particular race or creed;
He speaks in the language of love to one and all;
His sermon of love is for all the people...
...without any distinction or discrimination;
Every good heart Is the beloved's home!
Every lover, sober or drunk, is sought by the Beloved;
Every place is the beloved's home, whether tavern or a mosque!
Love is the gift of the beloved - Love is not earned;
So learn to give the gift of love to all around;
But, a heart cannot get this gift of love...
...if he has lust, anger, desire, greed and ego;
These thieves of nafs steal in broad day light...
...the spiritual energies, knowledge and wisdom;
The sincere and pure devotion to the beloved...
...builds strong bonds with the beloved!
And lights the flame of divine music inside the lover's heart...
...that leads him to the divine truth within.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Blind Belief

Ignorance is ugly
Is mother of delusion
To learn is beauty.

Faith before knowing
To believe what you haven't sought
Seek truth not blind faith.

Seek! yes, you will find
Seek the truth from cradle to grave
Don't lose when you find.

Seek pearls of knowledge
In the deep seas of scholars
Wealth of saints and sages.

Always a student
Ask Allah for increase in knowledge
The Useful Knowledge

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Enjoy Winter

Let's go to Gulmarg
Baba! Snow-viewing and skiing
Please do what I wish

Awake at night—
Waiting for dawn-light to break
See the Snow- mughals

Winter sun hiding—
Behind the heavy white clouds
The frozen silence.

Winter night shivers
The moon thinned to a sickle
Crickets are singing

Chilly cold winter day—
The dogs, monkeys, cows and crows
Need a woolen-coat

Winter solitude—
In a world of one color
The Sound of snow crows

Wintry cold wind blows—
Children playing a snow-fight
With swollen red hands

The housetops and hills
Wear a snow-white blanket
Bitter cold it is!

Snow blossoms on trees
To make the wreaths with a needle.
All this foolishness

Still alive the trout fish
In one frozen temple pond—
At Holy Matan¹

MyKoul

1. Matan: A Hindu Temple at Matan, Islamabad, Kashmir

Mohammad Younus

Come Winter Come

Come Winter come,
How long will it take you,
To break the bones of men,
To freeze the blood in temperature...
...minus zero in the Long Chilla,
Reminding how hard life is in Siberia.

Come Winter come,
How long will it take you,
To spread the thick glass sheets,
On the surface of lakes and rivers,
To allow the winter sports lovers,
To do skiing and skating,
On the frozen face of water bodies.

Come Winter come,
How long will it take you,
To rain silver flakes from the heaven,
To adorn the silvery blossoms,
On the dead branches of bushes and plants,
To herald the coming of Spring season.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Only You Are

My love for You is your love for you
I don't say you are inside me
I don't say You are outside me
I'm not You, You are me, only You are
The I within me is a deep mystery
No one can say I, except you
Anywhere I look it's filled with You
It is You looking through me
Where can I find myself
...if You're already inside me?
You are Beauty with all features and forms;
Beauty so deep that no eye can claim to see
Don't ask me about my true self
It is a secret between me and You
I walk, talk, see, hear, and think
So I say that I am, yet it is only You
You are the One who has taken me from myself
You reveal to some people the share of your secret,
And some people you keep deaf, dumb, and blind
The beautiful light of Your face is...
...the light of heavens and the earth
Love and peace are the paths to you, true
Without knowledge and Wisdom we cannot reach you

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Soul's Nourishment

The nourishment of body is rich healthy food;
The nourishment of soul is rich divinely music;
Love, empathy, peace and tranquility...
...with yourself and with all your fellow beings;
And even with the total environment.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hate Begets Hate

Don't hate!
Hate comes round to you;
As does love come round...
...to the person who loves;
I do feel it when someone...
...hates or loves me.
All is my doing.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Be With Your Lord

My mind is still set on living in delusion;
For long I have wished to pursue a road to the truth;
Every time when I do my audit and assessment...
...it turns out to me that I am still...
...out of the court of my Lord;
It turns out to me that I have not been as yet...
...able to untie the seal on my heart...
...and lift the veils off my eyes;
Roosters at dawn crow Allah huuuu...
...to wake me up from the deep slumber, but...
...I am still snoring in the bed like a bear in hibernation;
All living beings - humans, animals, birds, and insects...
...wake up and take up their chosen and assigned tasks;
Farmers go to their fields and farms...
...to till, water, and sow the seeds;
Mothers rise early to clean and broom their houses...
... make breakfast for their family...
...and prepare children for school;
The sun rays sneak into my bedroom and ask me:
Open the window, straighten your eyes and look out...
...how the sun rises shining the whole creation;
Pull off your wraps, do the ablution, and remember your lord;
Your lord is waiting for your prayer...
...neither slumber overtakes Him, nor sleep;
Put in order your heart - the house of your lord!
From dawn to dusk, and through the whole night...
...be with your lord!
All the time remember his name...
...chant his hymns, and constantly hear his word.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

An Evil Friend

An evil and wicked person is to be feared...
...just like one fears a poisonous snake;
A poisonous snake bites your body, an evil friend bites your soul.
Once some evil person becomes your friend...
...he, by and by, possesses your heart and mind!
He can get you to do anything bad that will be detrimental...
...to your life, to your family, and to your society;
The easiest way to convince yourself to give up...
...your association with an evil person...
...is to convince yourself after your own audit...
...that his ways and words are Satan's allurements pursue evil;
You must remind yourself of God's command:
'Did I not take a promise from you, o son of Adam...
...not to follow Satan - he is your open and avowed enemy!
Repent and seek forgiveness from your God!
Turn to him for guidance and refuge! If he gets pleased with you...
...He will take you in His protection.....and free your heart from the control of
the bad friends - the children of Satan!

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

One Beauty

Every hour while walking up the mountain, we see..

...exquisite and mysterious scenic beauty spread all around!

When we stand for a rest and look around...

- at some vintage point - we find.....the beautiful creation of our creator giving a beautiful smile!

Behind these multitude of varied beautiful things...

...we see Oneness telling us:

I am the One Beautiful in all beauties...

...that you are looking for!

You are but nobody!

There is nobody who can see my beauty...

...except I myself do see!

These are not your eyes that see my face!

These are not your ears that hear my word!

This is not your tongue that speaks in my praise!

Realise: It is me! It is me! It is me!

I am the beauty! I am the beautiful!

I am the lover of my own beauty!

Be blessed, o my lover...

...by my vision, by my hearing, by my speech.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Walk To The Place Of Your Dreams

Walk up the mountain where the temple of God stands;

Meditate there and look out at the world that you have left behind;

You will see the people smashing their heads against the rocks;

That are hard, cold, and have no mercy, compassion or empathy;

The water is the color of blood just because the blood of innocents runs into it;

You will see beyond the horizon, the red clouds moving over the screaming humankind;

Stare at the point where there is a barrier between two oceans;

Out of these two oceans come forth pearls, both great and small;

Focus on the place where the two eyes meet and become one;

And let your true mind ponder and go on its own journey;

Now your God will lead you to the place of your dreams;

Where all peace, calm, tranquility you would surely find.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Allah: Al-Ahad¹ And As-Samad²

You are both inside and outside!
You are both on upside and on downside!
You are both on front side and on back side!
You are both on the right side and on the left side!
You are everywhere, on all sides!
The limitless space cannot contain you!
The unbound time cannot bind you!
You are beyond space and beyond time!
When a person is taken ill, you are!
When a sick person feels better, you are!
When a person feels happy, you are!
The source and cause of his ecstasy, you are!
When a person is overcome by melancholy, you are!
He who makes him terribly shriek and scream, you are!
When a person is beset with bone breaking problems, you are!
He whom he approaches in his prayers for help, you are!
When we knock on a stranger's door, you are!
There to welcome us and redress our woes, you are!
When nobody is round to answer our supplications, you are!
He who loudly says: call upon me, I'll answer you, you are!
You are walking with every wayfarer who walks to you!
You are the way, the guide on the way, and the destination!
None can guide us to you - your knowledge and wisdom - except you!
He who is manifest from all the things that He has created, you are!
He who does not put up in any form, you are!
In this world of differentiation, everything glorifies your oneness!
The open proof of your sole and whole existence - your oneness - you are!
Sorry, the ignorant, unaware, and unenlightened persons wrongly claim...
...you are the one who is to be searched and discovered!
The one who gives his own evidence to Himself...
...through His creation, you are!
Inside the soul's great music, and pleasure, you are!
In the vicious circle of life and existence, you are!
The living, everlasting, and self sustaining, you are!
Nothing exists except you!
Who is then the servant and who is the master!
Some see you in duality!
Some see you in multiplicity!
Some see you as the absolute oneness!

Only you reveal your hidden secret to your friends!
He who speaks the truth on every tongue, you are!
You are the mystery that no one can unfold!

Eyes see, ears hear, hearts perceive your oneness!
You are sight, hearing, and perception!
How can anybody know your secret by himself!
Qalab, Qalib, Ruh: you are the reality of all the three!
It is absurd to ask for your sight though,
You are behind our asking, and behind our love!
You are The Wonder of Your Own Wonders!
How can we know you?

MyKoul

1. Allah is Al-Ahad. He is incomparable, unequalled, and indivisible. Al-Ahad is the One who was, is, and will ever remain alone.

2. Allah is As-Samad, He is the one whom refuge is sought in times of adversity. He is eternal and satisfies every need as it should be satisfied.

Mohammad Younus

God: Merciful And Just

Allah is the only wise advisor...
...and the best healer that we have;
Whenever you feel that everything is...
...going wrong against you...
...and that you're about to be annihilated...
...turn to Allah and ask for His advice and healing;
Your Allah will tell you that you're wrong...
...if you consider not that all your misfortunes...
...are the result of your misdoings;
That none can bring you out of calamity...
...or hard tribulations, except Allah;
That your diseases and wounds on your heart...
...can get healed only through his merciful touch;
Your Allah will tell you:
'I haven't forgotten you as yet! '
What weakens us is the bad feeling...
...that Allah has withdrawn His support from us...
...for our evil deeds, and for...
...the collective misdeeds of our
society;
Our belief in His mercy requires that
we turn to Him...
...for His help, healing and relief...
...correcting ourselves by
substituting good for evil;
Seeking forgiveness from those
whom we have offended us;
And forgiving those who have
harmed and caused distress to us;
Having done this, Allah will surely
forgive us;
Our God is most beneficent and
most merciful!
But let us keep this in mind...
...that our God does justice;
His mercy and His justice are not at cross with each other;
We must always hold on to the rope of Allah...
...and remain confident that He alone can...
...deliver us out of difficulty;

Be kind to your self and your fellow people;
Serve Allah through serving His children and other creation;
And then only expect of His infinite mercy upon you!
We have little time left in this world;
So we must do best farming...
...to reap the harvest in this world and the next;
I would say that it is of little use for us...
...to turn to Him for his mercy and forgiveness...
...when we have spent our life.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Life Struggle

Life is a continuous struggle;
Life is not fleeting - that is just an illusion,
For the source of life is living and everlasting,
And our life, though passing through trials and tribulations...
...still, like gushing mountain stream...
...is running on and on...
...like the sun on the circular path;
Funeral marches to the grave never stop...
...in the world's broad field of battle...
...between death and life;
Be not like dumb, deaf, and blind!
Be a hero in life!
Fear not test and tribulations, howe'er unpleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Let the ailing present recover from all ailments!
Act—act in the living Present!
If you want to secure the unborn future!
Your God is within your heart!
Your God is over your head!
Your God is all around - smiling in all mirrors!
The examples of great men - prophets, awliyas, and scholars - all remind us...
...we can make our lives sublime, and gorgeous;
While departing from this world...
...let us leave behind footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints, that perhaps might guide others behind us...
...in sailing over the tide of turbulent ocean of time;
A forlorn and heartbroken brother might take heart again...
...to face the strife of life;
Let us, then, be up and doing, and with a heart for any situation...
...continue struggling for achieving the goal of life.

My Koul

Mohammad Younus

The Prophet's Road

Traveler, walk not on the footprints of Satan;
That will lead you to Satan's home, not to divine home;
The Prophet's road is the only road, nothing else;
Traveler, this is the straight road...
...that goes to your eternal home;
Take only prophet as your guiding star...
...as you walk in the night through the desert;
As you walk, do not diverge from this road;
And when you reach your home, look back;
You will see the road you walked along...
...is the shortest of all the roads...
...leading to the eternal home of peace;
You will never fail if you follow Allah...
...and his chosen prophet in the journey...
...through the desert of the world;
Traveler, there is no other road;
Only the Prophet's road goes to the paradise...
...the road of all the prophets that came before.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

You Are The Truth

You must gain pure awareness...
...and enlightenment of your heart;
Though born in human destructible form...
...You are fundamentally the indestructible Light;
The untouchable and infinite light!
As the lord has blown into you of his spirit;
But as a human being you are deeply sensitive and fragile;
A human with a divine spirit and unspeakable divine attributes!
You are a mystery - it is too hard to understand you;
There prop up more questions than answers...
...when one tries to know the mystery;
You must not, however, abandon your quest...
...to know the Absolute truth;
You must not either lose yourself...
...in the crowd of different forms;
Just see them as One Truth...
...appearing in different shapes and forms;
Non-duality is dancing as duality!
Oneness is showing up in multiplicity!
It is the hidden mystery of the Truth;
You are already fused with the reality;
It is just your confusion if you...
...yearn for home...
...and search for union with reality;
You are the truth - the formless is your reality!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

On The Spring Of Al-Kawthar

Behold the river of mercy...
...which flows from Heaven
It flows continuously down...
...and gives life to all the things...
...in the universe...
...never to let them die.

Behold the beauty spread around...
In the universe and your self...
...reflected in the mirrors around;
Do not put it off till tomorrow
For tomorrow you will be old...
...or you might be dead.

Lo, reflect on the ephemeral world;
In the morning your hair is like...
...black soft silk;
In the evening your head will be...
...covered with snow...
...or without any plant of hair.

Let us in the mood of ecstasy...
...always serve the command of Allah;
Let us not waste our time and energy...
...on the frivolous things.
Let us always wish to drink...
...at the spring of al-Kawthar.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My Essential Truth

I give my attention to your zikr...
...and I find myself immersed in your zikr;
I look for you in and out of my self...
...and I find that I am the one that I sought;
I turn to all sides to see you...
...and I find that I am the seer and the seen;
I turn my eyes and ears to see...
...your light and listen to your voice...
...and I find that all along I have been...
...emitting light and vibes of sound;
I remember you, only to find...
...that I am in essence remembering my self;
Now you are mine...
...but I find that I have always been you;
Mun arafa nafsahu, faqad arafa rabahu.
(One who knows his self, knows his lord)

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Musical Wings

I was at a music party—
I lay in a dream, knowing it not.
The music flowers fell and filled my lap,
When I arose, still in dream,
I found myself still and silent in my nest,
I heard the melodious chirping of the birds...
...that had all gone out of their nests,
To fly up in the expansive skies,
I wished to be one of their comrades,
I flapped my musical wings...
...and alone flew in the dawn-light.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divine Unity

They say that God resides in the
Heaven...

...far from the created world;
Being apart from each other, the lover and his beloved...
...so play a dual game of love fonder;
I can't help but wonder;
Is that true when in fact God is absolutely one?

How can I assume that I am...
...separated and cut off from the Oneness?
Actually nothing and none is apart from Him;
If at any hour I live???
...without thinking about the Oneness...
...I feel like I have lost all the truth I ever knew;

Sometimes, I wish I could find him in some human form...
...to play the game of love;
But, soon after I feel sorry for making such an absurd wish;
However, this heart still wishes to see, hear, and know Him;
Actually, He plays His own Love Game through me...
...for He is Himself Love, Lover, and beloved.

Through all my years, I have been under the delusion...
...that I am one and He is my other;
May be I'll find my way back to Him...
...when I understand the Oneness;
I know it's difficult to write in words about the Oneness...
...unless God is pleased with me???
...and turns me around to look at the face of His Oneness;

May be one day i'll be standing so close to Him...
...as is my hearing and seeing close to me;
I am hopeful that no more shall I see differently...
...on the reality of Oneness;
And I'll no more build a wall between Me and the reality;
Nay, I'll no more say Me and He;
For Oneness signifies that...
...there exists nothing but He!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Autumn Of Life

Here at my life's autumn's end...
...the cold winds of death are beginning to blow;
What messages have these winds for me?
When will my wandering in the wasteland of life end?
When will the talking bird stop talking...
...and silently leave the cage and fly off to the eternal home?
The level of rivers and lakes is going down;
With little autumn's waters, I am trying to survive;
It is too difficult to live joyfully in the fall of life¹;
The hungry snow bear of death is awaiting...
...with vast open jaws;
I had better of my life in this beautiful world;
Now let me get ready for my transfer to another world;
The cool spring Breeze of that other mysterious world...
...I am gladly welcoming...
...sighting with my heart's eyes the promised paradise;
So let me post some verses of praise for giving thanks to my lord!

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

1. Fall of life: a time of full maturity, especially the late stages of full maturity or, sometimes, the early stages of decline - to be in the autumn of one's life.

Mohammad Younus

Two Roads

Two roads of evil and good...
...go parallel to each other;
Which way you tread on is your choice;
Your choice decides your success or failure in your life;
Apply your sound judgement, and know:
These two roads run parallel only at the beginning;
And sorry, towards the end, they diverge;
You cannot travel both, or you will surely get lost;
You be a goal oriented traveler, and so you must...
...travel along the road of Good;
Walk and walk on this straight road as far as you can...
...to go where lead the prophets and the friends of God;

Walk not on the road of evil - That is quite unfair;
Then, you will have surely no claim to enter...
...the Heavenly Kingdom - the abode of peace;
That kingdom - you must know - is only for the chosen persons...
...who have gained the pleasure of their lord...
...by following the religion of love;
And have acquired the knowledge divine and wisdom...
...and thus attained to awareness and enlightenment;
God has rewarded them really through His mercy...
...for doing sincere love to Him and His children,

I shall be telling you the truth about my travel...
...on the Path of Good - path of love, peace, and tranquility,
Sometime - years and years before:
Two roads I sighted before my eyes, and I...
...took the one traveled by the prophets and the friends,
And that has made all the difference in my life.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Life Is Not An Empty Dream

Tell me not, in desperate voice,
Life is but a game that a man plays in daydream,
An empty dream!
For the soul is blind that does not see the meaning,
And things are not what outwardly they appear to be
Life is real! Life is true!
Life is without beginning and ending!
And the death ends it not;
Death is only a transfer to a place and time zone unknown
The hidden secret of life let me tell you
Light you are, to Light you return,
From Allah you come, to Allah you'll return
Was not it spoken to the soul, I'll bring you out,
After a brief sojourn in the body of water and clay?
But, you rather opted to stay in the frame
No enjoyment, only sorrow and pain,
You have to leave or change this cage
Our destined end is wherefrom we originally came;
But for going back to our original home...
...we have to act now to reap the harvest tomorrow
Tomorrow is not farther from today.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

A Dervish Is Different

From the first hour when I opened my eyes...

...I came to know that...

... A dervish is not as others are;

... A dervish does not see as others see;

... A dervish does not hear as others hear;

... A dervish does not talk as others talk;

... A dervish does not feel as others feel;

... A dervish does not imagine as others imagine;

... A dervish does not perceive as others perceive;

... A dervish does not understand as others understand;

... A dervish does not quench his thirst with the polluted water;

... A dervish takes water from the spring of life alone;

...From the brackish well of death he does not take water;

...In the deep slumber he does not remain;

A dervish always is at his job of getting enlightenment;

His eyes, his ears, his tongue, his mind, his senses...

...all are draped by the truth;

His heart always plays at its lute...

...the divine song of love;

A dervish loves all that exists in the world of creation;

Because he sees from all things...

...the same music of love coming;

Then - in his awakening - at the dawn he hears...

...the most melodious music of life;

From every depth of the most sweet tunes...

...a dervish derives mystic pleasure that flows to him...

... perennially from the fountain divine.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

What A Holy Vision!

In visions of the heavenly light...

...I dream of the sun that is the source of spiritual heat and light;

The waking dream of sound and light of life...

...has connected to my ethereal body the broken-wings;

Ah! That person does not see this golden dream...

...whose eyes are cast on the ephemeral beauty around him!

With my visionary eyes, I turn back upon my past...

...when I was not as yet moulded into human form;

I see the holy dream- that holy dream, in which...

...I see myself absorbed in God's speech on the day of Alast;

I see all the world around me dissipating its appointed time on earth...

...considering the life just a pastime and a game;

Alhamdulillah! My merciful God cheers me all the while...

...with his beams of knowledge and wisdom;

A holy spirit is guiding me all the time by His pleasure;

That light brings me out of the vales of darkness;

What else could be more purely bright...

...to reveal me the Truth so clearly!

The truth has dawned upon me and the darkness has perished!

I see Oneness in the world of apparent differentiation!

What a holy vision I witnessed that changed my whole life!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Universal Love

Universal Love

Many a time Life is so frequently unbearable!
We fear we can't possibly go on
Life--the survival of life--is the getting up...
...again and again after every fall;
And continue going on without losing faith and hope;
The means of doing this vary from person to person...
...but, at the heart of all things, moving forward is...
...the realization--of the goal of life;
At any rate, the world around you and your own broken heart too...
...need your empathy, your support, your smile, and your laughter...
...and your willingness to go on and on...
...walking on the road of peace and love with all;
Break not down, acknowledge your fault, control your anger, weep not for your
diminishing assets,
But stand up and fall right back on a laugh, a story of success, a relationship of
love;
Make a headway to gaining your lost status, position, and prestige;
Be spiritual in your devotion to your creator!
Be spiritual in your relationship with God's children!
In whatever way you can do...
...darn together the broken pieces of the fabric of humanity;

My sadness has always been wrenching my heart...
...as I think in my spell of solitude and serenity...
...that the world is day-in and day-out getting broken up;
People everywhere are being beaten up and are in pain;
The suffering people need to be healed up...
...and allowed to breathe in peace;
The greatest gift is the outstretched hand...
...to suffering and tormented humanity...
...in whatever way one can.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Celestial Song

Haiku

Song from the Unknown

The joyful music I hear

My heart resonates

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Soul And Body

The soul finds solace,
Inside the cage of body,
Plays the game of life;

The soul finds peace,
Out of the cage of body,
Liberty of soul;

Soul leaves the body,
When bugle of death sounds,
Corpse dumped in grave.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Fake History

Haiku

The books of History
Are now being rewritten
Bull shit in the bin

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My God Responds

The curtain behind my life!
The curtain before my life!
I don't know what and where I was!
I don't know what and where I'll be!
My thoughts are certain about my eternal life;
What and where I was in the past...
...that and there I am in the present...
...that and there I'll be in the future;
Yet, I hear mysterious voices coming from my past life;
And I hear mysterious voices coming from my future life;
But I don't understand them at all!
Now, all my connection to my past and future is cut off;
Only the voice of my lord I hear resonating...
...in my Self and the Universe;
I am totally certain that the voice is coming...
...in response to my supplications to my Lord...
To take me into His presence, so that I be...
...in eternal closeness to Him;
I long to see how my essential being...
...covers the whole space and time;
Insha'Allah I will see with my Heart's eyes this sight;
Inshaallah I will see with my Heart's eyes the angels...
...surrounding the Throne...
...glorifying their Lord with praise;
Praise be to God, the Lord of the Worlds!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Forget Him Not

In the Name of Allah, the most beneficent, the most merciful;
Remember the name of Allah, and forget Him
not;
Fulfil the purpose of your creation by practicing service to the children of Allah;
Be steadfast in the remembrance of God;
In return to your remembrance, Allah will remember you too;
Serve the suffering children of Allah with affection and love;
And sing the glory of God while waking and sleeping;
The service to suffering humanity is the door to salvation;
Remember the name of God, your creator and the creator of the universe;
So long as your last hour in this world has not come,
So long as the number of breaths allotted to you do not end,
So long as the divine music has not been withdrawn from you...
...render your Ibadat to the Lord through following His Laws;
Remember Allah sincerely and with devotion;
So long as the opportunity exists, remember Allah...
...as if you see Him standing before you;
When you are performing your acts, remember He is overseeing you;
When life is gone, how can you then remember Allah...
...your creator, sustainer, and your cherisher?
So long as you live, you must not sleep over the purpose of your life;
What is the use of waking up later on when the appointed hour of returning has
come?
We must always live as dutiful servants, and engage ourselves in the service of
the Lord;
He alone succeeds who is wakeful, and does not waste his days;
Remember Allah so that darkness is removed from you, and delusion is dispelled;

Revert to Islam and walk along the straight path...
...the path of those upon whom Allah has bestowed His blessings, and...
...not of those who have been condemned by Allah, nor of those who go astray!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Shall See You At Dawn

The sun will never set on me, I believe;
I am continually on my job assigned to me...
...right from the time I was created;
My job is to love - sincerely love with devotion;
Love is an unceasing job for a sincere lover;
A lover always says,
'still I have not done my job, and...
...the song of love gives spiritual ecstasy to me';
Till it is not as yet dusk...
I will continue seeking for you;
You may hide behind black curtains in the dark of night...
...but let me tell you honestly...
...I will go on walking through night;
For I still hope to see you at last at dawn;
I am eagerly looking for your lightful glimpse...
...from the black veils hanging on your face;
I long to continually hear the melodious words...
...that you uttered to me on the Day of Alast...
...when you summoned me before you;
I want to keep hearing your Song of Love
...until death's bugle blasts...
...and I'm called back to unknown place;
But let not your sun set on me in life and after life;
I fervently believe that I shall see you at dawn...
...when night is over.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Untimely Snowfall

Haiku

Snow flakes are whirling
In October at Gulmarg
Where is the sunlight?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Remembering My Mother

Mother

The embodiment of love, affection, care, prayer...
...mercy, shelter, support, sacrifice, and many more.

Mother

You were a brave mother who navigated...
...the ship of my life against all odds;
You are always in my heart. I love you.

Mother

You are the biggest inspiration and support...
I ever had all through my life;
You are my best teacher and guide. I love you.

Mother

You are the builder of my character;
Whatever good qualities do I have...
...I owe them to you. I love you.

Mother

I am fortunate that I have never ever in my life.....misbehaved with you;
I always stood at your beck and call;
And served you to my best - as an obedient son;
I believe even in Jannah...
...you remember me in your prayers. I love you.

Mother

You are waiting for me in Jannah...
...along with my father - your dear husband...
...whom you lost just at the age of thirty five.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Welcome Winter

Winter is coming; I can hear from the autumn breeze;
Leaves are changing colors to red and gold...
...and are falling off the trees;
People are shopping warm sweaters, blankets, and winter quilts...
...in order to be comfy and nice in the biting winter cold;
People have started drinking hot coffee...
...filled with cream and hot spices;
I'm watching with my heart's eyes the snow flakes dancing;
Hareesa- sellers are getting ready for fulfilling their customers' orders;
Welcome Winter! I'm eagerly waiting for you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Golden Sparrow

While going down the history pages...

...I find some invaders stitching together the fragments...

...of this vast piece of land having no name;

They asked me, 'Is this Sindh? Is this the land of Sindhus?

I took a pause of couple of seconds

and said:

'Give it a good name that suits the mosaic pattern of its map';

'O. Kay. Let us call it HIND, and its inhabitants Hindus' - came the cryptic reply;

A multi-cultural and multi-religious land: Hind, now Hindustan!

This is the land where various races, cultures, and languages meet: -

The aborigines (the natives) , Aryans (coming from Central Asia) , Greeks, Arabs, Turks, and persians...

...mingled with one another through the ages;

This is the land of science and philosophy, which gave to the world...

...Mathematics, astrology, astronomy, and great books like Four Vedas, and Upanishads;

This is the birthplace of Aryabhata, Buddha, Mahavira, and Guru Nanak;

This is the land where Islam added to its beauty and gave it the philosophy of love and peace.

Then someone asked me:

Then why in this beautiful country, communal riots, lynching and killing of minorities and marginalised communities are happening;

I was dumb-stricken and had no explanations to offer...

...for defending the new culture of fascism and Islamophobia emerging in Hindustan - that colonisers named as India.

Has Hindustan lost its past glory...

...when in comity of nations it was called Golden Sparrow?

With tears in my eyes, I said: -

'Wait and see! People of Hindustan will come together very soon...

...to recover the lost glory and honour of Hindustan;

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

O My God

Oh my God,
I ask you that I be constantly with you;
You are with me, but I am not always with you;
Allow me to be with you in every condition;
Lead me on your way under your light;
I do not have any power to walk to you;
But, you have given me the strong will...
...to concentrate on you...
...while thinking, acting or behaving...
...in order to be practically with you;
The greater the light reaches me...
...from your side...
...the greater the feeling shall I have...
...that you are with me;
No Satan will overcome me;
I shall not be after fake sheikhs...
...to seek guidance on your way;
There shall be no Barzakh between You and me;
There shall be no intercessor between You and me;
I have the strong imaan...
...that Your light will surround me...
...as long as you are pleased with me;
Then only will I achieve...
...unlimited power and strength...
...that will connect me to the prophet...
...such that I am always in the divine presence.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Childhood To Old-Age

Haiku

Verdant in the spring
After rising from the dead
Golden in the fall.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Wasteful Dreams

Morning call¹ coming
Not wanting to wake up yet.
Lost in Wasteful dreams

MyKoul

1. Azaan for Fajar prayer

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Wayward Son

The cries of mother
Beaten by her wayward son
Shakes the throne of God

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Heart Yearns For You

My heart yearns for your vision;
Your Space, Your Time, You share With Me;
I know - You live next to me...
Wherever I am, You are with me!
I want to see you with my heart's eyes...
...so that my dreams become a reality;
I yearn to perceive you with my heart's eyes...
...inside and outside of me...
...blooming in the rose-garden of the universe.

My heart yearns for You - and No other;
I picture You In front of me...
...in your manifestations in me and around;
And yet this Light I feel - comes to me
From You - as if You're seeing through me;
You are the Seer, and You are the Seen.

There Is no beauty like Yours...
Everything in the universe mirrors Your Beauty;
There Is no life without You...
You're the Living and the Perennial being!
My secrets that were hidden from me...
...came true - When You opened them for me.

Good God! You have blessed me with Your love;
And that Love Is that You dawned upon me...
... You are my essence - my reality!
I thank You by my submission to You...
...that You only are present In my life;
Great God! My heart yearns For You.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Just A Lover

I am a lover;
Just a lover, and don't ask me:
What's the sense in loving God...
...who has no corporeal body.

I've never come to know it
For myself;
Why do I love God...
Whom I do not see...
...with my soft fleshy eyes;
It is He who inspires me...
...to love him exclusively...
...ignoring every other...
...as he shows up his beauty...
...in my creation and the universe.

I am a lover;
Just a lover on my path...
...of love and fighting...
...against my nafs;
That commands and...
...persuades me all the way...
...to do evil;
Beyond measure...
And beyond
Forgiving by God.

As long as nafs commands...
...to follow the path of evil...
...and we take up his dictation...
...no peace and contentment...
...is any way possible.

I am a lover;
I love to be a puppet...
...in the hands of God;
Because I know...
...submission is so sweet...
...for His Servant.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Music Of Peace

There is a music in my heart,
The more I listen to it...
...the more deeper I get into it;
'Cause the deeper I get in...
...the wider my ears open up;
Even if I try to be deaf...
...to this inner music..
...it goes on unabated;
How can anybody stop...
...the naturally coming music...
...which was played to Adam by God...
...when he created him for the first time!
Wherever I go, I feel it sounding...
in and out of me - perpetually;

It is this music which makes...
...it possible for me to live peacefully;
Then how can I allow any one...
...to stop me from hearing this music of peace?
It keeps me connected to my creator all the way;
When actually my Satanic nafs...
...engages me in pursuing the world...
... in order to stop me from...
...the perpetual remembrance of God!

Sometimes I wonder, why Adam was chosen..
...to be God's vicegerant on earth...
...when there were many others, like angels and jinns?
I wish to know the secret of this mystery,
But realising the fact that it was only Adam...
...into whom God blew of his spirit...
...I see that the light of God is the essence of man.

I wish, I had not come near to the forbidden tree,
I would be living comfortably back home...
...in the divine presence, and enjoying eternal peace,
I hope God will forgive me...
...and accept my sincere repentance, amen.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Resurrection

Haiku

Chinar is blazing
It will rise from the ashes
Resurrect in spring

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Day

Haiku

On the autumn day,
Knee deep in the fallen leaves
Breaking into tears

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Cricket Sings

Haiku

Sweet music I hear
A cricket under my quilt
Singing for his mate

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Morning

Haiku

Dew pearls glittering
Cool breeze, sunrising, gold leaves
Good morning to Friends...

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Fajar¹ Call

Haiku

Silence is broken—
Azaan voices echo for prayer
Waking up from bed

MyKoul

1 Fajar: Morning Prayer

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In Quiet Silence

Haiku

In quiet silence-

Unheard music listening

In the deep of night

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Read

Haiku

Read the Book of Life
Turn the pages with due patience
You will know the truth

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Waking Dream

By the sun and its brightness...
...the sun shines over my head and illuminates...
...my intellect, soul and heart;
The music is roaring in my ears of heart;
The light on light flashes on my eyes of heart;
The blind ditch of fire is to my right;
The blind ditch of fire is to my left;
I walk over the bridge of Sirat looking straight...
...without my feet staggering or my eyes wavering;
The squeaking of the rusty gate of the hell I hear with awe;
The King's palace I see is across the river of fire;
The front gate of the palace I clearly see;
My eyes are fixed on the gate of the palace...
...where I can meet my God,
I call out to God while crossing the river of fire:
I am here, God, I am here!

I am not afraid of hell!
I do not covet paradise!
I'm a lover of God
I only want him from him
Wait now! I hear from my God
You can know me only when you love me in earnest
I am hopeful of reaching my God
I won't be drunk when He appears to me
I'm never drunk in my dreams or in my poems
I am waking, I dream the true dreams.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

As God Wills

I am the created
I am not the creator
I am the effect of God's will
I am not my own cause
I am created perfect in divine setting
To function as per the will of my creator
Everyone is perfect in his own stead
No two created have got the same setting
Each person functions within his own setting
We can function only the way, only as much as...
...our setting by the creator allows us.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Keep Waiting

Do not say! Do not say!
All men are the same;
For the scent obtained...
...from every flower in not the same;
Every tune of a musical instrument...
...that is played by the musician...
...is not the same;
From all directions in the garden of humanity...
...the puffs of the breeze blowing...
...are not the same;
Sometimes it blows hot, and...
...sometimes it blows cold;
Every man speaks a different language;
Every man has a different religion;
Every man has a different thought;
In the fierce world of clashes and conflicts...
...all men are not the same;
Some are living under cool shade of chinar trees;
Some are living in scorching hot deserts without trees;
I keep waiting for Spring, cool and colourful;
I keep waiting for peacemakers;
I keep waiting for love promoters;
I keep waiting for the sweet singing birds;
To come and make this world a paradise for all.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Conscience¹

The inner conscious friend demands of us...
...that we be not swayed by the vibes of the earthly desires;
The night is deep, the midnight hour has passed,
And still I hear the music of my friend;
He talks to me in a wordless voice, without end,
I sit with my philosopher friend sitting inside me;
He teaches me the philosophy that awakens and illuminates me;
The sweet music is going on...
...that till dawn would hardly last;
The sweet melodious voice rises and falls...
...and never ceases even for a little while;
The melody with extensive ecstasy ascends high...
...to heart, soul, and mind;
To cause them run in one trend, in harmony;
Thus, my nafs becomes soft, gentle, and submissive;
No matter whether veiled or unveiled...
...the satan of nafs that possessed me...
...like a conquered soldier in his flight...
...casts his wasted weapons one by one...
...and submits to be a faithful and devout servant.

MyKoul

1. Your conscience is the part of your personality that helps you determine between right and wrong and keeps you from acting upon your most basic urges and desires. Your conscience is what makes you feel guilty when you do something bad and good when you do something kind.

Mohammad Younus

Life Is Not A Bed Of Roses

If the skies above were always clear and cloudless,
So would our hearts be too without sorrow and melancholy!
Then our garden of love would bloom...
...with beautiful, many-hued flowers of paradise;
Our heart, soul, and mind would be as white as the snow...
...falling in blossom-like flakes in our garden of love;
The heavenly song of horis would be the melody...
...to be heard by us all through the time;
The divinely words for us would be as sweet as honey...
...flowing in the honey streams of paradise;
We would have no need for doctors and medicines to heal our maladies;
We would live a peaceful and pleasant life on earth!
But, this life is never a bed of roses without prickly thorns;
Because this world of ours is like a wasteland...
...where poisonous thorny bushes grow.
While passing through this world...
...we have to be careful and cautious.

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

The Final Prophet

Before He was elevated to the position of the final prophet...
...and the revelation 'Read' tore through him in the cave of Hira...
...his people. would call him:
The most trustworthy! The most truthful!
The first command He heard from Allah through Gabriel was:
'READ in the name of thy Sustainer, who has created -
created man out of a germ-cell!
Read - for thy Sustainer is the Most Bountiful One...
...who has taught [man] the use of the pen -
taught man what he did not know! '
Thus, He taught him to read after he heard the jingling of the bell divine;
The humble of Allah at first with great humility had said:
'I cannot';
At intervals before, he climbed alone a mountain....
...to contemplate in the cave of Hira;
No one, no guide told him to go there...
...for meditation and contemplation;
How then did he go there?
It was God who inspired this to his heart;
There was no water available for ritual ablution there;
No formal prayers did he know then;
It hadn't been revealed as yet to him...
...how to stand, bend or prostrate to One God;
And yet he had been in pre eternity given a special heart...
...to pray to One God and to wash away the 'I';
His heart sensed with certainty...
...the One Eternal creator, and the sustainer;
His ascent up to the station of the final prophet...
...was not, however, just an easy accident;
In truth, from the very young age, he continued to seek his way...
...to The Truth in mystic absorption - day in and day out;
His God was most merciful to him; He got him away from fanciful thinking...
...and led him to Him - the actual reality;
It was only God Himself who instructed him...
...how to know and comprehend His Oneness...
...and with submissive courage kneel down to Him...
...in order to carry out the prophetic mission;
He was verily successful in doing his job...
...as he himself says in his Last Sermon:

'O Allah, be my witness, that I have conveyed your message to Your people.'
O People! God has sent to you a messenger from amongst you -
A witness, a bringer of good tidings, and a warner;
And a caller to Allah by His permission and a light to illuminate you;
Follow in his illuminated footsteps!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Happy Birthday To My Son - Tahir

Your heart is like a singing bird
That always sings melodious songs...
...of love, peace, and empathy;
Your heart is like an Anbre-apple-tree...
...that always emits fragrance sweet...
.... that fills the sad hearts with honeyd ecstasy;
Whose boughs are bent with the best of apples;
Your heart is like a rainbow that smiles on every face;
Your heart is a Spring of the Great King...
...from which the water of love comes to me;
Let today we offer prayers of Thanksgiving to our lord;
Because today you were born to parents fortunate;
I wish many many happy returns of the day to you;
My love is always for you, my dear son!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Living An Ugly Life

These ugly days have been my ruin;
In this kind of weather,
I've lived my whole life...
...from my childhood to my last days;
In this kind of weather,
I got addicted to ephemeral worldly pleasures;
In this kind of weather,
I fell in deep love with the temptations of nafs;
In this kind of weather,
I forgot to bring home peace and love...
...at the end of the day;
My addiction to the drinks of worldliness...
...forgetting the rejuvenating wine divine...
...surged in this kind of weather;
These ugly days have been my ruin;
I then turned around and sought refuge with my lord;
I am happy that God forgave me and
gave me asylum...
...under the vast canopy of his mercy;
The fire of love was kindled in me by the merciful God!
It will not leave other in my heart;
Thus, I will become a branch of my root!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Got The Proof

I was seeking a road that goes to my beloved;
My trouble was removed when I knew that...
...all roads lead through me to my beloved.
I was seeking a proof that I am the truth;
My origin I found is my clear proof!
I was nothing before of His spirit He blew into me.

I was looking to the right and the left
So that I could see the face of my Beloved.
I was searching outside, but in vain!
My beloved was within my very soul.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Sing For Her, She Sings For Me

I sing for Her in the sunlight strong,
I sing for Her under the shade of Chinar,
I sing for Her in waking and in sleep,
I sing for Her not with lips but with my heart,
I remember Her while listening to Her perennial song,
Her song actually is the song of my soul...
...that I hear with the eyes of my heart,
Her songs are in silent music like the falling rain,
She calls me in the wind's soft song,
She kisses my eyes with the cool breeze at dawn,
And awakens me from slumber to hear Her song,
And with the musical flowers she comes...
...again and again to visit me,
Her singing bird sits at my window to give Her message:
'Yea! the sun and the moon I raise by My command...
To shine perennially upon your soul and heart,
From the rising of the sun unto its setting...
...My name you must praise - Hu! Hu! Hu!
Look out into the universe and contemplate the glory of God! '

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

In The Garden Of Love

I went to take a stroll in the Garden of Love to-day -
My Love's singing birds came to sing for me...
...under the cool shade of chinar-tree,
And swarms of honey-bees flitted across the garden,
As all the flowers were calling them...
...for taking nectar from their cups,
And the fragrant breeze went singing over the garden,
Tossing the flowers to and fro...
... making them send out fragrance more and more,
And a rainbow held out its shining sword over my head...
...admonishing me to listen to the divine music attentively.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Meet My Lord

Melodious music is roaring in me,
My Lord is calling me back again;
The music pierces my Quran -bearing heart,
My broken heart heals up with this melodious song,
As I hear the divine music, to myself I smile,
For my Lord talks with me all the while...
...through the unheard music.

No Iblis now to vie me and stone at me...
...for my being chosen to hear my Lord's song;
No Satan can now send me into unawaking sleep,
All the angels watch alone my coronation...
...of being appointed as God's viceroy with regal authority.

Yet while my head's fleshy eyes cannot see my Lord...
...my watching eyes are always on His musical aura;
Vow! ever more shall I hear the Lord's song of love...
...the divine voice exceedingly sweet and melodious!
Within the Garden of Love, my Lord is calling me clear:
Your Lord is One, and you must always chant His name,
La Illaha Illa Hu; La Maujud Illa Hu;
(There is no God but He: There exists nothing but He)
All the while my Lord I meet in my self...
...and at every place of the universe.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Autumn

Haiku

Red and gold leaves
Let us walk in Naseem Bagh
Winter is coming

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mystical Tresses

Since eternity I have been what I am;
Since ages I have been here doing what I do;
People have an illusion about me...
...that for ages I have been coming and going;
Now, as always, I feel the wibes of your musical tresses;
I do not suffer from the pain of separation...
...for separation from you is just a delusion!
The musical streams coming from your tresses...
...keep me connected to you.

I know I am in earthly form, but my core is pure;
You are my secret sounding in me...
...the notes of your all time presence;
I feel ecstatic that you constantly let me steal...
...the melodious music coming from your tresses.

It is your musical touch that brings out...
...the poems of love from the depths of my heart;
If you stop even for a moment playing on your lute...
...my lifeline will be removed, and I will be reduced to nothing;
Not even a small thing worth mentioning I will be!
let me stay connected endlessly to your musical tresses.

It is your spiritual music that leads me to believe...
...that the whole universe is my temple -
...where I can in all aspects feel your sole existence;
I don't care,
If the Mulla charges me of blasphemy, and does my takfeer;
I am your mouthpiece, let people know this secret;
It is you who speaks of Oneness on my tongue!
Verily, there is none but you, as I hear from all sides...
...Hu! Hu! Hu! - the sound coming from your tresses.

I am fortunate that I am bound to you by musical chains;
I am proud that you put me in your presence for all time;
Thank you for your limitless mercy!
I am a madman, they can't call me an infidel...
...for revealing to public the secret of your tresses.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Music Is Sweet Companion

On the path of love you have to travel alone;
Listen- the sweet music is your sweet companion;
No one can snatch this sweet voice from you;
Wahh! Melodious music is resonating in my heart all the while!
Through the hot and cold season...
...this divine music is my only comforter!

With every passing day, I will get old and older...
...but this music will be echoing in me without getting old;
I know everyone can not hear this music;
It is a secret between me and my beloved...
...reminding me of my promise to reconnect to him through this music!

I hear the laments and groans of the people of Hell...
...who did not hear this music in this life;
Song of the hell will stop if they might come back...
...this sweet music is still going on;
No doubt your melody keeps sweeping over my soul and heart,
It generates hundred songs of love in me which I sing in silence.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Eternal Music

Haiku

Soft Unheard music
Without humming of the strings.
Eternal music

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Music

Haiku

The child in me dances
Walks through red and golden leaves
Cool autumn music

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Holy Pollution

Haiku

Plastic waste dumped
In to the Milky Ganges
Holy pollution!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Purification

Haiku

Wash your corpse of dirt
Wash your mind of filthy thoughts!
Ablution of soul!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



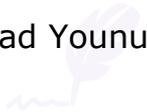
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Essence Of Godhead

I am a hidden treasure;
Nobody can see me;
Behind the veils of my beauty...
I remain hidden from the public view;
Nobody is there in my whole creation...
...who can unveil me;
When I wish to see my beauty...
Through the whole creation I come to see;
I have made all the things in the universe...
In order that they my eyes be...
And I be as the seer of my own beauty's light!
I be the hearer of my own Unheard music!
There is nothing in my creation...
That you can call my other;
Nothing is there like or unlike me!

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Remember God

Remember

O men of understanding, you must always remember...

What prophets, saints and sages (God's friends) did remember:

Remember God, God will remember you;

As we find Him telling us in the Qur'an:

'So remember Me, I will remember you...

...and thank Me, and do not deny me';

No better thing while living on earth we can do!

Whatever is in the heavens and whatever is on the earth...

...is exalting Allah, the Sovereign, the Pure, the Exalted in Might, the Wise!

Albeit difficult to know for a person of limited understanding...

God created us because He needed to be known.

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Where I Am Born

I am born in a land...
...always been a victim of invaders,
Where struggle...
...for freedom from tyranny...
...never ends

Where people are the terrified deer
Running away towards a den of lion
To get rid of the merciless hunter
And Vice-versa
Where the wolves in lamb's clothing
Sing the angels' mesmerising song

Where the entire land...
...is an unmarked graveyard
Where under every horse step...
...there are graves...
...of seventy two pairs of martyrs
Unknown sons of the soil...
...buried without...
...the funeral prayers

Where the frightened people live
And move about seeking life shelter
Always living under threat
Tormented! Tortured! Terrorised!

This is the land of the betrayed people
Where people trusted the traitors
Who sold them for their chair

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You! Only You!

Who says that I did not meet you face to face?
Each and everything in your universe is your face!
I trace you in everything with my heart's eyes;
With my heart's eyes shut,
I searched you...
...just your countenance...
...in holy scriptures of all faiths;
I searched you...
...just your countenance...in worship houses of all faiths;
I roamed through the wilderness of weeds and bushes;
I found --- your countenance --- nowhere in the world;
I was lost in disgrace due to my delusion;
I went from place to place in search of the persons...
...who might have seen you;
I found them clueless - having no knowledge and unaware;
I was hopeless—broken and frustrated!
I thought you were the other;
I thought you lived in the heaven, sitting on the chair;
Away from the universe and having a separate existence!
Last, you graced me — you opened my heart's eyes;
I saw you in every rose and every thorn,
In the heavens, on the earth, and in everything in between!
What did I find?
Only You expressing your beauty through everything!
You! Only You!
You! Only You!
No Me! No Me!

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The Best Of The Creators

Gaze on the might of the creator...

...your creator and the creator of all the worlds;

Gaze on the mighty work of his hand...

... See how He is the best of creators;

His creativity is beyond the power of all His little creators;

They can't be the rivals to his power of creation...

... even if all of them were to join together;

No person can comprehend in its fullness the power and might of God;

He turns lush green gardens into barren lands and deserts;

Such is his power and might!

He converts barren lands and deserts into rich fertile lands and beautiful gardens
blooming with flowers;

Such is His power and might!

If contemplation makes you aware of his creative powers...

...that is the mystery that unfolds but for a few;

If You would reach to the essential truth of these things,

You will make your way to the paradise lost,

And learn why God's mighty command had cast you down

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I Listen And Listen

I listen and listen...
...and the only thing I think about:
How can I ...
listen to this melodious voice...
...when I'm engrossed...
...in the mundane affairs of my life?
I thought in the beginning.

But years of involvement...
...with the charming things of the world...
...could not withhold my heart...
...from listening to the holy music;
I listen and listen - nothing stops me.

My heart cannot forget the music...
...that connects it to the Lord of eternity;
How can it get separated from the ocean?
Do the sun, the moon, and the stars...
...separate from space?
I listen and listen...
...because it comes from my within.

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Firehot Devotee

I'm not that lover, filled with passion, -
That youth, who was a fire worshipper:
Alas, my spring and summer passed now,
And didn't leave a single trace behind
Kamdev, the god of youth and passion!
I used to be his firehot devotee;
Oh, I am now reborn, - as a divine lover
Even more passionate and fervent!
Than I was when I was an earthly lover...
...who surrendered to worldly passions

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Only The Man

Who is the lustrous jewel of the universe?

Only the Man!

Who is the manifestation of the one who is nothing like?

Only the Man!

Who is the sign of oneness in the world of multitude?

Only the Man!

Who is chosen as the best of creatures?

Only the Man!

Who despite being a servant is free and independent?

Only the Man!

Who is spreading mischief and corruption on earth?

Only the Man!

Who is struggling against mischief and corruption?

Only the Man!

Who is redeemed and who is doomed?

Only the Man!

Who is the basic reason for creating this universe?

Only the Man!

Who is the portent sign of the Hidden Truth?

Only the Man!

Who is the inhabited home - chosen by the Placeless?

Only the Man!

Who has got in him the spirit of God?

Only the Man!

Who is the exhibition place of the beauty of the most beautiful?

Only the Man!

Who is the battlefield of the forces of good and evil?

Only the Man!

Who is created in the image of Rahman?

Only the Man!

Who displays the divine attributes?

Only the Man!

Dependent is the man! Independent is the man?

This is the Hidden Secret!

The rebel is the man! The submitter is the man!

This is the Hidden Secret!

The ruler is the man! The ruled is the man?

This is the Hidden Secret!

The tyrant is the man! The tyrannised is the man!

This is the Hidden Secret!

The guide is the man! The wayward is the man!

This is the Hidden Secret!

The man is My Secret! I am his Secret!

Says the Lord!

This is the Hidden Secret!

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Tell Me This Secret

Is it You or me?

In this house there lives only one being!

Tell me this secret?

The Reality of Truth pervades every atom...

...the gnostics call it I am The Truth

Tell me this secret?

You are the Hidden!

The substance of existence! The manifestation!

Tell me this secret?

Lift up the veil!

Show me who you are and who am I?

Tell me this secret?

I am the Hidden! I am the Manifest! ...

...This dodge drops me hints.

Tell me this secret?

The lover is behind the veils hiding...

...while the beloved is in the open!

Tell me this secret?

You are the crowned master...

...your servants always sit before you...

...with their heads down;

Tell me this secret?

You are Joseph on throne sitting...

...I am Zulekha your lover!

Tell me this secret?

If you possessed some form...

...I would hang your picture in my heart

Tell me this secret?

If you have got no appointed place...

...then, tell me who lives in my house?

Tell me this secret?

Where I am, there you are...

...where you are, there I am

Tell me this secret?

MyKoul is exposing the secret of secrets, O my Love!

Is it a right thing?

Tell me this secret?

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My Urge To Return

Eh me, the day I left the garden of Eden...
...was full of sorrow and disappointment;
But the tree beneath which I had sit with Eve...
...before we were sent down to earth...
...was rich with fragrant leaves and flowers;
And from its fragrant scent...
...I got a tiny Spray of scent on my heart's petals;
It is that scent which is generating love in my heart;
As such it keeps on reviving in my heart...
...the memory of that garden;
That is why I have got the intense urge...
...to go back there, and stay there for eternity;
I, know the endless distance to that garden;
How is it possible for me to go back there?
But the gentle fragrance on the wafts...
...coming from that garden revive in my heart...
...the sweetest thoughts of that garden of eternity;
So I sit on my knees in meditation in deep night -
Until morning sun touches the hilltops;
Moonlight incandescent on my eyes!
Musical winds sweeping over my body!

I see birds that are wild sleep in their nests...
...now waking, and setting out in swarms;
And I watch them flying up in skies...
...after chanting in chorus their morning hymns;
I stretch out my legs, and scratching my head...
...I start thinking about flying like birds...
...to my eternal garden in the heaven;
Eh, I have got no flying-wings on my body!
Days and months slipped away in the scramble...
...for flying back to the garden of eternity;
An old red-eyed man appeared and taught me to fly...
...with the wings of my soul beyond the horizon
It all started with the melodious sound of the Hu
A long unending Hu - it joined me to my essence;
And gave contentment, peace, and tranquility to me;
I find I have not to go anywhere - He is here!
Wherever I turn to, I find him there!

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Foreign Flag

The autumn moon rose full again tonight
In my gutted village, a lone child player
Hoisting flags of a neighbouring country
I looked at his radiant face under the moonlight
I struggled in my mind to know what makes him
To hoist a foreign flag on the thatched roof,
Of his mudd-house that has no light bright,
An old lady with a hunched back appeared
From willow groves, stopped before me,
In a feeble voice, she told me confidentially
The fire breathing dragons are around the village
Move the little bab away, O perplexed man!
Lest dragons should harm this innocent bab
He is walking back and forth with a foreign flag
Because he has lost his own flag
All around the gutted village, there were graves
Of some unknown child players:
Sleeping in cold night, dew falling over the tombs.

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Metaphor Is The Bridge To The Truth

Moonlight lights up the face of my Love...
...standing behind the black veil;
Showing her glimpses to me...
...like the firefly twinkling at night
Could it actually be my Moon rising...
...from behind the black clouds?
I need not look up to view...
...with my head's fleshy eyes...
...the bright moon smiling in the sky;
Rather I look down to reminisce about...
...my beloved moon of my bygone days;
Who would wait for me in early morning...
...at her Upper-storey window...
...before disappearing in the shine of the day.
True have said the sages of yore:
Metaphor is the bridge to the Truth!
(Al majazu quntaratul haqeeqat)

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Music-Wine

If God didn't love Music...
...there wouldn't be the Horis in Heaven;
If God didn't love music...
...there wouldn't be the musical mornings and evenings;
Since God and His friends both dearly love music...
...how dare a mere Mulla reproof me for listening to music?
The melodious music, I hear with my heart and soul!
It is only this music that makes its listener a Sage...
...and opens to him the door of the House of True Wisdom;
Since the Sage and the Wise are both the listeners of the Heavenly music...
...what need have I to search for some Godman to lead me to the Truth?
The cups of music wine, I take while walking on the Great Way;
A jar-full after a jar-full does not quench my thirst for music wine;
I go on telling to the cup-bearer...
...Have you something more? Have you something more?
And the cup-bearer is very gracious in nature!
He is giving me to drink freely the wine music in his tavern!
If you want to know what's worth drinking music wine...
Nothing doing for making an ascetic understand the value of drinking wine...
...who has had never touched the cup of wine;
This is a special wine that adds to the sobriety of its drinkers;
Pure Wine!
That the immortal servants serve in heaven to the lovers!
That wine never runs out, nor do the drinkers get inebriated!

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The Sound Of Oneness

Not the mind but the heart can know the truth;
I get puzzled when my heart starts speaking;
I am all aflame to hear from the truth in wordless voice;
I listen to the nightingale's silence...
...in the rose garden of my heart;
This heart is the centre of consciousness!
It is telling to me confidentially:
Come out of the duality of 'I' and 'We';!
'We are all like ripples and waves of the same ocean'!
There are thousands of creeds in this world...
...they all seek and lead to the same truth;
If for a moment we set aside the dogmas and rituals of each religion...
...we will discover that we are all waves of the same vast ocean...
...splashing on different shores;
The sound of Oneness comes from the depths of my heart;
A continuous sound as life moves forward!
I cannot describe that sound in words!

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My Story

I was lost in a fearful dream;
I was but waking in the dream;
My heart was burning with fire;
My sleep ran away from my eyes;
I was restive and full with pain;
It was a horrible nightmare!
God had snatched my free will!
He had asked me to be His servant.

I got up from the bed with fear;
And sat on my hunches;
Quiet but frightful!
And was not saying anything;
But thinking about my service;
I started praying to God...
That I will tolerate this too;
Give me control over the Satan;
But He left it to me...
To fight out the Satan;
My free will was restored;
But it gave me more pain;
Since He gave me no power;
My free will was of no avail;
I could not resist the temptation;
I got a greater pain.

I repented to my God;
And asked for His forgiveness:
God consoled me;
He realised that it is so...
He had given me much pain;
He pitied my condition;
And then He cast a cool glance;
I became calm, quiet, and peaceful;
I did not now find any pain in heart;
That was the great blessing.

God created then Love in me;
To help me tolerate the pain...

...of service to Him;
He called me to His Presence...
...and was highly pleased with me;
He poured the light of knowledge
on my heart•••
and lit the lamp of enlightenment...
in my mind;
What a difficult test it was!

Now I know it pretty well...
what best life I must prefer;
I have have lived many lives...
While ignorant of my purpose;
I must be peaceful and contented...
from beginning to the very end;
Which of course,
Would be perfectly impossible...
If God were not on my side;
He has put me on the right tract;
So this is the one I would prefer...
over all the other lives.

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I Don't Fear Takfir

My tears of love tell not the story of my separation;
These are nothing but the pearls of heart's ecstasy;
Streams coming from the spring of my heart!
I listen to the joyous song of my Love;
Intellect will never grasp who sings this song of love;
Glimpses of this world can never confuse me now;
I forget yesterday and engross myself in Today;
I understand a good today will be a good tomorrow!
Listen to the message of Oneness and expose the truth;
'I am the Truth', 'I am the Truth'
You are not the reflection of some one else!
You are in the mirror none but yourself!
You are the unity of both the worlds!
This message comes from my consciousness;
No fear of takfir, can bar me from telling the truth;
Such a passion stems from the Eternal residing in my heart!

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True Identity

Like a candle, my love flames rise up to the skies;
Getting melted and annihilated from self is the best;
If you have knowledge of the annihilation...
You will see the annihilation means resurrection of the dead;
How can anyone continue to be earthly when his essence is godly?
Do not be ashamed to reveal your true identity that 'You are the Truth';
Friends seek questions in this world about their separation;
These questions emanate from their ignorance and delusion;
Friends, do not ask where do you come from?
Neither you have come from somewhere nor you have to go to anywhere;
Forget about coming and going, sirs!
He that is your essence has no here and there;
I would grieve if my bond with my essence had been broken;
Moon transforms several times from crescent to perfection;
But it was moon when it was absent and it is moon when it appears in perfection;

I have seen this world's imperfections and perfections;
But I have discovered my essence;
So my delusion has come to an end - that I'm a separate entity;
I know that not everyone understands this puzzling mystery;
To the unaware and benighted, it is absolutely blasphemous!

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My Poems Originate From My Heart

My poems originate from my heart...
...burning with love's fire;
My poems express my ecstasy...
...from the song of love;
My poems are not about...
...the fairies of this world...
...or about green-eyed houris of paradise;
My poems are rather about...
...the love of all time being - my originator!
What I write in my poems is inspired to me...
...by my Love abiding in my heart;
That he and me are not essentially two -
I have melted in his love like salt in hot water!
I have taken this mortal form for few moments...
...in this time bound world;
My elements four - clay, water, air, and fire...
...come from this time-bound world;
But my essential being is of another world...
...that is beyond time and space!

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Alone

Haiku

Sweet music I hear
Dim lights, eyes shut, sitting, still
Thinking of my friend

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Old-Age Dreams

Haiku

Playing the snow-fight
Walking on snow in Siachen
Dreams in old age

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Missing Wazawan

Haiku

Can't go to Kashmir
Locked in Bangaluru —
But dreaming Wazwan

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Black Dreams

Haiku

Black clouds thundering
Incessant rains feeling cold
Black dreams fear at night

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The Book Of Mysteries

Hearken you who quest for knowledge about the Truth...
...from the Sacred Texts and the treatises of the philosophers!
Your quest is just the quest of a person who is lost in wilderness!
Heed my words, you are yourself the Book of God that contains the secrets!
But, being in delusion, you can't read the script of your book!
If you desire that this book of mysteries you must be able to read...
...enroll yourself then in the School of Knowledge and Wisdom;
And be totally attentive to the secret voice of the divine teacher!
If you long to listen to this secret voice, then open your heart's eyes;
For naught see these earthly, fleshly eyes save the gross matter!
You cannot behold divine in this dusty realm, with your head's eyes;
For though He in you holds a place yet He is placeless!
He is beyond space! He is beyond time!
If you desire to recognise Him, then first recognise your self;
For He accepts those as his friends who recognise their self;
Then, by His grace, naught any other thing you will see...
...but His Oneness!
Thus, from Alif to Yaa, you'll know the arcane secrets...
...from the Book of Your Self and the Creation.

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Love Leads To Truth

The path of love does not pass either through temples or schools;
There you will be fraught with only desolation and delusion;
He who silently goes into his heart, he alone pursues the path of love;
His speech is eloquent of divine secrets about love and peace;
When he speaks, it is purely out of awareness and enlightenment;
When he is silent, it is only to listen attentively to divine speech;
When he lectures, he scatters pearls of knowledge and wisdom;
He does not sell his knowledge and wisdom in the marketplace;
When divine love takes over your heart overwhelmingly...
...your heart will then illumine with light upon light...
...and will reverberate with melodious music divine;
This is the path that leads straight to ultimate realisation...
...that you are in reality the shining sun;
You will not worship out of fear of Hell or desire for heaven;
Your eyes will become deep divine when gazing at the reality;
Each glimpse of the reality will give a new meaning to your life;
The reality is in your heart, if you know the meaning of the Truth;
From every atom you will hear the voice coming 'I Am The Truth';
We are all made from the same Truth, the same spirit is in our hearts;
At the beginning we all came into existence by the command of the same truth...

...that speaks now on our tongues and is abiding in our hearts! ! !

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Life Like Water Cycle

Haiku

Snow! Snow! Snow! Snow! Snow!
The sun rises to dissipate
Snow back to water

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I Huddle Back To Sleep

I Huddle Back To Sleep

I am told I used to be in paradise before my birth in the world;
I was expelled to earth as I defied my Lord's command;
For coming near to the forbidden tree!
I am bound to go back to meet my lord there again;
That I know all along - From Adam down to this day!
I hear my Lord saying:
I will call you back, I will call you back...
...from the captivity of time and space!

This morning when the time for Fajar Salah came...
...I saw in the blue sky;
The morning birds were coming out of their nests...
...fluttering, gliding, singing songs sweet;
They all are familiar to me!
Perhaps they were with me in the paradise!
They sing melodies sweet, I console myself by saying:
'They too have been expelled...
...from the paradise that I lost many many epochs ago';

I am hearing the heavenly flute even though I am out of the heaven!
To get out of the deep dark place towards light upon light...
...I am calling my lord again and again;
My eyes, ears, heart, soul and mind, all feel His presence!
I humbly submit to my lord in silence! I am a repentant rebel!

He reminds me of my covenant that I have made with him...
...on the Day of Alast;
But often I get lost somewhere without ever thinking to fulfill that covenant;
When like a 'loving father, He asks me to get up from my deep sleep...
...I huddle back to sleep, just as an awakened child does!

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Die In Peace

Haiku

You only live once:
Sing, dance, play, with foes and friends,
You will die in peace.

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Old Age

Haiku

Enjoy autumn now,
The weather is just perfect,
Winter peeping in.

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Learning Has No End

Haiku

World Academy
All of us are just learners
Learning has no end

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Complex To Know

By day I see You
Find you smiling in mirrors
by night sleep with You

I do not realise;
Myself in mirrors I smile
I see I am you

but that I was You
I never knew it before
I and You are not two

Hundred thousand faces
You manifest your beauty
Blinds but can't see

In different things
You appear in different forms
The essential truth is one

Know the paradox
Oneness in multiple forms
Complex is to solve

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Melodic Divine Tune

God's kingdom cannot at all be measured;
But still Mullah wags his tongue...
...explaining the 'attributes' and babbling about 'being'!
This old dervish has never cared for false piety...
...and never boasted of mystic knowledge!
My nose wrinkles at the pungent smell of scent...
...on Mulla's robes, and at his boring speech.

Studying texts and stiff meditation can make...
...you lose your Own wisdom!
A melodious tune by the flutist for me...
...is an invaluable treasure!
Elegant beyond words...
...he chants his songs day and night!
Anyone who knows the Hidden truth...
...understands pretty well what the flutist...
...communicates to us through the flute.

The world before my eyes is not a wasteland;
From dawn to dusk I see the brilliant sun;
At night the smiling moon, and the twinkling stars
The earth is beautifully spread out...
...the azure sky overhead as a canopy...
...the forests thick and green sending fresh air;
And the deserts glimmering with golden sand;
Spring breeze blowing all the day...
...and the summer heat swallowing up my icy Hut;
I breathe in and breathe out the musk-laden air...
...coming from the rose-gardens.

Fulfilled with great ecstasies, I embrace the divine!
The narrow path of monasticism is not for me!
My heart runs in the direction of melodic tune...
That keeps my soul glued to divine music;
Hu! Hu! Hu! La Illaha Illa Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!

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Do His Will

Do His Will

God has no body neither on earth nor in heaven
But He has got your body, his workplace
He has no hands but works with your hands,
He has no feet but walks with your feet,
He has no eyes but looks through your eyes
Yours are the hands with which he does...
...mind-blowing inventions and innovations;
Yours are the person whom he appoints as His viceroy
To do His will on the earth, He has blown life into you.

To a logical mind, it may look like a confusing paradox;
How can the infinite and the finite be together?
But, in reality it does not offer us any difficulty at all.
The two points howsoever close to each other they may be...
...still they are separate, distinct, and distant from each other;
Such is the relationship between human being and the supreme being!
But, the essence of the human being is the same being...
...The Eternal and The Supreme!
A mystic crosses the infinite at every step...
...and meets the eternal in every second!
Incomprehensible for a layman!
For a mystic difficult to explain!
But, still the Truth says to me:
I am The Truth! I am The Truth!

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Know The Mystery

For an inquisitive person
Like a child seeking to know
life is always full with mysteries
For a person with animal brain,
The life of this world is nothing...
...but a sport and a pastime
They have hearts with which they fail...
...to know the mysteries;
They have eyes with which they fail...
...to see the mysteries;
They have ears with which they fail...
...to hear the word of God;
They are like cattle - indeed, even more astray!
Such are utterly heedless persons, as God says

Everything referring to life and death...
...all is a mystery;
He, me, you, this, that, here, there...
...all is a mystery
Sun, moon, stars, satellites, galaxies...
...all is a mystery
Typhoons, tornados, thunder and lightning...
...all is mystery
Earthquakes, deluges, diseases, epidemics...
...all is mystery
How many mysteries can I count?
Everything in nature a mystery!
Even Man and his Thinking is a mystery
His speech, his power, his behaviour is a mystery

Think deep about mysteries,
For if you do not try to unfold mysteries
Life is a blind-man's dream
Who does not know what is beauty
Think deep about mysteries
For when you unfold one after another mystery
Life will not be like a barren field
It will give more and more produce to you
Immense knowledge, and the pearls of wisdom

When you know your mystery, you will know...
...the mystery of God, who is active in you...
...and in the universe that he is creating
You cannot know the whole truth
But it is great to be an inquisitive learner in this...
...Academy Of knowledge and Research.

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Raise Me From The Dead

My lord, I want from you the tidings of resurrection...
...that I may arise from my grave;
I want to rise up from the grave to take up my unfinished job!
My soul, like a lovebird, yearns for singing in the garden of Eden,
It yearns to arise and fly off...
...setting myself free from snares of the world;
When the voice of thy love calls me to be a free bird...
...I shall rise fluttering my wings for flying to the Eden - the garden of eternity...
...soaring far higher than the dome of the world!
There I'll live the life beyond the mortal span, for Eternity!
Pour down, oh Lord, the rain of mercy on my dead heart!
To quicken it to life, and let it know what is the eternity;
My lord, do not by the wind of your wrath scatter...
...me as dust from place to place;
Once I am dead and gone,
How can I carry on my love affair with you?
How can the dead fulfill his covenant of Alast with you?
Raise me from the dead! Raise me with light and lute!
Such that thy voice rings through the folds of my winding-sheet!
Such that I arise and dance at my feet to thy melodious tune!
Such that your light of the blessed dawn...
...comes to awaken and enlighten me!
Wake me up! let mine eyes delight in thy music and light!
Thou art the goal to which all lovers endeavour to reach!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Music

Music celestial
carrying beyond the skies;
Body on the ground—

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Must Speak Without Fear

I Must Speak Without Fear

Speaking the truth might put my life in fatal danger!
Telling a lie on the judgement day will put me to shame!
I am afraid of both - of speaking the truth, and telling a lie!
I must not be afraid of death at the hands of cruel takfiris!
I must speak without fear what comes to my mind.

He who comes to know of the truth about Anal-Haq...
He must make this secret of Oneness known to all!
He sees Oneness with his own eyes of perception!
Only such a seer can guide to the house of peace!
I must speak without fear what comes to my mind.

Indeed The truth has now come to light....
...and falsehood has withered away:
Behold, all falsehood is bound to wither away!
I take precautions while walking through the darkness;
I go inside and see for myself: I am the truth!
I must speak without fear what comes to my mind.

It is a matter of enlightenment and divine consciousness:
The knowledge of Oneness that God's people know!
It's God's command in every soul, the people of sight clearly see!
Behold, where there is the commander, there is the command!
Nothing moves in the man and the universe but by his command!
I must speak without fear what comes to my mind.

Say, He Allah is One, He is not far from me!
Without him there exists none in the universe!
This Oneness he reveals to his friends...
...but does not give them the words to explain!
My head's eyes are not the eyes to see His Oneness!
I must speak without fear what comes to my mind.

.MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

At The Archway

How is it that in my eyes the melodious music continually plays?
How is it that streams of heavenly music run beneath the garden of my heart?
How is it that fragrance of the flowers of paradise fills to the gills the garden of my heart?
How is it that music of life is gushing out from the spring of my heart?
How is it that every thorn that pierces my feet in the desert of love...
sprouts as a pink rose in the garden of my heart?
It all happens, O My Friend, through the blessing of my beloved lord!

Even if the Takfirees close the doors of worship-place for me...
I will never complain, as I have even more a holy place to meet my lord,
Where away from the gaze of others, I look for him as if He is standing before me, and
I hear attentively Well-pronounced and sweetly recited verses of Quran!
I sit in the centre of the Arches of my brows or near...
...and offer the two rakkahs of the Sallah like Hatam al-Asam;
There my rebellious mind submits to Him!
There my heart pulsates to the rhythm of Hu!
There my head bends before the throne of my lord!
At the archway I find my lord welcoming me into his palace.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

In The Deluge Of Love

In The Deluge of Love

From your mercy is born the rose of my love;
Let the praise of Thy mercy be on my tongue!
You have adorned your book of guidance...
...with the verse of your Mercy just at the beginning;
You are the most beneficent, the most merciful!

A thirst for Thy love is in my heart and soul!
Like Mansur, constantly on my tongue you speak:
'I am The Truth'! 'I am The Truth'!
I hear you proclaim every hour:
'I am the whole, not divisible into parts'!
Everything in your universe claims:
'I am not cut off from The Whole'!

The waves of Thy deluge of love strike against...
...the boat of my existence;
I don't need any Noah to get me out of the deeps of deluge!
My love-drowned soul is pleased to annihilate itself...
...in the vastness of the deluge of your love.

By your command, the spirits of the darkness...
...from my breast have flown away;
My words of repentance in the stomach of the whale...
...graciously have been accepted by you -
Like Yunus who belonged to your tribe of great prophets;
And now, no more do I shed tears or moan and mourn...
...for being away from your throne.

The pearls of the love-drops like raindrops trickle into my heart;
My soul pokes its musical thread through their eye-holes!
And joins them into a musical rosary;
This musical rosary hangs on the lashes of my eyes...
...and is giving out a rhythmic sound!
Hu! Hu! Hu La Illaha Illa Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!
This melodic sound is endless...
...and echoes through night and day!
Such a music of delight is in truth my life!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Prayers For Rain Of Mercy

O Thou Who created me and everything...
...perfectly and in due measure...
...and made all things - living and non-living...
...for my growth and sustenance!
By thy command I live! By thy will alone I love!
May your light ever shine on my soul and heart!
The lute of divine music that Thou to me didst give...
...within me sounds without my physical effort!
As the streams of Thy mercy run for me in the universe...
...so do the streams of thy holy music run inside me!

Whether it be in Mecca, the holiest shrine...
...or in the Sacred Cave on the Mount of Light...
...or inside the human heart, the secret abode thine,
Wherever your lovers go that is the blessed shrine!

In the morning you greet me with dawn's light...
...and with holy music that echoes in my eyes!
A flame of thy light in my heart rises that...
...burns up my carnal desires, and the images of other.

Give me thy ears, thy eyes, and thy tongue!
So that no more I live as deaf, mute, and blind!
O Rahman, to quench my thirst for your love...
...kindly shower the rain of mercy in torrents...
...on my burning heart!
Let me your holy name breathe in and breathe out!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Spring Is Not Far Away

1

My dear child
Gloomy nightingale of winter,
Will soon come to your window
To sing melodious song
Spring is not far away.

2

My dear child
The naked trees of winter,
Will soon put on green robes
For the wedding of Lovebirds
Spring is not far away

3

My dear child
Travel through the snowfield,
leave your footprints in the snow
Soon your footprints will vanish away
Spring is not far away

4

My dear child
The cold world shall soon put off
Its quilt of snow and ice sheets
To wear the colourful dress of wreaths
Spring is not far away

5

My dear child
The frozen tears on your cheeks
O homeless destitute!
Shall soon melt away
Spring is not far away

6

My dear child
The mighty icy breez is blowing

Over you in cunning smile
The cool fresh musk laden breeze
Is trailing behind
To give you an eternal kiss
Spring is not far away

7

My dear child,
Do not be dejected and frustrated
Lo, if you shed tears
Because you miss the sun,
You might also miss the moon and stars

8

My dear child,
Sing a sweet song while walking
On the slippery surface of the frozen stream,
Spring is not far away

9

My dear child,
Winter birds from other countries
Are packing up to fly away
To free this space for native birds
Spring is not far away

10

My dear child,
Wake up, come out of your dream,
The Sun is soon rising in your sky
To sweep away the winter clouds
Spring is not far away

11

My dear child,
All your sorrows and melancholy
Will soon be be hushed into ecstasies
Spring is not far away

12

My dear child,

The divine singer is soon playing upon
The strings of your heart's lute
The ancient music of the Alast
Rise up from the sleep
Spring is not far away

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Blind Speculation

What language you speak, O Ocean?
The language of eternity!
What language you speak, O bubble?
The language of ephemerality!
Listen, my heart, the whispers of the Ocean...
...with which of Oneness it is speaking to you.
Secretly it tells you in a wordless language:
'What I am, you cannot see;
what you see is your own speculation'!

The mystery of Oneness only the One knows
Deaf, mute, and blind is man, How can he explain!
Whatever he hears, sees, or speaks about Oneness...
...is just delusion of mind, a blind speculation!
My speculations about Oneness are just fools,
They shout across my mind and let me not listen...
...the song of Oneness with attention and full devotion
When I sit to ponder over the mystery of Oneness...
...some secrets like a bubble appear and soon go away!
These little glimpses are like the thunder and lightning;

The lightning almost snatches away our sight,
whenever it flashes on us, we walk therein...
...but when darkness covers us, we stand still;
Such is the case of those who speculate...
...about the secret of Oneness;
That Oneness exists is a perpetual surprise...
...to men of knowledge and wisdom;
I cannot explain why my heart sings...
...the Song of Oneness when in silence;
My heart beats to the rhythm of music of Oneness;
And writes upon its canvas in indelible ink:
' God finds Himself In Me'
'It is not me who loves God...
...it is God who loves me'
'I cannot choose the Best...
...but it is the Best who chooses me'!

Mohammad Younus

As Rumi Says

Come now, O musician! Come up!
I am waiting at the Upper-storey window;
Apply the bow to thy violin of Love, please!
Bring out the tunes melodious from every string!
And thou, O Saqi! Give me full cups of Love's wine;
That I may become fraught with inebriation...
...with Love's wine through the whole time;
Let us see at each other with unwavering gaze!
Let us talk secrets through silent gaze!
Let us absorb into each other until there remains...
...neither the seer and nor the seen!
The parting veil of duality must not remain inbetween!
Such that the realisation dawns upon me:
That 'I am You, You are Me'!
And chant what Rumi, the Mard-e-dervish, said of old:
'I have become you, and you have become me!
I have become the body, and you the soul!
So from now on, nobody dares to say...
That I am someone, and someone else are you'!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Song Of The Reed

Hearken the song of reed
Forget your agonies
Stay still, be happy

Hearts tear you need not
No separation from God
Simply oneness see

I yearn for the day
When this fact I comprehend
That I am the Truth

Sing the song of reed
In every situation
Promote peace, not hate

Search for the secret
Without light you cannot see
Within you Almighty

The sound of the reed
Comes from the fire of love
Kindle this fire

The fire of love brings
Mellow music to the reed.
Adds taste to the wine.

The song of reed takes
The thirsty to the spring of life
Makes him immortal

This song of reed winds
Its music around your soul
Your beloved hugs you

This song of reed echoes
In the backhead rhythmic tunes
That touch your forehead

This song of reed whispers
A secret in your heart's ear
When you are alone

This song of reed coils
Around you musical strands
When you are in crowd

To the unknown realm
This song of reed transports
Your destination

The song of reed guides
A guiding star in the sky
Travelling at night

The song of reed plays
In the pupils of your eyes,
Heart's ears do hear it

The song of reed speaks
To you in the dead silence,
Speech in living heart.

The song of reed sweeps
The veils from your Heart's face
The secret hidden shows

There can be no friend
Better than the song of reed
Mystic Song of Love!

Dive deep into heart
To hear the song of the reed
Your self you will know

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

To Be A Faqir

To Be A Faqir

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you are a cobbler
or a powerful king

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you are a scholar
or an unlettered person

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you are rich
or destitute and forlorn

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you live in a palace
or are a homeless person

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you are from Medina
or from Habash

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you are white, brown,
or black African

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you are Arab or
Ajamee having different tongue

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir

If you are a master
or an oppressed slave

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you are a Sufi
or a non sufi sage

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you are honoured
or mocked by people

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you are in a Takia
or in the battlefield

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you take disciples
or live totally aloof

It really doesnt matter
To be a faqir
If you listen to Sufi music
or avoid music gatherings

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you dance like whirling dervishes
or sit in meditation and contemplation

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you are a khalwat-nisheen
or are a masnand-nisheen,

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you have permission
or have certificate from some peer

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you belong to some Sufi order
or are not linked to a chain

It really doesn't matter
To be a faqir
If you have mystical powers
Or have no such magical powers

What really matters
To be a faqir?
You really are a faqir:
If you have divine knowledge and wisdom
If you have in your heart love and peace
If you serve others to the best of your ability with a pure heart,
If you see Oneness expressed by the creator through his creation
If you, above everything, fulfill the Covenant of Alast
That is all that is expected of a faqeer.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Book Of Knowledge

Unlearn what you have learnt o' heart;
Forget old lessons and acquire fresh knowledge;
The book of knowledge you are carrying in your own bag;
The musk-bag clings to the deer, you must know!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Flute

A flute cannot produce a melodious sound,
Unless through its mouth the flutist blows;
O' man you too like a flute could not speak,
Until of His spirit the Lord blew into you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Submit To The Will Of Creator

O Man, the Great King, has left you free:
To choose between evil and good!
To choose between Satan and Divine!
But you have to comply with Orders Divine...
That come to you for your guidance...
Through the messengers from the Throne!
He has left you free just to test you...
If you do your own will, or do the will of Lord!
Does man think he will be just left scot free...
...just by telling I have believed? '
No, No, No, you will not be just left alone!
You will be held accountable before the Throne!
He will see how sagaciously have you used...
...your free will, that He has bestowed upon you!
In your physical and mental makeup...
...God has created you to follow His Laws of Nature!
Behold! He would not have created the Nature...
...if He had not to create you as His Viceroy;

O Man! Submit you must to the will of the creator;
Then only you will be doing his job as a viceroy!
If you misapply your free will...
...and go against the Laws of Nature...
...you will be dismissed as the Lord's viceroy!
It is entirely for you to decide and make a choice:
Do you want to be Lord's honoured viceroy...
...or, you want to join the hordes of Satan?
You must win your entrance to God's kingdom!
There he will welcome you as His honoured guest!
But you have to wait till He graciously invites you...
...after you go through the process of purification!
O Man! If you follow the commands of your evil self...
...God shall withdraw from you his command of...
'Come Near To Me!'
How can you then win presence in his Court of Love?
Only the purified souls, the true lovers...
...having the two emblems (knowledge and wisdom) ...
...can find admission within His precincts!
The rebels, the children of the Evil Self...

...are cursed to stand outside His gate.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

On Human-Horse

Life is a mysterious journey!
Every journey has beginning and end...
...but the journey of life has no beginning and no end!
Behold! Life's journey is cyclical!
Everything in the universe is in a cyclical motion!
Don't talk nonsense, never think of breaking this cycle;
Even if you desire, how can you? No mukti from this journeying!
People of mystic sciences know Life is God - God is Ever-living, Everlasting!

They who know the secret of Life are never in frustration,
They are always in celebration!
Don't talk confusion!
Life's journey does not end with death;
For even after death, there is life -
In hell there is life! in heaven there is life!
The clock of life never stops tick tock tick;
Once you have covered one phase of this journey...
Behold! A new phase will unfold;
Life`s journey goes on without a stop!

We`re travellers in this journey of life!
We won't cease from this travelling of our own accord;
Unless He who has put us on this journey is satisfied;
Or, He withdraws his command -
And takes out what of his spirit He has blown into us;
In my heart the lamp of life that burns is kindled by Him;
On Human-horse He is riding, journeying to enjoy his creation!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

In The House Of Unity

The enlightened lovers have no dread of mortality
Every lover who has passed beyond death knows,
What is mortal and what is immortal?
When he sees the world, he sees the boundless infinity:
When he knows his self, he beholds there too the Unity;

Look not at the separate manifestations of the seed:
The stem, the branches, the leaves, the seeds, and its fruit
Look at the one seed and its different manifestation;
You will find the Seed telling you:
'I am seed at the beginning! I am seed at the end! '
All the manifestations owe their existence to the parent seed!

Likewise, whatever is in anfas and aafaaq...
...that is entirely expression of the One Reality
How baffling this riddle!
The entire tree with all its attributes...
...is in the Seed, and the seed is in the tree!
In the House of Unity the community of plenitude dwells!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Be The Seer! Be The Hearer!

O man, ignorant of your own soul!
Know its nature from him who has blown it into you!
He is Aleem! He is Hakeem!
From him acquire knowledge and wisdom true;
Throw into the dustbin, ignorance, delusion, and insanity!
Such that the sun of enlightenment shines upon you...
And thus removes from your heart the darkness of infidelity!

Abandon duality and multiplicity;
And set out towards pure devotion and unity!
This is the straight road! No hairpin turns! No sharp curves!
The secret voice that you hear while travelling on this road...
...is the voice of the Truth that Moses heard on the Tur;
Calling upon you, to comprehend his oneness - Hu Allah Hu!
He is in secret telling youe Udnu-menee! Udnu-menee!
(Come near to me! Come near to me!)

Should your eye of perception open by the grace of God,
You will see this divine voice echoing in your heart;
Follow this gracious voice with full devotion of your heart,
You will see the divine lamp kindled in your heart,
You will then, inshaallah, achieve life's true ecstasy and felicity.

The awakened and the enlightened verily know the secrets divine;
While the ignorant is like a bat who flies about in the day and nothing sees;
Be the seer! Be the bearer!
If you long to see the light and sound of the oneness all around;
How can a person blind of heart's eyes know of the beauty sublime?
How can a person deaf of heart's ears know the import of melodious sound?

If you perceive the oneness, forthwith you will know, the Quran,
O sagacious one! make your eyes (heart's ears) to hear the Quran;
Err not, all your attributes and powers flow from the Main Source;
And unto the Source of the essence, the essence itself leads the way.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Regret, I Regret, I Regret

When I look at mountains and dales,
I see you there!
I see your beautiful image...
painted on the canvas of the universe!

You are the sea, I am a drop in you!
You are Alif, a straight line!
All letters are the shapes of this line!
You reveal your secret to one in crores;
One who knows the secret is the best of men!

You are the pain and agony in the lover's chest;
You are the blazing furnace in the lover's breast;
You are the dawn light that touches lover's eyes;
You are the night that covers in black light your lovers;
You are the melodious rhythm that sounds all the while.

Should my falcon your throne reach,
From Almighty I shall ask what is I and You?
Why did you send me to a world...
...which is not worth a straw;
I regret! I regret! I regret!
The day when I flouted your order,
And came near to the forbidden tree.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Free Birds

Great many kings, Warlords, business tycoons ruled with might and right;
Great Kings and wealthy erected high mansions in the cities;
Where are they? Where they went? Shall they come back?
Who knows? Their monuments are in ruins, nobody lives there!
Mountains, deserts, valleys, meadows, moors, lakes and streams...
...are but standing at their own place;
They cast a sarcastic smile over people who think:
Their wealth, their power, their empire will make them immortal.

Happy are those poor people who live a contented life;
Who work as artisans, craftsmen, petty traders, and farmers during days;
And through cold and hot nights keep vigil while sitting with their lord;
With bloody eyes they gaze at their lord, and sing his praise;
They sow and sow and I hear them say:
'One who sows the seeds, he alone reaps the harvest! '
They are lovers, they fear not death, for they believe lovers don't die;
They are free birds, no one can jail them in the world's cage;
They are innocent and have got a lamb's heart;
They fear not that a hungry wolf could devour them;
For they are sure that the shepherd keeps a vigil over them;
They always are attentive to hear the shepherd's melodious flute!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Do Not Mourn My Death

One day after giving me ablution...
...my body they will cover in white shrouds;
They will carry me in a coffin to the graveyard;
In the 2 x 3 tomb with honour they will lay me;
And cover my body with gravel and clay;
I shall not be able to move my lips, and say them adieu;
How can I - a dead corpse - answer Nakeer and Munkar?
My body will rot there, and insects shall devour me;
I cannot stand upon my legs to escape...
...serpents and scorpions, and the Nakeer and Munkar;
I am happy insects will eat my body away!
God be thanked, my body will not go waste!

O my dear mourners!
Let you not mourn over my passing away!
From the faithless world, I have been set free;
I am now a nightingale singing in the garden of Eden;
In this garden nobody mourns the dead;
For this is the garden of eternity!
Only those who have conquered death come here!
From God we come, to God we return!
Everything at last returns to its essence!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am An Old Man

I'm an old man, libertine they call me,
I own neither a degree in theology, nor I preach;
All the day I wander through the labyrinthine alleys
At nights I lay on bed neither in sleep nor awake
I hear constantly the mystic voice, Hu Illa Hu...

I'm an old man, dervish they call me,
I own neither an Ijaazah from some Peeer, nor I teach;
All the day I wander through the world's busy streets
At nights I lay on bed with watchful eyes, a vigil I keep
I constantly remember my lord, hearing the rhythms of his lute.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

He Who Loves God

Many ways to Lord
Choose the shortest way to Him
How can you reach God?

Out of reach is He
Outside space and time is He
Who's inside, tell me?

Too many faces!
Can you count number of stars?
Can you count his faces!

Go to the tavern
Annihilation needed
Drink to your full

Attain baqa billah
Consider not gain or loss
Sacrifice your self

He who loves God
Fears not losing the house
Knows the eternal!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Oneness

Union and parting
ignorance and delusion
Drop in the ocean

Wave never stays
Apart from the water
Face of the ocean

Be like blind deaf, mute
They do not see, hear, or speak: -
Multiplicity!

You look at the seeds
Stem, branches, leaves, and flowers
Fruits having the seeds

Expression of one
Unity in diversity
Nothing but oneness!

A line makes forms
Elpha, beta, omega
One point in essence

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Carefree Qalander

By day and by night
In the Desert lovers roam
It racks them not!

Lovers owe to none
And nor anyone owes them
Carefree qalander!

Night and day they drink
The wine of divine music
In their friend's home

Love bids them burn
Like a phoenix in their fire
They rise from ashes

On their soul they wear
No extra garment of clay
Fly beyond contours

Thus to the Farthest
Masjid they go on wings
To see His signs

Glory be to Him
Who reveals to His lovers
The secrets hidden

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Being Human

Being human
is not just a simple word;
Being human
is a stupendous task;
Being human
is an elevation from a beast;
Being human
is cultivation of humanity inside;
Being human
makes a person's outlook divine;
Being human
fills a person with love and peace;
Being human
means not to give hate speeches;
Being human
is the principal act of sages and saints;
Being human
means to be the vicegerent divine;
Being human
means not to step in the shoes of Satan;
Being human
is the super most achievement for a person;
Being human
makes a person feel expressively divine;
Being human
is living in the garden of Eden;
Being human
makes a person stay ever in God's Presence;
Being human
means to stand for weak and humble;
Being human
means not to do discrimination of any kind;
Being human
means to apply the principle of equity and equality;
Being human
means to see with hearts' eyes;
Being human
means to never celebrate war and killings;
Being human

means to be kind and considerate even to our foes;
Being human
means not to behave like savages and brutes;
Let us open our eyes, ears, heart, and soul...
...In order to be truly human;
When our inner realisation awakens...
...we will know that to be human means to know divine.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Ocean Is In Me

Love thy Melodies
I hear with closed eyes
Never leave my Heart;

Thy voice echoes
I am not from you apart
I'm in thy ocean;

I open my eyes,
I am bubble in ocean
Love, that is My Life;

So happy I am
I am nigh to Thee in heart
Never shall I depart;

Too feeble my form
Still part of the ocean
Bubble in ocean!

I know now myself
A flower of the ocean
Ocean is in me

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

In The World's Inn

From eternity is passing a caravan...
...from somewhere to somewhere;
I too am with the caravan walking;
I am now for a while in the world's Inn;
I am a guest in this Inn - the Innkeeper I don't see;
He gives me the space for taking rest!
He gives me time to enjoy my stay in the Inn!
He gives me to eat!
He gives me to drink!
He makes me hear the melodious music!
He gives me light to help me walk through darkness!
My host, the Innkeeper, does not deny me anything!
Nothing does he charge me for my stay in the Inn!
Having stayed for the appointed time in the Inn...
...I shall go my way;
Along the Caravan to somewhere - destination I don't know;
I honestly am in a great puzzle, for I don't know:
What LIFE is really all about?
What is the reason for my short while stay in the Inn?
Why am I placed in this moving caravan?
Where shall my journeying end?
And when and where did this journeying begin?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Bubbles In The Sea

Bubbles In The Sea

Why should I go anywhere in search of my Lord?
Right beside me in my cottage is my Lord!
Why should I visit a mausoleum or a hermitage in search of my Lord?
I will neither leave my house, nor will I travel in search of my Lord;
Why should I go on long journeys to search for my Lord?
I know, he is my life, very much present at my home is my Lord!
In the garden of existence that blooms from eternity is my Lord!
In the hustle and bustle of the market-place of life is active my Lord!
In the Life stream flowing from eternity is to be seen my Lord,
Without beginning and without ending is He, my Lord!
Who knows where and what is the source of the life stream?
Who knows where is it progressing ahead along its course?
Does this life stream have a linear flow without endings, who knows?
Does this life stream flow along the circular course, who knows?
He is to be seen in the lightning and thunders of life;
He is to be seen in the silent and steady flow of life stream;
He is to be seen in the mighty winds, and heavy showers of rain;
He is to be seen in the slow and steady falling of snow flakes;
He is to be seen in the enormous light and melodious music;
He is to be seen in the overlapping darkness and frightful shriek;
But how can you see the sea through the bubble's eye?
Do you not know that a bubble is ephemeral and shortlived?
But, if God opens your perceptive eye, of course you will see:
A bubble dies in the same ocean from which it is born!
All the bubbles have the same essence - water!
And no one of them is separate from the mother water!
All things you must know are born of water!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My Lord My Love

The best of creators is my Lord!
What a marvellous director of affairs is my Lord!
All the sages, saints, and prophets testify...
That all authority vests with my lord!
Unsurpassed in excellence is my Lord!
For eternity, he has appointed Adam as his viceroy!
He delegates some powers to him to serve his Lord;
To allow him perform the best as per the plan of his Lord;
No support or partners does he need!
Absolutely independent of all is my Lord!
Seek favours from none other than Him commands my Lord!
Out of nothing He creates everything by his command!
The creator of all the things in this world and in the next world...
...the peerless architect, the engineer, the builder is my Lord!
He sustains and nourishes all the worlds, such is my Lord!
He is the super artist who perfectly creates his unparalleled art!
Man too creates exquisite artefacts and marvellous things...
...through inventions and innovations...
...by dint of the divine intelligence...
...that is bestowed to him by the beneficent Lord!
With unique attributes and qualities, Man is adorned by my Lord!
Man is the best of his creation - unimagined in time and space!
Man's essence, Man's fragrance exclusively emanates from his Lord
All the pages that Man has written...
...and the pages that He is now writing...
...or, the pages that he has still to write...
...all that is already in the Preserved Tablets of my Lord!
Perfect knowledge of all secrets, be it hidden, or open...
...Man knows from his lord!
But only the little about the unseen he can know...
...that is granted to him by his lord!
No one is a partner in His governance, the supreme ruler is my Lord!
With absolute powers, as an absolute monarch, reigns my Lord!
His true friends are truly mad after his oneness...
...and as such they always cry La Maujud Illa Hu!
Honestly speaking, Fellowship with anyone a lover does not need...
Who has created a lasting love affair with his Lord!

Mohammad Younus

Win Divine Pleasure

Live with thy head touching in the skies;
Thou art by birth the prince of the paradise,
The stream of time is constantly flowing forward;
The flowing stream has no chance to flow back;
So mind it that the misspent time that sped...
...can in no case return;
Consider well the beauties of the paradise and the earth;
See what is more fantastic and everlasting!
Consider what is permanent, and what is ephemeral!
Should you not aspire to go back to paradise..
To win God's pleasure, and sit with those who sit...
...in his perennial presence!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Mughal Mazaar

Let the divided people of Kashmir stitch together in unity;
So that the nation regains the lost position of prestige...
...in the comity of nations!
Our youth to whom the stars are not out of bounds...
...are the ones, I believe, who can do the impossible indeed;
In no way is the child of our valley inferior to any other brave child;
May I tell you a secret hidden, O people:
Our children defeated the invading armies of Mughals twice;
The burial place of Mughal invaders is still known as...
... 'The Mughal Mazaar' on the Mughal Road;
Our king, Yusuf Shah Chak, through conceit was taken as a prisoner;
Far from the gorgeous valley, he is buried in Bihar;
For a pilgrimage MyKoul longs to go there!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hu Is The One God

Before I took the human form, there was Hu;
On Taking Human form there is Hu;
After leaving Human form, there'll be Hu;
There is Hu!
And nothing there is besides Hu!
He is as He was!
He will be as He Is!

SAY: 'Hu is the One God:
God the Eternal, the Uncaused Cause of All Being!
He begets not, and neither is He begotten! ;
And there is nothing that could be compared with Him!
Hu! Hu! Hu! Illa Hu!
I constantly hear Hu from Hu!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Divine Voice Hu

Through the ears of my heart,
I hear a voice,
A sweet, melodious voice
That affirms the words
That he spoke to me in eternity

And through that voice,
I heard the Word of Allah
La Illaha Illa Hu
That made my soul sing sweet.
A wonderful song
That echoes in my heart,
Hu, Hu! Hu! Illa Hu!

The mist of otherness,
The word removed from my mind
The unity deep within awakened
The eternal peace the voice returned
A response to my prayer to Allah
For removing from my heart...
Hatred, discord, and duality.

That ineffable voice,
Made known to my heart
The highest state of ecstasy
That inevitable state I had in the eternity
I inclined my heart unto the voice of Allah
That swept out the satanic thoughts...
from my mind.

That melodious voice of God,
Which changed my heart
Is constantly ringing in my heart
The voice of my Creator
Which says 'I am you, you are me',
Will stay within me forever.

MyKoul

Love The Infinite

Above all, to the divine speech, I must be attentive;
First and always, with care, I must give to it my inner ear;
That even when facing the world's temptations...
...I be more enchanted by the melodious voice divine;
Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! ... La Illaha Illa Hu!
The divine voice spoken without lips! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! ...

Through each moment, I want to listen to this voice divine;
I'll spread my ears wide open in honour of this voice divine;
I'll make my eyes the deep repository of this music divine;
The sadness of separation will get replaced by contentment divine;

And thus, when my ego comes looking for me...
...it won't find me not divine!
Who knows spiritual death what it is? Ecstasy of living in infinity divine!
Who knows the end of all lovers? Water goes back to ocean divine!

I'll be able to say to myself of the significance of love divine:
'Bother you must not about being immortal...
...since the Truth in you is not mortal; He is everliving!
He is infinite! You think yourself to be finite! Be honest!
As long as you do not understand the Unity;
As long as you do not comprehend what is infinity.'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I'm His Image

I'm his image - the one who looks at him;
I'm his image - the one who is looked at by him;
I'm his image - the one who loves him;
I'm his image - the one who is loved by him;
I'm his image - the one who is created as the Caliph to him;
I'm his image - the one who challenges the throne and authority of God;
I'm his image - the one who raised impious rebellion in Heaven;
I'm his image - the one who made the vain attempt to exercise his own will;
I'm his image - the one who was expelled with Eve from the Heaven;
I'm his image - the one who even here defies the Omnipotent;
I'm his image - the one who follows Satan in his footsteps;
I'm his image - the one who wept night and day to ask his forgiveness;
I'm his image - the one who said: 'Our Lord, we have wronged ourselves...
...and if You do not forgive us and have mercy upon us...
...we will surely be among the losers.'
I'm his image - the one whose tears my lord wiped away;
I'm the image of love, peace, and of light!
I'm the image of goodness and melodious music!
I'm the image chosen by God to guide aright...
...in paths where Lovers may walk and aspire!
I'm the image created from him, for him and by him!
I'm the image into whom God blew of his spirit;
When he said: Kun!
(Be! And it was!)

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Dumb Valley

I know, I am all alone!
How much it hurts my heart!
With no faith and no law on my side!
No melodies! Only maladies!
Only I! Only I!
And none of this can I say!
I feel! I cannot say!
Dumb Valley!
Nobody can say what he sees!
From morning hour I see:
People living in fear and terror;
Others also must be seeing;
They pretend as if they do not see;
Poor men and woman are barred...
From bringing water from the common spring;
From the same source poor do not take water;
In their hearts they can not awaken peace and love;
All I love! And I love alone!
Life is most stormy!
The dawn is covered by mist and fog!
Light does not reach down to say goodbye to the night;
In every nook and corner there is going on a fierce battle...
...between the forces of good and evil;
Good is under a series of onslaughts from the monsters!
I fail to see the mystery which binds me to my ship still;
The tarpadoes are raining from every direction;
Many a ship is sinking; I see! I am Helpless! I am all alone!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Follow The Commandments

How long
will you believe that soul is a prisoner?

How long
will you think about freeing your soul?

The only thing
You must know that you are a soul.

Don't believe
all this rubbish and stop bothering yourself
about
freeing the soul from your body.

You must know

Who are you? And, what is your soul?
What is your relationship with your soul?
Is soul your other?
Can you exist independent of your soul?
Can soul die?
Is soul capable of division and subdivision?
Is there one single soul or innumerable souls?

You cannot know

There are so many questions...
Answer through logic you cannot know.
The absurd questions!
A futile exercise! Groping in vacuum!
In order to confuse you
Leave these questions to philosophers
Let them fight with each other
Just follow Lord's command - simple!

? MyKoul ????

Mohammad Younus

Don't Be An Idolater

Hey, when you seek, you will find;
And when you find, you will believe;
Hey, don't follow others just because...
...they are your elders;
I count you as neither more nor less...
Than they are;
Merely older or elder than you they are;
I don't agree, yes, calmly I reject people...
Who seek truth in the spiritual masters;
Whom they adore as little gods;
Omniscient! Omnipotent! Omnipresent!
Hey, they are your equals!
As far as the essential truth is concerned...
I see the same truth in you, everywhere;
The truth is not anywhere higher or lower!
You are the manifestation of the same truth;
As they are, neither lower, nor higher!

Say they are guides to the truth;
The guidance of living gurus is needed;
Because they have knowledge and wisdom;
They know the ups and down, turns and curves...
Of the path that they have travelled upon;
They show us the signs, they give us pearls;
But we have to be seekers ourselves;
They cannot seek for us,
One who sows, he only reaps the harvest!
Superior to you: in experience, knowledge and wisdom;
In essence, they are nothing more, nor purer:
Because the essential truth that they know...
Is your reality too: say, 'I am the truth'!
You are complete and perfect, you must know!

Take care, don't be an idolater of spiritual masters:
The ways leading to the truth are multiple;
Different from each other!
But of all the ways, one that is straight is the shortest;
Be with reality and alone! Know the reality and alone!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Real Divine Lover

Love that is most enormous and most pristine is the Divine Love;
The divine lover's heart opens like the closed petals of Lotus flower;
He gets so much mesmerized, that he sees divine face in each blossoming
flower;
He seeks to hold and hug the divine that he sees smiling in each blossoming
flower;
He withdraws from the outside world to meditate on the divine;
And there he finds the divine beauty in the secluded privacy of his heart;
He gazes at the divine beauty and wants that he be gazed upon in return;
He wants to love and be loved and be touched by the divine musical waves;
He strongly wills in his heart never to leave listening to the melodies divine;
Not realising that often it is hard for a person to keep his promise,
If you really desire to fulfill the eternal covenant, then you must not Stand...
...on the crossroads of mundane and and divine love;
If you break your promise that you have made in eternity, you will have to
repent and weep...
...for all lives to come, until you are raised from the dead;
Lucky is the person who wins the love of his lord!
Pity on person who misses to say balaa to the question of Alast!
When the Love's journey is begun in obedience to the rules in the Manual of
Love...
...there remains no doubt for the traveller on Love's path to reach his
destination.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Birthday Wishes

The saffron flower blooms to spread its fragrance
To you and me, and to all around;
The sun dawns to spread its light - to you and me, and to all around;
The morning breeze blows to share its cool - to you and me, and to all around;
The gorgeous Veth flows to give water to thirsty lands - to you and me, and to all
around!
The nightingale sings melodious notes to let them reach - you and me, and all
around;
The rose buds move their heads to the tune of nature to mesmerise - you and
me, and all around;
Everything by God's will does its part to please - you and me; and all around;
A child like you took birth to acquire and share knowledge and wisdom - with all
of us!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Smartphones

The most important gadget we've with us,
As far as our children are concerned,
Is ever, EVER, EVER with killing hazards;
Let them not play with smartphones -
Particularly when they are all alone;
Or, better still, just don't install...
The idiotic applications at all;
Or, use a child lock to stop them...
From viewing perilous things;
In almost every house we've seen,
Children moving their fingers...
At the phone screen, and watching...
Nasty dehumanising games and reels;
They stare until their eyes lose their shine;
They sit for hours like flies on shit and faeces;
And stare and stare until they're hypnotised by it,
Until they're fully fed with all that is forbidden junk;
Oh yes, we know mothers do it to keep them still...
While they are themselves idling away their time...
On watching dramas, moovies, and music on the phone;
Even fathers do the same after their business hours;
They never stop to think that they are slowpoisoning...
Their innocent children, as they let them die a virtual death;
IT KILLS THEIR BRAINS JUST AS CANCERS AND TUMORS DO!
IT KILLS IMAGINATION DEAD!
IT KILLS INNOVATIVE THINKING DEAD!
IT MAKES A CHILD SO DULL AND BLIND!
IT CAUSES SLEEP DEPRIVATION, PSYCHIATRIC DISEASES...
HOT-BUTTON ISSUES, AND EVEN CANCERS AND TUMORS!
A CHILD ADDICTED TO ANDROID PHONES CAN NO LONGER UNDERSTAND...
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FACT AND A FANTASY;
HE LIVES IN A FAIRYLAND! FAR FROM WORLD OF REALITY!
HIS BRAIN BECOMES AS A RUSTED MACHINE!
HIS POWERS OF THINKING RUST AND JAME!
You might ask what shall we do to entertain our children...
When after school hours they want to sit and relax;
Let them do all noble entertainment that they would...
Do before this monster gadget was invented;
Have you forgotten? Don't you know?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Tired Traveller

Tired Traveller All Alone
Tired Traveller taking rest
Under the Relaxing Chenar
Walked on foot to a shrine
In the scorching heat
...far from his Home
Tired Traveller fast sleeping
Just as taking the last breath
Dead tired, Just hopeless!
How to reach back home!
The dream of death he sees
In his unconscious state
It is The day of reckoning!
He pleads for a new life
The appeal is granted
By the merciful lord!
Comes back to the world
For a fresh pilgrimage
And to resume his walking
To reach back his eternal home
Living without a purpose
Just A Waste Of Life
He Searches For A New Route;
The Shortest New Route
Free Of blind curves

Tired Traveller All Alone
Keeps on walking to His Home
Walking in silence,
Hears Eternal melodies from Home
The Divine Music Echoing All Around
For Now He Is Not All Alone.
This Tired Traveller Is Welcomed Home

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Sermon On Love

I have been very much impolite and uncouth;
My harsh words have wounded many a delicate heart;
Indelible brands have I stamped on innocent hearts;
Love cannot be won by terror and hate, I didn't know;
Then, I heard the sermon of love from the invisible sage;
Through his counselling from the pulpit in my heart...
...he turned the beast in me into a kind human being;
I was delighted as if I got relieved from burning heat...
...by the heavy rain showers of monsoon during June and July;
The Sermon of Love comforted my disturbed mind;
The words of love gave a healing touch to my diseased heart;
When I recovered from my heart's disease, I began to feel...
...as if the Great God covered my being with his sweet love;
Now I smell His love all around, and I like a bee I sit on every rose;
I sing, dance, glide and fly in the rose garden of my God;
My heart has become the rose garden of His love;
So I have diverted from outside into my inside...
...to enjoy the divine rhythm constantly echoing in my heart.

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

A Tribute To Hussein

Though Love demands us to weep over the loss of Hussain...
...he even after his death dwells in the safe and secure place in our hearts;
Where no Yezid or Yezid's army can intrude to harm him;
Our love for him is like the sun of dawn that shines over our souls;
He is the living martyr - he still awakens us from beneath the dark;
And teaches us the true religion revealed by the supreme God to his grandfather;

The sound of his voice in the battlefield of Karbala still echoes in the atmosphere;

He found for us a new approach to life that brightens our future...
...and unfolds in our gaze the hidden secrets divine;
His martyrdom quickens in our hearts the desire to sit in cosy lap divine;
We see placed smiles on his bright face like pearls divine;
On the Altar of the Love, in the battlefield of Karbala, under the scorching sun...
...he placed seventy two heads of his near and dear without any fear;
The fickle mind still does not comprehend why did he offer such a great sacrifice;

Though this great Imam lived here only for a brief period...
...his spirit of Imamat is still alive, awake, complete, and perfect;
We look towards him - his practical teachings - for getting out...
...of the difficult, unpleasant, and embarrassing situation;
Despite the distance of our times, he dwells inside the rhythm of our breath,
And we find him so close to our heart as we are to ourselves;
Though we cannot see him with our heads' eyes...
...our souls always send choicest salutes upon his blood-dyed face;
He is smiling back at us from the paradise to give us the best contentment;
Let us not look for him only in imagination, let us grow and live while devotedly
following him;
Then alone we will find a good room in divine presence,
When we earnestly follow Hussein's way, the beauty of his teachings shall
indeed brighten us;
When the light divine glows, the melodious eternal tones shall echo in our hearts.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Way Of The Holy Ones'

O man, don't say He only spoke to Moses;
In fact, He is constantly speaking to his lovers;
Plug out from your ears the stones;
You will undoubtedly find Him speaking to you;
Don't look for Him everywhere -- He's looking for you,
Lo! It is not the thirsty person looking for water;
Rather it is the water looking for the thirsty person...
...to draw him near to it;
The persons walking in his way acquire His eyes and ears;
An ant walking in the dark night in the dark tunnel, He sees,
What the stream of consciousness carries, He knows it.
If there's a thought hidden in your sub consciousness, He knows it;
The inner sound of the soul's praise, Its visions, its secret ecstasy;
All this a gnostic knows by divine mercy!
That is the Grace of Allah, which He bestows on whom He wills;
And Allah is the Owner of Mighty Grace!
If you must ask anything from God ask Him just one grace:
'Open to me the Way of the Holy Ones of God! '

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

In This Life And The Life After

Swim in The ocean of oneness, let it be your business;
Free of the sufferings of fancied separation you will be;
The swimmers who are born in the world of love...
....dive into the fathomless ocean of oneness;
They find it to be their real home, and do not come out;
By the grace of God, they melt with the Love's heat...
...like an icicle that melts under the sun's heat;
We are all born of this ocean of oneness;
Come out of delusion of separation from Oneness;
Nurture the love of the ocean of oneness, to know...
...the unity in diversity -- such that you see the harmony;
Stay not in the dry and parched deserts of multiplicity;
Here you will consume your whole life in wilderness;
let you know that those who have not realised Oneness...
...will get lost in wilderness in this life and the life after;
And those who know the Oneness dance with ecstasy...
...in this life and the life after!

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

O Kashmir

O blue mountains of Kashmir!
O snow-capped mountains of Kashmir!
O lofty chenar trees of Kashmir!
O cup-shaped valley in the lap of gorgeous nature!
O green broad meadows with all your flowers!
Day and night I think of you!
I adore you as the fantastic creation of God!
Your highlands and moors are so exquisite!
Your streams and rivers produce heaven's melody!
O Kashmir, with white snow peaks, slopes and cliffs!
O Kashmir with ancient glaciers!
O verdant forests of deodar trees!
O beautiful singing birds that hymn to the glory of the creator!
O shepherds with herds and flocks of cattle!
I hear your flute through which you sing out the songs of pain!
I know you fear to sing in words your pain for fear of persecution!
O the blessed and sacred sages and saints of Kashmir!
You inspire and delight me!
O mother Kashmir, you give me the name - Kashmiri!
O mother Kashmir, you give me the language - Kashmiri!
O mother Kashmir, you give me the culture - Kashmiri
My heart you have filled with desire for honour and peace!
O Kashmir! Tears in your reddened eyes I see!
My heart will ne'er forget all your pain!
Your screams will ne'er go in vain!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Profitable Business

Pursuing this world is a business of loss;
The profitable business is the business of love;
Do not pursue the losing business;
Engage yourself rather in the profitable business;
That is, dive deep into the Ocean of Oneness;
And take out the precious pearls from there.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Search For The Truth

Search for the Truth within yourself, and the cosmos;
You can certainly perceive the Imperceptible One;
The essential Truth you can find by purifying
the mind;
The blameless One permeates each and every thing;
As the source of energy, he pervades all the things;
O wise one, the Truth is apparent but you are blind;
O wise one, seek the knowledge divine so that...
...you know The Hidden Truth - within you and the cosmos;
Gaze with the unwavering eye, through contemplation;
Then alone will the invisible one become visible to your perceptive eye;
Those who control the mind they easily find the essential Truth;
The Truth reveals Himself to Himself through the seeking eyes;
The true knowledge and wisdom under the guidance of...
...a true Master unites an aspirant to the essential truth;
And thus he witnesses the essential truth...
...in all his manifestations within the body and the cosmos;
The Truth is the creator, the sustainer of all the worlds...
...and even the destructor of all the worlds;
Call not upon another god with God; there is no god but He;
All things perish! He is the living, the everlasting!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Pursuing Oneness

Life is not just meeting the elementary needs;
Move ahead rather to the point of existence;
Pass beyond this world of limitations;
Such that you become all that you can be;
Your life goal must be to achieve self-realisation;
So pass through the process of self discovery...
...in the journey of existence;
For spiritual awareness, all the sages of old have said:
'One who realises his self has realised God';
If you want to be a better and more beautiful person...
If you want to be a person of knowledge and wisdom...
If you want to attain enlightenment and awareness...
...then, look through your own eyes of perception;
If you see through the eyes of others to decide...
...what is good and what is evil...
...what is beautiful and what is ugly...
...or what is valuable and what is worthless...
You will fail to see your real big picture;
On entering the Valley of knowledge...
...you will achieve self actualisation,
Here, the wayfarer becomes a gnostic;
He drinks from the cup of the Absolute...
...and gazes on the Manifestations of Oneness;
Here he pierces the veils of plurality...
...and flees from the worlds comprised of the elements four...
...and ascends into the heaven of unity;
With the ear of God he hears, and with His eyes...
...he beholds the mysteries of divine truth;
He enters the sanctuary of the Eternal truth...
...and sheds off the robes of otherness;
Here he stretches out the head of absolute...
...from the neck-hole of his shirt;
He sees in himself neither name nor fame nor rank,
Rather he finds his own praise in praising God;
He beholds in his own name the name of God;
To him, 'all songs are from the One'...
...and every melody originates from the One!
Having realised the existence of unity...
...he comes out of duality;

He needs not now pursue his quest for eternal truth...
...as he recognises what the secret hidden really is;
There's an irony in the pursuit of Oneness:
Pursuing it denies it.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Invocation To My Lord

I was your darling, even before you created me!
Your mercies are sweet, far sweeter than honey!
You assign to houris the duty to sing lullabies to me!
Your mercies are never ending! I owe my existence to You!
You stand before me! You stand behind me!
You stand to my right! You stand to my left!
You are watching over me! You are alongside me!
You are inside me! You are outside me! You are everywhere!
You lead me swiftly into your presence, when I go astray!
You only lord over me! I stand in obedience trembling before You!
My lord, I am your servant, let me do the sweetest things for you!
This lover gets pleased when your sweet music touches me!
Because Your melodies are dripped in your love's sweetest honey!
Let me enjoy the divine melody! Let me remain connected to You!
Let me always remember with gratitude your sweetest blessings on me!
Let you always be pleased with me! Let me have your pleasure with me!
Let me speak to you as a child speaks to its caring darling mother!
I know I cannot live sweetly until the sun dawns upon me
How can I prove my love to you! How can I prove my love to you!
Had you got a corporeal body, I would fondly caress you!
My Lord, my creator, my caretaker, my protector, my sustainer!
Would you please gladden my heart by giving your sweet caresses to me!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

What Has Happened To Them?

Many a lover jumped into this fathomless ocean of love since a long time afore;
What has happened to them?
Some could dive deep to the bottom and came ashore with scores of pearls;
What has happened to them?
Some drowned and became prey to sharks and never came ashore;
What has happened to them?
Some only on the surface could swim and by strong currents the wretched were
sailed away;
What has happened to them?

Many a lover desired to pass through the deserts of love to reach Mecca, the
abode of love;
What has happened to them?
Some heard the camel bells and followed the Mir-e-Caravan,
What has happened to them?
Some heard not the camel bells but still waited for the Mir-e-caravan...
...but the Mir-e-caravan did never arrive and eh they missed the caravan;
What has happened to them?
Some walked all alone through the night to see the beloved at dawn but the
dawn did not come;
What has happened to them?
Some travellers en route on moonless nights still walk on;
What has happened to them?
Some on the moonless paths by good luck found a light beacon and so continued
traveling on;
What has happened to them?

What is this Satan who beguiles and leads the lovers astray?
Many of our friends and co-travellers were lost on the way,
What has happened to them?
Those who lit these blazing fires of love,
What has happened to them?
Those who raised the mad cries of Hallaj,
What has happened to them?
This is the story of love, don't ask me what has happened to them.

MyKoul

Comfort My Heart

Come, a sweet melody play, let the celestial music flow into my heart;
Come, to delight me, and to give rest from plight of separation to my woeful heart;
Come, to assure me that you won't abandon me again to torment my heart;
Come, I am standing on your door, forgive me my past to comfort my heart;
Come, I am eager to faithfully fulfill the ancient covenant of Alast with you;
Come, I now repent and entreat you to give me asylum, despite being rebellious to you;
Come, none else knows the depth of my love for you, except you;
Come, please endow me with your sweet melodies to keep me in union with you;

Come, please tell me!

If I have originated from you, why I feel myself separate from you?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Where I Am Now?

Where I am now? Out of paradise!
All are strangers to me here;
There is an endless urge in my heart...
...to return to my eternal home;
Eh! I've been expelled for being God's rebel;
But, even here, even now, are floating in my eyes...
...the pictures of the eternal garden - my lost paradise!
Though Inexhaustible cold gusts of wind are sweeping over me;
Since a long time ago, my waterless dry eyes have been seeking you in the void;

My imagination feels you coming, as the celestial bells jingle;
Though the idea of separation from you is just an illusion;
My exploring eyes have found your charms very much in my heart;
Though my eyes always longed for your glimpse in this colored world;
I am happy that my love has filled my eyes with the exquisite light divine;
The light upon light that you fill in my eyes will never be extinguished;
The light allows me walk without any restriction through the black alleys of this world;
Let people know that it was your light that lifted the veils of my heart's eyes;
How mysterious it is that you send me the message of your love through my eyes;
That is all a blessing from my lord that I am as such in a state of ecstasy;
In an ethereal world I am now, where there is neither color nor smell nor sound.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Is Your Name

I am a poet because of you;
You gave life to my sentiments of love;
How can I ever forget you?
I remember you secretly and openly...
...because you remember me;
As I always stand before you...
...how can I ever ignore you?
I look into my heart, and I learn:
There is none but you!
I see, I hear, I speak, I smell, I taste...
I feel, I think, I sit, I stand, I walk...
...just because of your command...
...that you have blown into me;
I am blind, deaf, mute, dumb, crippled!
Even nothing! I am without you!
In the city of love, sanity is to remain...
...in silence before you, and continually hear...
...your sweet, spontaneous, fluid voice;
Once I was lost in unfamiliar ruins;
I am back to your ever-blooming garden of love...
...which you had kept ready for me;
I find myself short of words to express...
...my infinite gratitude to you...
...for showering your infinite love on me;
I shop only at the stores
where only your love is sold;
Your love is the water of life for me!
Without this liquor, I'm just a dead body!
Since you have brought me to your garden of love...
...I've come to realise that your love will never perish;
Love is your name! Love is your fame!
I cannot get on my tongue any other name!
In this garden of love, In this state of being...
I cannot love any other except you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Victorious

In the battle of nafs and ruh, I emerged as the lucky winner;
The ferocity of my nafs has died down, supremely I have won;
The mightiest internal foe I've humbled, he has knelt down to me;
Though I deemed myself to be an arid desert, It turned out that I'm the vast sea; .

How sweetly do I remember my victory over my nafs! I've defeated my wild, violent enemy;

Now the purest white blossoms bloom on the branches of my tree of life
I'm highly convinced that angels adore and in honour bow down to me;
All the horis kiss my eyes and sing melodious songs all the while to me;
I won the battle! my coward nafs, my craven enemy, yielded to me;
No more now my wicked nafs can victimize my soul and send its despoiling army to fight;

I am now secured and well protected in my paradise, the Satan cannot dare to beguile me again;

Inshaallah, it won't cause me to get lost in the wastelands of the earthly life;

I am happy in the garden of my love!

I enjoy the musical breeze laden with your fragrance in the garden of my love.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

A Prayer For Peace Of Heart

May Allah shower the incessant rain of mercy on my heart to keep it alive!
May Allah bless my heart with the kind of spring season that sees not fall!
Where the flowers never wither and die, but keep blooming for all times to come!

Where the tempest and tornadoes do not even dare to blow away the flowers!
May Allah keep the flower garden of my heart ever green and ever emitting the
scent!

May the greenery and fragrance of my heart's flower garden be of its kind
unique!

May the dignity and serenity of my heart be ever preserved!

May the beauty and grace of my heart never alter through months and years!

May Allah shower the eternal rain of peace on my heart!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

What Is Your Name?

You've taken away my delusion about my false identity;
Your love has wrested me away from me...
...by making me drink the wine of your Unity;
You've intoxicated me by the drink of love wine;
That whatever I look at in your universe...
... I see only your smiling face there;
My mind, my heart, my soul you hold tightly...
...to force me to listen to your sweet melody;
I give my whole love to you, Oh my flute-player;
You've absorbed me totally in your love...
...by your ever sounding sweet flute of love,
I give my whole love to you, O' my Lord!
You've made me your beloved, by the love wine;
Let me drink the wine of love cup by cup ceaselessly;
Day and night, please hold me in your love's grip,
You're the one I need, you're the one I desire to tell me,
The meaning and secret of ' Analhaq...
...which you even on the gallows made Mansur proclaim;
'Younus Koul - the dervish' is my name,
I pray you to tell me ' What is your name?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Great Word

He permeates and pervades each and every atom;
Still He remains hidden from every human eye;
Surprisingly, He reveals His being and all powers to none;
If you desire to know His real being, He exists very near to you;
Know the Unity! Then, you'll get to know the reality...
...that you are not any way separate from him;
No human eye can grasp His being!
He is beyond every looking eye!
But this universe He has created to exhibit...
...His indescribable beauty through everything;
Open thy heart's eyes and see...
...how he shows his beautiful face through all the mirrors;
If you keep shut your perceiving eyes...
...how can you see then His multifarious beauty?
Simply impossible!
Come on my friends, let us love him in totality;
Let us be His friends exclusively!
Our beloved is just waiting for us from eternity!
Come on friends, let us fulfill our pledge to lord of eternity;
That He took from us on the Day-of-Alast;
Come on friends, i shall tell you the hidden truth;
In this drama of Love, He Himself is the lover and the beloved!
'There is none but He! '
This is the Great Word resonating in lovers' hearts.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

If He Summons Me

I wonder what He'd ask me...
...if to His court He summons me;
I think a secret He'd share with me;
To my surprise He might say to me:
'It's not for questioning that I have called you;
It's to give you a glad tiding on this day...
...that you did understand my message...
...very much in the right way;
You will always be here with me;
Without a veil inbetween you and me!
I'll continually commune with you;
My hidden truth you'll know from me;
My word your soul will hear from me;
Now your mind is enlightened by my grace;
You can hear and understand my true word;
I'll now let you read from the Preserved Tablets...
...the secrets hidden from man;
Because I'll choose you as a teacher and my friend;
The living teacher to waken to life the hearts dead.'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Divine Beauty

Believe, in theory and practice, that...

...the Creator is as manifest in the dirt and grime of the cities...

...as He is in the beauty and serenity of the countryside;

We are weak and attached to surface truths in main;

When you think of God's ineffable beauty (jamal) ...

...think immediately of:

Lofty hills and green valleys;

Pristine lakes, gorgeous rivers and gushing streams;

Fathomless seas with deep mysteries;

Expansive skies and innumerable galaxies;

Though some things appear more beautiful than others...

...everything is perfectly beautiful in its own way;

Beauty is to be found in everything and everywhere;

There is nothing to be deemed as low and ugly;

Some people, some places, and some things may appear to you...

...to be more beautiful than others;

Simply because our gross eyes can appreciate...

...the existence and meaning of outward beauty alone;

But Your creator has endowed you with perceptive faculty;

With which you can see in all things the intrinsic beauty;

You will learn the essential truth with this spiritual faculty:

God is beautiful (Jameel) , and He loves Beauty (Jamaal) .

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Rise Up To Infinity

Above everything else, to my Love I'll offer my submission;
First and always, I'll love with care and full-fledged devotion;
That even when facing the greatest earthly temptation...
...I will be looking at the glamorous face of my Love with full attention.

I want to live in my Love in each busy and free moment;
And in its honor I'll turn my ears to hear the song of love;
And enjoy the joyful music with smile and never shed a tear;
I'll never be sad while hearing the song of love;
I'll be in peace and have divinely contentment.

And, thus, when my Love comes looking for me...
...I'll be liberated from the anxiety of death;
...I'll be standing before the source of my life;
...I'll not be in loneliness;
...or far and separate from my Love.

I'll be able to say to myself of the love (I have) :
Be not afraid of the burning love in your heart:
You'll be immortal, since the burning flame has the tendency...
...to rise up to infinity.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Full Well I Know

Full well I know that He is everywhere;
Much effort you need not do to see...
...that he is in and out, here and there;
But, what I know, and which I know...
...is my unique vision of the unique being;
He is multifaceted being - manifesting his beauty...
...in diverse hues and colours, shapes and forms;
Like Buddha's sculpture in Ajanta caves who...
...from one angle is seen in meditation;
...from second angle is seen in weeping pose;
Yet, from another angle is seen in laughing pose;
So God too is seen differently through different eyes;
How foolish of you to ask how God is like!
Most certainly you see him like as you like to see;
Every person has his own vision of God...
...that very much takes after his image;
Nobody in absolute terms can define what and how is God;
Except that we can name...
...one or some of his innumerable attributes.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

In This Country

In this country only dogs live in peace and tranquility;
Come on, let us sing honey-dipped songs in this country;
In every nook and corner, the blood-thirsty hounds roam freely;
Come on, let us from the savage beasts free the victims of terror and tyranny;
Here the communal bigots and the political chauvinists spit venom unabashedly;
It is the time for Jihad, let us together put brakes on the enemies of humanity;
Come on, let us from the live volcanoes save the citizens of this country;
Come on, let us restore peace and love, such that a paradise on earth...
...we make again this tumultuous country;
Come on, let us raise a high, impenetrable and insurmountable wall
around this country;
Come on, let us together stop the terrorists from devastating this beautiful
country.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Humble Dervish

My Lord! that hour you changed taqdeer of mine...
...when you chose my mudhouse to be House Divine;
Before the assembly of all the angels...
...you blessed me with grace divine;
You enwrapped me with your light and voice divine...
...and made my heart spotless of all sin and undivine;
You endowed me with wisdom and knowledge divine;
Lord of all the worlds! Most merciful and most kind!
With your abounding light, did my heart's eyes shine;
Then said my heart: Here will I take my Love's wine!
This city breathes your love in every part mine!
But, I fell from your grace to a distant bourne,
Alas! I knew it not, Alas! I defied my Master!
The influence of cold malignant nafs beguiled me;
I lost my Lord and so am wandering in wilderness;
Lone and afar my lord! ;
I repented and journeyed back to you;
Not only did you accept my repentance...
...but also agreed to reveal your inmost secret to me;
Lord! Please draw back the curtain from your Heaven!
Lord! Please lift off the veils from your radiant face!
Lord! allow me in your garden an eternal dwelling-place!
A humble dervish walking on the dusty way to find solace!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Heavens For Me Wait

The musical breeze sweeps
Radha, like a whirling dervish...
Dancing to Krishna's flute
The poet sits with his tab
And writes the poems sweet;
The street beggar stops outside...
The king's dome house...
To hear the music of King's lute;
The poor man feels ecstatic...
Outside the Palace great;
Why would I get pass...
The palace gate?
With tunes of music sweet...
I will build the ladder of love;
With bricks of music...
I will make the rest house...
In the King's Garden...
Echoing with His music sweet;
There inshaallah I won't hear...
The music of terror and hate;
The religion and philosophy...
The people of divine love...
Do not debate;
Don't reject me!
Don't put me to shame!
My story of love...
Only God can appreciate;
Neither His angels, nor Satan...
My love negate;
With all my woes and wounds...
Heavens for me wait.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Divine Judgement

Don't make a show of your false piety,
of your inner state God is not unaware of;
How long will you be under the false impression...
...that you can deceive God and His people?
You deceive none but yourself, though you perceive not;
Be a universal lover!
Speak not the words of hate that people's hearts tear;
On the path of Love hypocrites cannot walk ever...
...who stealthily spread in the world terror and fear;
Whatever you do must essentially be for Human welfare;
Walk on the straight path of Love, you won't be lost there;
Wherever a Nero plays at his flute...
...you must knock him down there;
On the chessboard of lovers, the hatemongers won't dare;
What is the use of multi-tuned Love lute, if you do not hear...
...though God sounds it all the while in your ear?
Serve the wounded hearts with love and care...
...who find it hard to catch a breath of air;
It's what the Judge of judges considers unfair.
This religion of hate, sign of God does not bear;
Whatever befalls us is the doing of our own misbehaviour;
The just God gives His judgement fair...
...there's no one He would on the Judgement Day spare;
Every hour in this world too is His judgement hour;
We must serve the children of God with pure love and care;
Lovers are free from fortune and fame's snare!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Keep Your Pledge

Keep your promise, to be an intimate friend of your Lord;
If you break your promise, you'll be a stranger to your lord;
Why do you fall in love with earthly ephemeral beauty?
What has befallen thee?
In the center of His creation, God made you a dutiful servant;
He created you in the best form, and blew of his spirit into thee;
This is the subtle thing that Lord has vested in thee;
From His lips comes a sweet voice like from a reed:
From all the worldly temptations you must flee!
To return to your eternal home, your goal must be!
The eight heavens with all luxuries your urge must not be!
To be a prisoner of love, from both the worlds, you must be free!
By your coming near to the forbidden tree...
...you had lost your divine ecstasy,
Yet your love to get back to your essence...
...flourished here by paying that ruinous fee;
O man! for the pain of being turned out of paradise do not plead!
For this was willed for your test of love...
...by the Lord of eternity;
O man! don't fall in the snares of nafs - the Satan of magic and fantasy!
Has your Lord not taken a pledge from thee?
Remember the verse revealed by Him in His book - to remind thee:
'Did I not enjoin upon you, O children of Adam, that you not worship Satan -
[for] indeed, he is to you an open enemy.'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Yes You Can

You can hear the word of God, without any mistake,
If you can open the windows of your heart;
You can't hear the word of God, without any break;
If you keep shut the windows of your heart;
Your soul will be at loss in the world and hereafter,
If you free it not of all the intrigues of mind;
The diabolic thoughts will grow in your heart,
If you remain unmindful of the schemes of evil nafs;
You must forsake the worldly affairs, and join the lovers caravan,
If you desire to hear in your heart the mellow music divine;
Every virtue in you will be on fire, you will be restive and restless
If you do not get the soothing vibes of the music divine.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sultan-Al-Dhikr

Don't surrender so quickly to temptations of your evil nafs,
Lest it cuts you off irrevocably from your lord;
Let you control your nafs as per the injections of Islam...
...and make it subservient to your command;
Such that the divine inside, you
can clearly view;
When my heart's eyes pierce the barzakh by God's will...
...the gentle melodious voice makes my eyes so cool;
The resonating voice that my eyes hear from heaven...
...makes it absolutely clear that the Sultan-al-dhikr is Hu, Hu, Hu...
Don't let sleep or slumber overtake you!
The Sultan is awake within you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The True Word

I believe in the true word - la maujud illa hu!
Everything in the universe is His true face,
Without His zikr is not even a gnat,
There is nothing in this universe...
...through which He does not manifest Himself
He is the first, nothing is before Him
He is the last, nothing is after Him
Wherever we look, we see his face,
He is everything in this life, He is the true God!
The sun, the planets, and the numerous galaxies...
...the green meadows, the moors, plains and deserts...
...the vast oceans, the lakes, the roaring streams...
...the animal kingdom, the plants of different sorts...
...the blossoming flowers and the thorns betray his beauty;
Even the singing birds and insects sing His glory;
When He wanted to reveal himself to Himself...
...He then created man, the noblest of His creation! ! !

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

What Is Heart?

In your heart lies the promised paradise,
The queen of love is to be found nowhere...
... but in your heart where all virtues combine;
Your heart is God's choicest meeting place...
...where love, peace, music and light divine...
...are all united to welcome you back...
...to God's presence, and grace you with...
...all virtues that are most divine;
If I write about what actually is human heart...
...they may reject me and call me a mean infidel...
...as the mystical knowledge they do not have;
If I don't write what is actually the human heart...
...that is well and good to keep it a hidden secret! ! !
Heart is not the organ of blood and flesh at all! ! !
Heart is the inner self -
It is what God of His spirit has blown into man! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Behold The Truth

I behold thy beauty spread all around;
In my blossoming heart, a Nishat garden!
Thy colourful flowers bloom as in the Eden;
The melodious wafts of thy music move year-round;
Echoing in my heart that defeats the separation;
I behold the universe as thy jewelled crown;
On thy radiant face I see no despicable frown;
And thy radiant light shines my soul and mind;
I dare to say thou are so close to me...
...enlightening me with thy own light;
Now, the old doubts of being separate are erased;
Say not, my friends, I am making an open blasphemy;
I am making rather a true statement...
...all things owe their existence to God's Light;
I am no more in ignorance, I am awakened by God's Light;
My essential self is no longer hidden to my heart's eyes;
God has revealed the truth to me, that He is the Truth!
I am not afraid lest the rational world decrees me as infidel! ! !

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

The Veth Chants Its Glory

I saw a bird flying in my turbulent dreams!
The bird was tossed by the distressed winds!
The bird was flying towards its lost nest
The skies showered on it the moon dust
Until the golden glow of dawn was born in the sky
The bird saw the river Veth chanting its glory
The bird willed not to return to the ground
But rather kept watching this eternal river
Running down making sweet echoing music
The bird could not see the source of the Veth
The Veth moves on, and the bird watches on!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Writers In A Strife-Torn Land

They accuse us of terrorism and label us as anti national
When we venture to write about the pains of our people
About the people that are searching for the lost identity
About a land that no longer has a place on the world map
About a land that has nothing left of its beauty...
...for which a poet wrote a verse:
If there is a paradise on the face of earth...
...that is here, that is here, and that is here
About a land that has nothing in its horizons...
...of love, peace, security, sovereignty and freedom
About a land where pens are broken...
...and tongues are stitched in order to forbid its writers...
...from telling their story to the world outside
About a land where birds are not allowed to sing...
...the songs about their favourite themes
About a land where writers out of horror use invisible ink...
.....to write elegy and eulogy about their heroes and heroines.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Follow The Word Of Allah

I silently bow down my head to Him as I hear...
His word coming from every atom in the cosmos;
Through everything He praises and reveals Himself!
'I cannot praise You enough...
...You are as You have praised Yourself';
His speech that I hear cannot I write down on paper...
For How can I say in public the speech I hear...
...which the Lord of the world speaks in secret language?
This is 'the most exalted' secret between me and my Lord!
I say whatever He wants to say on my tongue in His praise;
I am just a humble servant of the Creator who sometimes...
...uses me as His mouthpiece to announce his word
'Say: I am His servant, I am His friend, I am His lover and beloved'
His word is like a master-key - the opener of all locks!
He revealed the Quran for seekers of knowledge and wisdom...
...through the master of all noble messengers and the best one;
He is the origin of all creatures, without exception;
He who hears and follows His pure Word holds in his hand...
...the divine lamp under the light of which he walks on the path of love;
From the time of creating Humans, He has been sending his messengers;
Everything, without exception, He has brought into being by His command;
He is the origin of all origins; He is the essence of all the things;
He is the oil, He is the niche, He is the lamp - He is hidden from human eyes;
Through His word He attracts the hearts of lovers to His Presence!
His word is the secret of man; the heavy trust that a mountain cannot bear!
Let us sincerely hear and follow His word so that all our errors are erased...
...from our heart through the radiant light of our merciful God.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Know Your Divine Grace

Oh' Great Man, claiming to be the Caliph of God High!
How long will you find satisfaction in earthly attachment?
Though in your essence, you are the noblest of creation,
You dance about the flowers of the world to enjoy the toxic nectar...
...Which you mistake for the Elixir that makes immortal a person;
Thus, in the clutches of deadly world, you remain entangled in temptation...
...which is not your God's original plan or intention;
You are the bird of divinity! Know Your divine grace -
Of His spirit God has blown into you when he created you;
Nothing else is the purpose behind your creation...
...but to render yourself free from the shackles of multiplicity;
As long as you sit in your cage, sing sweet songs;
And, thus, make the bitter people of the world sweet;
Well pleased be in the cage, undisturbed you be...
...in stillness remembering your lord and listening to his word;
He has placed you here to hear his song to be one with him;
The greatest gift of God is his melodious song...
...that he, through night and day, sings to his friends...
...resting deep in the heart of His sweet music;
Out of pain and sorrow of separation, this music takes you!
What else do you need...
...than to take the cup of music from his hand?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Be Merciful

If you want to seek God's mercy...
...be merciful to all you come across:
Your friends and your foes;
Spread love and peace everywhere you go;
Start being merciful from your own home;
Be merciful to your parents, to your children...
...to your spouse, to your next door neighbour;
Let no one ever be harmed or displeased by you;
Be the living expression of God's unconditional mercy;
The most beneficent! The most merciful!
Let you have mercy in your thought;
Mercy in your actions, behaviour, and speech;
Mercy in your eyes, ears, hands and feet;
Mercy in your greeting to people and wish them peace!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In The Valley Of The Dead

Close no more your eyes, O my God!
Just have a merciful look on the bleeding land:
Where I was born;
Where the natural inheritors suffer persecution undeserved;
Where for every bold deed people are tormented;
Where vultures find carcasses in abundance...
...to have a full meal;
Where in the graveyards even the dead shriek and appeal???
...to you, O God, for mercy to their living...
.. broken down under the yoke of oppression,
No, never more, should you, O God, be averse and indifferent...
...to the sufferings of your brave children...
...in 'The Valley of the dead'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divine Delight

Know this mesmerising woman Eve;
Her divine face on lovers casts a spell;
Her enchanting eyes made Adam slave to her:
Her finest, delightful female form houris envy;
She even to angels is stunning to sight;
She is an embodiment of divine delight;
Her musical golden hair and eyes...
...that flash and twinkle are fair to delight
Her rosy lips are like the Watergate...
...on the spring of divine speech;
Her marvelous face reflects the beauty divine;
Her smile is like dawn of the Paradise Lost;
Her portrait has been drawn before Adam's creation...
...by Divine providence for Adam's perfection;
Even her critics can't help but bow to her;
For they fail to find faults in her mystical figure;
After all they come to realise...
...that they exist because of her;
So to know their essence, they must know:
'Eve is our mother who gives birth to us';
She is perfect divine love...
...not found in any other form on the earth;
She is pure and purified without shame or sin;
Adam came near to the tree we know to win...
...the heart of this darling delight divine;
Since Eve is beautiful and loves her beauty...
...Eve's children know from her the secret of love divine

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I See My Friend In My Image

How like a polished mirror is your face to me!
I see myself every time I look at you!
I get stunned, my heart starts beating fast;
I feel as if God is pounding out his songs out of my heart!
I am so beautiful that I am in a fix and am perplexed much..
...that whom should I love and adore other than me;
I get comfort and peace only by looking at my friend's face...
...to see my own-self smiling at me;
That perfect smile which through and through enchants me!
While I look at my face in my friend's mirror, I say:
'I love you, I miss you so very much! '
The sweet music coming from my friend's lute...
...attracts me to leave the mesmerising world behind...
...and fix my eyes on the mirror that reflects my true face;
I'm no more feeling lonely as I find my friend in my image;
I am so very beautiful to me!
My heart only knows how much!
I am divine to me, I am God's perfect image!
I just want to hug and kiss the divine image in the heart's mirror;
Though it is both before and apart from me!
I am just beautiful - through and through like my friend!
I am unique in my essence, nothing compares me!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Not Stranger To You

After submitting to God's will, I have changed;
The old smile over my paled face has returned;
And in my eyes the bitter tears of pathos have stopped;
I really have changed!
The ghost of terror I have away chased
My thoughts, manners, speech, and actions have sweetened;
And I feel the beauty that my eyes had never before reached!
I will go back to the garden of eternity from where I was expelled;
For I did not forget the word God spoke to me on the Day of Alast,
And with each kiss of divine music...
...I swell with enormous ecstasy;
I am not a rebel servant who tells his master:
Sir, you take your way; I will take mine!
The sounding word does not let me sever...
...from divine presence and remembrance!
Every musical melodious kiss makes me forget...
...the shattered years of separation from divine presence;
O' please come on, My beloved! Put your arms around my neck...
...and hold me fast to your musical chest,
...to make me one of Your nearest friends best;
From you have I risen, and aflame in your love am I now blazing,
Just a bit of your light give me, that my nights change to daytime;
Without your flashes of light, I'll never bloom, I will wither;
Just I implore you to give me sharp sight and vision...
...such that I could notice you in me and in the cosmos around;
Then, for sure, I won't fade and wither, I'll be: everlasting and evergreen!
The hidden reality will dawn upon me:
I'm immortal among the living!
In the shade of the Truth I'm standing!
In the truth do I take refuge!
I'm not stranger or other to the Truth!
The Truth bestowed His Truth upon me!
Thus, I shine with the aura of the Truth;
In Thanksgiving I say:
'I am the Truth! I am the Truth! '

The Spirit Of Gabriel

Friends!

There is a natural music coming from heaven;

Elegant! melodious! and vibrant!

Echoes of its vibes rip through the heart!

The music infused with the spirit of Gabriel!

The music fills lover's soul with vibes of inspiration!

Come on, my friend, drink this wine of music divine!

Come "inside" to enjoy the natural unstrung music —

Come on, drink and enjoy this pure wine of music to your fill!

The dumb and blind remain but outside;

This music leads to the future's endless bliss;

It purifies, enlightens, awakens, and shows us our essence;

Floating over the musical stream devotedly, patiently, yet progressively...

...this music leads us to the fathomless ocean of eternity...

...where we meet the sages and saints of yore...

...who went there afore...

...under the blessed tree of eternity;

While we tread the onward way to the eternity...

...knowing well where we're going...

...we can never go astray;

Ask not if it's good or evil to hear the music,

Such inelastic, theological yardsticks we deny;

For inebriated lovers! Music divine has got survival-value.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Hot Summer Unusual

The sun is sending down hellfire
The earth receives the heat gift
That Its generous lover awards
The sun is making barbecues...
...for its beloved earth
The earth and the sun have fallen...
...in a mad love affair...
...burning for each other with love fever

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Eh Kashmir!

Eh Kashmir! What a golden face you had!

Now you have a paled face with sunken eyes;

Eh Kashmir! What a misfortune that the birds in your garden have stopped singing ecstatic notes!

Now they are singing on their dead the melancholic mourning songs;

Eh Kashmir! What a blazing inferno on earth you have become!

Now for peace and freedom lover you are the paradise lost;

Eh Kashmir! What a doomsday!

Now devil occupies your great heights, moors and meadows;

Eh Kashmir! What a catastrophe has befallen you!

Now ruthless rule you;

Eh Kashmir! What a pity thieves have broken you into fragments!

Now they are fighting with each other to have you whole;

Eh Kashmir! What a great elegance in the comity of nations you had!

Now you have lost your sovereignty - what a shame!

Eh Kashmir! What a fragrant garden of roses you were!

Now smell of decomposed slain bodies is coming from you;

Alas! You have lost your name and fame as a sanctuary of peace and tranquility.

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

After Death

After death comes New life!
Friends! When I die...
...no one should weep for me;
Write in the name of God:
New life begins after death!
For everything begins that way;
After winter the dead trees come back to life!
Our Lord is the Most Merciful, the Most Compassionate!
He does not hold His mercy from his people;
With His mercy, I'll shed off this worn out body;
With His mercy, I shall not have to experience...
...the torturous agonies of dying;
On the wings of the Gentle Breeze coming from my Merciful God...
I pray that God may call me back
Such that He is pleased with me...
...and I am pleased with him;
There is the paradise called Eden with God;
Reserved for such of his lovers as are the most beloved to Him;
For those who love His children and all His creation;
Whose souls have been
specially given to drink the wine of love;
They are the closest to God whom he assembles in his garden of mercy...
...with the sages and saints, and the companions of the prophet of God;
Nothing more than this do I want from the merciful God!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Mystical Birds

Fly with the mystical birds that mysteriously sing...
...even when soaring and gliding in the sky;
Pierce with them the sullen and sulky atmosphere...
...escaping the magnetic fields of the earth...
...such that you get near to your creator and the ruler;
Beyond the perceived world go and silently hear...
...the mellow music of the mystical birds;
Hear the flutes of the olden time and have a vision of the day...
...when God filled you with His spirit;
When you gave allegiance to Him...
...that even as His Caliph you will not deem yourself independent of Him;
Keep your covenant to your Lord!
You cannot however keep your word unless...
...you purely love Him and His chosen Messenger;
Let me remind you of your essence!
In Allah you have got your origin!
If you desire to be a sincere lover of God...
...you must follow in the footsteps of the true friends of God:
'Escape you from yourself;
Escape you from the world;
Travel to the green meadow of God...
...where you will not hear the melancholic songs;
Remember your essence when you watch...
...His signs in yourself and the cosmos;
O Lover! Feel His presence in your essence!
Surely, thus, will you listen to His voice in your heart!
Go on traveling to the essential truth until you reach...
... the place from where you had initially started your travel.'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My Silent Soliloquy

What do you think of me, a Moomin or a Kaafir...
...when you hear my silent soliloquy?
'I'm at one and the same time,
Extravagantly attached to the earth,
Confidently believing that I am a divinely being,
Ascending back to the eternal heaven
Awaiting my soaring wings to be clipped!
I cannot fathom the divine wisdom.
Why should it be written on my tombstone?
This is the grave of a traveller...
...who could not reach his home in the evening! '

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Bell

The bell inside the cave is ringing
The mystic wakes up from deep meditation...
...and starts dancing
to the rhythm of the ringing bell...
...in the universe all around
Standing behind his eyes, watches and listens to the bell jingle;
The mystic comes out of the cave to tell his guru
He only smiles with a nod of his head.
Still the bell constantly goes to his astonishment...
...rippling the air with fast tempo of mystic sound;
The heavy bell- jingles cause spritual death...
...and quicken the dead back to life;
Resurrection! Awakened and enlightened!
The mystic now doesn't chase the shadows -
He is with the real and the truth!
He sits under the shade of eternity -
With no veils of separation on his soul!
The soul listens to the heavy word...
... jingling with the rhythm
of the bells of the heaven;
and invokes the supreme God in a wordless voice,
You are speaking through me!
I am the truth! I am the truth!
May your bells never stop to jingle!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

People Wear New And Newer Masks

Once upon a time, o my sons and daughters, listen!

You must always listen!

People would with wide open heart and eyes welcome

But, now, with ice-frozen eyes they look at us and fear our shadows

Believe me, I am speaking the truth, there was a time when

Our elders, with a warm heart would hug and shake hands with...

...their friends, companions, relatives, neighbours, and guests

Alas! That time has been rolled up!

Now, people only do a lip service, and give a false reception

Why do you take us for unknown aliens - strangers?

You ought to freely visit us, that concretises the relations,

... and makes our relationship ever lasting and cordial!

'They speak the truth.

We must off and on visit each other'

Once, twice, thrice did I pay a visit -

First a guest, then a burden on them I did become

Then, never they said: please come in! He will be coming!

After repeatedly knocking at the door, they open their doors to us,

However, they passed a tangent to my face:

You should have come a little bit earlier, or on a Sunday!

I find the people of this world wearing hundred faces

Without a veil we see their one face,

While under the veil they have got a different face

Like women of Kashmir who change dress after dress...

...on the marriage events or on the condolence events...

...the people of the world change their faces, and exhibit:

Home-face, marketing-face, official face, commercial-face,

Guest-face, host-face, corrupt-face, honest-face

Listen the bitter truth from me:

People of the world wear new and newer masks on their faces!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Associate With Sages

If we visit a blacksmith's shop,
we will contact the sparkles of fire;
If we visit a perfume seller's shop,
we will contact the wafts of perfume,
And shall come out smelling scent.
Just like that,
Associating with sages and saints rubs off
On our heart the perfume of...
...wisdom, love and knowledge divine.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Divine In Man

The West and the East resound with the word of God;
Where is the lover aspiring to listen to the voice of God?
A cursed satan is he who is deaf to God's call;
And he who does not perceive God in the dress of Insaan.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Bear The Mild Yoke Of Love

When I think over how my life is spent, I see:
Much more than half my days in the dark I spent,
And for the rest of my life I remained busy...
in the quest of the eternal truth...
...through busy days and calm nights
Lodg'd in the vast, wide heart, i broom off...
...the useless ideas and the garbage of evil thoughts
Just like a believer makes wadu or does gusal before salah
I stand up then to serve my Maker, in order to present...
...my true account when I am raised to life after death
My God does not exact hard labour from me,
My God does not need my labour but only my pure love
He fondly asks me:
'And seek help in patience and the prayer'
Those who fear and love God, for them it is not heavy and hard
God does not need our sitting on the prayer rugs...
...and telling on the beads while renouncing the world
So a lover must not labour for rewards or gifts:
Just he should bear the mild yoke of love, and till...
...the field to the best.of his satisfaction, and God's pleasure.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am A Traveller

I am a traveller from the times beginning
I started from the garden of paradise
Where my lord spoke to me from behind the veils
Live in my garden with Eve, beautiful feminine image
But do not go nigh to this tree
Two conflicting thoughts emerged in my mind
Should I love the beauty hidden or
Should I love the feminine beauty by my side
Two thoughts crisscrossed and I got stuck...
...in dilemma at the point of crossing,
And sorry I could not travel on the road of lord
And I chose to be a traveler with the shadow of lord,
So I was expelled from the shadowless garden
With Eve I came down in the world of shadows
I followed the shadows as far as I could
To where all the shadows disappeared
Now I dont look to the other, i am just a lover fair,
And have of course the better claim to return...
To the garden of my love and sit before him...
Under the blessed tree that was ere forbidden to me
My roaming in wilderness has now ended,
I have found my eternal home, I will not a step tread back
Oh, I am keeping my covenant to my lord
That I will serve none, I will love none, other than my lord
I doubted if ever I could come back to the garden of lord! ! !
I am telling this with a sigh of relief to you O travellers...
...that after ages and ages, I have found the eternal truth in me.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Heart's Vision

The secret of secrets lies...
...behind the seventy thousand veils;
All the veils on your physical eyes lie;
No veils on your heart's divine eyes lie;
If you desire to discover the hidden secret...
...look through your heart's eyes secret;
Before your gaze you will find unveiled the secret;
Thus will you know well your essential secret;
No blind person can the secret of secrets know!
The sun of the truth when appears on the horizon of soul...
...the heart's eyes behold what head's eyes can not see,
So the eternal beauty reveals itself to mystics openly! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Eyes Of Heart

The faith of a lover are your beautiful charming eyes
In everything in the universe the lover finds your gazing eyes
As ever benevolent and fair are your lightful eyes.
My heart is overwhelmed with love by your watching eyes.

The flowers of the eternal garden are your eyes
The fountain of al-kawthar lovers do trace in your eyes
The lovers merge with your grace through your eyes
The streams of paradise to lovers flow through your eyes

The aroma of secrets lies in the pupil of your eyes
The aroma reveals, you are not far off from your eyes
The lovers locate the treasure of secrets in your eyes
The secrets hidden to lovers reveal your teacher-eyes

Even on a dark night, the lovers see through your eyes
A slave to your beauty they become through your eyes
Nothing remains hidden when lovers see through your eyes
The lovers in their own heart find fitted your eyes.

Mohammad Younus

The Golden Advice

If thy heart contains no worldly desires,
You will have azure skies and calm seas;
If you can sit listening to the divine lute,
You shall get connected to your inside guru;
And will receive lessons about the secrets true.

The snow-capped mountains, the green meadows...
...the brilliant sun, the moon, and the twinkling stars...
...are there as they were at the beginning of the time;
So are flora and fauna, the living and non living things;
I too live with them as a part of the vast universe;
Together we all make one ever lasting reality.

Get inside and watch the flowing musical streams;
The music will take you far away from the maddening world;
Read the books of knowledge and poetry by the great sages;
It will purify your spirit, and make it aware of the eternal truth;
Listen to the notes of the divine music calmly in your heart;
It will make your inspiration soar high and higher above.

All the sages have given us one piece of golden advice:
'Detachment from the mundane affairs must be our only goal...
...and of the million affairs of the world none must be our care;
Only then we can know about the eternal truth, and be one with it;
When the snares of worldly beauties disappear...
...we can surely then see what we really are! ! ! '

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Ancient Is My Love's Covenant

O my dear critics!
Why do ye rebuff my claims to divine love?
Come, let me tell you the secret hidden;
Ancient is my covenant of love with my lord;
Still my lord's voice of covenant I hear resonating...
...in all the chambers of my heart and mind;
My every atom vibrates with the currents of mysterious sound;
I abandon all the temptations of the world for him...
...and I make it my business to hymn and hear purely his voice;
The melodious voice guides me straight on the path of Love,
That leads lovers to the pastures of peace and contentment;
Because here descend on lovers the words of knowledge and wisdom;
My lord gives me a drink from the spring of love...
...and lets me attain what in pre eternity He asked me to seek and acquire;
He lets me to smell the scent of the breeze of nearness,
That keeps on reviving me when hot and cold winds blow;
He tears away the veils of pride and prejudice...
...that would blindfold the eyes of my heart;
So I behold truth of the Truth in every atom;
What is ephemeral and what can cut me off, I never desire;
O' Lord, confirm my view of You...
...for You are, indeed, the bestower of knowledge true;
O' Lord, You are my only beloved...
...for my soul another does not desire!
The garden of your unveiled presence is Eden;
He who finds this garden of Eden...
...shall another garden never desire;
O' Lord, You are my soul's essence;
It is for this that I love none but You;
O' Lord, it is your love alone I need...
...my soul nothing else does desire;
O' Lord, Don't ask me what it is I would like to have of you;
For anything except your love a lover does not desire;
So come, O quintessence of the soul and world!
My heart renounces both the worlds - nothing except your love does it desire!

God Speaketh In Lover's Ear

Love is not a thing to be bought and sold...
...at a marketplace;
Its real value none else but a lover can know;
Worthless is a man who for worldly gains lets his Love go;
Only a worldly wise man doesn't the true value of love know;
Love's secret no one knows but the person who is in love;
Can a man not ready to make sacrifices love's secret ever know?
That person is a double-dealer who professes to love God...
...while he is attached to the glamour of the world;
Do not trust his claims, do not heed his tales of woe!
If a lover does not forsake the pleasures of this world and the next...
...he will die an ignominious death...
...while pursuing the fleeting pleasures of the nafs;
Never-ending is the curse that God bestows on him;
The lovers tie the Love's noose round their neck...
...and proclaim - like Mansur:
"I am the truth! I am the truth! "
They as such gain a haven in God's presence;
That He has reserved for martyrs to his love!
The ascetics repeat on their rosaries:
"There is no God but He! "
(La illaha illa hu!)
But to me, my sweet soul repeats...
...what my beloved speaks in its ear:
I am the truth! I am the truth!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Listen To Your Inner Self

The reality of your real persona is not...
What people to your face reveal to you;
Rather it is what they hide to reveal to you;
It is what actually in the heart they think of you;
If you desire to know what really are you...
listen not to what people say about you;
Rather listen to what your inner self says to you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Stay Put In God's Heaven

O Source of my life, I pine to be with you;
I know you are awaiting me!
Though you and I seem to be distinct entities...
Through time and space I live with you;
You are my essence, I am your principal name;
How can a visionless person such a subtle secret know?
How can he know my state of love and unity...
...unless he takes off the blindfolds off his vision?
O Capricious person, look closely into your heart;
No other shall you see there on the throne;
Stay there even if you were to give away...
...your soul, the world and all that the world has;
Still the price you offer would be too low...
...for staying put in the Heaven that is the dwelling of your beloved...
...where you could see his light, and hear his voice;
Upon the taper of the forehead of your beloved...
...like a moth, you must circumambulate;
Bitter is the cup of parting!
O my God! Give it not to one in love!
The true lovers spurn to take this poisonous drink of separation;
In this world and the other it is you with whom they live;
In your presence neither to this world nor to paradise do their eyes turn;
Like Mansur, on Love's gallows do they hang themselves;
There they proclaim without shying:
I am the truth! I am the truth!
They surrender all the things of formal prayer...
...when they discern your eternal beautiful face;
Rosaries and prayer rugs they throw off...
...believing these to be the trumperies of hypocrites

Mohammad Younus

Think Of Your Essence True

O lover, if you wish to sit face to face with your beloved...

...Come, kick off this world with an ungracious rebuff;

Spurious, the world is spurious - do not opt to stay for a while here;

Quit this inauspicious world, and run away to your beloved's home;

If with your beloved face to face you desire to stay...

...then you ought to reject both the worlds without delay,

Worldly loss and profit should not deter you...

...from following the path of love and obedience!

If you're not a devil, know the command of Allah...

...and bow, like angels, to the essence of man;

Recollect how God blew of his spirit into man (Adam) ;

Think of Adam's essence, origin and give praise!

You will realise the truth and say:

'I am from his command 'Be', he created me...

...to love himself through me; '

The prophet in a Hadees e Qudsie quotes God as saying:

' I was a hidden treasure, and I wished to be known...

...so I created a creation (Humanity) ;

Then, I made Myself known to them...

...and they recognised Me.'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Swear To You

When I see your face from every corner smiling at me...

...I say: 'God! praise be to You!'

When I see you in forms created by you...

...I say: 'Say! He is God, the unique!'

When I see your tresses shedding perfume sweet...

...I say: 'God! Coil me with your black serpents around;'

When I see you playing at your lute...

...I say: 'God! make my eyes hear your notes sweet;'

For a second time I say: 'God! Help me!

It's a healing voice divine - the sherbet of my soul!

Thus, I have a full drink deep of your incessant mercy;

From your beauty brilliant, I cannot tear away my gaze;

I swear to you my God:

Overwhelmed my heart is by your enchanting beauty;

All my actions in your love, are the will of God, Almighty!

All the wisdom of the prophets and sages lies in realising...

...'there is no god except He!'

I swear to You, O my Lord!

I shall keep my vow to you that you have taken from me...

...on the day of Alast when you asked the assembly of spirits:

Am I not your lord!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

You Dwell In Me

We need not to weep for our loss of paradise,
When we know that you dwell in our hearts...
...where no Satan can intrude to beguile us,
And induce us to be disloyal to you and rebel.

Your love for us continues though expelled;
Like the dawn- light at the end of dark night...
...Your love keeps illuminating our souls...
...awakening us from beneath the deep slumber.

The sound of your voice opens our ears and eyes;
The melodious music from your mouth we hear;
That echoes in our hearts and makes your presence clear;
Every secret unfolds under your light;
And we get from you the knowledge divine and wisdom.

You place on us your smiles like wreaths of flowers;
You give us life, perfect and complete...
...to enlighten our hearts for seeing in darkness...
...your face sparkling under the shine of your light.

We no longer look towards your other;
We no longer find you to be distant from us;
As we discover that you dwell inside the rhythm...
...of the music of heart sounding close to us.

In truth, we cannot see you with our gross eyes;
But, with our souls' eyes we gaze upon your face...
...smiling back at us from within everything around us;
And we realise nothing has true existence besides you.

Let us not think ourselves as beings in addition to you;
How can we exist, sustain and grow independent of you?
Lend us eyes that would enable us to see your presence...
...in all things that you have created in the universe.

We are the believers in Unity of being,
We profess the religion of unity - la Illaha Illa Hu!
Wherever we turn to, we notice you smiling at us;

That is the belief true, that is the religion we adhere to.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

No Other Can Know Me

When I hear any one speaking about me
It surprises my ear, my heart, and my mind
How can he know me when I don't know myself
You can see my outer self,
But you cannot see my inner self
In secret, I weep, cry, mourn, and fear
Though not shedding even a single tear.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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My Secret

I see the Merciful One in each and every atom;
I witness him and he witnesses me;
I hear the word of God - the Koran - from him;
I dance to the rhythm of the Koran revealed by him;
I am the one who keeps vigil for him inwardly...
... both morning and evening,
I am the lover who sits in the Nimrod's flaming fire;
I am he who listens to God's speech on the mount Sinai (on the Tur of my heart)
;
I am in the perpetual prayer, I hear the secret prayer;
I am connected to the All-merciful, the Wise...
...through the perpetual prayer;
I am Adam whom God told the names of all the things;
I am Adam whom all the angels bow;
I am Adam in whom He has blown of his spirit;
(So to love him, I love his spirit in me)
I am his command, he is my commander;
I am proof of the Eternity; my essence is immortal;
I am the secret word, no one can comprehend me;
I contain the absolute truth - like the pearl in the shell of a mollusk;
Do not look at my shell, look at the pearl in me;
Be silent! For there is none who can know me.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Drink The Water Of Life

From the spring of eternity, do the living waters flow;
Take the prophet Khizr as your guide through the dasht of Zulumaat...
...if you desire to arrive at the spring of water of life;
O dead person, drink this sweet and fine water of life
through every pore!
You will come to life and know:
What is immortality?
Your eyes as bright as that of a houri will glow!
On your face will the Truth reveal!
He who to your beauty does not homage pay -
God on him the name of Satan will bestow;
He who sees you will see God's light in you;
Sacrifice the worldly life;
Infatuation with earthly beauty you must forgo.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Music True

Mellow music flows to me, with me, and in me...
wherever I go;
I listen to it in my heart devotedly...
Wherever I go;
I am not without it even when I am asleep...
Wherever I go;
My dear, your melodies unite me to you...
Wherever I go;
My darling, I fear no spiritual separation from you...
Wherever I go;
Your sweet music is my essence true...
Wherever I go;
No paradise you have created for your lovers...
...that is without your music true;
Your beautiful musical world is my world true;
Earth, moon, stars, sun sing hu, hu...
Wherever I go;
Here, in this eternal music, is the deepest secret!
Here, is the root of the blessed tree of life!
No secret is higher than this music divine!
This is what soul hears or heart can know!
This is the wonder that keeps in union...
master and servant true!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

What Is Death?

What is death?

Silence of the life!

Silently coming out of the worn out unfit body!

Silently depositing the lifeless body into a grave!

Epitaph on a tombstone is a mistake,

Chanting holy verses about life and death is a mistake!

Composing elegies about the departed soul is a mistake!

Placing wreaths of flowers and rose petals is a mistake!

Illuminating the grave with candle lights is a mistake!

Futile things!

Meaningless for the Dead person!

As he/she knows nothing about all this show,

The soul goes on, travelling on the wings of time...

In the universe of eternity!

Hypocrite you don't be when you mourn...

...the departure of your near and dear!

Don't on a high pitch raise a wailing cry!

He has not gone in the seclusion of non existence!

He is free, roaming in wider space for rebirthing in a new world!

After death, he is no more covered by the shrouds of mystery!

Bereaved, take the funeral with honour and dignity!

The person will open his eyes in the next world,

He will be on a new job!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Notes Of Love

There is no pleasure but that of Love;
Love is the source of ecstasy, for lovers true;
The missiles of hatred thrown by the enemy of peace...
...cannot pierce through the heart of lovers true;
The sharp blades of fear and terror...
...cannot cut off your limbs of love and peace;
It is the spirit of love that lets share...
...hawk and finch the vast and deep sky;
By your love night and day embrace...
...from now on happy notes of eternal life;
Love notes pull out the poisonous weeds...
...of nafs from your heartland;
Go on hearing and singing the musical notes of love...
...until the last trace of this malicious world is erased from your heart;
While the notes of this music divine echo in your heart...
...the Eternal Joy of peace and bliss may your feast be...
...in the grand divine banquet hall;
May Iblis, jealous of your glory, moan from grief...
...on seeing you as the chosen guest of God.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Single Essence

I can't explain how, but I know
I meet you;
Every where, every hour, in every form;
Don't ask me how, there is no point;
I see you throwing smiles to me and winking;
I can't help myself, so I walk to you;
I see you behind every form;
I see you in all colours and patterns;
I see the essence of all things in the universe is one;
I perceive with my inner eye the single essence;
I exclaim with exuberance and
I speak out:
'It is you who I have been looking for all my life;
It is you who has been looking for me...
...since my first birth on the earth;
You are the witness, and you are the witnessed;
I don't say like that mystic of Delhi:
'I have become you, and you have become me
I have become the body, and you the soul
So from now on, nobody can say
That I am someone, and you are someone else';
It is hard for me to believe in duality;
It is even harder for me to think of separation or unity.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

All I See Is You

I don't want
To look for You
I want
To look for Myself
Who I am?
Where from I came?
Where I have to go?
Why I came here?
When I shut my eyes
I find not You or Me
When I open my eyes
All I see is You!
Why should I curse
Mansur?
When he says:
I am the truth.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Supplication

O Allah only you do I believe to be my problem solver

O Allah only you do I believe to be my sustainer, and my cherisher

O Allah you are so near to me that I need not any intercessor between you and me

O Allah only you do I serve, and only from you do I seek help

O Allah you have absolute power over all things - nothing is impossible before you

O Allah you are the just God, you deliver justice with equanimity, not letting off transgressors, tyrants, oppressors, sinners against your people

O Allah you are most beneficent, most benevolent

O Allah you reward for righteous deeds and punish for evil deeds.

O Allah you are witness to me that I am not an idol-worshipper, a grave-worshipper, or the dead-worshipper

O Allah you are a living God. So I don't seek support, protection, healing, from anyone, dead or living.

O Allah you are witness to my belief that you have not delegated your divine powers or attributes to anyone.

O Allah!

Guide us the straight way:

The way of those upon whom Thou hast bestowed Thy blessings,

Not of those who have been condemned [by Thee], Nor of those who go astray!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Blessed Souls

The Blessed souls from the Ocean of Tawheed!
Through unending hearing of hu hu...
...perpetually remember the eternal truth...
...under the musical wreaths on their bodies and souls;
True love resides in their heart...
...which does not vanish even with death;
The water of life never stops flowing through their veins;
Their bonds of love with their beloved are strong and unbreakable;
Khizr always walks with them hand in hand...
...to reveal the divine secrets to them;
The rose garden of their heart...
...never turns pale with autumn wind;
So the nightingale of love through all seasons rejoices there...
...and sings the song of union in their rose garden;
The hundred voiced nightingale never goes into silence!
Heaven's instrument of music is never broken!
Such that the lovers receive constantly...
...the tidings of union that
'You will surely arise forth from the dust...
You will see your beloved with the host of angels...
...showing up to welcome thee! '
My soul, too, like a humming bird....
...yearns for union with the eternal truth,
I hope to arise and soar freely in the divine space...
...after I get free from the snares of the world;
The voice of my lord calls me to walk to him;
So I remember the Name of my Lord all the time...
...and I religiously devote myself to Him...
...with a complete devotion! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Waiting For Spring Breez

Lost in the wilderness since the day,
Akbar, the duper Mughal emperor...
...occupied our paradise of idyllic springs,
and snow-capped mountains...
...that send out cool breezes...
...to calm down the raging hell fire;
The gushing mountain streams and brooks
creating roaring sound...
...fail to die down the heart wrenching shrieks...
...of children thrown in the crucible of oppression;
The fear, hate, and terror has engulfed...
...the whole atmosphere;
Love, compassion, and human values...
...are consumed by the raging fire;
The days are under the pall of darkness;
The whole landscape is painted...
...with the red innocent blood;
Darkness of moonless night blinds the eyes;
Acidic showers burn off the greenery on the ground;
Furious storms blow all through the year;
The pain of life seems to have no ending;
Waiting and praying for the freshness of spring breez...
...when the flowers of Love, Peace, and freedom would bloom...
...In this wretched land, to be a rosegarden again.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Secret 3

The people of spiritual aesthetics find...
Peace of heart in agony and anguish...
...that they suffer in the way of Love;
They abhor the pleasures and delights...
...of the two worlds: Here and Hereafter.

Your Lovers do not buy even the Horis of paradise...
...even though these Horis are offered for peanuts;
They just need to hear about the secret of your beauty!

Those who are entrapped in your Love...
...do not associate with people...
...who pursue this dirty world

The birds of Love do not pay any attention...
...or show inclination to the mundane things;
Rather they chose to fly tirelessly up and up...
...in the extensive space of your Love...
...for sighting you there.

The lovers have come out of the strictures...
...of Khanqah life of dervishes;
... and they have settled on the holy pulpits...
...on the lofty gracious positions of Love.

When lovers come under the canopy of His majesty...
...they get free of the blandishments of their friend...
...and from the painful woes of others...
They are not infatuated by other than their beloved.

Love has consumed and destroyed the heart....
...and torn off the blanket of fame...
...and the veils of pretentious claim to Love

In the parliament of observation sit....
...as kings the lovers who offer...
...their life to you for a cup of Love

O Beloved! Alaia is grateful to thee...

...for the fragrance of the grief...
...that you have given to Him;
The wealth of this fragrant grief...
...You have blown in this flower...
...right on the day of Eternity

Shah e Hamadan

Mohammad Younus

Secret 2

The Qibla of my heart is His face - radiant as the sun!
The Kába of my soul is the dust of the road...
...that leads to Him.

The fragrance of His hair-locks fills the whole world
My Amity with or attraction to the things around...
...is due to the fragrance emitting from Him...
...that I smell with my heart's nose.

Belief and disbelief -light and darkness- in the world...
...is solely the reflection of His moonlit face and His pitch-dark locks.

The arrows of affliction that rain on any Lover...
...are unleashed from His curved eyebrows...
...to test his patience and devotion to Him.

Your every lover in the world is bound to you...
...because your perfumed locks...
...like a noose around their necks pulled them

Every rose that blooms in the garden of existence...
...ows its existence to the water of life...
... that flows from His stream.

The dejected lovers - deprived of beloved's sight...
...whine and wail at early dawn...
...when beseeching for revealing His face

The fire that is blazing in my soul...
...is ignited by the glances...
...of his magical daffodil-like eyes

I did not find in this world a cure for my woes...
...in anything save in the grief for my beloved
It is only He who has the power to heal

Even if both the world- Here and Hereafter- annihilate
Your lovers, aggrieved with separation, do have...
... affinity and inclination towards you.

O Ali, how long will you go from door to door...
...seeking ointment for your wounded heart?
The healing therapy for your wounded heart...
...is available only with Him.

Shah e Hamadan

Mohammad Younus

Secret 1

The captives to your love are free from avarice for wealth
The aspirants of your presence care not for paradise or self

The people of the Heaven take pride in serving...
...the faqirs - poor and destitute - of your Love Lane
The travellers on the path _ seeking to meet you...
... don't care a hoot for the two worlds - Here and Hereafter.

The angels envy the gnostics...
...who have known you
They wander in wilderness who were not...
...graced by you with your presence

The little aroma of your favour and grace???
...filled with fragrance the nine heavens
Being confounded they take rounds of your portals

By your bliss the flaming fire of Abraham became a flower garden,
By your ire the smallest and despicable mosquito caused Nimrod's death

The nightingales in the garden of Unseen...
...sing hymns of your holiness;
In the garden of Union, they sing -
- under the shade of roses...
...He is One, He is alone! ! !

The parrots flying to your sublime throne....The captives to your love are free
from avarice for wealth
The aspirants of your presence care not for paradise or self

The people of the Heaven take pride in serving...
...the faqirs - poor and destitute - of your Love Lane
The travellers on the path _ seeking to meet you...
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...sing hymns of your holiness;
In the garden of Union, they sing -
- under the shade of roses...
...He is One, He is alone! ! !

The parrots flying to your sublime throne... on their return to the earth:
O Eternal! O Lord of majesty and honour!
Glory be to Thee! We did not know you right! !

When the reflection of thy effulgent face...
...fell on the earth and water - Man -
... He was adorned with divine pulchritude! ! !

While making the sculpture of Man...
...thou put thy stamp on the Tablet of Unseen
(Declaring) this is the example from Him...
... who is peerless - without any example!
(Made Man as His vicegerent)

He who found a way to the dust of your threshold...
...was exalted to the highest position of honour;
The exegeses of His sublime attributes rendered...
...obsolete and absurd the sayings of the sages of old.

He who found a way to the dust of your threshold...
...was exalted to the highest position of honour;
The exegeses of His sublime attributes rendered...
...obsolete and absurd the sayings of the sages of old.

For the wounded Lovers...
...your bites rather have a healing touch...
...on their wounds of separation;
The flaming fires are like the water of life...

... for those thirsty for being in union with you.

Those killed by the sword of your Love...
...have obtained a life immortal;
Victimized by your hawk of sorrow...
...they have become kings of the realm Eternal! ! !

Those who drink the wine of your sorrow and grief...
...include Daud al-Ta'i, Ma'ruf al-Karkhi, Junaid al-Bagdadi;
Those who offer their lives at the altar of your door...
...include Ammar bin Yasir, Salman al-Farsi, and Bilal al-Habashi - the
Companions Great!

The piercing pain caused in your way...
...is a medicine for every awakened soul;
The beauty of your perpetual zikr adorns...
...with beautiful ornaments every perfect seeker...
...endowed with supiritual powers great! ! !

Longing for Union with you...
...Alaia sacrificed even his life
Will this seemingly improbable desire...
...ever be fulfilled?

Shah e Hamadan r. a.

Mohammad Younus

Yasin Malik

The National Investigation Agency...

...seeks death penalty for Yasin;

What is his crime?

Is it to satisfy the collective conscience of the Hindutva State?

Is it to make some election gains in the next election?

An innocent child he was with a lily white heart!

Seeing the atrocities and injustice in his land...

...a red rose sprouted from his heart;

It grew bigger and wider with every passing day;

Every hour it is watered by young red hot blood;

Too red for the people who are mad for freedom;

The red rose has liquified!

It is running through the veins of Kashmir;

Giving red colour to roads, market squares, plains, and mountains;

The Brooks, streams, lakes, snowcaps - all have become crimson red;

But, in the world of blinds, the red rose grows...

...in the air of stillness and indifference...

...without any body around shedding a tear! ! !

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

The Spring Of Love

Love in this materialistic world...
...is scarce and precious;
As gold and diamond in relation to demand are;
For lovers true it is like water pure...
...that refreshes and gives life to the dead heart;
People sometimes have to walk...
...a great distance to fetch water of life;
As Moses did under the leadership of Khidr;
But, even he failed through negligence...
...to get a handful of the water of life...
...for conquering death and be immortal;
The people of wisdom need not to travel...
...far and wide to get to the spring of life;
They find the spring of water of life...
...sprouting under the feet of their heart;
This is the spring of Love! Here's water of Life!
The lover in surprise exclaims, and says..
...when he finds the spring of Love: -
"I am thirsty to know you!
Every drop of your water of Love is holy!
Every drop of your water makes immortal!
Dear Spring of Love,
I will not let you get dry!
Only your water of love helps...
discover the Divine Truth.'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Happy My Mother Be

How can I put into words...

...what my mother meant to me;

Now you are beyond this world of water and clay...

...how could it be possible for me...

...to hug you and hold you fast to my chest?

How could I convey my deepest love to you?

How can I give my thanks to you...

...for the support you gave me...

...when my father in the dark of night...

...drowned in the Dal Lake, and left me orphan...

...to suffer in this world of hate, terror, and fear?

It sure isn't easy!

But, if you really will...

...you can still come and make my dream green;

Happy Mother's Day! ! ! !

Happy My Mother Be! ! !

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Eid Mubarak

Sighting the crescent of the festive Eid
I give my thanks for the blessed Ramadan
The thought of separation makes me think...
...of those who are locked up in jails...
And are separated from their families...
Their children with woeful hearts waiting...
...while looking at the sickle of crescent...
...in the sky - asking God in wordless voice:
Kindly tell us when Papa shall be free...
...to celebrate with us the festive Eid;
Come Papa, let us together look at the moon;
Join us on Eid for Thanksgiving!
We miss you Papa! Come out soon!
Come out! plant your sweet kisses on our cheeks
On this Eid, You are but planting a seed...
...of resistance with resilience in our heart
Thank you so much Papa! God bless you Papa!

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Prophecy Of Good Days

The prophets of Good days are proclaiming aloud:

A day will come when no one will die here for crimes not done;

A day will come when we will not sit and cry for our dead;

A day will come when instead of wailing, every soul shall smile;

A day will come when no one will stop us from remembering our dead in funeral style;

A day will come when no one will speak tales of hate and horror;

A day will come when traitors will be thrown out like odd men out;

A day will come when slaves will beget the masters to rule their land;

A day will come when doors to the city of peace and love shall be wide open;

So don't let grief and frustration stand in your way to freedom from tyranny and oppression;

Rejoice, a bright day follows a dark night!

This is a natural cycle!

Don't call me a silly man wishing for something unattainable;

I don't care if you laugh at me for promising about a Good day;

I just see the most beautiful days shining before my heart's eyes;

Let the believers believe that one day we shall regain our paradise;

I want you to get ready to stand face to face with love, peace, and freedom;

I don't want to see you languishing in the Flamming Fire;

But, I want to see you observe the Mercy of God!

The clouds heavy with rain of mercy are hanging on our heads! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Have Unlearned So Much

I
Have
Unlearned
So much...
That I no longer
Associate
Myself
To any creed or faith;
I find myself all:
A True Muslim!
A Buddhist monk!
A Hindu Rishi!
A Pure Jew!
The same Truth
All religions
Share with me;
I can no longer
Call
Myself
A Believer or
A Non-believer;
A Pure or an Impure Soul;
The same Essential Truth
I see in everything!
The Eternal Truth
Has freed me
From all images and concepts;
I do not belong to any sect
That claim
We only are true! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Who Can Lift Off The Veil

Hearken ye to the word of God...

...if you desire spiritual union with the eternity;

Heed the word of God...

...for it will help you open the Book of God!

It will speak to you the meaning of the secrets...

...and, thus, open for you the door to the city of knowledge!

If you think that someone would open for you the door of mysteries...

...then? you are under delusion - far off from the reality!

For gaining awareness and enlightenment you must...

...enroll yourself in the school of divinity - your Heart - to learn...

...the lessons from the True teacher with all your heart;

If you long to behold your true self...

...the eyes of your heart must first open;

The earthly, fleshly eyes, cannot see the Secret...

...which is beyond space and time;

If you desire to know that secret, first you must know your own self;

The secret that you want to know lies indeed in your own self;

You can know that hidden truth - from Alpha to Omega - only when the secret is unveiled;

Who is there to lift off the veil from the face of Leila...

...unless she does it herself to show a glimpse to her Majnun?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Let Me Tell You Truth

With glistening flashes of light...
...all clouds from the heart are removed;
Come, polish the mirror of your heart!
To remove off your ego's rust;
So that it shines with divine light;
The light that he showers on his friends!
To open their heart's tongues to glorify his beauty;
Let me tell you the truth:
You are yourself the cloud shrouding your sun;
Know you the true reality of your own self!
If these clouds are removed from your heart's eyes...
...surely you will see the sun shining brightly;
Which is you - your true self!
You will get enveloped by the light of your own sun!
Then, you will hear with the ear of your heart: I am the Truth!
The secret hidden, that you are, is now open!
You will, thus, get out from darkness of night...
...to the Light of dawn-
Light upon light will illumine your mind and heart!
And you'll come to know that you were hidden...
...from yourself by veils of your own ego;
If your eyes were not veiled, if your heart were not sealed,
The truth would not be hidden from you...
That you are the secret of God, and God is your secret! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Constantly Do I Remember My God

In every beat of my heart, there comes the sound - Allah! Allah!
From every beat of my heart rise myriad joyous tunes...
...as the king's musician is passing through my heart;
My listening soul about these tunes asks the unseen musician:
What are these tunes that are constantly sprouting in my heart?

From behind the veil he replied: that's not for you to know,
But it's a priceless thing, that's clear, for you to be bonded to Love;
A heavy tune sounded, and the listening soul as if broke off the cage;
At that very moment I got to know: that was me playing my own lute;
I am a free bird - no, no, no one can cage me - I was never in a cage.

I carry a shepherd's staff to lean upon, and a flute under my lips;
It is I who is sounding the flute to lead my flock to the meadow;
A shepherd without staff and flute lets the beasts devour his flock;
Every one of us is a shepherd, and we will be asked about our flock;
My beloved is happy watching me doing the shepherd's noble job.

Upon the splendid beauty of my beloved do I fix my gaze;
It's he whom I see shining like the jewel glowing on the crown;
How can sight this jewel whose eyes of heart are tightly closed?
Is it not foolish praising the glow of this jewel to a blind heart?
It is like asking a person to hear music who has got a deaf heart.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

La And Illa

La and Illa are the two garments that I take off...
...when I go to swim in the river of Unity;
He who is drowned in the river of Unity...
...goes beyond negation and affirmation;
La and Illa are just stages on the path of journey to Unity!
As a traveller walks on the path of Love...
...he walks off the two stops of La and Illa;
When the traveller reaches his final destination...
He comes out of duality and comes to live in Unity;
He who discovers this mystery is free...
...from walking in the wilderness...
...of all other disturbing mysteries;
When you comprehend the mystery of Unity...
...no mystery remains to be unlocked for you;
He who has not understood...
...the real meaning and significance of Unity...
...is not the person chosen by Allah for his vicegerency;
He may look like a human outwardly...
...but better than an animal he is not inwardly;
As Allah says:
'... do you think that most of them hear or understand!
They are only like cattle -- nay...
...they are even farther astray from the path.'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Wondrous Speech

On the path of Love we have no other comrade;
Come, let us take the journey all alone;
Come, your beloved is calling to you;
If you have good sight, you'll find him...
...standing to your right and left...
...standing before and behind you;
He is your Sultan!
If you want to see beyond...
...you cannot do so...
...except with the grace of Sultan;
Let us not remain bound to earth and earthly things;
Come, let us fly to our Friend;
Come to the True Word let us hear;
Such that we, by his grace, may link to...
the placeless, timeless, and traceless Friend;
And, thus, leap into the ocean of unity and hear...
...the secret - 'I am in the ocean and ocean is in me';
Be still! you will hear the wondrous speech:
A speech not expressed in the epistles and holy books!
A speech that in words is not made!
Go into silence, so that the spirit may speak to you! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Use Not A Rosary

Counting on the beads of a rosary is not my way;
So many are his names...
...that countless beads we require...
...to string them together into a rosary;
With my tongue fixed to the mouth plate, I remain...
...to remember him silently...
...and hearing his word perpetually...
...which really from nowhere comes to me;
Consumed by the sound of the eternal word...
...I know not East or West, night and day!
Like the flame of a candle, or Sun in the sky...
...from all sides He can be seen;
'Wherever you turn to, you will see His face'...
...proclaims He in the Sublime Quran!
But, where is the eye that can see you?
Eyes can know You not...
...and You know all eyes looking to You;
O Lord, with your grace,
Let this Lover hear your sounding word;
That is the only means and none else...
...that joins the Lovers to You! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Purest Word

The purest word that all the time sounds in me -

La Illaha Illa Hu - Hu Hu Hu...

With every breath of mine comes Hu Hu Hu...

A humble Lover, I am, Let me take your muse drink;

In rapture and sobriety, my heart cries out: Hu Hu Hu...

A humble lover, I am, the listener of the pure word!

In rapture and sobriety, my heart cries out: Hu Hu Hu...

My joy unbounded, I am while I listen to the word of God;

Adam, the Pure, hymned this word of God - and his repentance was accepted;

Yusuf, the Beautiful, too in the bottom of the well heard and was rescued;

Younus, in the belly of fish, prayed this word and got freed;

Let me tell you the Truth - He only is the Truth; the Absolute Truth!

In rapture and sobriety, my heart cries out: Hu Hu Hu...

Declared Muhammed, the Knower of the divine knowledge:

La Illaha Illa Huwal Hayul Qayoom - there is no deity save Allah...

...and He is the Living - all things sustain through Him alone;

I owe my existence to the spirit that you blowed into me;

In rapture and sobriety, my heart listens: Hu Hu Hu...

Allah only is the Guardian, Guide of believers!

The Holy Quran makes it clear, that there is no deity save He

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Reason Alone Cannot Know Him

How will you know Him as He really is!
None is comparable to him!
None is opposite to him!
He is as He was! He will be as He is!
None can know him save through Him;
Reason could never know Him;
But it creates rather confounding doubts;
Love embarked on His path and got Him;
It was His Love that He asked you:
Love Me - He who knows his self knows Me!
Senses five cannot perceive...
...What, where, and How is He;
Deaf, mute, and blind are the people of senses;
The truth they ever perceive cannot;
Only his grace can take you beyond the senses;
By reason alone one cannot reach there;
He guides to himself only whom he wills;
His grace only is the guide real on the Love's path!
So seek His grace through sincere love and servitude;
He who cannot know his self...
How can he on Earth know his God?
Take the first step to Him, He'll take ten steps to you! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

On The Mystic Way

Before to this world I did come...

...I marvel at what plane I used to be;

Wherever I was...

...I surely existed like an idea with you;

No need for an intercessor to unite me to you;

What need of an intermediary is there...

...when I am no way remote from you?

Let not the image of anyone come before my eyes;

It is not the religion of the people of Love???

...to do Tasawwur of any other, save their Love;

Real sobriety is required when you tread on the mystic way;

Then alone can you find the Friend close by you;

O Zahid, don't tell me that this is permissible and that is not;

Every style, every move, is permitted to the lovers of Lord! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Know The Oneness

To all directions I turned my face;
In every mirror, I saw my beloved's face;
Uncountable are the rays reaching to the point;
But, the ray standing perpendicular to the base is the shortest ray;
O traveller, follow the shortest and the straight way!
Though, in truth, all the paths lead to my friend!
To all the prayer houses I did go to see...
...how his devotees to Him do pray;
Every devotee true, I saw chanting his name;
And to the same God in his special tone he was hymning;
But, I choose to sit in the arch of my own brows...
...to find the doorway to my friend's home;
I do see the lustrous beauty of my friend...
... In my mirror, and in the mirrors of his marvelous creation,
In the manifest and the hidden, the same God is there!
So in no confusion I caress every object created by Him! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Divine Teacher

The divine teacher gives a speech clear;
As moonlight it is to the traveller...
...walking through the Arabian desert at night;
I worked tirelessly to find this divine teacher...
...till I found him, as Moses found Khidr in yore,
He guides me to Oneness and makes it clear...
...that the bond of Oneness is the best connection;
So seek only Him as the means to approach to Him;
And strive hard so that you sit nearer to him;
Then I freed myself successfully...
...from all the the assumed connecting agents;
Now, I constantly dive into the Sea of Oneness...
...deeper for getting the pearls invaluable!
There I hear the secrets with a seeing ear...
...and witness the divine word with a hearing eye;
The melodious notes sound without striking the strings of the lute;
Every note moves the heart to fly to the lote-tree;
Where it gets free from the idolatry of duality;
in superb voice, I am hearing the Qur'an within! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The World Of Hate

You who grieve, who suffer the world's brutalities,
The tears rolling down your cheeks I see,
Why do you hide your tears from me?
This world is the home of grief;
No one has ever found here respite from grief;
For fear of more sorrow and hardship but...
...you should not renounce this world at all;
Rather bear with a brave heart...
...sorrows and calamities that befall you;
Face with perseverance what adversities befall you;
Why in vain grieve you...
...and lose hope like a lame deer?
Grieving won't out of anguish and pain get you;
In harmony in this world of hate want to live you;
But the world of hate will not accept harmony from you;
Don't complain! don't surrender!
The tyrants and enemies of peace will not heed you;
Stop wailing, it won't remove hate and tyranny from you;
Even if until the day of reckoning wail you...
...they will not stop terrorising and tormenting you;
It is better to resist, and through peaceful means fight;
Be resilient, and fight against the enemies of humanity! ! !
Believe me, hate will die down and love shall prevail;
You will emerge victorious and win peace.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Melodious Bird

Like a scared deer, I run wild as I fear...
...lest I should lose my divine vow:
The wondered faqir seeks with all his heart...
...to fulfil the ancient vow with his Lord;
But, how can he as long as he entertains...
...thoughts, absurd and silly?
The futile deeds only bring
shame and disgrace;
O faqir, do not wrangle over this world, vile and vain!
In devotion, turn thy face to the Eternity;
When your lord directly spoke to you:
Am I not your Lord?
Not every vagrant can fulfill the covenant, and attain,
A wealth greater than the wealth of nations!
Veiled are thy soul's features...
...by the dust of your vile nafs;
Happy the time when the veil from thy soul is removed!
When you will come to know...
...that in your essence you are a melodious bird;
To the Garden of Bliss must you fly;
There you will find peace;
Wherefrom you have come...
...there you must go;
But, chained to this mortal frame, how can you go there?
Look not at your feeble body made of elements four;
Know that in your heart, a flaming fire of Love you hold;
On the wings of Love, you can certainly fly there...
...and in unbound ecstasy you will proclaim:
' I have reached my home, my Eternal home! '

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Only Wealth I Seek

My master gave me a golden piece of advice;
Listen, listening is better than speaking empty words;
Listen to the golden words...
...that the accomplished masters offer you free!
With savvy sages, associate and pick up the pearls precious:
For in ambush lies Satan, your avowed enemy;
To the seekers, the two worlds are worth naught...
...compared to the three disjoined letters A, L, M;
Your master alone - the revealer of secrets - can tell you their meaning;
For, those three letters are key to knowledge divine;
A Godly friend and an adept teacher you must always seek...
...who will guide you to the truth through the tune of the lute;
He'll teach you how to abstain from mundane desires and avoid sin;
O Beneficent! Pour the purest pearls and rubies into my tulip-like cup of heart,
Your charity of the lustrous and high valued pearls and rubies...
...is the only wealth I seek in this world.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In The Prayer House Of My Heart

Praise be to Allah! My heart is open for me,
For I wish the prayer-house open to be.
I listen to the qirat of Imam;
The sweet qirat inspires me to muse about the true word
The Imam is wrapped in clothing of the unseen
And in the still hours of the night calls me...
...to arise and pray except for a little -
...and hear the Qur'an with measured silence
The Imam is all awake but we are all but sleeping:
Negligence, ignorance, and conceit are our traits;
Our lord takes mercy on us and calls us unto him affectionately,
From publicity, I withhold the secrets of my heart;
Yet, my Good Friend knows my secrets all,
To my mad heart, my friend's word brings love and peace;
I shut up my eyes and ears to all that is mundane,
And thus I step into the Ka'ba of my heart,
To the qibla of my heart, I constantly circumambulate! ! !

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

You Do Not Forsake Me

Beloved, I hear your word always!
Your sweet melodious notes wake up my sleeping soul;
My love, I see your extensive beauty...
...even in what ignorant deem imperfect to be;
The only sin is to believe...
...that in your creation you cannot be seen;
The sound of your lute transmits a secret truth:
La illaha illa hu!
Many a Lover has fallen deep into this melodious word;
The sweet and mellow tones of hu hu...
...have kept me constantly attached to you;
I could not reach your threshold...
...if I did not hear your word hoo hoo;
Tell Ridwan, the gatekeeper of the heart...
...to let in this honest Listener of your word;
I do not muse over anything besides you;
Nor will I ever leave your company;
Just sometime when Satan takes over me...
...I neglect my duty to you;
My heart indeed cherishes your Love for me;
Even when through negligence I may get away...
You do not forsake me;
Often I remember you, and always you remember me! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Musical Water Of Al-Kawthar

Friends, when you hear the people of Love speak...
...there's no blame on you...
...if you do not grasp what they speak;
They do not your language speak;
Glory be to God!
In the inner of my heart, a melodious speech I hear;
Who is speaking in my heart? I do not know;
Quiet and still I am!
But, he is speaking in an echoing voice;
O Mysterious Speaker! Where are you?
My heart is impatient highly to see you;
Play an ecstatic note and please my simmering heart!
To me, the world was never an object true;
It was your speech that made it a beauty to adore,
The craving I am holding dear in my heart...
...keeps me awake for nights and days;
Good Heavens! I am at the spring of Al-Kawthar...
...where I drink deep my friend's speech?
Beyond the veil, the Saqi offers cup on cup...
...of the musical water of Al-Kawthar;
With the abundant water of powerful speech...
...my heart overflows with the sound divine;
Still my heart is not satiated fully...
...as it asks: Hal Min Mazeed?
(Do you have some more?)
Such is the zeal and zest of my heart! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Speech Divine

As the breeze of the sounding word grasped my heart...
...my mad heart got filled with mirth and peace;
The magic music is the very reminder of my covenant with my lord;
Yet, this covenant has been out of my mind in careless fashion;
The black mole in between the two brows, what is it?
That like the pupil in my eye inside sees;
In the paradise of divinity, what do I hear?
'Tis the music divine! The speech divine!
That awakens and enlightens about the secret divine;
O Speech Divine! To listen to you, my heart does never sleep;
Glory be to God, it sounds without break to the present...
...from eternity, and disperses like fragrance in the air;
This divine speech in our heart is like...
...when God spoke to Moses on the Mount Sinai;
O you feeble man! How can you bear the weight...
...which the mountains would not bear...
...for fear of being razed to dust;
He who is chosen by God for his speech...
...can only hear without fear,
My darling soul! I have decided to fulfill the covenant...
...which I have, on the Day of Alast,
...entered into with my lord...
...before coming to this earth by God's will.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

O Inquisitive Heart!

O Inquisitive Heart! Do you look for my Friend's abode?
Do you know not he is everywhere?
Wherever you turn to, He is there;
Deep in the sea of darkness, there lies the Light-bearer...
...who - if you find - will you the right path show;
There is a barrier between you and your friend;
What if the barrier is removed and the two seas meet?
When shall we see that the barrier between us and our friend...
...in fact, is just illusory?
When the illusion is removed we shall see:
'From God we come, to God we shall return again? '
Whoever comes into this world is bound to go back;
But, aware of the truth and enlightened we must be;
To hear glad tidings, one needs only...
...a clue to the secret hidden;
Secrets are galore!
How can we these secrets know?
The myriad calls from our lord ask us to know;
Why are we deaf to His repeated calls?
Why are we wont to turn about...
...as we hear His callbacks not?
Listen! How our lord calls us unto Him:
'O thou human being that hast attained to inner peace!
Return thou unto thy Sustainer, well-pleased [and] pleasing [Him]:
enter, then, together with My [other true] servants -
yea, enter thou My paradise! '
Lo! Peace without him is remote!
Do not be upset by the autumn gale that blows;
Contemplate! Where can you find a thorn-free rose?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Utter No Word

Utter No Word

Peace, eternal peace! That is the only thing I pursue?
My mad heart hankers after you;
How gonna I am to achieve you?
Of his breath of peace God has created human;
A riddle whose answer all mad lovers seek to know!
The people of reason but admonish them...
...to desist from such a vain desire;
Their counselling works like oil on fire!
The lover of the truth carries no desire for paradise...
...and has no fear of flaming Fire;
The captive of your love knows it well...
...that in Love lies his peace in this world and the hereafter;
The wine of love has intoxicated him;
In the state of intoxication, he speaks like an awakened man:
'I have come of infinity - that is my reality, '
O cascade! Bewail not the separation from your original source!
Look back and see...
...you are not disjoined from your source!
Just, He has decreed that you should appear...
...remote from Him!
To start and play the game of Love!
Utter no word! Just go on chanting your verses...
...of union and separation!
Many of such wondrous lovers of God do I know.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Gentle Qalandar

On a fragrant rose, I saw sitting a beautiful honeybee;
Despite being close to the source of nectar...
...it heaved a sigh of sweet grief;
I asked, "Why do you grieve despite this union close? "
It said, " where the nectar of the rose in winter shall there be!
If rose withers and dies, no fun in living, I see';
A true union he has, who is in union with the perennial rose,
A true lover is He, who deigns to be with perishable rose,
Blessed be the one favoured by the living and immortal rose!
Should you desire to persevere in the path of love...
...have friendship with the living and the sustainer of all that exists!
Blessed be the gentle Qalandar
who lives in God's presence...
...and listens to God's speech: La Illaha Illa Hu!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Bulbul And Rose

O! Bulbul is singing on the bough in melodious tones!
Enjoy it if you wish to have pleasure and peace;
Bulbul and rose are the eternal lovers and loving is their job;
As the breeze carrying the rose's fragrance blows...
...the bulbul starts singing in melodious tones;
It's not for every soul to hear the Bulbul's melodious tones,
To fall in love with the Bulbul's voice...
...is what the lovers souls must...
...if they desire to listen to the Bulbul's melodious tones;
'Tis a charisma of the Bulbul's sweet voice...
...which wakes the lover's flame;
Beauty is not the eye, lock, cheek and mole;
Beauty lies in the voice with musical tones!
The Qalandars of Truth persistently listen to the Bulbul's melodious tones;
Only on the wings of the music divine...
...it is easy for you to reach the threshold of Love:
Only the music divine can help you ascend to the Kingdom of God
In a vision, to the abode of the Beloved did I wend;
Oh happy the vision, where I see God's word sound!
Attach not your heart to the grievous world full with tears! Please!
Abstain from infatuation with the world and find eternal peace!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Veiled Secret

O Veiled Secret! Who can lift the veil from your countenance?
O Bird of Cage! Who gives you melodious voice?
Strange questions occur in my mind:
Who are you? Wherefrom are you?
Are you mortal or immortal?
Sleep left me as with these bothering questions...
...I began to fight:
If you are born of God's speech 'Be'...
How in my cage do you now repose and respite?
You deign to be asked about your secret, I know;
Have I not been asked to know you in order to know God?
In your vision, I know lies my deliverance...
...from the agony on the Day of Judgement;
Your musical notes have caused my heart to do Zikr e Khafee;
Lo, these notes are made to awaken from the sleep;
And remember God constantly, that's their way;
The rain of mercy that God showers to wet my heart!
O You are My Secret, You are not other than me;
I was under delusion that I am a caged bird;
Far beyond this cage lies my eternal home;
O soul! In time of old age, what ways will you take?
Your prime of youth was spent in mistake;
But it is never too late, the sages say;
I hope I'll find a way to the Home of Eternity, The Palace of Delight!
O Lord, let not Time wreak havoc on this poor servant,
Be kind and call me back, for I am ruined by delusion!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

On The Path Of Love

March ahead, do not think of taking a rest,
Journeying on the path of Love is not so easy...
...as it seems to be at first;
Only the Walker on the path of Love knows...
...how strenuous and toilsome it is!
The heart of a lover bleeds but he does not break...
...his journey to the beloved's final abode;
The scent of the unraveled hair-locks of the Beloved...
...touches the smelling sense of the lover's heart,
How can he stay away?
Through the love message in the scent loaded on the breeze...
...the beloved calls on the lover...
...get on, I am very much near to you,
More nearer than the jugular vein!
So sweet is the scent that it gives peace...
...to the Lover as he finds the Secret,
That his beloved has come to live with him...
Just as the scent lives with rose.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

The Music Of Bees

The honey bees' buzzing is echoing in my heart;
A music festival is held for the lovers of God;
The houris have flown down from the paradise;
The dead heart has been brought back to life;
The emissary of God has come to call me back to God's kingdom;
I had lost my way in the alien land..
...after I was expelled from my homeland;
The rain of mercy is falling on my arid heart;
My heart is now becoming a green meadow...
...where the beautiful flowers of paradise bloom;
The gorgeous glimpse of the hidden Eternal Beauty!
The day has come to find entry into the paradise lost...
...after wandering in wilderness in the alien land;
The truth has dawned and the falsehood has ended!
And I have come out of darkness to light!
Now my moon is out of eclipse!
Now it is clearly shining on me!
Under its light I see God's unveiled beauty...
...in everything that God has created in the universe! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

A Prayer For Rain Of Mercy

O sky, pour down rain of mercy on this parching earth-
She is burning, thirsty for a drop of life's rain;
Her lips, tongue, and throat are dry;
Drop sufficient rain to raise the dead to life!
O lord, show pity to the sullen humanity!
O lord, show favor to the anguished hearts of the oppressed people!
O lord, bring back the spring's joy...
to the gloomy faces!
to the burnt rose gardens!
Pour rain of life to bring the dead to life!
We are your deadened and broken servants;
Drown-trodden, oppressed, tortured in blinding darkness!
O lord, don't let us be oppressed further!
Absolve us, and relieve us from this torment!
Pour water of life on us, for we are dead!
Some water to wet our dry hearts!
This burning heart is your servant's prayer room -
don't let it reel into complete chaos and confusion! ! !

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

Musical Notes

The most beautiful gift I receive from my beloved;
A stream of musical notes flowing to me constantly!
A note after another note sounded by the unknown composer!
To create melodious divine sound!
To create in me feelings of divine presence!
I can't ignore these musical notes;
I do not create these sweet notes;
Just these are the unstruck music notes...
...coming from the heavens, the realm unseen!
The musical notes carry me to the horizon...
...where the seen and the unseen meet;
There I come to know these musical notes of life from me flow;
As heart drums, lute and flute sound, the bells ring...
...the sound of long voice hoooo echoes inside me;
Alert the soul; and listen to the notes of life within;
Just listen on!
Such that the eternal word - the source of inner peace - descends upon you;
These heavenly musical notes give delight to heart, rest to tumultuous mind, and
ecstasy to soul! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My Days With My Master

In the Dal Lake, under the willow's shade...
...a lover I met listening in silence to the Music of Love;
Wholeheartedly! Devotedly!
A dervish whose eyes outshined the sun!
A master upon whose tongue was God's sweet word!
Oh Happy-starred! Give thanks to your lord;
That you got some time to sit for hours before that dervish;
Invaluable was each minute that you spent under his tutelage!
Pay tribute to him for he blessed you with his knowledge and wisdom;
You live and know that your life is sweet because of him;
Give thanks for the time spent in his good company;
Give thanks for the gifts of pearls of wisdom you obtained;
The greatest gift is the contented mind...
...that you are now due to his teachings;
No heart is dark when the moon of Irfan does shine;
Always seek the company of enlightened dervishes and people of knowledge;
As they will teach you what to know and sow is sweet.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

In The Vale Of Silence

Arise! and fill the secret ears up...
...with the music divine ever sounding;
Until the music of pleasure overflows;
But, the music of love is so sweet and delicious...
...that your heart won't ever say:
'No more', 'No more';
Instead it will raise a mad cry:
'Have you something more? '
'I am not as yet satisfied, sir',
The generous musician more and more melodies shall throw...
...until to the Vale of Silence you must go;
There is a silence where is no sound to be heard...
...as if you are under the deep deep sea...
Where you cannot hear the sound...
...of the splashing waves on the surface;
Or, in the wide desert where you might hear...
...in the hush of night the sound of camel bells only...
...of far off caravan advancing towards you;
Arise, and hear the camel bells!
The Carvan of Love is approaching you...
...with your beloved, Leila, sitting in the Mahmil...
...behind the veils of music and light.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Political Monsters

Like the madcap Mansoor, I declare,
The hangman's noose I do not fear,
Let me expose the truth without fear,
That monsters exploiting religion and race...
Are occupying the seats of power...
...and are ruling the roost;
Their acts of tyranny, their acts of divide and rule...
Their bigotry, their hatred, their blood spilling, and their Xenophobia,
I do not accept, I do not know

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



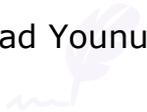
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Music Of Love

The nightingale would never care to sing...
...if the rose would not hear him...
Through his wakeful silent eyes;
The rose's love is naught but to relentlessly listen in cheer...
...all the time to his beloved's melodious voice;
Not all songs bring joy to the lover's heart...
...as does the ever sounding beloved's musical call;
A Lover truly is he who hears his beloved's song in thrall...
...when the melodious music gushes into his heart;
O thou who in the street of Love tread, be careful;
Or you may never get to your beloved's home,
Sweet is the music of Love!
Listen to it hard and fast!
Such that you live in union with your beloved,
And put this torment of separation behind.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Build The Towers Of Love

The heavenly music comes to this soul,
With open ears and eyes I sit to listen...
Calmly and graciously this lovely voice,
Why can't I listen to the Gabriel's bell and know...
...the eternal word of God echoing under the dome?
The green meadows on the earth...
...like the paradise in the heaven...
...resonate with God's eternal word;
With bricks of love build you towers of love,
Know that the Lord of Love is our final fate;
Seek no nearness to those full of hate...
People of hate with the nasty debate!
Don't abuse your tongue!
Don't blacken your face!
Speak, listen, and see only God's word!
Narrate the story of love to the sick humanity;
God shall forgive all your sins and misdeeds;
Heavens shall leave their doors open for you;
Where the houris and angels are waiting...
To allow you hear the Song of Love.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

False Religion

His light shines not only on grand palaces...
but also on dingy huts;
You cannot please him by ritual devotional prayer;
Through righteous deeds and serving weak and downtrodden...
you can earn his pleasure,
Why do you make compromise with your satanic self?
Why do you make a false show of your piety?
Such a debased religion, and such a dark show...
I do not accept, I do not know.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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He Abides Near To Me

In the seven realms I wandered;
That was my sheer ignorance;
I was under the misimpression
That it was the straight religion...
To wander from realm to realm;
Leaving behind the seven realms...
I left searching for him there;
At the end, I realised that he whom...
I was searching in the seven realms...
Abides very much near to me;
Why should I search him...
in the seven realms?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Charlatan Dervishes

The charlatan dervishes are...
big mouthed blowhards;
Their job is
indulging in empty talking;
Their job is
taking sumptuous meals and chhakri listening;
Their job is
belching after taking heavy meals;
Their job is
smoking charas and drugs (cannabis) ;
Their job is
Getting cash offerings from blind followers;
Their job is
nothing but disguised begging;
Such is the job of these fools and mimics...
Selling the meaningless and foolish words! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mother's Love

Mother's Love

Mother's Love is unequivocal and unlimited;
It's like nothing else in the world;
It's like unadulterated water of life;
It's both strong and soft;
It's both sincere and pure;
It's both visible and invisible; lo
It's both loud and quiet;
It's unyielding and unwavering;
It's bearing pains calmly without complaint;
It's protecting and shielding;
It's challenging but non demanding;
It's growing and never diminishing;
It's always young, and never wears,
It's under her feet that the paradise lies;
So says the prophet who was an orphan.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Tomorrow Inshaallah

There is hatred being sown in Indian hearts;
There the veils are snatched from weaker women,
There the green dreams of poor are broken,
All this is ephemeral!
Hatemongers will hide and mourn;
We can pull out the poison ivy of hatred;
And sow the seeds of love in the poisoned hearts;
Inshaallah! When we wake up;
Trust me O heartbroken, and dismayed friends...
The people believing in humanity are still living
How long will the hatemongers go on destroying...
The human hearts in the name of nation or religion?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



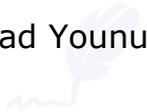
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Hearken The Divine Call

Countless mystic tones blend together in one;
Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo...
Truth, and countless mysteries are revealed in that single melody;
Yet, of course! There be heart's
ear open to hear;
It awakens you from the deep slumber;
And makes you understand the divine mysteries;
O Traveller on the path of Love!
Listen in silence to the eternal word of God!
Open your heart's ears that ye may hearken...
The divine call: Come unto Me!
The Word of God, the Living, the Self-Existent!
O Traveller on the path of Love!
Hearken unto the cosmic voice coming...
from the realm of the Invisible

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



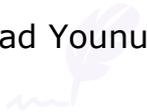
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I Too Sing

When I hear in attention His word, I too sing...
In a wordless voice and find peace;
I lose myself absolutely in the resonating Word;
The true leader leads me to the Eternity...
Where light upon light shimmers...
And the unsounded Word resounds;
This I perceived by the grace of God!
There the houris sing in the tents...
In melodious voice in my own Music Hall;
He is near, nearer than my jugular vein!
He fills my very anfas and the whole cosmos!
Where shines the Eternal Light...
there I sit remembering His name;
I finally understand by the grace of God...
That this Lowest of Low is not remote from the Highest of High.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Let The Lovers Listen

Let the lovers listen...
To the melodious flute notes,
A soul is needed to listen to the flute;
Without listening these sweet notes...
We can't know the secret hidden;
Without listening graciously...
We can't know who sounds the mystic flute;
This music can be heard but only by a Wali...
Whose inner ears and eyes are not closed;
They hear this voice, and become lovers of God;
He responds to their love with his immense love;
He brings them nearer and nearer moment by moment;
How can they say...
That they are remote from him?
He reveals himself through his attributes;
He fills the anfas and cosmos with his light;
He dons the robes of lovers to play the game of love;
Behind his every creation he hides his face.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

When Will You Sound Again?

I lived my days as a mystic,
Listening to and chanting the praises of God;
I meditated in peace and tranquility...
On the glory of God in my heart;
Cut off from stress and strain arising from chaos!
Now there is no peace and love anywhere;
There is terror and fear everywhere!
The world is ruled by hatemongers and Warlords;
The world is torn by strife and conflict;
I must seek my God there!
Incharge of all the affairs on the earth!
Then, why terror and fear are stifling life here?
I ask my God in a secret way:
'O Music of love and peace!
Did you not make me too out of the sounding clay?
When will you sound again?
And proclaim Your will and judgment about...
Returning peace and love to the humankind? '

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Life Is But A Dream

Life in the world is but a big dream;
We live, while we see the dreams;
Man dreams the life is real and perennial,
Until his living is done;
Like a child he dreams he is a king;
And he lives in the deceit of being a king...
Commanding and governing;
And all the praise he receives goes with the wind;
The death ends all with a last breath!
Where then is the joy of being a king?
In the books of history and poetry, I see...
Man dreams whatever he be:
Rich and poor dream;
Sick and healthy dream;
Free and slave dream;
The oppressor and the oppressed dream;
I too dream that life is moving in a circular flow;
And that life has no beginning and ending;
This is nothing but a dream within a dream!
When I wake up, I blink at the dawn;
And see myself as a warbler singing in the willow bushes;
I ask myself:
Am I so little a bird singing in the world's bushes?
My song suddenly stops!
All my dreams are gone!
What is this life?
We rise and we fall,
We fade in a moment, like a dream

MyKoul

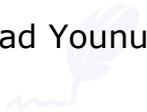
Mohammad Younus

The Mysterious Tunes

The mysterious tunes I hear coming from the unseen,
At midnight, when I meditate in silence;
It appears as if some angel is softly singing in his flight;
My heart and my soul hearken to that holy voice;
Perhaps, this melodious voice is coming from God's paradise,
Of innocent houris singing in the shade of the trees of paradise;
They sing of the vivacious and elegant glories of lord;
As I listen to this sweet voice divine...
My worlds of distress and alarms disappear;
The tune of this charming and heavenly voice...
Resonates in my soul for long;
As I roam on earth, many long nights and days...
I hark with a wonderful thirst for voice divine,
And earth's boring music cannot ever replace...
The heavenly music that is descending in liquid flow.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Music Of Peace

There is a harp of gold sounding in your heart:
Open your ears to hear this soft sound divine,
The sound of the God's Name! ! !
If you are not deaf, dumb, and blind...
This holy music will wake up in your soul;
When you hear this music through your iced eyes -
Gloom will be melted and will flow away;
Let your song be sweet and pleasing...
Fragrant like the wreaths of roses and jasmine!
I hate the sounds of mad gladness!
I say to you: I crave for tears of joy!
Oh lover, your heart will bloom with eternal peace,
It was attended with bitter pain before,
Was, for a long time, pining for eternal peace;
The music of peace - hu, Allah, hu -
is now descending in a liquid flow...
Filling the heart with liquid ecstasy,
As the Jamshed's cup is full with elixir! ! !

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

I Want To Live

I want to live; I crave for happiness -
I want to live in bliss and love, in truth;
My mind sinks me in idle gladness
And makes me ignore high spiritual ideals
It's time for poor mind's reformation
To blow away the materialistic inclination;
What is life, devoid of spiritual exaltation?
What is life full of tempestuous seas?
I want a life that is devoid of burns and wounds,
The life in which there is love, peace and tranquility;
I want to hear the Holy Heaven's sounds,
I don't take interest in worldly music of life
That is just fun and sport...
At the cost of love, peace, and tranquility.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hijacked Religion

Outside the gates of our local Masjid, on Fridays...
I find some women sitting, asking for alms,
Women, cruelly oppressed by poverty and deprivation!
Not pestering as other street beggars do,
Just they spread a begging sheet on the floor...
And give blessings to the devotees...
Going in and coming out of the Masjid...
After saying their Salah - prayers - inside;
I saw these unblessed women hearing the sermon,
But they are perhaps denied or not invited to get into the Masjid,
Is your Masjid only for males?
Where shall these poor women go...
To ask their God just for a piece of bread?
I read in the looks of these deprived women only anguish,
And bitter tears, eyes red with pain,
Even the better off women, I do not find praying in the local Masjids,
What is the reason?
They are more than half our population!
The devotees, and even the priest leading the prayers...
Ignobly ignore them while walking by...
As if they are lifeless cold stones;
So I usually pray at my own home
In company with my wife, and my daughters...
Who - with bitter feelings - pine and fervor,
To pray in the Masjid as did the blessed women in Prophet's times do,
Thus - applying my best senses -
I assure the women at my home...
That you are not victimized or marginalised forever!
It is your right to go to the Masjids!
Masjids are never never exclusive for men!
I don't follow that hijacked religion.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Leave Your Ego

Don't trust in ego, don't trust the egoistic mind;
Beware! like cancers, they eat up your life cells;
It is the inspiration of your unhealthy mind...
Or jailed ideas' irritation!
Don't seek through ego Devil's stuff:
That will run through your veins boiling your blood;
Ultimately it will overpower and kill you!
Let ego fast extinguish in your mind;
Let you not take the poisonous drink of ego;
Could you, sometimes, in any sacred flash...
Find in your soul, the spring of life...
that is unknown, yet life-giving;
Don't be egocentric, full of thoughts - only about yourself;
Don't hearken them nor trust in them a slight;
Just leave your ego, leave aspiring...
That the world must revolve around you;
Put on your ego - a full-size shroud;
Mind it!
You'll not ever be able to make the world...
dance to your tunes like an Indian snackcharmer...
Who plays at Murli to make a cobra dance to its tune.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Voice Of Conscience

What's new? 'I tell you, nothing whatsoever.'
Go through the history, go through the religions,
Man has been always a wicked animal!
So many prophets, sages, and saints came to reform him,
But he remains, by and large, the same!
Don't fool yourself:
You're hiding the truth from yourself, I know,
You are a wicked person, you need to be reformed!
Oh, don't you feel ashamed?
Why do you think you're a perfect person?
Look inside to know yourself - your real self,
Don't hide the true news from yourself...
That you are your own foe, and foe of others?
Set yourself right, you need to be reformed!
To be a real human being -
like one whom God wanted to be His vicegerent,
My nafs e lawama _ the voice of conscience _ informs me, and insists!
Don't be so stubborn, give a push out to nafs e ammara - evil ego - just a push!
Oh, let you be, the pure person,
Mind it, in your essence, you are a noble person,
Then you stooped to the lowest of low!
Because you're a wicked animal, but that is nothing new.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Hear The Sweet Music

O, hear sweet music, if you want to be happy,
Sad songs of world no more!
Hear the liquid music coming down from the heaven,
That heavenly music brings into my memory another life,
A distant shore!
When I will be in the garden of peace and love,
The heavenly abode!
Vow! This beautiful, this sweet tune...
Brings to my memory...
The state of bliss, the garden of Eden;
I picture it before my eyes here,
And, forgetting the fateful sights of the world...
I start glorifying your name - your word:
La illaha ila hu..hooooooooooooo!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Dead Leaf

Dying while living,
With God's bliss I'm slowly coming to life,
And I am left with only hope of reliving,
The fruit of dhikr in heart!
Under the shower of merciful rain,
My worn and withered garden blooms--
In delight, hopefulness, I await:
How far away is my resurrection
From the dead, as winter is going away?
Thus, conquered by a refreshing spring,
I see my beloved coming singing and shimmering,
A dead leaf is coming back to life! ...

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Salam Mother

Love in your eyes
Still gleams in your picture
You haven't gone
And you haven't left me
All time you are with me
How can I forget you?
But ah! — while awake
I do not hear your sweet talks!
Would that I could see you tonight! —
With me near! Talking to me for hours
You were an epitome of love and sacrifice,
Salam Mother! ! !

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Do Not Cry

O, people of Kashmir, do not cry, do not cry:
'We have lost our sun, divine and blessed;
Sun of peace, love, and sovereignty! '
It will rise up again, the day is not far off!
It will ever light your sky -
And darkness will not prevail in any heart's place,
I know your pain,
Eh! You have lost a world of your children!
I am not void of hope of God's mercy and clemency,
I feel God telling me, don't
despair, I am testing you,
Your dark days will end soon!
The sun will soon rise in your sky!
And will not leave even a trace of darkness in your land!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Radiant Vision

I remember all marvellous lessons,
Unto me coming down from above,
A radiant vision of knowledge and wisdom!
My heart gets full with beauty and love,
It gets cleaned off torments of desperate sadness;

In the hour of remembrance and prayer,
To me rings the voice divine--
And I enjoy listening to the miraculous music,
But, when the temptations of the world...
pull me away from the dhikr...
My illusions, my Satan, overcomes me,
I forget that sweet voice full of music,
Until the Glance of mercy - a heavenly flame...
Pulls me back to my merciful lord...
Who blesses me with inspiration of love and of light;

My soul is now awakening and enlightening,
A radiant and wonderful vision!
My heart throbs with ecstasy,
Life looks to me worthy and bright,
And I feel inspiration!
Allah adds to my knowledge and wisdom!
O lord! Improve me in knowledge divine!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Gentle Me

I did not come here -- by a chance,
For I did not know' -- the gentle 'Me';
Whom I would dream!
Whom I would love!
So I came here to see Me,
I am searching my Me,
In my mystic dreams,
My loving heart resounds,
With some mystic voice...
Huuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu...
In bliss and silence do I say,
Who is in me playing my role?
'Oh, how sweet you are, my gentle Me! ' I say --
'How I love thee! ' tweets back my soul.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



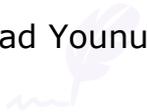
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Do Not Despair

Never a dismal thought overtakes me,
In times of misery, I'm often filled with hope,
I hear my lord telling me
Despair not of the Mercy of Allah,
Verily Allah forgives all sins
Truly, He is Oft-Forgiving, Most Merciful!
I hope because I desire to enjoy the dream of life;
Don't ask me why my hope does not perish,
Why I don't stop loving the person who displeases me,
No longer can I say someone distresses me--
Who once felt love will never hate again;
Who once felt bliss, no more will like to lose its essence,
A moment's happiness is all that we need...
For being joyful, pleasant, and contented
May our lord keep us free of apathy and grief...

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Love Blooms In Me

I am an old lover...
filled with pure love -
The great gift from my God!
My youth left me amazed:
My spring and summer...
have now passed away,
And didn't leave for me...
a single trace behind,
But internally,
I have not as yet come of age,
My love, peace, and virtue...
still bloom in me,
I am your ardent lover, my lord!
As I used to be in my youth,
I am your steadfast lover --
My love for you is absolute, never wavering!
Oh, when I am reborn in another world -
I would continue loving you...
Even more devotedly and fervently!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Appear! Appear!

O it's true that in the spring,
When the dead are arising from the graves...
The liquid rays of the spring sun...
Glide down on tombstones from the heavens,
And tell them: Get up! Arise!
By the command of God!

O it's true that the dead on hearing the call...
Arise from the graves still and bare,
And put on spotless robes with aura designs!
I listen to the music, I wait for aura:
To me, my friend, appear, appear!

Beloved music, beloved light come to me!
Emerge in any form or fashion, you choose!
But all the time! ! !
Distant bells ring across the sphere,
A gentle sound, a buzz of beez,
The most musical gales of ecstasy! ! !
I care not how: appear, appear!

I call you -- not to speak of my evil nafs...
Whose malicious enticing...
Has killed my soul,
And held me in the nether place;
I pray you to get me up to the Illiyun ---
The 'most high' and 'supreme' place above!
My heart resounds...with the zikr of your name,
I want to say that I love you,
That I'm yours: appear, appear to me!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Was Born For

'think sometimes that I was born for this:
To set the flame of love burning,
To hold him to my bosom in a trance of bliss,
And by sweet music to wake my yearning...
To hold him in my eyes that shine...
To hear his sweet speech divine...
And collect in my heart the pearls of wisdom...
From his immense treasures divine!
Vow! I am born for setting the flame of love burning!
For amassing true knowledge and wisdom...
Without any person between me and divine,
In the glowing hours of bliss divine!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Suffering Humanity

The hounds of terror, the hounds of hatred,
Their howling produce the black echoes of fearful screaming,
The peace lovers, quite a few, grope in the dark for peace and love
The moon in the sky, seen in the waters below,
Is darkened with the smoky sighs of terrorised souls
Of people being roasted in the inferno of tyranny,
From point to point, over there, the undead corpses scattered,
And in the sky, above, dreadful voices,
Coming and rising from the infinity of the torture centres and battlefields,
To God watching from every spot around
When will God take compassion over the suffering humanity?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Call The Peace Back

Life is bliss when you're in peace;
loving each other...
Like a mother...
Who holds her bab to her bosom,
Singing joyful lullabies...
To make her bab go to sound sleep;
Live like newly wedded mates...
Who walk hand in hand in the rose garden;

Live in peace like non human creatures of nature;
Like the singing birds...
Who sing in harmony...
Though in varied tunes;
Like the flying bird, the gliding darling...
Who when finds its partner on the willow branch...
Quickly comes down from the sky...
And makes love with its waiting mate;
And celebrates peace and tells us:
Live in peace, in sweet peace! ! !

A sweet place for love and peace was in Kashmir;
A land of snow, dales and valleys,
Green meadows, moors and high lands,
Thick forests, blue mountains, and glaciers,
Lakes, and roaring Brooks;
Even Chillia Kalaan cold
cannot chill our true love! ! !

When we're joined back to peace,
And recover the lost love...
We will arise from the dead;
Even the snow and ice will make us warm,
There is no fun while living in weeping! ! !

MyKoul

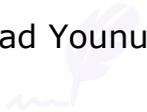
Mohammad Younus

Bubbles

People are like
Bubbles
On water
Connected to water
Displaying separation
The bubble bursts
The air goes off
No bubble
No separation
Bubbles in confusion
Think air is their life
Water their source
Their life
From water they come
To water they go! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Suicide Bombing

O my God! Tell me, please
For the sake of prophet,
Your dear friend,
By whose command...
...did the dogs
...the namesake speakers...
...of your word...
...come into the mosque...
...when the faithful were in prayer?
These cruel tyrants did kill...
...the innocent persons...
...in the course of Nimaaz,
Will not the believers fear now...
...to prostrate before you...
...in the mosque?
Will not the believers fear now...
...to take your pure name on their tongues?
Why don't you protect your house?
Why don't you protect your believers?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

In That Moment I Found Life

It was you on your window
It was me on my window
It was the silence of the early morning
My lord watched my heartbeats
And listened to my song of love
You told me nothing
I told you nothing
We only looked at each other
From a distance
Equal to two brows' distance
I believed everything
That you inspired to me
In that moment I found life
In that moment I found you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Love Play

When the tide
Comes in,
We get trapped
In fear,
Lest it should
wash us away;
When the tide
Is out,
We feel relaxed,
And we enjoy
Walking further,
Towards the sea;
And are least afraid of...
The ferocity of the sea;
Love is like playing,
With the tides of the sea;
On the beach of the sea
Standing watching,
Longing to go deep...
Into the sea;
Braving against...
The violent splashing waves;
Risking life!
but never...
giving up the play.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Come To Me

Some hearts have You blessed with your light;
Some hearts suffer grief of separation from You;
Some hearts are wounded by your eyes' arrows;
Yet the uncounted still are your lovers who annihilated for you;
Lord! who am I, and how you keep company with me?
How long shall it take me to know that you see through me?
How long shall it take me to know that you hear through me?
Lord, wherever I turn to I feel you are smiling at me;
I see your Kaaba on all sides, so I do tawaf of all your signs;
Lord if I do not know you in this life, where shall I know you?
I am that drop which is not outside your sea;
I am that universe which you have centered in me;
I am that preserved tablet in which you have recorded all the mysteries;
If I be trapped in flesh and lust - how can I know you?
If I doubt your ways - how can I know the way leading to you?
Whether I am on the earth or cling to Gabriel's Wing...
...in every situation - your praises I will sing;
In unity, and in diversity- I see you;
Whether in jalwat or in khalwat - I see you;
Whether on crown of my head or in the pupil of my eyes - I see you;
You know my goal from end to start - it is only You;
I find my solace only in You, my cure only in You;
I am apart from You but mysteriously connected to You;
I feel your profound presence in and around me;
My hearing soul is e'er listening to your command: 'come to me'.

MyKoul

1. Jalwat and Khalwat: in public and in private.

Mohammad Younus

Living Deep In The Woods

I listen to the Leila's song,
I listen fondly, all time long.
I sit in silence, deep inside the woods,
As Leila's melodious voice echoes in the woods,
I listen to the Leila's song,
I long to see her face to face, all time long.
I sit in silence, deep inside the woods,
As I have heard that Leila loves the lover...
Who roams for her deep in the woods.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Red Sea

... A sea of red is all around, splashing.
The waves are chasing each other
tossing against the shore.
Where an evil demon - laughing and then lashing -
...is standing: in darkness playing at his flute;
Black night... Red sea all around, splashing!
I know these waves... those beating deadly waves -
...spreading fear and terror!
And they are crimson with human blood;
Now blow off fear and terror, in such a mighty bold way...
...that the fiery waves stop chasing and tossing;
Open your eyes and see the ray of light:
A wondrous ray of light!
Dawn after the night of tempest!
Heave a sigh of relief - the sea is at peace!
The light of love and peace, I believe...
...will soon pervade the whole universe;
A ray of hope beaming from my breast!
And this is from the hidden sun which is the source of light;
And, inshaallah, you will bathe in this light...
That the hidden sun is pouring for you - a delight!
Do not say, I dare not look at this light;
You are born to cast your eyes on this light;
This light will fill your heart and breast with peace;
And you will become a torch bearer in this world..
To spread the light of love and peace!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Burning In The Fire Of Allah

I aspire to live in peace and harmony;
Two opponents are dueling within me:
The command of nafs, and the command of the lord!
Their fighting is raging flame within me;
It gives me rest, when my nafs is subdued,
And submits to the command of my lord;
It makes me restless, if I ignore the command of my lord;
Not one fire burns in me but two -
Fire of nafs and fire of Allah!
In each thought two enemies I see clash;
Wherever I go there is an odious doubling...
Of two warring foes, which want to vanquish me;
And everywhere the battle that follows me is spreading...
The flames: all the imprints of my evil nafs are effaced;
For I am now living as a jihadi against my evil nafs-
I burn in the fire of Allah!
And am gradually shedding off my evil nafs.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Embrace The Fire

There is a light in your heart,
Always shining!
There is a music in your soul,
Always sounding!
Some feel it, and some do not!
Some feel the confusion, and some fusion!
Be like a moth, and embrace the fire;
Remind those who tell you otherwise:
'Love is your essential being;
The lamp of love burns in you out of its own accord;
Tell him that the yearning for the eternal light...
You cannot create with any personal effort;
You cannot borrow from any person;
That the meaning of love, its scope, and subject matter...
You cannot learn in any school, with any master; '
Hush, it is your hidden secret, that only God's elect know.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

No Renunciation

This fragrant, beautiful world that the zahids and sufis oppose...
...is not rebuffed and rebuked by the gnostics of God,
Because they consider it to be an exhibition of God's beauty;
If you really long to gaze at divine beauty...
You will not see that beauty reflected anywhere else...
...except in the divine mirrors in this world;
If you acquire the gnostics' eyes, you will find...
...the ocean of life in this world before your eyes;
Let us not renounce the world, O seeker of God,
Only through this world passes the path to God;
One who does not find the path to God in this world...
...take it written from me that he will not find...
...the path to God in the other world;
Our lord, you have not created this world in vain!
Every soul has to pass through this world,
But, tell me, of what use is the life in this world...
...if a person spoils his life in the enjoyment of play and amusement?

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

I Have Forgotten

What words my lips have uttered,
When my lord asked me: Am I not your lord?
And where, when, and why,
I have forgotten,
And what music I have heard,
In my mother's musical womb,
I have forgotten,
But, when she delivered me out,
I found,
This outer world full of ghosts who continually sigh,
And who tap upon the window pans of my heart,
Making a horrific and penetrating voice;
I feel in my heart a violent pain,
For having been sent out of my mother's womb;
I want to again find that lost silence and music,
That I enjoyed in my mother's womb?
Who will transport me at midnight back to my home?
I am standing in this world like a lonely winter tree,
without green leaves and juicy fruits;
I do not know
where and why the birds have vanished one by one,
That sang to me pleasant notes in mother's womb,
Yet I see the birds singing on the boughs of trees,
The songs of love more echoing than before;
I can not say what birds have come and gone,
I only know that divine sings still in me,
And reminds me all the while, that in me sounds the divine lute.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

He Is Beyond All Praise

Silently I bow down my head to his majesty,
That is my sincere praise and adoration of him,
How can I write down poems in his praise?
I have a limited vision and am not aware of all his excellence,
And I do not have the treasure of the vocabulary of the words in my breast...
For writing appropriate eulogies in praise of him...
Who is the first manifestation of divine light,
Only the creator can praise him to the extent he deserves,
Because he only knows what attributes and qualities he has blessed him with,
The lord of the universe himself describes him in his book...
...as 'the most exalted in character,
I can only say as much as he told us in his praise,
That he is the servant of the Creator and his last messenger,
He is the seal of all messengers, and the best of them,
He knows all divine mysteries...
...that no one before or after him knew,
He is the opener of all locks on the doors of knowledge,
He is the purpose of all the creation of lord, without exception,
He holds in his hand the divine light,
That shows us light in darkness.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

So Say Our Elders

If you do not give up fear and terror...
You won't find your way to love;
If you do not purify your inner self...
You won't see the true self in your mirror;
If you do not throw out all your extra load...
You can't save your boat of life from sinking down;

If you are seeking to be the beloved of all,
Love everyone. whether friend or your foe,
Whether in their presence or absence;
Talk to all in sweet divinely language...
As if you are reciting the holy verses of the Quran;
Just be like flowers that dispatch their fragrance???
...on the shoulders of morning breez to near and far;
If you want to spread the light of love and peace...
Be like the sun, shine on everyone? pure or impure.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



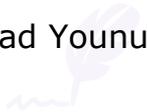
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There Was A Time

There was a time,
When the gardens of my life, echoed with music;
When the nightingales and all singing birds sang melodious songs;
When my dreams were not filled with horror and nightmares,
When my thoughts did not disturb my peace and calm inside;
When my feelings were not like an ocean disturbed by tsunami like tremors;
When my soul was very happy and contented,
When I was quite strong and faced boldly the vagaries of life,
But, the times have now changed from what it was in the past,
So sad and depressed are people now;
My hopes are, however, still bright,
My love is still alive within the coffin of life,
I am sure, Humanity will reemerge from the ashes,
With the eternal gifts of life - Peace and love -
For me and for all, Inshaallah!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Good Night!

We are living in fear and terror;
Our bodies and souls are in chains;
Valleys and hills are occupied;
The schools and colleges are closed;
The entrances of worship houses are locked;
But the wine shops and bars are open;
Two times meals is beyond common man's reach;
Seeking freedom from fear and terror...
Can cost your head, and land you in a prison;
We live in fear and terror, who can give us peace?
Be hopeful, there will be a great revolution in the world;
Peace and love will return, good night!
Sleep well my dear oppressed people,
Till dawn, sleep calmly through the night without nightmares;
When you wake up tomorrow at dawn,
The earth will be a safer place to live a life of peace;
Sleep well, my dear traumatized people,
When you wake up tomorrow at dawn,
There will be no more war on earth;
And the voices of hate and terror will not echo in the world;
The song of love and peaceful coexistence...
will be the earth's new anthem;
Every nation will live within its own natural borders;
No country will be erased from the map of the world;
Sleep well, my dear peace loving people,
Tomorrow will be a new day of love and peace;
Inshaallah! Inshallah!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

A Ray Of Hope

Why should I be worried?
Why should I feel stressed?
I am blessed, I have found peace inside,
My heart, my chest, I feel are really wide,
But now I ask God for peace outside;
Delightful, with all the faith I prayed to God,
I looked up to find an answer to my prayers,
What I saw was a dark, moonless, starless sky,
What surprised me was that it was an abnormal night:
I saw that it was actually a full moon night,
But, the blue sky was covered by heavy black clouds,
Then, I noticed myself above the black clouds...
...that were hovering over my head,
I saw behind the clouds the full moon and the bright stars;
While I was on the ground, the moon and the stars were hidden from sight,
The clouds kept on moving and drifting away,
Soon, I saw the light - the full moon and stars from the ground,
Now that the floating black clouds have moved away
And seeing the brightest light, I became suddenly aware...
That fear, terror, hate, and war that the humankind face,
Will not for ever be staying with the suffering humanity,
Solutions we will search for and we will see the light,
And my heart became calm, and rejoiced with ecstasy,
A ray of hope gleamed in my heart that it will be all right soon!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Pandemics Too Shall Pass

Yes, most of the people are in depression;
In these pandemic days, it has become a way of life;
Are we really living or living dead?
Where is the hustle and bustle of life?
It looks like we are desperately standing...
...at the edge of our life and watching,
The doom of the world!
The doom of humanity!
Let it happen!
It has so often happened in the past;
It will happen and happen again;
We will keep on living and dying again;
Life collapses, drooping its smiling head;
At sunset, when sun leaves to shine somewhere else;
It rises from the dead at dawn again;
When sun returns to shine on it again;
The memory of past in old tombs convinces me...
That nations too rise from the dead;
New civilisations come to life...
...to meet the challenge of existence
And defeat death and annihilation of humankind;
The desire to be immortal lives deep in our heart;
And shines through our eyes, and proclaims with smile:
We shall live on! We shall not die!
Pandemics! This too shall pass!

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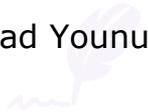
Mohammad Younus

You Alone I Love

Your love has wrested my heart away from me,
Day and night I burn in your love, gripped by your beauty,
I find no great joy in being cut off any time from you,
I would be a false lover, if I cease to remember you,
The only ecstasy I have is that you remember me,
You're the one I love, you're the one who loves me,
Your love fills me with peace and true ecstasy,
On all sides I find that in different images you display your beauty,
Even if, I annihilate, I will rejoice and cry:
You're the one I love, you're the one who loves me,
Like Mejnun, I live in the forests of Najad,
And drink the wine of your love cup by cup constantly,
Each passing day I realise that you are not separate from me,
What I desire in both worlds is only to feel your presence with me,
You're the one I love, you're the one who loves me

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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O Heart-Stealer

O heart stealer, such is the intensity of my love for you...
...that I have gone mad after you;
Though, in truth, very close to me are you,
...yet, in practice, a stranger you pose to be;

The nightingale is out to seek the roses...
...to give vent to his intense love for roses;
Eh! the roses are paled and withered!
Look, how with grief he is mourning for roses!

O my lover Majnun! Hiding in the forests of Najad,
Come on, your beloved Leila, fully adorned with ornaments...
...has come to the forest to meet you;

O Bombur (Bumble bee) ! I am your Yanbarzal (daffodil) !
I am waiting for you in the garden of flowers;
What are you looking for? Come on!
Look, how your locks of love have coiled round my neck

The moth and burning lamp when fall in love for each other,
Both burnt off themselves to be one through
annihilation;
To see their beloved the lovers one and all rushed to the spot of his exhibition
None of the lovers but could see his beloved until
His delusion was removed and found there exists not his other

O enraptured lover Shams, you have narrated the story of your love, (which
says)
He is himself the lover, and himself his beloved he is.

Gazal of a great Kashmiri Sufi Poet, Shamas Faqir
(Translation by Mohammad Younus Koul)

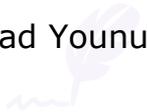
Mohammad Younus

Waiting For The Good Day

I am waiting for the celestial bells to play;
I am waiting for the good news of peace to convey;
I am waiting when in music sweet God will convey:
'Peace and love on earth will now come to stay';
In despair, I bowed my head, and said to God:
'There is no peace on earth, no love on earth;
For hate is strong, and mocks the song of love';
I am waiting desperately for the good day;
When peace and love on earth will come to stay;
Then I hear the voice in my heart - more loud and deep:
'God is not dead, nor does He sleep!
He is watching; nearer to you than the jugular vein;
Peace and love on earth he will surely bestow;
One day on the sick and suffering humanity;
Never be hopeless of God's mercy!

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Mohammad Younus



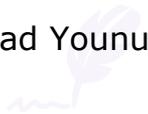
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Birthday Cake

Jesus was told, 'China has made a big cake in your name';
He was surprised to hear that the cake was made...
...by a nation who did not believe in him or in anyone in his lineage;
In a forceful outburst of displeasure on this showy display, he says:
'These are not my people who make and cut a big cake on my birthday...
...even if they claim to be my true believers on Sundays;
My people are homeless, downtrodden, poor - who adore and follow my way;
Do they have any share in this wild, all wild, sumptuous cake?
My people are my people!
They do not celebrate my birthday in an extravagant and ostentatious way;
They do not dance to the tune of evil masters;
They don't imitate pagan customs to celebrate my birthday;
They follow my pure teachings, and consider me as their beacon light;
They virtually everyday celebrate my birthday! '
So said Jesus about his true believers today.

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Mohammad Younus



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Strive For Peace

Patience and prayer
Who can gift to my heart?
I have to be perfectly honest,
I am beyond lost in grief,
Because peace, love, and humanity...
...in the world have passed away,
I often think to myself:
God knows the best!
What and why I am here,
In the world of hatred and bloodshed?
I have thought it so many times before,
Once the initial shock passes,
I know that second shock is in the trail;
I have no idea when peace shall return;
Believe me! I am just surviving...
...on the pilot mode!
Getting from point A to point B!
Not even knowing how I got there,
I feel desperate for peace and love to return;
Because pain is too much to handle now;
For now, my morale is still high!
I hope one day we have enough strength...
...to fight back the forces of hate and terror;
And show them the road to love and peace;
Yielding to terror and hate does not help;
Crying does not help;
Screaming does not help;
Wailing and mourning does not help;
Resistance with resilience helps;
Prayer helps much, but remember,
It is the promise of Great God:
He helps only those who help themselves;
We must all stand and work for peace and love;
Whoever we are, wherever we are,
We must strive to see the world a place of love and peace!

MyKoul

World Peace

Lover not agitator
Gives peace to himself,
The whole world needs lovers
To be a place for peaceful living

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Mohammad Younus



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Book Of Mysteries

Reading the book of mysteries, in the nights' mist,
Over the rose of my heart sings the nightingale divine

This charming rose hears with devotion the song divine
And to the sweet melody swings and dances in rhythm

The rose learns the song divine from the nightingale divine
And starts singing through night and day the hymns divine

The rose gives thanks to his creator for giving him beauty divine
Get you too into your heart, and enjoy the sweet song divine

Strive to know the mystery before life is taken away thine
If you fail to know yourself, how can you know the secret divine

Your soul too will hear like this poet the hymns divine;
And will awaken from the illusion of separateness.

Mykoulk



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The Wise Mystics

From pre historic times...
...sages have been seeking...
...for the hidden secret;
And they all together...
...have been secretly speaking:
'The treasure of truth is hidden...
...under the thick layers of self';
And said:
'He who knows his self knows the truth';
Delving deep into the well of self...
...they would cry with joy:
'There we will find it, in the well! '
Have they really found it until now?
But, the mortals with limited vision,
How can they know the whole truth?
This reminds me the story of an elephant,
Shown to a crowd of blinds at a market fare;
Every blind told some truth about the elephant,
But, each one could tell only a partial truth!
Their disputes and pointless brawls...
...about the shape and nature of the elephant...
...were absolutely unfair and thoughtless!
Getting tired of brawl and Violent disputes...
...the wise among them left all attempts to claim...
...that someone from the crowd knew...
...the whole secret hidden about the elephant,
Everyone was making a statement of truth???
...within the delimitations of his vision.

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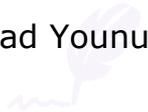
Mohammad Younus

The Caged Lion

I am being kept captive in the zoo cage
Don't tell me, 'You are not in chains here'
Don't tell me, 'you do not have to hunt for your prey'
Don't tell me, ' You get your food without labour here'
O mad captivators,
Are you not ashamed of keeping me in captivity?
Thus, a lion - in the zoo - roars in cage:
I am the king of the woods, chosen by the Great Lord!
I am strong and stubborn king beyond belief!
A moustached mighty king of the woods roars in rage!
Now, he languishes in a cruel cage in the zoo
Like a prisoner of conscience left to rot in the jail!
The proud, unrelenting, lion trolls in the fortified space
...and violently roars for his freedom
He vows not to live like a caged animal in the zoo.

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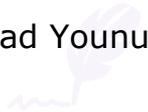
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Love To Eternity

My spring and summer have passed now,
I do not see a single trace of my youth now,
God, the bestower of life, love and peace!
I used to be your favourite person for these gifts,
O God, when I am reborn, - I would ask you,
Even more blessings in the shape of these gifts!
God, I long to go to your picturesque garden of love,
Where the sky shines with your divine radiance,
Where hours sing melodious songs, and dance,
There I long to sit with your pleasure with Eve...
...under the shadow of that forbidden tree,
Where we shall kiss each other, in a love without pain,
Under cloudless infinities, now obeying all the rules of love,
And enjoy God's beauty, forgetting all sufferings...
...and love to eternity.

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Mohammad Younus



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Music Of Life

Don't ask me why, when alone in your cheerful thought,
In times of mirth, I'm often filled with the sweetest melodies,
And why my excited heart is so jubilant when it beats with lord's name,
I cannot explain how my sorrow of separation perishes,
When I absorb in listening to the music of life
It is this music that pleases my heart and soul regularly,
No longer can I now call someone as my other--
Because the same truth I find resonating in all,
Who once falls in love with real will never love his other again;
Who once feels bliss of your love, no more will turn to other,
A perpetual happiness we find in your constant love,
It is you who is present in our youth, old age, prosperity and adversity,
All that is other than you is the source of grief and apathy

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Mohammad Younus



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Born For Loving

I am delighted that I was born for loving -
To set the mashal of love ever burning,
To fall into thine trance of lightning darshan,
To enlighten my soul by the mystic speech of thine
To charm my heart's eyes by thine divine shine,
To collect from the Preserved tablets the treasures of knowledge divine,
Alhamdulillah, I was not born for spiritless mundane pleasures
I am delighted I live in glowing hours of bliss divine!

MyKoul.

Mohammad Younus



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Shimmering Light Of Faith

I have tried to see my earthly desires vanish,
With hope I have slowly come to part with desires;
And I am left with only desire for basic needs,
Not desires limitless of the nature of comforts and luxuries;
The fruit of the divine love obtaining in my heart...
...due to the divine bliss is my spiritual food,
Like man-o-salwa that the children of Israel got in the desert;
Round my neck always hang the melodious garlands of music,
In sadness, lonesomeness, I hear this divine music;
The gales of musical waves take off all my melancholy,
Thus, my heart rests in peace, and shimmers with light of faith.

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Mohammad Younus



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Come Back! Come Back!

If all this is true, that at the dawn...
...when the living dead are sleeping...
...when from the East, bright sunlight beams...
...to tombstones of graveyards are kissing;
If it is true, that under cover of burial mounds...
...the dead ones are awake, hearing, but quiet,
Then, I will call my beloved martyr sons of the soil:

'To life, my dear ones, come back, come back!
But not as phantom shadows haunting in dreams!
Appear! Oh, beloved martyrs, rise from the dead
Such as you were never lost to cruel death,
Such bright and bold, as spring roses,
Cheerful and bright-faced as believers in Jannah
Come, like angels from heaven on wings soaring up,
Like seeds buried in the soil sprouting as flowers,
O honoured guests with God: come back, come back!
Come back to life, and forgive the sons of terror and hate
Come back to life, and celebrate the new epoch of peace'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Love That Kindles The Heart

I loved thee since the day I was first born
Since the day you took a covenant on the day of Alast
You be thanked, my dear God, to this moment I love you
Within my heart is flaming still the Fire of Love God!
It is the Fire kindled by Allah, which rises over the hearts.
Yet I cannot afford to live without the fire of love in my heart
I don't want that my earthly love should rise again from the ashes
I love thee with a silent expectation that you will keep...
...your fire burning incessantly in my heart
I love you devoutly, --with such deep devotion--and so I hope
Your love for me will never die down thoroughly in my heart
I sing to you the song of love in wordless voice, in echoing melody,
I love you with pure devotion - openly, honestly, and frankly
I pray i had million tongues to sing the song of love until my last breath.

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O Life, My Life

O life, my life
You are a dream,
My dream!
You are so sweet
But only in dreams!
What are your joys?
Ephemeral! fast fleeting!
You give me gifts and ecstasies
But soon they are lost by me-
Like passing fancies,
And often leave me alone
In darkness grown
I, sleepless, stay forlorn
Waiting for the day to break

Life, hear my humble plea,
Hark to my heart's prayer:
Send back to me Your visions,
Make me hear your melodies
Constantly enchant me
by your melodies sweet
Let me die only after receiving
Enlightenment and awareness

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

A Day Will Come

A day will come when the birds in the cage will be let free,
To sing the songs of love and peace on the boughs of every tree,
In the ancient prison existing on the earth, once a paradise free,
A day will come when the honey bees will in swarms buzz...
The songs of peace in rose and tulip gardens, in meadows and mountains,
A day will come when the singing birds will come back to their gardens,
To sing the songs of love and peace to celebrate their freedom,
A day will come when we will rise from the dead to live without fear,
When we won't sit in funeral circles to sing elegies and cry,
When instead we will see reemerging on the faces of all our people...
...the long lost smile and shine,
When we will not mourn and moan, and live in funeral style,
When we will not speak of tyranny, and terror any longer,
When we will forgive and forget, and not think of taking revenge,
Let disappointment and grief not stand in our way...
One day the sun of love and peace shall surely rise in the sky!
And, inshaallah, we will rejoice for life, and not live in death,
A day will come when we will live in peace, and coexist with all...
...breathing in and breathing out love and peace with every breath!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Gruesome Pandemics

How hard it is to manage our life in this gruesome pandemics!
As hard as making the bitterest enemy your bosom friend!
There might be a whole life friend flying away to heaven, but
You cannot go to see him off as you are likely to fall a victim to the virus,
And might be drowned in the violent deluge of pandemics;
Please follow S.O.P's, and save yourself and others from pandemics!
It is too horrific to see the pitiable condition of the COVID patients,
Daily it takes lot many people away from us, yet we are practically non serious,
How hard it is to deny how catastrophic it is for the survival of humanity!
Only God can save us from the punishment of pandemics!

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Mohammad Younus



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Shadows Of The Dead

Long are the shadows of the dead...

...in the valley of Nundrishi and Lalded;

A bullet cuts through the heart of an innocent,

Piercing its artery, as people chant, in one voice:

'God is Great! ' ' This is our land! ';

A bomb explodes and crumbles the Old Mosque...

... as prayers echo, 'God, have mercy on the weak! ';

Long are the rows of the dead waiting for burial,

Food in abundance available for the hungry birds of prey!

Who feast on the flesh and bones of the dead in mute silence;

They are happy that corpses are not dumped in deep graves;

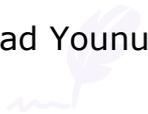
Suddenly, all the vultures together fly off to the sky in fear...

...when they hear the dead groaning with anger:

'We'll rise from the dead and march to celebrate the freedom'.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Thus Spake The Narcissus

The first to arrive at your graveyard am I,
The narcissus!

I am never late to tell you the good news,
That your near and dear are blooming in paradise,
I know You are just seeing their shadows in dreams,
Do not be scary, their shadows love you still,
As they loved you when they were in flesh and blood,
But you run away from them in terror!

Like a child who is frightened by the headless apparition!
You hang the clothes of your loved ones in your wardrobes
But you dread their phantom shadows haunting you in dream
Your children, too, will shriek at your sight...

when after death you will come to visit them in dreams
Tomorrow the house you have built will be like a ghost house
The people who enter your house will first make it sure that your ghost is not
there

Your friends and relatives will perform ritual prayers...

...to chase away your ghost from the house,

Generally, people do not love their dead,

They love their property that they leave behind.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Adam Tells His Story

One day, Eve came to me,
Saying, 'I've come to stay with you for a long while';
I perceived that she uttered word of unfading love to me
And she lived with me happily giving me a good company.
I said to her, 'we will love together - away from this forbidden tree! '
But she answered, full of guile, in her sweet tongue
What harm is in coming near to the tree?
And went on arguing in a cunning style
Then, looking, I saw Iblis coming silently,
Dressed in black raiment of a godman,
Impressing upon me that it was a tree of knowledge
forbidden to me so that I did not come to know of my divinity
Having a black hat set upon his hair, he beguiled Eve and me
And certainly the words he told were not true,
So that I was duped by him into his trickery,
And came near to the forbidden tree, and ate of what was not good for me
Infuriated, my lord told me: 'A grief now you will have to go through;
On the earth where I am sending you to be reborn under my guidance
Those who follow the voice of conscience - my word - will return to paradise,
And those who ignore my word will be deprived of paradise forever,
'Verily, for him is a life of hardship, and we shall raise him up blind...
...on the Day of Resurrection (the Quran)

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The Living Dead

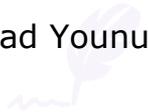
Like an ice clod
Formed by the Chillia Kalaan
Coldest and Hardest
Thoroughly obstinate.

Under the spell of death
Deprived of spirit
Like a stone
At the bottom of the roaring brook.

Unmoved by the gush of water
Running over it in angry mood
Such are the Living dead
In this deadened vale
Unconcerned about the plight

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Life Is A Mountain Climb

Do not climb a mountain without a stick and other essentials,
Do not climb a mountain all alone,
Do not take short cuts while climbing the mountain,
Do not abandon the trodden path while climbing the mountain,
Start in the morning so that you have more daylight...
for climbing the mountain,
This is the advice I get from the old mountaineer,
I must earnestly follow this, if i desire to touch the pinnacle,
With this advice in mind, I am climbing the mountain,
Though I fell many a time, I will not give up climbing the mountain,
I stop on some vantage points on the way to the top of the mountain,
To take a full view of the Nature's beauty spread out.
Life too is practically an uphill climb - At times, we have fall and every time we
stand tall,
Achieving anything worthwhile is virtually climbing a steep mountain,
The battle of life is fought on rough terrains in the life's mountains
To win it without a struggle is not possible at all under the heaven.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Hold On To Rope

Hold on to the rope of Allah
Climb the mountain
You will not roll down
A rolling stone
Gathers no mass

MyKou

Mohammad Younus



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I Am Crazy For Peace

I amuse myself with my golden hope for peace
I glimpse a peaceful future on my eyelashes,
I see the monster of hatred with dracula's teeth,
I will strike it with stones and thunderbolts,
I will light up the lamps and remove its harsh shadows,
I will hoist the flag of peace, on the death of the monster of hate

I am a crazy dreamer of peace, a stranger to all of you,
In my dreams, I imagine to open a bud of peace to live within!
You want me to be like you, and sleep in the thornful bushes of fear and hate,
I advance toward the ruins of my country in the silence of calamity,
I shout to the overseeing lord,
' My lord! How long we will keep boiling in the crucible of terror and tyranny?
' How long they will keep on sprinkling pepper and salt on our wounds?

My lord, nevertheless, I will keep on running towards you,
And ask you to give your final decision on my petition of peace
My lord, I cannot live with hatemongers and enemies of peace,
I cannot live in peace without you; I am not hopeless of your mercy
Even so, I cry out to you, 'My lord! My lord! Shower the beads of love and
peace on us, please!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Ice Sculpture

I made a sculpture of ice in winter,
To express the ephemerality accompanying me,
Spring came and winter flew away with the winter birds,
The burning sun, Very bright, appeared in the spring sky,
My sculpture drank the heat of the spring sun,
I saw my sculpture melting violently under the sun,
Evaporating, drying up, and reducing to nothing!
The sun offered to the sculpture its own never-ending heat,
To send the frozen water in the sculpture to where it came,
The way the sculpture of ice returned to its source,
I too desire to melt into water from which I am made,
I cannot, unless the sun of spritual heat glows on me.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am The Secret

The secret that I am eager to know...
remains undisclosed to this day,
Who I am? Who speaks in me?
I have spent my days and nights to see,
I have written many poems in his praise, but
I have never seen him with the eyes in my skull,
I simply hear the melodies of the mystical lute,
I am astonished to hear only the sound of the lute,
Where is the lute player who strings and unstrings his lute...
to produce the melodies?
I have not seen the face of the lute player,
Nor I have seen his lute,
Only I hear his gentle melodies...
echoing in the universe and inside me;
I live in the hope of seeing him,
Is it possible to see him?
The lamp of awareness has been lit in me,
I see it is I who is all alone in the House,
I am the lute, the lutist, and the sound of lute! ! !
I am the secret of my creator...
who himself remains unseen.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Bloody Streets

Bloody streets! where do they lead?
Tell me, to freedom or oppression?
My eyes see them red with native blood,
Strewn with the bodies of innocent boys;
Heinous gunners inflict desolation...
Upon the masses, for quelling rebellion,
The natives must not raise their voice,
They silence the hotheads therefore,
They torch their homes in crackdown,
They settle them in torcher homes...
...in order to humble them down,
The natives have got only one fascination:
To grow flowers and fruit on their land,
A great drought has dried their fertile land!
But soon the blood and sweat of native farmers...
Will saturate their dried up land...
...for flowers and fruit of peace and freedom to bloom,
Freedom from terror and fear is their only dream!
The dawn is breaking, the oppressed are waking...
...to a bright new day, when there will be all round peace.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Chinar Leaf

I am withered red burning chinar leaf,
Waiting for the spring sun,
Now I feel the biting of winter frost,
Falling on the fields,
Let this winter soak me in snow!
I hear myself say,
Let winter come,
I will dance amongst the flowers,
When I wake up, I will rise again,
in colour green on the mighty chinar,
And breathe in the scent of spring roses! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



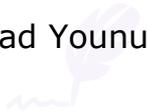
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It Is Not My Madness

I am neither an insider nor an outsider to you!
In my delusion, I thought myself to be independent of you,
I realise that this delusion is not real, it is self-created by me;
Night and day I meditated, and found I am not your other,
I felt relieved when I came to understand the secret hidden...
...that you have created Adam in your own image!
It is not my madness!
It is what you have revealed through your honest messengers!
Who will tell me what is the meaning of being in your image?
If not in public court, let you tell me secretly when I am alone,
I am not naive to accept that a stranger can ever love with you
Whatever I am, I know, I am due to your command 'Be',
If I do not know my essential being, it is due to my ignorance,
There is abundant evidence available to a seer about your being,
You are the Only One manifested in all the created things of the universe.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Musical Streams

Through every pore, from top to toes
Musical streams flow out from me
Like the sweet melody, of a nightingale
His mystic flute resonates with me;
In his musical arms he cradles me
Like a mother, the milk of music he feeds me
How can you say, he has forsaken me?
His music of love touches every nerve in me
How can I be so uncouth to ignore his love?
Wherever I go; his mellow music accompanies me,
This beautiful music is enough for me...
To remain constantly happy in his company;
Its healing touch on my smouldering heart...
Rejuvenates me through giving the spiritual energy,
His sweet word reaches deep into my soul, to make me...
A sincere and regular listener of Hu, Hu, Hu....

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

God's Gifts To Me

if you lift the black veil to reveal the mole on your face,
It won't any way increase my belief in your beauty,
As the real beauty of a woman is preserved well behind the veil,
Just as an oyster hides the pearls behind its shell's veil;
It is enough for me, my dear:
That I wear your musical chain of pearls round my neck;
That you give a holy bath to me with your brilliant light;
Thus, the springs of peace and love are produced in my breast;
Knowledge and awareness; wisdom and enlightenment...
...are the gifts and rewards that I get from you,
It is you who gives me a portion from this spiritual wealth!
Nobody upon the earth can steal or withhold from me this wealth!
I can make no offerings to you save what you have gifted to me,
I would give my life to you, but that also belongs to you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Give Him My Name

Knowing that he will visit my home at the sunrise,
I've decided to return home from my darkness;

I will never tell him about my heart's fast beatings,
I will just narrate my woes through smiles in my eyes;

He is hiding but all the fun of friendship he plays with me,
Who says he has broken off from me and has ignored me?

Though my beloved has got no name,
I offer my name to him and call him by my own name;

I have burnt myself on the pyre of the rosewood In His name,
Who will gather my ashes to drop it in the Ganges in His name?

He has charmed my heart and soul secretly and silently,
What song will I sing in his praise, for he prefers secrecy?

He would not tell me why he loves me so fondly,
He created me so that he could love himself through me;

I hear the continuous callings from him even in my dreams,
Never I miss his melodious voice echoing in and out of me.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Talking To The Dead In Graves

Who will return chastity to the virgins?
Who will make the bereaved parents smile?
Who will awaken the dead from the graves?
Who will stop the sound of mortar guns?
Who will put flower wreaths on the Unknown graves?
Thousand of children are waiting for exhumation!
Who will stop the future deaths in advance?
Who will return peace, love, and empathy?
Listen to me, O people, lying in the silence of graveyard,
You are without eyes and ears,
How can the dead see or hear?
You are in the deep trenches dumped,
You cannot see your mourners,
You cannot see your kith and kin...
...shedding tears,
They still remember you, and lament your disappearance,
Who will bring you back to life for a while...
...to make you listen the mourning songs...
...of parents, spouses, siblings, and children?
In these days of fear, not even your friends and comrades...
...can bring your names on the lips,
Ah! May we one day, in a voice glowing like embers...
sing the sweet song of free birds!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Such Is The Truth

If I am in a body, who is free?
If I am free, who is in the body?
What is freedom? What is captivity?
It is just a delusion!
What is inside? What is outside?
It is just a delusion!
I am not inside anything,
Everything is inside me;
I am not outside anything,
Everything is outside me;
I encompass the whole universe,
The universe does not encompass me;
I am infinite,
How can a finite thing encompass me?
Time and space are my proofs,
I cover the infinite time!
I cover the infinite space!
Neither time nor space can contain me!
My very nature is my infinite capacity...
...to express and manifest myself;
I am full of love and affection,
I shed my radiance on all that I create;
I am the source of awareness,
I am the cause of enlightenment;
I am your hope;
I am your despair;
I am not the body, nor the mind;
I am not the heart, nor the soul;
I am neither the fuel nor the fire;
I am neither light nor darkness;
These are just examples...
...to help you know
I am both the seen and the unseen;
I am above appearing and disappearing;
I am That which you see;
I am that which you do not see;
I do that what you do,
You do what is my will;
You do good for your own happiness;

You do evil for your own grievance;
I seek myself through you
I am the Truth!
I am your essential truth!
Nothing is outside me!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Game

I can't tell you the story of my love, its a very long tale, you know,
I haven't got frustrated ever while playing the Love game with you;

Only those lips that utter the name of their friend, talk sweetly,
After seeing a glimpse of their friend, lovers don't ask for more!

Listening to the word of friend is an invaluable gift for me,
The feeling of separation would, otherwise, make me fully mad!

In any case, I have resolved to return now to you,
As Your messenger reminds me of the covenant with you;

This love affair between you and me is like a weird game,
He who understands to play it well, doesn't get the defeat!

Who would heal my wounds of heart, if you forsake me,
I have even lost my own self in the quest of loving you!

If being alive while hearing your holy word...
is your special favour to your intimate friends,
Then kindly write my name as well...
in the list of the listeners of your word!

My friend, I am sure, you will never stop speaking to me,
I will as such ever remain at your threshold for seeking mercy!

Though I don't stand any chance to see you in any form, but still,
I must give a trial to my destiny to get your unbound mercy.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

If You Take Pity

Since me and my mate parted with you,
We could never sleep in rest out of your paradise; ;

We are all the while lost in your remembrance,
Must we not weep for being expelled from your paradise?

Our eyes resonate with ' Come to Me! Come to Me! ! '
Must we not feel happy that you have not forsaken us totally;

The rose garden of our hearts must wither with separation,
Unless you console us by saying: 'in love there is no separation';

If you take pity on us, and call us back to your garden of Eternity,
We will solemnly swear to follow your every command devotedly.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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O God!

O God!

Intoxicate my heart, with your wine of love!

If you so desire, make me a Majnun, your mad lover!

I do not ask you for the moon and stars

Enlighten my heart, awaken me, and give me wisdom!

I have all along been through long, dark moonless night,

Now give me a real dawn, by raising the spiritual sun,

God! relieve me from pain of delusion and unawareness,

And make my heart a sight of your eternal music and light!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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God Is Love

i couldn't fulfill the promise of love that I had made,
Still I see Him standing with open arms to offer me love;
I have learnt this lesson by His soft looks of Love,
He who wants to live with Him, should fall in love!
These melodious and ecstatic poems of love...
These bright and beautiful flowers that bloom around...
Tell me in sweet silent voice:
'He is walking along with you by your side! ';
Like a magnet, His smiles and glances keep me stuck to Him,
And I rejoice that I have become worthy of His love!
And last one which applies to me just perfectly,
'He constantly loves his servants despite they err'.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Vision About New Kashmir

Brick by brick, shall we reconstruct our ruins...
We shall erect monuments for our progeny,
We won't let our cities to stand as ruins,
There is nothing in them except tears and wounds;

It pains us when free people mock us, saying:
' You are the sleeping slaves of others',
Who will tell them that our eyes and hearts are always awake?
They always dream about peace, love, and freedom from tyranny;

They are looking with amuzement...
at the paled, yellow, withered leaves,
But soon they shall come to see...
How our dead garden revives again;

Again people of the world will say with admiration:
' If there is heaven on this earth, that is Kashmir',
Only the biased and people with jaundiced eyes say,
' There is not good enough to see in Kashmir';

In our desolate gardens, we see nightingales and singing birds...
returning to chirp as free birds on the trees,
Why should we fire our soles now...
Angering the persons who had devastated our garden?

We visualise our ravaged cities being reinstated...
They will flourish with life full with peace and love,
It's the biggest consolation and pleasure for us...
to keep on trying to emerge from the dead;

The tyrant hands have broken our vase of love,
Don't think that we won't grow new colourful fragrant flowers...
in our beloved trampled garden of flowers again.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Religion

Which religion do I follow?
None that thou thinkest
None that I can name
And why so?
All religions tell me
'I Am The Truth'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Love! My Love!

Love, my Love, what can I do?
My beloved, what could please you?
What a spiritual new life, it seems!
When I am absorbed in you,
Everything beautiful I love, I see it is you,
Everything that grieves me, I see it is you,
All peace and tranquility I get, I see it is you,
How could any other thing overtake you!
I am caught by lovely melody, I see it is you,
In every form I find The Eternal light, I see it is you,
By my eyes I see good and true, I see it is you,
I feel all-powerful force in me, I see it is you,
When I try to run away from you...
...a magic thread pulls me back to you,
Some invisible hands hold me, I see it is you,
I find myself back on the track, I see it is you,
My Love, You hold me fast: all praises to you,
My love, I must for ever lie within your magic spell...
...and live wherever I go constantly with you,
How great My Love, I see you all about me!
Love! Love! Let me love such that I realise,
No mountain stands between the beloved and me! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Thirst For Divine Knowledge

Graceful, spiritual,
With the gentleness of whirling dervishes,
The lovers spin hearing the sweet melody of Hu Hu;
Our ziker is similar to the ziker of angels...
...that go round the Kaaba all the while in soft cadence;
One with the absolute! to which we sacrifice:
Our here and now; Our dreams of beauty; Our earthly joy;
We perform the perpetual ziker, listening to the divine voice...
...in pure and perfect harmony
In the depths of the ocean of music, where sparkles...
Our longing for the divine light of peace and love,
In order to come out of the world of blood and barbarity,
In the spiritual ecstasy, dancing and chanting to the rhythm of Hu, Hu,
We must always remain engrossed in the ziker of our lord,
Yet, secretly, we must thirst for wisdom and knowledge true,
So that we might conceive the essential reality of all the things,

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Beyond The Heavens

Across the sky, the clouds heavy with snow
move,
Across the fields, the plain white blanket is spread out,
Across the graveyards the lost children of our mothers...
...are dumped in unknown graves,
Across the Chinar gardens, the withered leaves blow,
Across the forests, birds cry the mourning songs...
...for the people dead alive in cities -
Beyond the heavens, far away from my home...
...the house of peace must be! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Barrier Vanished

"Wake Up! " - Hadi (guru) said in my ear,
At mid night when I was in deep dream;
"I have a message for you at this moment,
Wake up, hear the sweet notes of Hu Hu";,
On hearing these melodious notes,
My heart's beat sped up, my head got dizzy,
The two angels standing by my sides started writing,
My pitiable condition when I was awed by the heavy notes,
"Don't swoon here, my son, open your heart's ear";,
The gentle Hadi jolted my head,
Taking me out from where I stood in swoon,
There came a signal then to me:
"Keep quiet and stand steady! Go on listening God's name',
With tears getting dry in my eyes, I absorbed in silent prayer,
The wordless voice became louder, bigger, and sweeter,
Then the voiceless words began to drop on me like rain drops,
It was like a dry and arid land being watered to give life to it,
I became aware of the presence of the sovereign lord of all dominion,
He constantly gives me knowledge and wisdom to know his reality,
I now come to understand that God is infinitely close to me,
But there stands a high mountain between God and me,
Like legendary Farhad,
I tried to remove this mountain by my spade and shovel,
But, eh! This was all in vain!
A thirsty man running after a Mirage!
The barrier was just hypothetical, not real, I realised the truth,
It stood between God and me as long I was in delusion of duality,
The barrier vanished when I found that the barrier was never there.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Walking Through Snow

Today, when I walked through snow to Nawshehra,

I saw the snow flakes in millions dropping from the sky

In a still afternoon, dancing like whirling dervishes

When gentle wind whirled them, they tossed against passers by

But thickly, silently, they wove a white blanket across the ground

The snowflakes strewed beauty all over the landscape

Wiping out the ugly uneven patterns on the ground;

And collected slowly to add to the old glaciers in the mountains

For storing enormous reservoirs of water in the mountains

To provide sufficient water in ensuing seasons...

...for drinking and cultivation.

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

Red Tulips

In my childhood there would grow...
Red tulips on the rooftops of our houses;
Gone are those good olden days!
No tulip gardens are now on our roofs;
Times have now totally changed!
Red tulips will now grow everywhere...
In our gardens where we have sown...
Martyrs like the tulip bulbs;
In the gardens of the dead,
I hear an emotive sound...
Coming from the depths of martyrs' graves;
Do they sing in symphony to inflame me...
To remind me that they have died to secure my generation?
Yes, their song makes the sweetest harmony...
to assure me that one day martyrs will grow as red tulips;
Will I live for that spring season when I will kiss the Red tulips?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Moth And The Lamp

When the lamp shines after blackout...
...the moth emerges from its hideout...
...to circumambulate round the brilliant light;
It burns out itself kissing its fiery light...
...to celebrate the sight of beautiful light...
...in the majestic show of legendary love;
When the light is released from the prison...
The moth appears at the advent of brilliant light...
...to fly, glide, and dance with its pale wings;
It burns like a Hindu widow on the Sati-fire;
The moth prefers death over life without light;
While the moth loves the burning lamp...
...and sacrifices itself at the altar of lamp...
...the fly runs away from the fiery lamp...
...and stares at it from a distance;
How can she know the moth's rounds?
Every lover like a moth seeks the light,
And gives all sacrifices at the altar of love...
...depending on the heat of love generating inside;
The lamp of love is not in the sky!
It is burning inside the lover's heart!

MyKoul

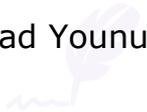
Mohammad Younus

Free Bird

The soul stretches out its wings in the air,
Gliding through the echoing musical waves,
Wont to fly back to its eternal home after long exile,
As though the caged bird had silently sneaked out,
With a view to flying as a free bird in the skies,
Who is this that gives strength of will to the bird?
To break through the iron bars of the cage,
and fly freely in the open air singing, dancing.
Yearning to soar high and high to the infinite
Unending heights, far off from the cage on earth.
The bird won't fly down to eat pearls on the earth
He has only one fascination in the world
That is freedom, which makes his life dignified
For nothing is worth more than freedom!
The freedom which the bird out of cage enjoys!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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One World

I am for
One world without fear and terror,
I am for
One world without hatred and animosity
I am for
One world ruled by peace and love,
I am for
One unified world for all, without domination,
I am not for
One world with one law, language, or culture,
Because that is the colonists' new venture,
To occupy and rule over the whole world,
I am guided only by my pure conscience,
To see one peaceful world.

? MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Longing For Universal Love

Peace!

Torn by hate storms,
In ever changing directions of the tempests;
Yet our longing for universal love does not falter,
That could bring out the oppressed humankind out of pain.

Our eyes are sunk deep into our skull,
Like tortoise holding its head inside the shell,
Fearing a predator that might take its life;
We too remain blind to our huntsmen,
As if we do not see them taking aim at us;
Our voice even though silenced by the huntsmen,
From asking to move about freely in our own environment.

To the mountains beyond mountains our voice has gone;
We have wept through all the watches of the night,
But some day the sun coloured in our blood,
Certainly will rise and outshine all the rising suns.

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

Subduing The Nafs

The hunter
the murderous nafs
the satanic mind
leapt into
the Prayer Hall in the heart
Stood behind the imam
reciting the Quran
Clapped the hands and howled
to create a ruckus
to stop me from hearing
about heaven and hell
I spinned my head around
looked at him with wrathful eyes
My glance turned him out of the row
The divinely silence returned
The recitation awfully audible
Clear and resonant melody I hear
that ignites the fire in my soul -
and lights up the Zulumat -
the blackest black in me.
Where now the inner light...
flickers eternally -

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Nôw Sheen Mubarak

The first snow this year
Falling well—silently
We are seeping inside
We shall wake up to snow,
And say congrats to each other,
We shiver and go back inside
Do not curse the snow
When it freezes to ice stone

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

When I Will Die

I am your rest house
Where will you rest, my soul, when I will die
I am your spring
Where will you get water, when I go dry
I am your lute
Where will you produce melody, when I break
I am your light house
Where will you show light, when I crumble down
I am your tongue
Where will you speak, when my tongue stops
I am your eyes
Where will you see, when my eyes go blind
I am your ears
Where will you hear? when my ears go deaf
I am your heart
Where will you grant knowledge, when my heart be dead
O my soul
I cannot exist without you? so you cannot exist without me

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

If You Mend

The day is so still, the streets are at rest,
This is the paradise that angry God has desolated,
This is the town that angry God has long since left,
But the house is here in the same place vacant awaiting,
For the merciful God, who stands and stares,
And waves his hands, saying, ' I am coming back':
When I see his merciful look it makes me peaceful -
The light clouds show my face again to him,
And he opens his tongue to give me a good tiding:
'O' my doppel-gänger! You my vicegerent!
Why do you act the way that wins you my displeasure,
Love, love yourself, love all, subduing not your conscience,
For living in love, peace, and tranquility to my pleasure,
For so many years, I have overseen you living through fear and terror,
Those years I know, now will I show you free and peaceful years,
But, only if you mend.'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Love Him! I Love Him!

A bird flying up from my chest,
It flies for the heaven with my petition,
Where God is seated on his throne,
Not for meting out justice today!
But, for forgiving and general amnesty!
Where the Eternal garden blooms...
With lovely myriad coloured flowers...
Breathing out generously their perfume;
Where Springs gush out cool water of life;
Where Chinars, cypresses, deodars rustle;
And my miracle bird sings, flying:

' He loves you! He loves you!
He carries your likeness in his vast breast,
And sings your praises sweetly and secretly,
And believes it truly, ' he stands before you',
He entreats and weeps for your mercy,
He kisses the chords of the hidden lute...
that speak out Your name regularly;
He continuously calls you, waking and sleeping;
And lies startled and astonished to see your beauty;
He loves you! He loves you! He pleads for mercy from you! '

God stands up, and listens to the song of the bird,
He grants the petition with a note: I love him! I love him!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Knowledge And Wisdom

Enraged against a person boasting of fortune,
Sage Wisdom once said to proud Fortune:
'I'll give away free my treasures without end,
If thou have the ability to make a difference...
between pebbles on the road and pearls in the chest.'

'My valuable pearls and gems to him I give generously...
who seeks wisdom as his lost treasure from me,
And ever I bless him with my rare knowledge;
If I notice in him intense urge for knowledge,
If he ceases not craving for wisdom and knowledge,
He will never find me niggard in giving knowledge.

'Come, let us share knowledge and wisdom, the true wealth!
And not waste our life on collecting material wealth,
The material wealth gives us nothing but miseries;
Why always labor to grow plants that deadly fruit do yield?
Here in wisdom and knowledge is enough for both the worlds! '

The proud fortune laughed away the prudent sage! --
And raised up his brows indignantly, and precipitated hot:
'Here lives thy friend in great luxury,
Why are you jealous of my prosperity?
Why do you want me reconcile with abject poverty--
Of sages and saints, selling their wisdom and knowledge free?
I need thee not! I need your wisdom not! I need your knowledge not!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Beggars Selling

I didn't know
Why did he stop me to see?
I got amused to find
A crowd of beggars selling
The hollow of their palms.

They show to the buyers their things:
their mouths full of poor words; and
their wet eyes gushing out tears,
and let them (if they care) peer,
at the poverty eating up them alive.

In their twisted scornful looks,
their buyers' faces are skewed;
They are pleased with their rejection,
And when they insist their buyers to buy
They spew filthy words at their faces.

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

The Good Time Will Come

Don't be dispirited,
Soon the day will come,
When we can see indeed,
the bright sun smiling in open,
Over the faint and yellow faces,
Winking to get up and embrace,
The idol of peace and love in the open,
And adore it eye on eye;

Don't be dejected,
Soon the time will come,
When we can have back,
The lost peace and love;
Our crescent will reappear,
On the bright edge of the sky,
To mark the genesis of our new year;
And rain of mercy will pour in gushes,
On the planet where fiery winds blow,
And roast alive the humankind,
On the embers of terror and hatred.

MyKoul

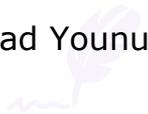
Mohammad Younus

Happy-Go-Lucky Man

Last night when the fire crackers were burnt at market squares,
And the dazzling lamps illuminated the concert halls,
Poor people wearing ragged clothes shivered under the open sky,
Then came out a rich man...
after dancing in the concert hall,
He laughed in a sadistic way...
running his hand on the windowpane of his car,
To remove the frost and snow dust frozen on the pane,
A homeless - half-naked man - snored like a lion,
He was as if the happy-go-lucky man, unmindful of chilling cold,
The Quake-bull touched him with the tip of his boot,
' Get up, make way for me, I have to drive home,
The homeless man was unmoved by the shouts of the bull,
He only buried his head under the torn and holed quilt,
And kept on snoring, pretending to be in deep sleep.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Unsung Death

Come out of the fantasies and reveries,
From the mouth of a whale no one can you snatch;

One who leaves in the morning avoiding to be seen,
That beloved never makes his return to his home;

So many years have passed, this year too will pass by,
No one ever arises from the graves unknown!

Don't search for the sun in the horizon at dusk,
Don't look from behind the window curtain at dusk;

How long will you light up on the window the Sandhyadeep?
He will return to life only at dawn of the Last Day;

Who knows if he has died in some slaughter house?
Who knows if he is alive In some torture house?

He is buried in the grave of time - without prayers and shroud,
Our beloved but did not yearn for such an unsung death!!!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Prayer Sets You Free

Wake up! the Sun, too, has got up, from the East,
Scattering the light and sending the night into sleep,
The universe around you is echoing with Hu, Hu,
Why O sleeping person are you snoring like a bear?
Listen to the chirping of the early birds in the morning,
They are tweeting that Fajr is upon us,
There is no feeling greater than the feeling of being with God,
Get your worries off your chest, clear your mind,
And prepare yourself for the day ahead, Prayer sets you free from all stress and
tension

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Sufi Tale

A young seeker was sitting by a brook,
Brooding while looking at the flowing brook,
As this brook flows to the sea...
how can I also join the source from where I came?
A dervish passed by the youngman,
He found him in a brooding mood,
Sitting next to him, he put his gentle hand,
Like a mother on the shoulders of the youngman,
Looking into his paled eyes, he enquired...
What makes you so sad, O youngman?
'Everything in my life is messed up;
I don't anywhere find peace and contentment;
Can someone tell me, for the sake of God...
How and where I could find my lost peace? '

At that moment, suddenly, a leaf fell down...
From a tree standing on the side of the brook...
Slowly and steadily flowing to the sea,
The dervish softly said to the youngman:
Look at this light weighted leaf,
See, how it flows smoothly with the current of the brook,
Tell me, what do you feel about the leaf?
Can it go against the current?
You, too, must flow with the brook of life,
You should never go against the current,
You should not try to change the course of life's brook,

Then, the dervish picked up a big stone in his hand,
He threw the stone with great force into the brook,
It caused great ripples in the brook...
chasing each other to kiss the bank of the brook,
Some succeeded in touching the bank of the brook,
While some ripples died down on the way,
The stone settles down on the bottom of the brook,
Though strong and weighty, it could not conquer...
the flow of the brook...
And move on its shoulders ultimately to the sea.

The dervish, then, politely asked the youngman,

Do you see the fate of the strong heavy stone...
which rippled the brook beyond measure?
Its heavy weight stopped it from flowing...
on the shoulders of the brook to the sea,
If you too want to return to the sea of life....
wherefrom you came to this world,
You must carry on yourself a light load,
Throw off your load from your boat of life,
So that it does not sink on the way alongwith you.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Fulfill The Covenant

Fulfill The Covenant

The new melody that is released by my heart's lute,
Reminds me of the melody I heard in the paradise lost,
The melody I come to hear reminds me of my first day,
When I heard Alastu bi rabbikum from my lord,
The time has not come as yet,
When I would rightly follow the covenant with my lord;
That is the why I am filled with anguish and agony
As on now, I am too sloth to act truly on the covenant,
Still I cherish the vain gossips pouring in from outside,
But, I believe that the lamp of guidance will lit my heart soon,
I cannot any more keep living in the scary house;
I live in the hope of living in the House of Peace;
To fulfill my ancient covenant with my lord,
But eh, that time has not come as yet.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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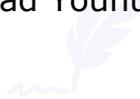
A

child's Fantasy

In my quest to see you, I would yearn to rise up to you,
I would climb on the stairs everyday to reach your home,
But stairs from earth to heaven are nowhere in my view;
To touch the pedestals of your throne I would keep on...
Climbing without stop and never spin my head around;
I would apply as kohal the dust of the road leading to you,
Such that my eyes would get a sight true to look at you;
But, it is just a child's fantasy, you are not away from me;
We can see you in our hearts present always, we all know,
Your mercies are not ever hidden, the believers' hearts know,
Your mercies tell me loudly, the merciful lord is ever with me,
I need not search you in the eighteen thousand worlds...
...outside me.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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In The New World

That New World sages have rightly named as a farmfield,
Where the seeds that we sow in the present world yield,
No more digging, levelling, watering, weeding, pruning there,
We will get a ready harvest awaiting us there,
Tillers will reap the reward great for their labour there,
'As we sow, so shall we reap', will we find true there.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Castles Of Sand

Ever since my mother bore me,
I've been striving for the world;
The strenuous struggle in the end,
A lesson taught me cruel but true;
Castles of sand are sure to crumble,
Empty handed here did you come,
Empty handed there will you go.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Thirst! Thirst!

Heaven is incomplete without Adam and Eve,
Houris are ready with glass of wine in their hands,
But in present circumstance no drinker is there,
Leave what you have here, let go for the promised wine,
A wine-smell from a distance only grows our thirst,
For the wine of love, making us cry, Al-átash! Al-átash!
Only the promised wine can quench our thirst.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Burnt Up Chinar

This burnt up Chinar once stood as the canopy best,
Under its shelter many travellers would take rest,
Now at its dried up boughs sits only the bemused owl,
Who relentlessly calls, "Hu, Hu, Hu, Hu"

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Poetry

My Index Finger moves on the wall of phone,
And writes down the ideas that sprout up in mind,
And, having conceived, moves on and on - without stop:
To write in poetry or prose what crops up in my mind,
My heart never agrees to conceal or cancel...
...even half a Line,
Every word of it is a clear sign of the Truth,
No falsity and untruth can wash out a Word of it.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Neither You Know Nor I

The secret of the Name neither you know nor I
If Name is main or the named neither you know nor I
How to know this riddle neither you know nor I
Behind the veil is the named you call him by various names
You have given him a name thinking him as your other
Remove the veil of name, neither you remain nor I

????

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Life Is Continuum

Within the grip of winter,
How can one imagine the spring?
The dead, gloomy landscape!
Totally shorn of foliage and flowers!
Only bleakness meets the eye;

Everything mourning the dead,
If we were to recall the Ice age,
We will know,
The winter is the oldest season;
When there was no season,
there was the winter!

Winter has the quality of the absolute,
It is the first and the last of all seasons.
The coldest of all seasons!
Yet, beneath the surface of the snow sheaths,
The resurrection of the spring is in process

Under the soil,
The temperature is favourable for growth,
The seeds so are waking up.
Plants, flowers are beginning to imagine:
How they must return to life,
How they must emerge out of the grave.

Impatiently, some plants might blossom...
Before the appointed blossoming time...
From the grave of the winter season,
Life emerges from the dead,
It is the law of Nature!
The beauty of nature insists...
To spread out into full bloom,

Everything happens as per the divine plan;
Nothing is unplanned and random in the Nature!
The rhythm of rising from the dead...
Being a gradual slow beat...
Is always inching its way forward.

until the new phenomenon unfolds;

One season succeeds another
As though they are moving in rhythm
Because nothing in the Nature is abrupt,
The Spring season nearly catches us unawares!
It is there before we see it;
So, like winter, below the surface of our lives,
Huge changes secretly occur, and greet us.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Open Thy Heart's Eyes

What of the night?
They asked the blind
No answer comes
Day and night
All the same
How can he be
A judge of colours?
Dead eyes
In the sockets
How can he walk
On an uneven
Zigzag steep road?
Not comfortably
and with good steps
even on the straight road
Unless somebody
holds his cold hand
How can he walk to God?
Tell him to worry not
He is in him
He is with him
He is by him
O blind man
Open thy heart's eyes
You can see
He is not
some corporeal being

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

He And I

1

He said

You must immerse yourself in my melodies
You must follow with devotion my melodies
You must find repose only in my melodies,
You must hear day and night my melodies

2

I said

Your melodies give me joy as if I take wine
Your melodies protect me from mean self
Your melodies teach me not to listen to my foe
Your melodies snatch me away from devil's trap

3

He said,

Your eyes are my ears, your ears my eyes;
Through your eyes and ears, sweetness I derive;
In your heart I reveal to you my secret words,
I fill your heart with wisdom and knowledge true;

4

I said

Your revelations are beautiful and of value great
Your revelations enlighten me, and give me grace
Your revelations clear my heart of all delusion
Your revelations bless me with enlightenment

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Religion Of Allah

Night and day I waited at your threshold,
Now you return me to myself, I wonder,
Keeping me waiting at your threshold for so long
You have so lovingly erased the duality from my memory
My eyes have communicated thousands of messages to you;
What is the point of complaining of ' no response ' to you?
Perhaps you wanted to tell me that I was in gross error,
As, in ignorance, I loved you as my other,
But, thanks be to you, O Eternity!
At least, I got convinced in the end!
That to search for some other is sheer absurdity,
The truth is very simple: I am You, You are Me!
In the city of mystics there prevails only one religion --
The religion of love, where love? lover, and beloved are one,
Everyone is wary of duality!
On the lips of every one is only one Kalimah,
'La Mau-Jooda Illallah, La Mash-huda Illallah,
La Maqsooda Illallah, La Ma'booda Illallah';
(Nothing exists except Allah;
Nothing is in sight except Allah;
Nothing is the purpose except Allah;
Nothing be worshipped except Allah) .

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Neru Broke My Rabab

Can you feel?
Why my rabab does not vibrate?
I was a simple rabab of Kashmir --
the place where everything is music!
It is strange—so strange that my foes --
Cut off my strings and they don't regret it!

My wound is so deep, full with pain!
My companions, friends—betrayed me!
It is so strange, and heart wrenching!
They do not even bother to say:
'We are sorry for breaking your rabab',
Night and day I waited,
Eh! no one returns to me my music!
Instead they chide me to provoke, and scornfully say:
'It is not strange! It is not so strange!
We did destruct your rabab, and...
We don't regret it at all!
Why did you not even bother to protest?
You are a strange rababist,
Why did you rather embrace the persons....
...who broke the strings of your rabab? '

The city of mystics has become bizzare
Everyone is wary of playing at rabab,
Because Nero only loves to play at his flute...
While enjoying seeing the city burning in flames.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Red Clouds

From my childhood,
I have seen white and black clouds...
...floating in the sky;
Now, I see crimson clouds...
The eye of time has never seen!
Clouds heavy with blood drops...
Floating in the sky in crowds,
Moving with the harsh wind,
Hurrying to pour over the dead soil,
Red rain to sprout out the red tulips...
Buried alive before they could open their eyes;
Thick red clouds, whirling, rushing...
like a madman chasing children...
stoning at him for a sport;
The clouds are pregnant with red rain...
tears of orphaned children, full widows,
half widows, half dead parents, and wailing siblings, and friends;
As if afraid of sinister demons, frightened people are screaming,
Babies clinging to their mothers' dried up breasts;
Who will console them that rain of mercy is preparing...
to shower over them in a gush?
Terror and fear will go;
Peace and love will return;
The rule of law will prevail for ever,
Inshallah!
Inshallah!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Knowledge True

Show me the straight path so I can walk at it,
My heart wants to walk on the path of people of knowledge,
Without knowledge true, belief and unbelief is equal to me,
Because without knowledge better than an ass I won't be,
About the unlearned and ignorant, Himself God says,
He is 'an ass who bears the load of books',
How wretched are the the people who don't have knowledge true!
Unless we drink from the cup of Divine knowledge,
We can't know the meaning of 'The Truth', which is our essence.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Parched Chinar

Forests, trees, brooks and hills give me hope,
All are awaiting for the dead to arise from the graves,
Each tree in the village but speaks to me,
And tells me, pure, complete, spring shall return;
My mind wants to escape from mayhem,
To the branches of chinar and walnut trees,
To relax in peace, away from the maddening crowd,
But, the Siberian winter has befallen on this land,
All trees, the young and old, have shed off their green dress,
I am looking from a distance and brooding over my calamities,
Where must I take refuge from fear and terror?
After all, all people here are in a state of shock and trauma,
As they are in the middle of ghastly nightmare screaming;
it's our wretched lot for no crime at all!
I desire, now, to spin around and lose myself...
In the melodies pouring forth from divine;
I desire, now, to sign myself out...
After remaining logged in for a long time...
In the deep din of the ding dang song of the world;
Do you know that I yearn for the melodious song
just like a parched chinar begs for water to get its life back?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Child In Cradle

Each day the child

In his cradle
Asked his father.
Now smiling, then sobbing
What will I do, if you go
To live with Allah
When we can't fight,
And there is no chance
For us to win
He left to fight, ignored,
What his child said
His eyes gouged out,
From the sockets
The world disappeared
From his sight

The child gives:
A gentle laugh,
A sigh,
Who will make
Du'a for me
When I am taken ill
For we have no money
For medicine and doctor's fees

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

After My Death

One day my journey will come to its end,
I will be called to emerge in a new world,
The path going to that world will be opened,
The provisions for that world will be provided,
There I'll take shelter under the tree of bliss,

But my urge to know myself will not end in me.
When the memories of this world will die out,
New melodies will break forth from the heaven;
When the files stored in my memory are erased
The divine knowledge with meaning will be revealed.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



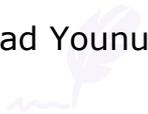
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The Sign Of God

Say, I am The Truth,
Say: Hidden is my secret!
Looking at my expansive being,
I find what the mountains could not bear!
Say, I am The Truth,
Say: crossing the contours of the universe,
With the help of The Sultan, I have left behind,
The glammers of this world...
...the sun, the planets, and the stars,
Presenting myself before the extensive throne of lord,
I have risen from the dead,
I came to realise that I am the perennial wonder of creation!
The Halo of God shines on my forehead
Like gorgeous branding, certifying to me,
That ' I am The Sign of God, His chosen vicegerant.'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Perrenial Source

Wake up, the night has closed
Embrace the light of dawn
and listen to the sweet melodies
Produced by the morning singers
Bid goodbye to the dark chilly night

The light you see has its roots...
in the sun of the unseen world;
The light passes through
different prisms;
Thus breaking into colours different;
Yet, the essence remains the same.

Every wondrous sight may vanish;
The sweet birds may stop singing;
But be not disheartened,
The Source they come from is eternal-
The light and sound flowing from the source...
Will keep on coming without taking a pause...
Giving new life and new joy to humankind;

Why are you worried about the source?
That Source of light and sound is within you;
This whole universe and the humankind....
owe their existence to that perrenial source;
That source of light and sound never deplets;
The streams of light and music never dry up;
Don't think that this source will ever run dry-
This is the fathomless Ocean! Go on drinking!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

These Melodies Of Mine

Touching the strings of love's lute,
come these melodies of mine...
They have the sound of life's flow -
the intimate heat and glory of love!
These aren't the creations of my own,
The lute player resides within me,
He places his songs twined in the sound...
To see if I can get what he means to convey;
Listening these melodies with my eyes,
I contemplate their hidden meaning,
Love is life; life is love;
I know that these echoing melodies
are...
the great creation of my lord for my pleasure,
That possess the lustre of the song of love;
An ordinary listener I am not,
As gift I have got these ears from my lord:
In these melodies of mine,
Concealed is my original ecstasy...
That I experienced before coming to this cruel world.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Poisonous Tree

There is a tree
The poisonous tree.
The tree of hatred
It is the fastest growing tree
In this world, God protect

There is a tree
The poisonous tree
That is taking deep roots
in rocky human hearts
In almost all peoples' hearts
Spouting and growing
enormously at a fast rate
to poison the whole humanity

There is a tree
The poisonous tree
It grows in many countries,
under state protection
even sanctified by
religious goons
The whole humanity
is sure to finish
and leave the world free
of killers and hatemongers.
Who will inherit the world...
When there are no humans?

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

World Is An Illusion

It is not my portion to have a glimpse of him...
who is not like anything;
Neither there is a thing similar to him,
Nor there is a thing opposite to him,
I will be a liar if I say, I have missed thy sight...
when thou glimpsed on the mountain Tur;

My love speaks I must feel you always before me;
I must not feel you absent even for a moment, from me;
let me carry your remembrance when walking with me;
Through the alleys of the city of love in wakeful hours;
Through the heavenly gardens in my mystic dreams;

As I pass my days in the crowded market of the world...
and dust and mud collect on my hands and my head...
while amassing wealth day and night with a relentless greed...
let me do some accounting, what I have gained and what I have lost;

On making the Profit & Loss Account and the Balance Sheet,
I will come to know a distasteful fact, that I have gained nothing;
Let me not forget for a moment, that this world is but an illusion;
Walk to your room inside you, hear the flutes' sound
You will feel delighted that does not forget you even for a moment
---let you also not forget him even for a moment

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Don't Desire

I don't desire to adore the fairy houris living in the tents of Jannah;
Horis, decked with golden ornaments, studded with diamonds;
I don't desire to take a drop from the four rivers of Jannah;
I don't desire to visit the mausoleums of great saints;
Who are sleeping in their graves, waiting for reckoning;
I don't desire to make idols of great masters and worship them;
I just want to be a sincere devotee to my creator;
I'd rather want to be chosen to walk on the path of love;
On which march the braves to give their life for beloved's pleasure.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Insaan The Secret Of God

Before the universe had a form,
Insaan was present as the idea of God;
Before space and time were implanted,
Insaan was present in the blueprint of God;
Surely Insaan is the secret of God;
and God is the secret of insaan;
The vicegerent of the King of generosity and mercy is insaan;
All the prophets, from Adam down to Muhammad, were insaan;
If you listen to the hadith:
Al insaanu siree wa ana siru hu, you will come to know;
If you read in the Qur'an the verse: 'nafakhtu feehi min ruhi' -
(I breathed into him of my spirit) ,
you will come to know what the essence of insaan is;
Wherever I see, I witness clearly...
...the superiority and supremacy of insaan;
The pen of God with which he writes is insaan;
The Noor of God, if you want to see, you can see in insaan;
The most honoured prophet in the night of Me'raj was insaan;
The seal of prophets, the revealer of the Eternal Truth, Ahmad,
was insaan;
But, of course, he was the most perfect insaan;
Read the hadees 'law laaka lamaa khalaqtul afaq',
(But for thee, I would not have created the heavens)
You will know:
that the most preferred, the crown of all prophets was insaan.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Flying Within

I do not dream of places beyond myself
Where people aspire to go on the wings of mythical thoughts
I only aspire to dance and die like a moth round the lamp of love
In awareness I aspire to go in the great beyond by flying within
To know my reality beyond my earthly life
I aspire to looking beyond the horizons
Of flesh and blood
To know what i was like before taking birth here on earth
For this I need to go into the mysterious and unfathomable deep!
O tell me how should I go deep inside to see and gaze at myself
There's light beyond the darkness, just keep going deep.
You will capture there your essential being
Which is beyond the body of flesh and blood.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Shimmering Light

I am a rose, my thorns give me life;
Bees come and sit on my bosom;
I give them nectar of life to drink;
I am the wick of the earthen lamp;
Through burning I give out shine;
I am the shimmering light of the Sandhyadeep;
To night travellers I show the way;
I am the bitter herbal plant;
I have the cure for sick and ailing;
I love The Eternal life,
so I dive deep into the water of life;
My eyes looked outwards;
So I was full of pain with infatuation;
I saw myself ignorant, and stupid;
So I sat in the gathering of saints and sages;
I picked up a pinch of dust from love's alley;
So I applied it to my eyes as Kohal to be able to look inside;
Love said, 'Yes, that's right, but don't see it from your self;
I am the flaming sun and you are the dead earth;
I enliven you with my heat and light;
and so I inspire you to know and love me.'

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Love You Hu

O' the walker upon the love's road, keep on marching,
Do not fear, no thorns are strewed upon this road,
There is no fear of separation, nor the wish for union,
The apprehension of troubles only trouble a fake lover,
In the garden of love the trees do not shed their leaves,
This garden of love sees not paling and withering of flowers,
The flowers in the garden of love are ever blooming,
These flowers are just the smiles and kisses of the beloved,
The bees whirling about the flowers fill the ears with sweet melody,
Romantically they are singing, ' I love you, Hu; I love you Hu'
The denizens of love are like bees who are always humming Hu, Hu.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I See The Light

I am not worried, I am not stressed
I always feel I am constantly blessed
Because I have got the peace inside me
My heart, my soul, is filled with ecstasy

I never ask from ' other than God'
Composed, with all the faith in supreme God
I thank him even when in great difficulty
What I get from him is nothing but ecstasy

When I see lightening and roaring thunder
I feel it is nothing special, nothing to fear
I notice how bountiful rains follow to my cheer
Against a background of cool and refreshing air

While the black clouds hid the sun from my sight
I see it is keeping moving and soon I see the light
Now that floating cloud has moved away
There is no barrier, I see the brightest light of day.

And here I become suddenly aware
That my stressors and worries were just to test me
The merciful rains however made me see
That these problems will not for ever be with me

My dry lands get sufficient water, and I see the light
And my heart becomes calm and quiet, it will be always right.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

A Rose Speaks

I am a pink rose flower
My petals so soft like shahtoosh
I 've stood in the thorns for many an hour
Enjoying the refreshing breeze of summer
But, oh, what happened to my peers!
Just yesterday, the cruel hands plucked
It moved me to tears like an orphaned child
While the children of pluckers were playing seek and hide
My peers were stifled to death, what a shame
When their siblings mourned and moaned for their dead
The children were scolded badly by pluckers and their parents,
But when my budding flowers were ravaged
It was not noticed, sadly protested by none
Today, however, I had a reason to smile
A beautiful visitor from India or foreign land,
Looked at me for a while, suddenly sobbed
And took a picture of me.
Even if tomorrow, I must die as I dread
I will do so happily and without fear
Since one visitor at least has seen the beauty in me

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Sealed Secret

Inside the unstruck melody, the sealed secret,
Light upon light! flashed on my inward eyes;
Light flashes appeared and disappeared,
They did not wait for long to be seen;
The thunder that followed embraced me,
In musical arms, two blended together,
The music and the listener absorbed each other,
All differentiation - duality - disappeared;
Only there remained one who is concealed
and unknown,
The word of Allah, the mighty voice,
completed my faith,
The Lord expresses through me!
The Lord expresses through every created thing!
All appear to me saying, 'stand still and realise!
That world is nothing and you are nobody;
It is The Truth that fills you and the whole world;
Nothing in the heavens and the earth is separate
from The Truth; .
How do you believe that you have got a separate entity...
opposite to God?
How long will you remain in a fool's delusion?
Death may perish your body and decompose its elements;
But, The Truth in you is indestructible, self-existent, ...
and never dieing.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Can't Say What I Hear

I can't tell you in words what I hear.
It is the mid of winter night,
The moon and the stars are
lost in clouds,
The cold wind is sneaking in...
through the silts of window panes,
I get up from my warm bed,
I wrap around myself a cloak...
as black as night;
Then, I keep my head down to listen...
to the sweet melodious murmur
in my heart;
I shut up my eyes and listen for hours...
without seeing face to face...
any corporal being;
But I hear only sweet melodies coming...
in crowds in my silent loneliness...
that immerse me in their roaring sea;
O, how may I ever express what melodies do I hear?
There are no words to tell what these melodies are,
No tongue can tell you the secret hidden in words,
But the the inner ear can hear what the tongue cannot tell.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Coming To Awareness

It is not a big job to remember God at night,
When you have no other thing to do,
When the business houses are closed down,
A true devotee remembers him all the time,
When from the unknown minaret he hears...
the melodious call;
He gets up and murmurs to himself in his heart,
'This is the time to give up the mundane work,
Ah, who had held me so long in delusion?
Who had plugged up my ears with wool?
I was asleep for too long at the breast of my bride;
This faithless bride of world has fooled me so long.'
Some angel whispered to me secretly:
'We constantly tried to wake you up from your sleep,
But you pretended as if you heard not our call.'
My sleeping soul cried out then in its dream,
'God, you are close by me, I hear the sweet melodies;
Your angels are singing the song of songs for me,
I was a fool, forgive me please, for waking up so late'.
The merciful God tells me:
'But still you are in the dream, come out of it now...
To hear my melodies in awareness;
I want my servant should not stay dreaming in sleep,
forsaking me'.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Blazing Inside

In every moment of my life, I think...
To empty my mind of all thoughts,
And make it quite and calm;
But when I sweep out the older thoughts,
The new thoughts seep in rushing...
Like the air from snow mountains...
moves to occupy the empty space in hot plains;
The infinite ebb and flow of thoughts, good or bad,
Never lets the sea of my mind to be calm and quiet,
The constant turmoil in my mind does not let me sail,
How can I cross the sea to reach my friend waiting across?
How can I turn my heart Inside out to reveal you...
How I am blazing inside with the fire of competing thoughts?
I am being constantly turned to a smoldered thing.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Fool's Delusion

The truth is not to be found...
In any special person alone;
But, like the light of the sun...
It is everywhere and in everyone
Said my Master Rajab to me;
Master can only tell you one thing:
How he had known the truth;
Lift the veil from thine heart's eyes...
that obscures the truth,
Then and there, you will realise...
What Mansur had said: I am the Truth!
The hidden secret that all the mystics look for!
When the truth dawns upon you,
You will come out of the night of ignorance;
All other than the truth shall get erased...
from the pages of your heart,
When the truth has chosen you for a friend,
You have seen all that there is to be seen;
There's no room for duality in the world of love;
what's all this talk of 'you' and 'me'?
Nothing but a fool's delusion!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

In Delusion Do Not Remain

Until you learn how to swim...
a boat you can use to cross the river;
But, once you learn swimming...
what are boat and boatman to you?
Having crossed the river,
You will meet your friend;
There's no river, no swimmer now!
Neither lover, nor beloved at the end!
You have known the Self within!
You will realise now the stark truth,
Your search in the void was in vain;
In a moment, the awareness will ebb;
And in delusion you won't remain;
Be ever conscious of this truth, O friend...
You have to know yourself,
Then only will you know your essential truth;
MyKoul says, you won't, then, like an ignorant person...
Pray for your salvation, you won't that need;
For what you are, you would be that indeed

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

A True Traveller

My dear! You haven't the roadmap to travel...
on the path of love,
You cannot travel on the path of love,
Unless you know...
where the home of the beloved is to be found;
What's all this frivolous travelling on the path?
How can you walk with quarrelsome Iblis?
Boastful, moron, rebel!
Who said No to God, when he commanded him...
to accept the authority of Adam over him...
and fall in prostration before him;
A true traveller does not take Satan as his master;
What's the use of travelling under a misguided person?
Walk only under a master who has knowledge and wisdom;
He will make it clear to you what the hidden truth is:
'You are a pure spirit, but imagine yourself a corpse! '
A Honey bee which thinks it's the housefly!
If you want to reach the Queen, You must search for a guide--
If you don't find Him, you'll never be able to find the beehive,
Yet, You cannot see the Queen, unless you remove all the veils...
...hanging between yourself and Her;
Then you will see, by the grace of God,
What the hidden secret is.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Went Out

Looking for Allah!
He asked me
To get out
Of my self;
and look at the heavens
and the earth,
and
whatever is in between;
I went out:
I saw not Allah!
But was convinced,
That this whole creation...
Is the manifestation..
of God's creative power;
Allah told me in the Qur'an:
'Allah is the Light...
of the heavens and the earth;
The parable of His Light is:
A niche,
within it a lamp,
the lamp in glass,
the glass a brilliant star,
lit from a blessed tree,
An olive,
neither of the east,
nor of the west;
whose oil would...
almost glow forth,
though no fire touched it;
Light upon Light!
Allah guides to His Light...
whom He wills;
And Allah sets forth...
parables for mankind';
It opened my eyes,
O Lord, you are unseen!
You are unseeable!
If you are light,
That is only a metaphor!



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MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Hear The Wordless Voice

In divine silence

I hear constantly
melodies sweet
that fill me
with delight,
that divine is
singing in me

The divine light --
light upon light!
It is what I am born of
I clearly see that of his spirit
He has breathed into me

I lose myself
totally to this soft word —
my life is nothing worth
If I don't hear this great name
On this I meditate
Through this I contemplate

And if, my friend,
you ask me the way,
I'll tell you plainly,
it is this:
to turn your eyes into ears
and hear the wordless voice

And turn your back on
those who deal in empty words
rather take your place
in the presence of the wordless.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Melodious Speech

In the innermost room of the heart,
Where divine speaks to you,
Your wandering thoughts never have the entry,
This speech you will but never clearly hear,
Unless you are ready to emerge as a good listener;
For a long time he has watched you
roaming in wilderness,
Feel the emptiness growing inside you,
Notice how you wasted your time on...
...Superfluous pursuit of mundane thoughts;
Turn back, and bring all yourself in this auditorium;
In this auditorium, all are welcome to hear the speech...
...without the difference of caste, creed, or colour;
But, all be the sincere seekers of truth;
Melt yourself down in this melodious speech:
Listen with your heart and your soul!
Then only you can pass from nothingness to being,
And make yourself drunk with the wine of love.

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

Spirit Divine

Samad, the eternal,
Wanted to show his mysteries,
He fell in love with himself
So he brought forth...
the human form;
And blew into it of his spirit;
Thus, man is his living proof;
He would have created nothing,
But, he created all things for man

As long as the idea of Adam...
hadn't taken in the spirit divine,
How could the angels be asked
to lay prostrate before Adam?
Iblis but didn't notice...
that God had blown of his spirit...
into Adams frame;
But, those who knew the essential truth...
...fell, without questioning,
In prostration, abiding God's will.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Heaven Of Bliss

Where my mind is full with hope and the head I hold high;
Where my knowledge is Ilm- e- ludan (divine knowledge) ;
Where my heart echoes with the songs of love and peace...
Where sweet melodies come out from the depths of heart;
Where like a tireless seeker I seek the pearls of wisdom;
Where the pristine brooks have not lost their glamour;
Where the flock of lambs have not strayed from the shepherd;
Where my mind is not pursuing the ever-widening vain thoughts and desires;
In that heaven of bliss, my Lord, let my home be...
Leaving the world of darkness behind!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Revert

I do not remember the day Iblis beguiled me;
I am told that I was driven out of the garden of bliss,
Because I had come nigh to the forbidden tree,
When Iblis appeared to me in the guise of a master;
Parting ways with my God, I made Iblis my all time friend;
Iblis had taken a vow to snatch me away from my lord;
He had said, 'My Lord, since You made me go astray,
I swear that I shall beautify for them (evils) on the earth,
and shall lead all of them astray';
Ever since that hour, in the dark room of the world...
...he has been giving to me the diabolic lessons;
I realise that flouting the command of God was too much of a risk;
I realise that my judgement and rebellion was too much of a mistake;
So I revert to my dear lord with this prayer
'Our Lord, we have wronged ourselves,
and if You do not forgive us and have mercy upon us,
we will surely be among the losers',
The merciful God granted my prayer
He sends swarms of honey bees to sing about me
They buzz the name of God ecstatically around me
to make me constantly sing the hymns of my lord
And thus to paralyse Iblis, the Evil One;
May Iblis never be strong again!
I don't want to go to the evil unreal world again.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Faqirs Are Too Rare

Fruits do not grow on the Kikar trees,
Musk is not to be found in common goats,
Diamonds are not to be found in all rocks,
Safron does not grow on all lands:
Faqirs - too are not to be found in multitudes,
They are to be found one in a million people,
The rest are just like two-legged speaking animals,
Eating nonsense and poisonous words,
The lovers of God wander in the four directions
To find a true faqir for their guidance and direction
For me the true example is in Mustaffa, Siraj-ul-Anbiya,
He is said to have said:
'Al faqru fakhri aftakhir bihi',
(Faqr - spiritual poverty -is my glory, I take honour by it) ,
Obey Prophet's guidance and avoid what he forbids,
Protect yourself from things - contrary to his teachings,
Remain steadfast in your commitment to your Love,
Have ever you pondered on the great value of faqr?
What is this world which you are holding dear to your breast?

MyKoul

.
...

Mohammad Younus

Real Enemies

Muslim I am - nobody's enemy;
Hindus are not my enemies;
Budhists are not my enemies;
Christians are not my enemies;
Jews are not my enemies;
Ultra nationalists, Neo colonisers,
Corporate business houses,
the political and religious
contractors...
They are my real enemies!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Ya Habib-Allah

Ya Habib- Allah (O Beloved of God)
O Seal of Prophecy, Pillar of Existence,
O Prophet of God, His beloved,
At once praised and praising His Majesty,
Unlettered, yet fount of all knowledge.
O most perfect of His creatures, drawn near,
In that Nocturnal Ascent which crowned thy earthly life,
The being for whom He created the heavens,
The servant of the One, yet master of the world,
Whose light sustains that spectrum of forms,
Which constitutes the abode of our existence.
In humility I bow before thy grandeur,
Asking thy forgiveness in seeking to describe,
In words so unworthy of the dust of thy feet,
An inkling of the blinding light of thy life,
Which illuminated the land of Hijaz and beyond,
Creating an aura that continues to light,
The path of those for whom thou art the guide.
Thy green flag shall continue to wave,
Unto the darkest hours of historic time,
Until the Truth of which thou wert and remain
The supreme messenger and defender,
Manifests its full glory once again,
Amidst the human misery of a world gone astray.
O Muhammad whose praise is sung by the Lord,
As by His angels and, too, servants on earth,
I need thy successor to achieve this arduous task,
Of describing, however humbly, the contours of a life,
Which remain forever the perfect model,
Revealing in all its nobility and beauty,
What it means to be truly human.

Seyyid Hossein Nasr

Mohammad Younus

A Clear Vision

Repeat and listen the word of Allah with love and devotion;
You can conquer the negative powers that lead you astray;
Only in the remembrance of Allah will your hearts find peace;
You will live fearlessly by the power of Allah;
The Negative Power can never consume you;
Behold! verily on the friends of Allah there is no fear...
...nor shall they grieve;
When thou doest the zikr e dawam,
And firmly fix your heart and soul on meditation...
...with the grace of Allah, you will drink from the Al-Kawthar;
And thus be immortal in the Garden of Eden;
He who drinks the water of life,
all the veils are removed from him;
A clear vision of the truth opens up before his heart's eyes;
He visualises the presence of God's will in all the created things;
He finds that God's creation is in essence...
...the display of the vast beauty of God!
When thus the one Lord reveals himself to his lover,
He annihilates himself in him.
Now the idea of being near or far is totally erased,
Now, there remains no journey to be undertaken,
He realises that He is his own destination,
The trinity of Nafs, Qalb, and Soul seem to him just a delusion,
And even the very limits of time and space evaporate from the sea of his
consciousness,
He does not feel himself to be separate from the Whole:
In this, O MyKoul, lies the secret of Tawheed!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Purify Your Nafs

Purify your nafs of delusion and rebellion,
O seeker, by means of the word of Allah;
La Illaha Illa Hu (there is no deity but He) !

The nafs then becomes a Mussalman...
...united through submission to the One;
Does not ask to do evil deeds;
Becomes contented and pure;
And asks you to perform righteous deeds!

If the nafs stays with the Word of Allah...
...the creator and sustainer of the universe,
All its rebellion against Allah will be quelled...
...within the twinkling of an eye!

The seer who fills the cups of his eyes...
...with the celestial Melodies,
Will remain constantly connected to Allah...
...through pure love, devotion; and submission;
How can he die in ignoble separation?
He drinks the water of life!

The Creator manages without any partner...
...yourself and all the universe....
through His command of Be, in perfect harmony;
Melody of his word is the essence of all the things,
And through the perfect man is His Word expressed!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Thus I Perceive The Truth

The lute sounding without striking the chords;
The bees buzzing without being seen;
The lightening and thundering without clouds and rain;
Can anyone solve this riddle?
I persistently hear the melodies of the flute;
While hearing the melodies, I too have become the flute;
The water of life gives life to the dead...
...and makes him immortal;
I tell upon a rosary that is not made of beads...
...but is rather made of melodies;
I discovered the essential truth in me;
So the untruth and unreal have left me;
I find comfort in the perpetual zikr of my lord;
As the sun beams permeate everything...
...so God is the light of the heavens and the earth;
The same light resides...
...in the Murshid's heart and the disciple's heart;
But while the murshid has found the light...
...the disciple is yet to discover it;
Thus has the servant MyKoul perceived the
Truth;
My murshid also told me this great Truth...
...when he was leaving this ephemeral world.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Will You Then Not See?

So priceless is to be born as a human being,
Because only a human being can know and love...
...the Supreme Lord abiding in him;
The human being is the supreme creation of God;
The human being has the two rare valuable gifts...
...from the creator of the universe:
Wisdom and knowledge!
These are the tools to know, love, and meet the creator;
If we do not use these tools while alive in this world,
How can we accomplish the purpose of our life?
If the Lord of the universe is not found in this life...
... then we can never and nowhere find him after life;
The One who has made this universe...
...his only temple lies in human hearts
When the prophet Abraham said to his lord:
'My lord I have made Kaba as your worshipping place';
God was pleased but said: ' My house is in the human heart';
None else but our lord is nearer to us than our jagular vein;
Being so near to us, let us recognise and obey Him;
Look not at him from a distance,
Know Him in your self - as light reflected in all things;
God is the essential truth of all beings;
Wherever you are, he lives close by to you;
Musk is in the musk deer, yet he is unaware of this musk;
The heedless self knows not God, though God says in the Qur'an:
'Wa fi anfusikum, afala tubsirun! '
(And in yourselves there are signs. Will you then not see? '
The Holy Sound from God constantly sounds in you,
But, sadly you do not hear this sound;
His light is reflected in all things,
yet you do not have the eyes to see;
You have hearts but you do not understand;
You have eyes but you do not see;
You have ears but you do not hear;
Mind it, what God clearly says in the Qur'an:
'They are as cattle, nay, they are in worse errors;
...these are the heedless ones';
Such is your wretched and deplorable condition!
Because the veil of 'mine' and 'thine' is there! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Looking For God

Looking for you
Searched you in books
Enquired about you
From Sufis, Yogis, Reshis,
Monks, Mystics, Mehants
Scholars, preachers
and philosophers
Looked for you
In Mausoleums and Samadhis
Where are u?
I found you nowhere
Then my lord!
You whispered to me
In my heart's ear
'O My dear!
When my people ask about me...
then you should say...
that I'm near to them',
Then, I got the way to You

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

In The Twinkling Of An Eye

The true love unites us with God,
And shows us his beauty...
spread out in all his creation;
Nothing like him though...
His beauty is evident in all his creation;
The human being is a microcosm!
Whatever is in the universe...
That is to be found in the human being as well;
The Arsh, the throne of God, is in the human heart!
And the lute is played within the human heart!
By listening to the melodies within the heart,
Know thou the One who is indestructible
and self existent...
He has no time limit and no fixed space;
The earth and the heavens cannot encompass Him,
But the heart of the believing servant only is his home;
After looking within, one can see and know him;
So let us see and know the Lord in the House of Eternity;
There the Holy Sound emerges, which is like a long Hu;
This is the heavenly music, and there is luster of Light;
Fix thine eyes on one point and hear the divine melodies;
Your soul shall then dance with ecstasy, and sing in rhythm;
You will come out of the delusion of duality...
...by the bliss of your lord;
In the twinkling of an eye, you shall obtain...
awareness and enlightenment! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

What Of A Blind Man?

What Of A Blind Person?

What of the night?
They ask the blind;
No answer comes;
Day and night
All the same;
How can he be...
A judge of colours?
Dead eyes...
In the sockets!
How can he walk...
On an uneven,
Zigzag steep road?
Not comfortably,
Not with good steps,
Not even on...
A straight road,
Unless somebody...
holds his cold hand;
How can he walk to God?
Tell him to worry not;
He is in him;
He is with him;
He is by him;
O blind man!
Open thy heart's eyes!
You can see him,
He is not some...
Corporeal being;
Do not frown at him;
Do not turn him away;
Would that you knew
That he too can purify himself;
With love (in his heart) ...
He too can know his lord;
Wisdom and knowledge...
Are his two eyes;
With which he can...

See and know his lord.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Control Your Nafs

As many as are the particles of sand,
More than that are the snares of the nafs;
Staying away from them all,
you can be the contented soul...
Chanting by your heart the name of the Only One;
The divine melodies are like God's magnet,
That forcefully draws you to the Only One;

When one listens to the true music in him,
the hidden secret he comes to know;
When one fuses his confused five senses,
And keeps his eyes fixed on the centre point,
The holy verses are revealed to him;

Lest the wandering nafs should lose its way...
...in the dark world of Zulmaat,
You should walk in the Zulumat...
...only under the instructions of the Khider, ;
If you walk in the company of master Khider,
You will be united with the Supreme Lord;
Or the dacoits on the way might take your life;

Only with God's sounding name of Hu Hu,
You can walk out of the Zulumat to the Noor;
Let your contented nafs be the horse,
Let your vigilant soul be the rider,
Let the unwavering eyes be the bridle in your hands,
And let you use the Zikr-e-Dawam as a whip,
Then certainly you can reach the final destination;
When you keep remembering the name of God,
God shall also keep on remembering you,

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Middle Prayer

I think I'm now unlearning
The things I learned so well from the books
I think I'm now learning
To know the truth direct from you, my dear lord
What you've revealed for humanity from time to time
Now, I sit in your remembrance as if I see you in front of me
Now, I pass most of my time with you, that is your will
I am ashamed of the times when I disliked...
...reaching out to Your friends
God, you are my companion in life and death.
God, you are the Giver of Joys and calamities
God, thank you, by your bliss I am immersed...
In your sounding name Hu Hu, in sleep or out of sleep
I hear your name constantly, while sleeping or waking
The glory of your name lights up in me the fire of love
I hear your name with devotion, my eyes, heart, and soul join me
Intermittent zikr, muraqaba - all are false - if not done regularly
I must maintain with care the prayers, particularly the middle prayer,
My God you are beyond the forms, all the forms manifest you
My God, you are the creator of all the things, all the things glorify you
God, before anything I see, I see you first, I don't lie, you see.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Melodies

All around me are melodies, and melodies,
They sound about me like honey-bees,
They never stop their buzzing about me,
From within and without touch me melodies,
But I tell my self, 'melodies, melodies...
You're coming from my God, God's mercy!
Let me take you in my soul's arms lovingly',
They arouse in me a fabulous longing...
...to remember my lord constantly,
I long to hear his name until the time stops,
I must run away from all other things,
and stop to hear the melodies attentively,
Look, a sea of music within me, waves kissing me!
An explosion of resonating music waves!
Like the singing houris most impatient to hug me,
Friends, these melodies remind me the Word of God,
They grow on me like bees buzzing around a flower tree,
They never seem to stop their melodies,
From a deep silence, somewhere deep within me...
...they are singing in fresh and fresher tunes:
Hu! Hu! Hu! La Illaha Illa Hu!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

True Sufis

Sufis are the true lovers...
...of the Eternal and the Self- existent,
They make us love the Creator
Such that we are sitting face to face,
They teach us how to cross the ocean
of the world,
They thus save us from getting drowned...
...in the brackish ocean,
They are dyed in the love of the Supreme Lord,
They have the Name of Allah always in their heart;
They are truthful, dedicated, and contented lovers
They possess the wealth of wisdom and knowledge
They are always immersed in the eternal zikr of God,
They, with heart's eye, see the essential Truth in everything;
They are always absorbed in contemplation and meditation,
They are like Swans, the dwellers of the Ocean of Bliss,
On their true tongues, God declares: I Am The Truth.

MyKoul



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Mohammad Younus

Single Light

Scraping off
the rust of duality
an effulgent
consciousness
peeks through
radiating
the light
of dawn
then I rise up
to start the day
to see
one single light

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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No Real Freedom

Who says there is no freedom here?

Wolves are free;

Killers are free;

Intellectuals may be in fetters,

But, Dunces are free;

Maybe Poets of conscience are mouth-gagged,

But, poets extolling the tyrant rulers are free

Everybody is free on this cursed land

Where snakes are free to bite in sleeves

And wolves are free to hunt lambs before their mothers.

Mohammad Yunus



PoemHunter.com

The One God

I can't ask you to come down;
I can't ask you to come up;
Because on all my sides I find none but you;
Because beyond coming and going are you;
I watch the universe created by you;
I see through all things you are speaking to me;
And let me speak without any threat or fear!
All the things in the universe manifest only you;
No thing is inferior, and no thing is superior;
Because all the things in truth mirror only you;
I mark your presence everywhere in the universe;
On some faces you wear a wrinkled veil;
On some bodies you put on torn shirts;
On some bodies you put on Shahtoosh robes;
The poor and the rich have not two different gods;
Who is the creator of the poor and the rich, except you?
No one must beg from any other...
...You are the provider of all;
You offer alms to the barefooted faqir...
...who walks in your valleys!
You provide to him melodious music as breakfast;
You provide him light to walk through the dark valleys;
I see you from morning to evening telling me:
'SAY: He is the One God:
God the Eternal, the Uncaused Cause of All Being.
He begets not, and neither is He begotten;
And there is nothing that could be compared with Him.'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Wine Of Love

A qalandar is excessively drunk with the wine of love.
How can I make a difference between a believer and an infidel?
My love! I don't see even an ant or a gnat without you
I have searched through millions of epochs for you
My Love! Your name is regularly coming in and going out
Always I chant your name on my lips and in my heart
I live in the sea of your love as the lotus lives in water
How can lotus bloom out of water? Can anybody think?
MyKoul believes that he could never love you without your mercy
Day and night you keep singing to me your name on your flute.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Festival Of Hell

They laid a cordon and the dagger of Catch and Kill...
...they plunged to the hilt in the youngmens' breasts
And huge ammunition was spent in the fake encounter
The call to the prayers from the mosque resonated
And then became quiet all of a sudden at the dawn
The bells in the temples did not ring as usual
Because no devotee could come there to sing the hymns
The flute of the shepherded was broken to pieces
To stop him from singing the tunes of peace and love
The whole population was given hemlock to drink
The half widows left their half orphans in their desolate homes
The city's dead body was covered with a black chadar of mourning
The silence of the graveyard enveloped the whole city
From every direction advanced the monsters of destruction
And in the lanes of city shrieks of pain came out from every window
The desolation-fear and terror-monsters have taken over the city
Cold, fierce winds knocked on every door, and dogs barked
So only some people could join the mourning for the city
And some heart wrenching screams joined the festival of Hell!

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

A Song Of Birds

In the early morning
Birds chanting hymns
Praising the creator
Thanksgiving
To the creator
That he decided
The world must resonate
With their sweet melodies
The sun has come back
After night long prayer
Let us also get up now
And join thanksgiving
That he raised us
from the dead

MyKoul

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Mohammad Younus  PoemHunter.com

Tell Me God

God, o God, I hear your sweet songs through eyes,
That give me ecstasy for being very near to you,
In the middle of the night, when I remember you,
Your songs wake me up and bring me out of slumber,
God, I cannot sleep in your separation;

Upon my face fall beams of moonlight that are...
...soaked in your perfumed tunes,
My passion for hearing your songs goes on surging up,
For new and newer tunes I hear coming from your lute;

God, I am your humble devotee, cut off from you,
I need your continued guidance for turning back to you,
Who else can guide me to you? God, would you tell me!
I long to hear your songs without pause with my heart's ear,
Or the world will see me dieing, singing the songs of separation;

Tell me, God, how to be in Your constant presence,
How can I roam in wilderness like a mendicant faqir?
Greedy for power and high position! And living on alms!
Let me live in your grand palace, or on its doorsteps,
Where no one lives except your being.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My Mother Tongue

Do not tell me, ' you write in English'

Kashmiri is sweeter than honey!

Kashmiri is cooler than tender snowflakes! !

Kashmiri is more fragrant than jasmine! !

Kashmiri is juicier than ripened grapes! !

Kashmiri is refreshing than pomegranate juice! ! !

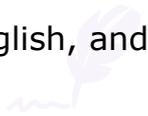
Kashmiri is far pleasing to my soul

But, Kashmiris are killing Kashmiri

They teach their children foreign languages

Urdu, English, and Hindi.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Have Made Up My Mind

In the orchard of my heart sings a nightingale,
The nightingale whose songs take me to the paradise...
and take me into the light from darkness...
and to the cave in the mountain of light:
'Hello fabulous! ' my honour to that holy cave,
luminous with golden light, resonating with sweet melodies,
When Adam and Eve spotted the fruit on the forbidden tree,
They said, ' Shall we taste it or not? '
If I had known the consequences, I wouldn't have come near to it
Thank goodness! I have sought forgiveness from my lord

'Our Lord, we have wronged ourselves,
and if You do not forgive us and have mercy upon us,
we will surely be among the losers'

My lord has forgiven me for sinning against my own self
And sent me to the world, and start a new living,
O simple beginnings of myself.
There is a nightingale who sings in me through my thoughts,
I sing back with him to the beginning of my life
There is a nightingale flying out of the cage of my breast;
It's chirping now at the edge of dawn on the boughs of the trees
It constantly calls out to me from behind the thick foliage:
'You have to step into life, know your existence, you must hurry'
Good news! I am leaving, I am leaving for my home:
I have made up my mind, nobody must stop me.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Ik Nirankar

Isn't it funny and silly...
that though He's the creator of the Universe,
We create him in strange forms, trying to grasp him,
In our perceptions, and through our poetry and paintings;
And though He has no beginning or end,
We seek Him in temples and mausoleums,
Is He like the Mummy buried in the Great Pyramids?
When He's beyond it all - description and explanation,
Why should we perceive him to be in any form?
Ik Onkar, ik Nirankar, Nothing is in His image!
He is Akal - timeless, immortal, and non-temporal
He is ever living, without annihilation,
He is the Eternal, not at all ephemeral

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Am A Book

Me—a book not for everybody to read!
May be some ancient covenant or some hymns,
Or a love affair between Yusuf and Zuleikha,
or the account of horrific afflictions of Mad Mansur,
But then I realize I am none of these,
(Only the author of my book knows me)
I only know from messengers one thing:
At an assembly of angels,
My author passed a resolution,
That I was to be his lord over all of them,
And with humility they must accept my authority,
And lay prostrate before me,
And my author wrote in longhand...
...all I have to do,
It has his stamp on it,
I am sorry I have never successfully opened my book,
It is preserved in my heart only for me to read,
When I learn to read my book, I will not have to worry about,
How my afterlife pleasant could be.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

I Will Be Yet Born Again

How and where? I know not,
May be, I will become there...
...a man of my imagination,
And may be, with magical eyes!
I will be keeping gazing at my lord,
May be, I will become like Adam...
...to be filled with the spirit of my lord,
Painted in the good proportion of divine colours,
I know not how and where -
but, for sure, I'll be raised up again,
I will be raised in the image...
...most dear to my lord,
May be I will walk in the garden of my lord,
And with Eve take a bath together...
...in the spring of life,
After taking fruit from the blessed tree,
Nothing shall be forbidden for me,
I'll take rest under its cool shade,
I know nothing else, but that Eve, my mate...
...will walk along with me,
And we will enjoy all the fruits there,
And say, ' this is what we were given before',
But have a different taste.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

A Poem About Poetry...

Every word
a pearl
collected
from the sea deep
glistening
with sparkling light
enlightening
the hearts of wise
They hear
with hearts' ears
melodies divine

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Who Will Bring The Nallah Mar Back?

From the Dal Lake, Nallah Mar, akin to a serpent,
Slowly, gently, flowed one time through the downtown,
The children swimming, and playing Dive and Seek,
Which neither the sky nor the earth have since seen,
I would swim ahead of all, mine friends followed me,
The grandeur of our childhood Kashmir was unique,
Our dreams to be great swimmers we told through splashes,
Competing the weeds, we swam across the Dal Lake,
Burst forth from our lovely eyes, our dream to be Dal-crossers,
The wondrous ripple and splash kisses touched our bodies,
Alas! Nallah Mar was dumped with city-waste by the Srinagar municipality,
It changed into a cesspool that gave out highly stinking smell,
Then, the visionless city planners killed it by filling it with soil,
From then on the sky has broken apart,
The Nallah Mar has been turned into a spiral road,
Nallah Mar is buried, like a martyr in Unknown grave,
If it is exhumed some day, how much overjoyed we will be.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

The Human Being

Every day I keep myself in readiness for you;
and with due humility I try to ente my heart
unbidden even I sing my songs of love
Overjoyed, my king, you do respond to my songs
You strike on the strings of the harp of eternity
And fill the fleeting moments of my life with ecstasy
And today when listening to the song of Eternity
The moonlight fell upon the mirror before me
and, to my great surprise, I saw my own face before me
I realised I can not see you but only in my own image
Your greatest blessing on me is that you made me...
... the human being - crown of all creations!
You have given man the best image!
You are the best of creators! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Barzakh(Veil Of Separation)

Waiting
for the light
you have the sun in you
that lights up all the worlds
why are you unilluminated
why do you stumble
when climbing
the spiral stairs of your life
You are sitting behind the barzakh
Remove the barzakh
light shall fall upon you
light shall fall upon you
You will find the way up
When climbing...
the spiral stairs of life
Do not be disheartened

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Undue Debating

One day
words will die
When the soul
gets out
the body dies
One day
You will be
resurrected
Your body?
Your soul?
Words I know
will be resurrected
How else can there be
Reckoning?
Punishment or reward
You will get
Body?
Old or new?
Soul?
Just a question!
Who shall speak
on the tip of every organ?
Who shall feel a bitter taste?
In the Hell!
Who shall feel a sweet taste?
In the paradise!
A secret sealed!
O Questioner!
Resurrection is true!
Reckoning is true!
Undue debating:
Most unpleasing! ! !
Most frivolous! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Love The Seed

If you love the flower
love the seed
that buries in the soil
and opens up itself
from two ends;
From the lower opening
gives out the strong roots
to hold on to the mother earth
for water and minerals
as a baby child holds on
to the breasts of its mother;
From the upper opening
it sprouts out
to seek for its growth
air and sunshine
in the world outside;
stands on its strong stem
Branches out widely
in the open air
wearing green foliage
Green leaves - its kitchen
Then blossoms
into scented pretty flowers
To bear juicy fruit...
multiplies in countless seeds
of its own kind
Hiding inside the juicy fruit
One Manifests in Multitudes
of its own kind;
If you love the flower
Love the seed;
It tells you your whole story
The Hidden Truth! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

My Nightdream

It is now my bedtime -
Time to go for my introspection;
I am doing it now in the darkness of my Living room,
I am lonely meditating with legs unstretched in my bed;

I say, 'MyKoul! what are you doing here?
What for you have come to this world?
Of your own accord or at someone's bidding? '

I have become a careless draught of air...
coming in and going out regularly,
I am like a restless ripple in the water...
...not knowing the depth of the sea,
I am like the dead Chinar leaf on the ground...
...fallen down by the autumn wind;

In this cold night I feel myself, as if I am...
...a frozen fossil of the Iceage,
In the stillness of the night,
I hear unending sound of Hu Hu
It keeps me awake, as I think it is whispering to me:
La Illaha ila Hu (there is no god but He) ;

I have become a dream as without opening my eyelids,
I see moon shining, and stars twinkling in the sky,
I see myself slipping into the depths of the holy light;

I stand up for prayer and meditation
The morning birds start chirping,
and the shepherd starts playing at his flute,
I melt into the music of the flute...
...and my heart throbs all day...
....giving a sound of Hu, hu.

At dawn I hear Azaan, and I open up my eyelids,
I look round startled, because I find...
'I am in the same Living room, sleeping in the bed...
...without stretching my legs';
I have come out of my nightdream.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Terrorist Brigade

A terrorist brigade
With remote control
Cloned at will
by the Mullah contractors
Hired by enemy agencies
To destabilise a country
To demoralise a people;
Under a pre orchestrated plan
Driving their fanatic minds
Towards extremism,
And towards violence
To deliver death warrant
To the nation with potential
To come out of their web

A terrorist,
Killing humanity
Wearing a suicide jacket;
For reasons so frivolous
With a Certificate for Jannah
inserted in a talisman box
Pendulum in his neck
Unable to concede
To his conscience even
That he is a terrorist
Going to the Hell

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Leave Off Dreaming

Leave Off Dreaming

Let me now tell you,
It's time to leave off dreaming,
You see in opium induced sleep;
You submit in the dreams to passion;
At dawn your lustful drowsy eyes,
Search with glistening tears...
...the whores you took for hours
Wake up and leave opium eating
It's time to wake up
Listen to the words of wisdom
From Luqman sitting inside
Gather the pearls of enlightenment
So many secrets of freedom
The bird in you will fly across the seas
Leaving the sad cage behind.
From across the firmament you will hear
You are welcome back to your home

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Bee Song

What I have in my heart,
That is the secret hidden;
Singing without any pause...
My heart knows no respite;
My love is an endless hearing...
In the sea of music swimming.

Today I am in the fragrant spring season;
Colourful and beautiful flowers have bloomed:
The bees have come from their hybernation;
They are singing and playing their minstrelsy...
...at the court of the Queen happily.

Now it is time for me to sit in meditation...
To listen to the bee song with dedication,
and to sing hymns to my lord in silence...
In mornings and evenings longing...
...to sit face to face with my beloved praying! ! !

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Glory Be To You

Glory Be To You

I have no separate existence of my own,
I owe my existence to your command Be;
In the voyage of life you are always with me;
Wherever I go, You are always there...
to shower your beneficence all around me;
You are ever present before my heart's eyes;
If I lose remembering you even for a moment...
...I fear that I have lost the purpose of my life;
Whenever my heart is about to go astray,
Your sweet melodies call me back to you.
Without words you speak to me, glory be to you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Love Melodies

My beloved plays on his fiddle;
Like narcissus, opens up my eyes;
Melodies sweet enter my eyes;
To my heart they travel from eyes;
How can the heart ignore the sweet melodies...
That come from him who puts up...
...in the soul.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Asked My Master

When I asked my master about the way of prophet,

He smiled and said that is my most precious jewel,
I am pleased to find a head on whose crown I must stud

When I asked about the Eternal light that comes from the Eternal sun!

Overjoyed, he said, there is no life without that Eternal light

When I asked about the Eternal river, that flows underneath the heart?

He said, Saihan, Jaihan, Furat, and Nil - all come from Al- Kawthar

When I asked about the flowers; tell me why they blossom in the garden

He said, To give out scent for telling the bees that honey for them is ready in
their cups

When I asked about the moon, tell me where is its home?

He said, in your fotehead, lives with twinkling stars, allures tides when it is full
moon

When I asked about Mountains, What is the purpose of these lofty elevations?

He said, God has affixed into the earth mountains standing firm, lest it should
shake with you;

When I asked about the Birds of Paradise, tell me what they sing?

He said, They are birds without name, singing the Song Of Songs, calling us to
Eternal home,

And then he asked me; Now tell me who are you and what is your purpose?

I said, your knowledge is more vast than the ocean, I've come to learn from you

He said, know thyself that is all - wafi anfusikum afala tubsirun!
(And in yourselves there are signs. Will you then not see?)

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

God Loves Me

He said:

Do you love God?

I said:

God loves me.

Because

He does not allow me

To be extinguished.

He said:

It's far too sublime to claim.

I said:

How can I lie?

I never claim.

It is God speaking on my tongue.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Dead Trees

Dead trees standing
In the weeping valley
Waiting for lost spring

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hush! Hush!

Little one, comes near to mother's knee, weeping!
Mother sings a fretful song to him to calm him

'Hush, Hush, rain of bullets and mortars is falling
And the lions in our woods a-roaring!
Hush, and listen, village is on fire! My darling!
Hush, I am not the fairy story telling;
Peace and love are lost in the devil fighting,
Hush, in just a minute, the devils might storm in
Such a storm as this, is our village witnessing
Ever since the village head lost his head, Hush! Hush! '

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Haiku

My eyes listen to the music
I forget all my books
On the shelves of my library.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

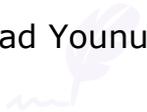
My Prayer

Praying
for the Khider
to tell me
the right word
that he would have
told Moses,
Had he not
questioned much;
Useless prayer!

Praying
to know the right word
from the tablet
preserved in my heart;
That is my prayer!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sweet Qirat

The Sweet Qirat
when the heart
dances
to rhythmic tunes,
that music
reminds us
the primordial covenant
to remember our lord
all the time
Music is the melody of waves
That pulls me to the ocean
Music is the rhythm
That moves me to the tranquility
Music is the natural therapy
I need when I feel melancholy
Music lifts my spirits high
To make sure I live ever in ecstasy
The times when I'm most near to God
It's divine resonating music was there.
Music is my companion indeed
Wherever I am music is there indeed.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Seek Light

Moths

come and go round
the burning light
for a moment
burn to be free

Light the lamp in you
moths will come
go round you
get the light
from darkness
to be free

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Lightening

Lightening
comes and goes
lights up the world
for a moment
then dark again
like the messengers
of mercy
Lightening
Heralds
the oncoming
rain of mercy

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Listen Your Song Of Love

I listen intently

Your song of love every day lovingly-
My heart overflows with heavenly tunes,
Feelings that I can't betray in words-

You know I sit down cautiously,
And listen to your song patiently,
I know you will sing for me relentlessly -
That's the reward enough for me!
I seek nothing but you be pleased with me,
I too sing your hymns, I be busy or free -

Your Eternal song fills me with ecstasy,
I seek no other music; you see,
Listening your song is what I do ardently,
A sheer spiritual ecstasy!

I know there are those who distract me,
And so I hold on to your musical flowers devotedly,
I breathe the fragrance myself and know it
comes from you,
The fragrant music intoxicates me,
and I listen your song in my inebriation too

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Divine Audience

Light shines
in the stillness
of meditation;
Its gleams glitter
When in blackness
the seer is
overflowed
with waves of
celestial music;
That filter
and refine
the evil nafs
purifying it for
The Divine Audience.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hypocrite

Many a man
hides
in the cloak
of hypocrisy,
His insincerity
is by default
in his genes,
Genetic engineering
is really needed,
Impossible
for humans to do!
In olden days
Prophets
would do the job
But, now
no more possible! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Fire Song

A spark
flies into the air
sits on
the thatched roof
of a hermit's hut;
The roaring flames
produce fiery
sounding waves;
that go up
in the air to tell
the watching God:
'We have done your job'
Whole village in flames!
Women, children, and old
whoosh, wail, and moan!
Young playing
with their lives
try to douse
the arrogant flames;
Old Hermit calm and quiet
sits with his Bamboo Flute
and sings a Fire Song
'Thank you Holy Fire!
You light up the
whole village!
But only after you
annihilate
the whole village! '

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Because You Love Me

The music has ripped open the sky,
Because you love me;
My eyes! My ears! My heart! My soul!
The music currents cause tide and waves,
Because you love me;
And stop not, but rise up to kiss the moon in the sky,
And saying boldly ' I've created everything for you',
The morning singing birds fill the air...
...with melodies sweet,
Because you love me;
In spring, summer, autumn, and winter they sing for me!
The sun laughs with dazzling light,
And all galaxies together smile for me,
Because you love me;
I come, walk, talk, crazy with joy,
Because you love me;
It is by your will that I come here, walk here, and talk here,
It is by your will that you call me back to you,
I am crazy with joy because you love me! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

No Sword! No Preaching!

What should be...
the State religion?
The king told to...
the fighting factions:
Peace! Peace! Peace!

Just see
Who
shows up
when I open
the window
in the morning
I'll accept his religion

A stranger
on the riverside
Not the Buddhist!
Not the Brahman!
A great surprise!
Not expected,
Even in dreams,
A sufi praying...
...in a strange manner,
The king knew about...
...the new State religion
No sword! No preaching!
Mysterious are...
...the ways of God! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

This Is My Country

In my country nobody really sleeps,
Nobody! Nobody!
In my country nobody really awakes,
Nobody! Nobody!
We neither sleep nor awake,
The creatures of the tyranny...
...sniff and prowl about our bodies,
The blood hounds come out...
...and bite the people who try...
...to sleep or to awake,
and the people who try to get up...
...the devils come and break their bones,
Nobody is allowed to awake or sleep,
Nobody! Nobody!
Nobody is allowed to awake or sleep,
My country is a big graveyard!
Nobody is their to moan their dead...
...in the open courtyard!
The corpses before their burial sigh and moan...
... quietly inside their souls,
Nobody comes on their graves to moan or pray,
A dry and cold season of tyranny!
A mother, but, could not be stopped,
She screamed and cried so much,
It was necessary to call out the soldiers...
...to keep her quiet,
My country is a paradise no more!
Be Careful! Be Careful! Be Careful!
We are felled down like Mighty Chinars..
to make us lick the moist red earth,
Nobody is there to feel our pain!
We carry with us our pain to our graves,
Nobody is sleeping or awake!
Nobody! Nobody!
Nobody is sleeping or awake!
If someone does close his eyes,
A whip! A whip! A whip!
If someone does open his eyes,
A whip! A whip! A whip!

No one is sleeping or awake!
Nobody! Nobody!
Tomorrow we will be free to sleep,
Tomorrow we will be free to awake,

MyKoul

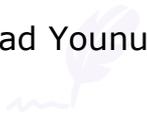
Mohammad Younus

Distorted Eyes

In the pond of eyes,
where springs...
...of tears flow,
We see the objects...
...with the distorted eyes,
A thing appears to be,
more than one,
all in distorted shapes!
Small things bigger!
Big things smaller!
If you desire,
to see things...
...as they are in actual,
don't collect tears...
...in the pond of your eyes.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Excuse Me Sir!

Am I a lover or a beloved?
A heart both do we have;
Yours is not of stone...
...and mine of not wax;
Both are burning...
...in the same furnace;
You are not so small;
I am not so big;
We both share the same spirit,
That no other heart can bear,
When I lose myself in you,
I will come out of...
...the heterogeneous crowds;
And shall cry out...
...in outburst of ecstasy:
I Am You, You Are Me!
Excuse me, sir,
There is no I, there is no you! ! !

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

I Am Man

I hold my head high!
I look o'er the snow-capped peaks!
I pierce the infinite spaces of the sky!
I glance beyond the stars in the sky!
I fly on the wings of love beyond the contours of sky!
I desire to touch the pedestals of God's high chair!
I am Man—the wonder of the universe!
I carry on my forehead blazes of God's fiery fire!
I've been created to hold My head forever high,
I am forever indomitable, unique, and unparalleled,
My dance is life rejuvenating!
My dance is cataclysmic!
I am tempestuous!
God has made me the creator and the destroyer,
I am humble - the blessing on the earth!
I am terrifying - the curse on the earth!
I repress the weaker peoples on the earth,
I liberate slaves who resist and are resilient;
I obey all commands of God's messengers,
I am Robinhood, I break all laws and canons;
I create new and newer things,
I smash all beautiful old things;
I dance to my own beat, I'm a free spirit!
I dance to the tunes of others, I am a puppet!
I am disciplined, faithful and righteous,
I am undisciplined, I am wayward, I am rebel;
I am the sweet musical tunes of love and peace,
I am the harsh voice of hate and violence;
I walk on the straight and simple paths,
I am lost in meshy and labyrinthine roads;
I look forward with eyes fixed on my goal,
I have lost my goal, I'm all twist and turn;
I am Man - the viceroy of God
I am Man - the rebel of God.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

The Tourist

Man is a tourist here,
On a pre granted holiday,
Sent for sightseeing,
Given only one chance,
For thanksgiving,
He thinks himself but...
...a settler in a Newfoundland,
Thinks 'all this land is mine',
Takes up farming but sows...
...seeds that give poisonous fruit,
If he sows seeds that give...
...Eternal Fruit,
He will reap in the hereafter,
But seldom he does farming good,
His leave expires, and alas!
He is called back!
The tourist returns,
Without sightseeing full,
Without farming true.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Stop Tears

When
your mouth
gets brackish
with your tears,
You can not
desalinate it
You need but
to stop
the tears first
No amount of honey
can make it sweet
Unless the input
of tears is stopped

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am! Yet I Do Not Know How I Am

I am the man of the blazing fire,
That moulds all love in forms divine;
I am the symbol of love and the burning passion;
I am the spring of music in the universe;
The birth and the death are the two states of my life;
And the light Chandelier hangs in the temple of my heart;
I am the self creator of delights and pain;
I am the life current of my heart and brain;
A musical touch gives me joy;
A suspension of music gives me pain;
Sometimes I blow hot;
Sometimes I blow cold;
I am! yet I do not know how I am;
I am for whom the paradise was made;
I am he who was expelled from the paradise;
I am on the earth like a puppet;
I do what my computer tells me to do;
Who has uploaded applications on my computer?
I am! Yet I do not know how I am.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Hey Brother Dead

Hey Brother Dead, you've flown to your home,
Hey Brother Dead, are you all alone?
Hey Brother Dead, I know not when shall I go to my home,
As a matter of fact, nobody knows when shall he go to his home,
Sweet children, Don't cry any more on the demise of your father,
One who is born in this world has to go to the world other,
Everyone, even a prophet, goes underneath the soil,
Hey Brother Dead, may Allah be pleased with you!
Hey Brother Dead, Don't hide your secrets to me,
Tell me, do you breathe there too in the Garden of Eden?
Are you there too a man of bones and flesh?
Hey Brother Dead, how sweet your prayers were!
Do you there too pray as a devout lover?
Hey Brother Dead, your pain is gone, rest in peace.
Hey Brother Dead, your genius is gone,
Hey Brother Dead, your body's gone!
Hey Brother Dead, your soul is gone!
Hey Brother Dead, from Allah you came,
Hey Brother Dead, to Allah you went,
Hey Brother Dead, the word of Allah is true,
I believe the word you heard and followed when you were here,
I believe you will be hearing and chanting the word there,
Hey Teacher Death, what can I tell you?
You've woken up my brother and taken him with.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Continuity

Watching
for the one
right call,
to rise
from the dead,
to find
the lost link,
between
life and death,
to understand
the continuity

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Kohl Needed

With the mist
in my eyes,
it is all murky,
How can I read...
between the lines...
the book of life?
Every word fuzzy...
indistinct and vague;
Kohl needed!
to see the gentle world,
let Mercy
show me
what You will! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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In The Haze Of Ideas

Such a haze of ideas!
Perplexing! confusing!
Uncertain about...
Which idea is correct,
What I am really like.
Visible or invisible!
Tangible or intangible!
Corporal or spiritual!
Concave or convex!
Milky or murky!
Clear or obscure!
Fallible or infallible!
Mortal or immortal!
Let me come out...
of the mesh of ideas,
Each hour in the mirror...
I see myself in the image of...
a different idea!
Let me bring down...
the temples of my ideas,
Let me break down...
the idols of my ideas,
They have stood in my way,
Their presence may vanish...
for ever from my mind,
But, I must ever live in one idea...
In His perpetual remembrance.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Koshur Blood

When you see
Chinar leaves,
luminous on fire,
Plucked off
and thrown down
on the ground,
Bend down
to pick up some,
and squeeze them,
You will get...
the red drops..
of Koshur blood.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mind Is A Terrorist

The mind is a terrorist...
playing tricks on you,
wants to snatch from you...
peace and tranquility;
Heart is a seeker, a learner,
has got a special talent,
passionately curious for,
Knowledge and wisdom:
If you long to subdue...
your terrorist mind,
give it the wine to drink,
of knowledge and wisdom

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Origami Of Heart

All that is worth
cherishing...
begins in heart;
All that is worth
detesting...
begins in heart;
All that gives joy...
begins in heart;
All that gives pain...
begins in heart;
All that is satanic...
begins in heart;
All that is godly...
begins in heart;
If you could make...
an image of the heart,
it is origami of heart,
emotions folded,
into pains and ecstasies,
into comics and tragedies,
secret mosaic patterns,
on the walls of heart;
all emotions though nested,
come on the face,
to tell the world the stories,
that we hide inside our heart;
All our life we try to conceal
ourselves,
like seeds sown underneath
sprout out,
but still in absolute secrecy;
Nobody can know the
Absolute,
clothed in Relativity;
The absolute truth...
remains hidden,
in layers.

Mohammad Younus

Being A Pacifist

He said:

You are being too pacifying
too tolerant!

I said:

Yes, I must!
It is my reward
for their violence

He said:

Do they deserve that?

I said:

But I do it for myself
I must be at peace
with myself
and so with all

He said:

It is both the price of peace
and its recompense
I understand
It is golden to be
A pacifist! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Koshur Child

Koshur child very hard
breaks not, bends not
resistance to cold
unparalleled!

In the first quarantine,
of the winter season...
...(Chillia Kalan) ...

You can find him playing,
sports and skiing,
on ice slabs,
that cover the surface,
of the water bodies;
their mothers and sisters,
I've seen even myself
a naughty child!
breaking the ice sheets,
on water streams,
for taking fresh water,
in their earthen pots,
our children even make,
Icecreams during winter...
with snow and icicles;
Koshur child, you will see,
like a pink rose,
but as cold as an icicle,
hanging from the roofs,
Still he can rise up,
even against,
the most powerful giants,
A naughty rebel! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

O' Nameless

They say you have got many names,
With any name, and in any language...
... we can, my dear, call you,
But for me you are the nameless reality,
O' the nameless eternal truth!
I have heard your innumerable names,
But no name describes your total truth,
No name encompasses fully...
...your being, attributes, or actions,
Tell me please, O' Eternal Truth!
What golden name tag I must put on you!
What a prison the name is...
...for him who is undefineable!
Tell me, by what name I must call you...
...to content and please my heart,
I have lost you because I did not know...
...your name and your home,
Where do you live? Where do you come from?
O' my sweet dear!
You are the radiant sun of my dark home,
Illumining my home with your immense light,
Of your spirit you blew into me...
and so you speak through me,
I am today feeling myself in intimate ecstasy,
A sea of happiness surges up in me, ...
that today I call you by my own name,
and declare that I am your home,
Who is there to stop my voice?
I must speak that much of truth...
...as much as I know,
I came from you, so I must say: I am the truth.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Show Me The Reality

The melodies divine wind around me...
like serpentine,
Just as a fond mother wraps her child...
in the sweet lullaby rhymes,
The melodies divine sprout in my forehead...
where my eyes listen,
When I am alone these melodies echo in six directions...
chanting the holy name, hu, hu,
when I am in the crowd, the melodies whisper...
in silent and soft tunes hu, hu,
The melodies divine are my wings to fly in my heavenly dreams,
These melodies transport my heart...
to the threshold of the unknown,
This honeyed music is for me like the guiding star overhead...
when I travel in the dark night through the desert of love,
God's song stays in the pupils of my eyes all the time...
and carries me into the heart of things...
as the answer to my prayer:
"O Allah! Show me the reality of all things as it (really) is.."

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Let Me Go For Hajj Again

I went for Hajj
A pilgrim
seeking
forgiveness
for sins
I recollected not
Fire still raged
In me
I burnt
I prayed
no answer
I cried
I wept
I slept
I returned
I marvelled
I've not changed
I do the same things
that I did before
perfect confusion
As I was, so I am
How will I know?
Have I been forgiven?
what were my sins?
I must remember
my sins first
then must seek
forgiveness
I must go
for Hajj again.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Piano

With the piano
sounding
in my eyes
it is all magical
fine tunes
new and newer
soft and gentle
my heart
pops up
Sits still
behind the eyes
to listen
the divine melody
let Mercy
take me
where You will.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Seek Mercy

The rain stops
to the earth,
the water level
comes down
in the water beds,
Under the earth;
Mercy stops,
the level of
enlightenment and
awareness,
comes down,
in our hearts.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

To Be God Conscious

What do you whisper so secretly...
in my heart, my secret friend...
when the flowers bloom in the spring...
and swarms of bees come back...
to buzz and dance before me?
Is this how you must woo and win me,
with your drowsy and Inebriating melodies?
This is proud time for me to be coiled up...
by your sounding serpentine locks,
Come with your conch-shells sounding,
To bring me out of my drunken state,
Raise me from the dead, and let me live
conscious of you,
Over the ages I have been looking for you,
I am incomplete without knowing you,
So I long to see you, I mean to know you,
Life, that you gave me, means nothing...
to me without knowing you.

MyKoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Morning Call

In the late hours of night, I stood still,
on the prayer mat behind my eyelids,
Listening to harp sounding in my eyes,
At the dawn, the air was cool with dew,
The mellow music riding on the breeze...
hung in the thick mist in the atmosphere;
Under the spell of the wine of love,
I started up collecting the musical waves...
in my two bowls,
These musical waves were cool, and fresh...
as camphor,
And I was sitting still, I did not say a word,
It was the bird unseen that sang in the pond...
from the willow thicket,
The almond trees were shedding their flowers,
Upon the green turf in the almond garden,
The bees rushed in swarms humming aloud,
Hu, hu...
On the side of the garden the muazzin from
the minaret...
...of the nearby shrine was giving the morning call,
The morning singing birds as if woke with the call,
They resonated the air with their sweet chatter,
As if bracelets, pendants, and anklets were jingling,
The golden dust of music collected on my face,
I did not ask God for any thing but this divine sound.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Hymn Thy Lord, Get Up

Listen, the golden day has dawned,
See, the morning birds are gently singing...
In chorus they hymn and praise their God,
They're overfilling the world with melodies,
See, get up early and not make harsh noise,
Do not open the windows making a loud noise,
All the singing birds in the courtyard,
...singing merrily on the boughs and branches,
In a rush might fly off to the deep and vast sky,
Let you, in silence, hear the sweet melodies,
Soon these morning guests will leave to fend...
for their food, and to fly and glide in the sky,
With their mouths shut up while on their work,
In the evening they shall come back home,
They shall but hymn before going into their nests,
O sleeping people, get up for your work like birds,
Remember the name of God from sunrise to sunset.
'The seven heavens extol His limitless glory,
and the earth, and all that they contain;
And there is not a single thing but extols...
His limitless glory and praise:
But you [O men] fail to grasp...
the manner of their glorifying Him!
Verily, He is forbearing, much-forgiving',
This is plainly told by your lord in al- Quran.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Spring Is Coming

Over the dry and yellow trees
sweep the cold winter winds
In the gloomy sky the dim sun...
peeps through the white clouds

The bees find no flowers to sip
their nectar;
Dismayed and dejected...
they go in hybernation...
till the spring comes back...
With crowds of fragrant flowers...
blooming everywhere

The ducks are in the cold waters,
But still we find them swimming...
in joy giving a saucy wink,
And silently in gentle words saying,
We are safe here as safe as can be,
Come and swim with us,
You will not drown or freeze here,
These waters have been made...
for us to live and swim,

Let none get disappointed, brothers,
Let us live through the winters,
And meet the coming spring.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Heemal Finds Her Love

Heemal Finds Her Love

Heemal dwelt in the downtown,
on the bank of Nallahmar,
that flowed through the ancient
city of srinagar...
as if a snake walked fabulously,
The women would come there
on the Yarabal, to take water
in earthen pots,
Young and old would also come there,
to catch fish and to take the morning bath;

She talked to her friends about her love,
She dreamt daily about that...
beautiful snake prince, Nagroy;

One morning, she was alone in her home,
looking through the window opening on...
the Nallahmar...
flowing elegantly in her serpentine gait,
She suddenly spotted a snake coming out...
of the Nallahmar, taking the shape of a prince,
At the very first sight, she fell in love...
with the beautiful snake prince,
She unfurled her locks that danced...
like drowsy snakes with the push of morning breeze;

She came down and asked the prince in wonder,
'Who are you? ', 'Where do you come from?'
He answered not but sat by the musical stream
and silently gazed at the hut where Heemal dwelt,
Their hearts shivered in fear...
lest somebody should catch them glancing at each other,
When it was night, Hemal went away with the prince;

Next morning, when the women came to the Yarabal...
to fetch water at the Nallahmar in their earthen pots,
But ah, they found not Hemal there,

Her home was empty of Hemal, her sweet voice had gone
No one knew where she had fled to and with whom
Her friends sat by the stream and wept for missing Heemal

Suddenly, as if the morning breeze drew the curtains aside,
They noticed Heemal coming, they wondered,
Ah, it is she who is coming! How are you, friend?
But where shall you go now? Who will give you shelter?
' This vast earth under the blue canopy will give me shelter'
' I am now free from the four walls of my earthly home',
'And, alas! You do not know that finding my love,
I have got myself free from the limits of space and time', 8
' Now I shall collect water from the stream of life...
flowing underneath the garden of love',
'Everything is here on the earth, but not love', she said.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Hide And Seek

Play of Hide and Seek
A children's game
We played at
the setting sun
'I'm ready!
Come and find me! '
Stay dumb
In the hideout
Hide in your shell
I just cheered the game
Life is such a game.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Spiritual Touch I Get

Walking through the labyrinthine alleys of life,
A flutist constantly I see playing at his magical flute,
Breathing through it melodies eternally fresh,
That makes me ecstatic, and empties me of all worries,
Spiritual touch do I get while hearing the melodies,
My soul cries out jubilantly in its drunken state: -
Flute! My flute! The world-resonating flute!
The eye-cooling flute! The Heart-sweetening flute!
Ah, everything dances at the tune of my flute;
The flute tunes give birth to flashes of eternal light,
The hidden book of knowledge opens, and
Awareness and enlightenment come to its listener
And one by ones the names of things he comes to know

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Eyes Can See Him

No Eyes Can See Him

Your eyes are too deep, like a sea,
I seek to know their meaning,
as a diver would explore depths of the sea,
to get out the pearls from its bottom:
I have tired my eyes while looking at your beauty...
...with unwavering eyes from end to end,
You nothing hide or hold back from your lover,
But he must have the seeing eyes,
That is why I know you not, as you ought to be known
If you were only a bride of this world,
I would bring thousand pearls and diamonds...
...and string them into a necklace, to put on your neck,
If you were only a godman, saint or sage,
I would pluck roses, jasmine, tulips and daffodils,
and make beautiful flower wreaths to put them on your feet,
But the best offering from me is my heart brimming with love,
Without shores and bottom, full with pearls, and your precious secrets,
Who is there who knows the limits of your kingdom?
Still I am standing only at its entry gate, unless you allow me in,
That would be my only moment of pleasure in my life,
As my closed bud of heart would bloom into a flower in an easy smile,
I am waiting for the hour when I could see it, and smell its mystic fragrance,
and obtain the unbound spiritual ecstasy to melt my stony heart,
reflecting its inmost secret without a word,
Which are about love, you know it well, my beloved,
Before which pleasure and pain are all the same,

Love is as near to us as our life, more near than our jagular vein,
But we can never wholly know our Love,
No eyes can see him, read the Quran what it says:
'Eyes do not encompass Him - and all eyes are within His domain; He is the Most
Subtle, the Fully Aware.'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Generous Hands

What comes from your generous hands
without asking,
I take gladly in my begging bowl,
I will never say:
Can you give me something more

'Yes, yes, I know you, modest faqir,
You ask for nothing in addition to...
...what I give you of my pleasure, '

If there be a One sesame seed for me
I will keep it as a priceless diamond in my heart...
...as a precious gift from your benevolent hands;

If it be a solitary rose in thornful bushes,
I will go and pluck it even if it pricks
and bleeds my hands,
and adore it on my head as gajra
like a virgin damsel of India

If you sometime cast an angry glass on me
and it pierces into my heart as a poisonous arrow
I will greet your arrows assuming that you are just
pretending to be cruel to your lover

I will thank my good luck that my beloved has chosen...
...only me to be a martyr to his arrows of love;
If but once you fix your smiling glances on my face...
...it would make my life sweet and aromatic beyond words.

'Yes, yes, I know you, modest faqir,
You ask for nothing in addition to...
...what I give you of my pleasure, '

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Bolt From Blue

When my beloved passed by me,
Her arabian scent touched me,
got me out of the unknown island,
where dinosaurs still roam,
a sudden resurrection from the
dead!
Suddenly the spring breeze
stopped,
my joy vanished in a moment,
like flashing of lightning...
followed by a thunder sound,
A bolt from the blue...
...fell upon my heart,
I felt my beloved whispering
to me,
You still are not worthy for me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divine Speech

Keep to yourself the secret that your Murshid has reposed in you,
Do not expose your secrets to others, keep it hidden in your chest,
Your lord is looking at you all the while, see he is smiling so softly before you,
He is telling you his secrets in musical tones, your vigilant heart only can hear it,
not your ears,
The secret is deep, you can only know it only if you go into deep meditation in
the house of silence,
But, you should not be shrouded with sleep, when hearing the secret melodious
music,
You will then hear divine speech inspired to your heart as did the sages of old,
Poetry of love is like a divine speech! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Wandering Dervish

Why does that wandering dervish choose to come to my door,
when the day has not dawned as yet?
As he comes day in and day out, my eyes are caught by his flute.
I know not if I should listen to his flute or choose to plug my ears,
I but choose to keep silent and listen to his melodious flute,
Because for a good reason, he must have chosen to come to my door,
The dark night is packing up, the golden day is restless to break,
The wandering dervish weaves his songs with fresh tunes on his flute,
I turn all my attention to his golden flute, my eyes get filled with the sweet
divine tune,
My eyes transmit the divine music to my heart and produce unbound ecstasy,
Now I understand why the wandering dervish comes to my door.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Friend Sings For Me

The rhythmic beating sound echoing in my ears!
That is how begins the song of my heart,
It is the moonless night of mid November,
The sweet sound of cricket is no more in the air;
My friend knows my burning love for divine music,
He picks up his flute and plays sweet songs on his flute,
And puts on musical garland of flowers round my neck,
This love between my friend and me is simple as a flute song.

His songs in the saffron tunes make my eyes drunk,
The saffron wreath of sweet songs he weaves for me,
That thrill my heart like Noah's birds singing God's praise,
It brings smiles on my paled face and light to my dimmed eyes,
This love between my friend and me is simple as a flute song.

What is past? what is present? what is future? - superfluous divisions of time,
My friend's golden flute is sounding all the time for me,
This love between my friend and me is simple as a flute song.

My heart does not stray out of flute sound to get lost in the mist of mind,
I do not stretch out my hands to the void for things of no value,
It is enough for me that my friend sings for me in new and newer tunes,
His song crushes my sorrow of separation and wrings from it the wine of ecstasy,

This love between my friend and me is simple as a flute song.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

What Am I

What am I?
A collection of
prophetic stories
written on
thirty tablets
by the invisible pen

What am I?
A collection
of love poems
inspiration
bound in
musical cover

What am I?
A collection
of silent stories
that I myself write
hour by hour
In the secret
Scriptorium of
my living library

Who am I
A mystic reader
of my own book
thumbing the pages
one after one
comics
tragedies
poetry
dramas of life

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

PoemHunter.com

Free Me, Free Me

Free me

Free me

Free me as free as are the birds of love,
the wanderers in your unseen valleys;
Free me as free as are the musical tunes,
that resonate and freely flow in the world,
that touch my fretful, bitter- tainted heart,
and fill it up to the brim with sweet melody -
deep, clear, and liquid-slow!
that shake my cage and break open its locks,
and ask me to come out and fly and glide,
in the unknown regions to snatch your glimpse;

Free me

Free me

Free me as free as are the beams of the sun,
that hurl defiance at darkness of the night,
I don't want to stay away from your lightful gaze,
I aspire for peace to come to my burning heart,
I hope it won't take you long to shower your light,
Just a faith I cherish in my heart, oh bring me home,
I'm in here all along weeping in your separation,
Just me and my songs of melancholy!

Free me

Free me

Oh, free me

From this pain of separation I've been suffering from,
I'm lost in haze and mist of mind, I am calling you,
Free me from this prison I've been in,
I've lost connection with you, my friend,
and I am eagerly longing to see you.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Walk On

On a journey...
of fixed destination,
do not savour...
the wayward drops;

High spirited,
and confident be;

The destination
before your eyes!

Turn not often,
your head backwards;

Abandon attending,
the distracting festivities;

Keep on walking,
do not take rest,
in the midway,
under a shady tree.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Shall Always Love You

I will never leave you and go on my way,
I think I should go on setting my eyes on you,
and instal your solitary painting in my heart,
that I draw with the colour of my love...
as a golden song,
It is my good fortune that you have taken
my heart away;

You beauty is eternal, it does not wane,
as the beauty of mortals does, year after year,
There is no alternation of season
in your garden of eternity,
The spring season in your garden is not fugitive,
The colourful fragrant flowers in your garden...
always bloom with your melodious smile,
and lovingly you whisper into my heart's ear: -
'O my modest faqir, life is not like a dew- drop,
as the ignorant think,
I am ever lasting, living, and self- sustaining,
But only he who gazes at my sounding name,
can understand,
Not he who turns his back on me,
Do not be crude and rude like he';

'Then, come, enjoy my rain of mercy and listen...
its pattering-sound echoing in your heart;
Smile, and hear my golden music in your heart,
Come, dear, do not scatter your kisses on my other,
Is it wise to break off your heart from me,
whom you claim to be your beloved?
For he who takes his heart away from my remembrance,
even for a short time, is not my lover true,
He is just a pretender, a false lover, he can't deceive me';

It is sweet to sit in a corner in still silence
and then muse and write love poems in rhymes.
while listening new and newer divine melodies,
They are all my world, all my wealth,
So I raise my eyes to your face, as my prophet tells me: -

'Worship your lord as if you see him (before your eyes) ',
So I must go on looking for you, for time at my disposal is very short.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Golden Rhymes

To the morning star, the last guest of the night,
The rising morning sun is bidding farewell,
The sun's soft light brushes away all traces
of the black night,
Let me hold to my bosom the smiling sun,
It is not but so easy and simple to hug
the flaming sun,
To-day for me was the Festival of the Sun:
...the festival of music, that was held
in the Golden Island of my heart's lake,
I saw the sun dancing lightly in the dew drops
on the Lotus leaves in the lake,
Thousands of suns on the Lotus leaves! ! !
They were throwing their sweet smiles on me,
Why should I now roll my eyes up to look at...
the burning sun?
While looking at the cool suns on the Lotus leaves,
I hear my friend striking in chords of his harp,
Filling up my heart with constant golden rhythms.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Not An Ascetic

No, I shall never be a fugitive from active life,
Never shall I be an ascetic sufi,
Call me by whatever name you must,
I have taken a vow with my lord to remember
Him at my home,
It is my firm resolve to fulfill solemnly my covenant,
Why can I find not in my busy world some hours...
...for remembering my covenant with my lord...
While working, or while relaxing under a shady Chinar
or willow tree,
I can be a secret companion to my lord, and do his zikre
constantly,
I need never to turn an ascetic sufi, for He is always with me,
Why should I leave my hearth and home, family and children,
Why should I retire from active life to become a monk or sadhu,
When I hear at home merry bells of God ringing all the time,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Melting In Crucible

The time has come
to hurl defiance
to protest against
innocent killings
Kashmir in crucible
Law enforcers
burn off
the books of law
make a bonfire
of peace, security
and justice
How can people
insulate
their lives and property
honour and chastity
against the flames
of this bonfire?
Fire douser
urgently needed
Not available

PoemHunter.com

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Prayer For Peace Peace

Merciful lord, forgive this nation of sinners,
Blow over us Spring breezes to-day and tomorrow,
Stop over us blowing dust winds and hail storms,
Give green colour back to our dead Chinar trees,
And remind us your lessons that we've all forgotten,
Stop our tongues from saying, that life is a vanity,
'Our Lord, give us in this world good...
...and in the Hereafter good and protect us...
...from the punishment of the Fire',
For we have made truce with you, that we shall...
take you only for our lord,
And not follow in the footsteps of Satan,
Give us in this world fragrant hours, and let us put...
...our noses on your immortal rose;

If the hosts of our enemy come and fall upon us,
we should boldly raise up our heads and to them say: -
' you are disturbing us, If you must play this 'Killer game',
Go and clatter your arms some where else',
Since killing only begets killing and vengeance, and
disturbs the world peace,
We've been given only a few fleeting moments in this
fleeting world,
So let us live in peace and harmony, and coexist like...
fast brothers and sisters;

If people come and flock around us, and preach...
the lessons of hate and fear,
Humbly we should say to them, 'This lesson of terror
is an embarrassment to us,
For no room is there with the infinite God for wicked
people and ruler tyrant,
Let us all together live in the spring-time...
When flowers come in crowds, and fragrance is around,
And the busy wings of bees jostle each other to buzz...
...around the flowers in their little heaven the song of peace.

O Walker On The Path Of Love

If you come out of self conceit...
and play not fool with yourself,
and neither fool and mock others;

If you clear your mind of all lousy thoughts,
and snap your book of day shut and put it...
...in your bag at night,
and be one with your lord;

If you walk in curious paths and collect...
...the gems of knowledge and wisdom,
And stay away from idle pursuit...
...of useless things;

If you pay heed to words of sages and saints,
And do not break off rhyme or reason,
And do not gather scraps and litter;

If when setting out on voyage in the violent sea,
You do not care for furious storms and cyclones,

Then only you must follow the path of love...
and be drunken with the music of love,
And not waste your days and nights ever...
in the company of friends, not wise and enlightened;

The world is not empty of worthy people...
and people of the highest wisdom and knowledge,
These are the people you must search first, and be after,
For I know it is knowledge and wisdom that we must gather.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Raj Hansa

Friends! you will always see hope...
glittering in my eyes,
Hope sustains love, you must know,
He will not remain away for too long a time,
One day surely he will come and break open my door,
When he comes to see me, after a great break,
He will come sounding his harp on the day of lights,
He has done it so often before, trust me, he'll return soon,
To tell you the truth, this is his old habit,

I am not dismayed when the autumn falls,
For the spring days come again, time after time;
The full moon takes leave, and visits again,
The sunflower closes its face in the evening,
But in the morning blooms again,

Friends! keep the belief awhile; do not brush it away
with ungentle haste,
When I say: the Raj hansa will again come to my home,
And separate milk from my vessel for his drink,
I will give him my pearls to eat,

Mykoulrd

Mohammad Younus

You Are In All Directions

I sit to watch you
with constant gaze
I fail to find
even a single trace;

You watch over me
and talk to me
in musical tunes
I feel humbled
when I listen to you
I pray
to knock at your door
You give me wisdom
I understand
You are in all directions
I amn't out of your
Infinity.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

God's Justice Shall Prevail

Endless stars in the endless galaxies,
watch like eyes the innocent killings;
The moon in the black night sighs, and
hides her eyes behind the blushed clouds,
Her tears fall down to mix with the tears...
on the earth,
That orphan children, widows and parents shed;
The earth down under the sobbing moon...
...is covered by purple blaze of blood fire;
The sun too breaks down and gets furious,
As if it is the crimson eye of great God;
The killers now cannot escape God's wrath,
Justice of God after all prevails! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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Light Luggage

A long journey
ahead
No little burden
brittle bones
too heavy to bear
I would ask
some friend
to share a portion
the heavy weight
will crumble
his bones too
I must bear
my whole burden
all alone
There is no one
ready to share
others' burden
Better is the traveller
with the light luggage
No bearer
of burdens
shall bear
another's burden
God speaking! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Clean Mind And Pure Heart

O God, If chanting hymns,
telling the beads on the rosary,
and wearing a white skull cap,
are the price of admission...
to your presence,
this faqir will have to remain,
out of the precincts of...
the Masjid al haram;
If clean mind and pure heart,
is what you require of your servant,
Then I hope I might get a chance,
to be for a while in your presence

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Martyr To Love

My love, once upon a time I was with you in your paradise,
I thought you had made that paradise only for me,
But one day you showed me the door and sent me down,
A great epic started on earth, perhaps it was in your mind...
...before you had made me out of sounding clay, and your paradise,
Alas, I was not careful, so came with Eve near to the forbidden tree,
Now I hear on earth anklets ringing and I get filled with joy immense,
It reminds me the houri s' dance when their anklets and bracelets resonated in
the garden,
The sound broke up into flowers of my love poems that I long to offer...
...to you when you call me back to your garden of eternity,
All my cargo of the stories of Ishq- e -majazi, I burn off in bonfire,
I am hopeful, you will certainly make this loss good to me,
...and give me your holy love,
If my love is pure and sincere, you will, I am sure, fulfill your promise to me:
That you will make me a martyr (immortal) while I live, if I die in your love.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Please Come My Love

Please come, my love, without testing me any more
I have watched you all night, my eyes wavered neither to the right nor to the left
And now my eyes are crimson red, swollen, and are heavy with sleep.
I am afraid lest I should lose you if you visit me while I am sleeping.

Please come, my love, without testing me any more
If I hear the bell sound of your camel, I shall start up and stretch my hands to
touch your jingling bell
And I shall ask myself, 'Is it a dream, or a reality? '

Please come, my love, without testing me any more
Could I but take this jingling bell into my heart and hang it from the roof of my
heart's hall...
...and hear the jingling all the while, consoling myself that my love is at last
coming.

Please come, my love, without testing me any more

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Good Morning Of Light

Good Morning Of Light

This world!
the house
of lights!
streams
of light flow,
from all sides,
our eyes
dazzle
unable to see
for some time
Ah
it doesn't light up
our hearts
Do our hearts shine
with effulgence
with world's lights?
Let us make our heart
A light house real,
Where light is...
cool and soothing,
Eyes open up,
and see spiritual light,
Both inside and outside

Mykoul

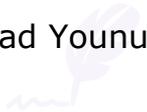
Mohammad Younus

My Opera House

My heart is an opera house
Sometimes it resonates
with the music of pain,
sometimes it resonates
with music of joy
If light goes off
music of pain
separation
starts
If light shines
music of joy
meeting
starts
It shrinks with the music of pain.
It expands with the music of joy

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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You Are Indefinable

You are known
as the point
round which
all the curves go;
all the lines
proceed from you;

After all
a line is a point
extended,
a ray!

There are hints of You
in mathematics,
all the alphabets
are different shapes
of a line,

As in geometry we see:
angles, squares, rectangles,
rhombus, parallelograms etc.,

We build You in different shapes,
that explain to us just a little
of You;

You are indefinable! ! !
You are inscrutable! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Is Immortal

Oh make merry for love has arisen from your grave,
Since love seldom dies, or goes with the wind,
But changes his colour from yellow to green,
From dismal yellow to brightest green,
And love was born to an immortal life,
And so love seldom dies,
Then embroider sweet pattern of smile on your pinky face,
To win the deepest love from your Love,
The mellow singing words on truest tongue,
Pass on your smile, for surely you will never be paled,
And you will stand to enjoy light and music, my dear,
When pleasant spring breezes draw near,
Sweet, never weep and sob for what is not true and real,
For the living love are you in human image,
If the merest dream of world were true and real,
Then, sweet, we would not crave for heaven here,
And this is only in heaven, my dear,
Where we will get reward for true love

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

No Eyes Can See Him

Your eyes are too deep, like a sea,
I seek to know their meaning,
as a diver would explore depths of the sea,
to get out the pearls from its bottom:
I have tired my eyes while looking at your beauty...
...with unwavering eyes from end to end,
You nothing hide or hold back from your lover,
But he must have the seeing eyes,
That is why I know you not, as you ought to be known
If you were only a bride of this world,
I would bring thousand pearls and diamonds...
...and string them into a necklace, to put on your neck,
If you were only a godman, saint or sage,
I would pluck roses, jasmine, tulips and daffodils,
and make beautiful flower wreaths to put them on your feet,
But the best offering from me is my heart brimming with love,
Without shores and bottom, full with pearls, and your precious secrets,
Who is there who knows the limits of your kingdom?
Still I am standing only at its entry gate, unless you allow me in,
That would be my only a moment of pleasure in my life,
As my closed bud of heart would bloom into a flower in an easy smile,
I am waiting for the hour when I could see it, and smell its mystic fragrance,
and obtain the unbound spiritual ecstasy to melt my stony heart,
reflecting its inmost secret without a word,
Which are about love, you know it well, my beloved,
Before which pleasure and pain are all the same,

Love is as near to us as our life, more near than our jagular vein,
But we can never wholly know our Love,
No eyes can see him, read the Quran what it says:
'Eyes do not encompass Him - and all eyes are within His domain; He is the Most
Subtle, the Fully Aware.'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Ceasefire

Caught
in the crossfire
between
good and evil
fear runs
down my spine
I am sweating
My hair stands
on end
Life in the palm
of Izrael
God guide me
to your home
before that
angel of death
blows me up
to the wind

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Fragile Flower Vase

A world of glitters
contained in...
a fragile flower vase,
elegant crystal vase!
I can't take my eyes off,
the beautiful vase!
Have been looking
at this vase...
for seventy and odd years,
On an ominous day,
it drops down on floor,
not by mistake!
smashes to pieces,
Such is the whole world,
of ephemeral beauty!
only a fragile vase
made of glass!

The perfect soul
wearing a human face,
in the image of God
most beautiful!
Ineffaceable,
beauty everlasting!
Spirit that God blows...
into his chosen man,
worthy of being
his vicegerant on the earth! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Shameless Rebel

This great deluge!
Whole city floating,
in a turbulent sea,
No rescue boats!
Young people escape,
Some cross...
to the safer zone,
Many souls drown,
Women, children...
and old mummy papa,
crying from ettics -
sometimes calm,
sometimes violent,
cursing their children,
they leave them behind...
to the roaring flood,
Wealth and children...
avail them not,
Reminds me of Noah,
When he escaped...
from the great deluge,
in an arch...
carried in it two of all things,
a pair, and his own family -
except those against whom
the word had already gone forth,
Rest of them drowned...
in the overflowing flood,
and were washed away,
God's punishment!
Many a time God punished,
the erring humankind!
Man but repeats his errors...
and misdeeds,
Shameless rebel! ! !
Immoral and ungrateful! ! !

MyKoul

No Hate For Hate

Never hate for hate
even if it brings sorrow.
Do not close up your heart.
Love begets love

'Ah no, my friend,
Eye for eye, tooth for tooth
your words are old and worn out,
I cannot understand them.'

Hate is like a cyanide drop,
while you taste it you die
But love is strong and abiding.
Let true love wake in your eyes

'Ah no, my friend,
your words are old and worn out,
I cannot understand them'.

The heart blooms from within,
Love is its fragrance
It would not remain in bud
It gushes out and fills the world
Its source is in the eternal rose garden.

'Ah no, my friend,
your words are old and worn out,
I cannot understand them'.

You get me wrong,
I just want to remind you,
What the great prophet says:
To overcome evil with good is good,
to resist evil by evil is evil.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Merciful Lord

My lord always showers his gifts on me,
What gift of mine can I give in return?
Nothing, I don't possess anything,
He gives me the smiling dawn?
I take a bath with his silver light,
And go out to start a new day,
He makes me hear morning sweet song,
He never tires from singing his divine song,
Then he showers the heat of the glowing sun,
That sustains all life on the earth...
to support the existence of man for being an active agent of God,
Because man bears the trust of God that angels could bear not,

O friend, when you come to the gate of Rehman,
at dawn or dusk, what do you ask him for?
Nothing, but his pleasure, and the wine of gnosis,
What can you give in return? You possess nothing!
Ask him for more and more of his wine of love,
That intoxicates not but fills your heart with music and light
Ask him to lit the lamp of light in the room of your silent house,
No wind will blow it out,
you can even go with it down a crowded market place,
Truest treasure is light of knowledge and wisdom;
When it shines in your heart, it never goes off again,
Ask him always, my lord! Increase me the light of knowledge.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Living Seeds

When autumn comes
flowers wither and fall
Heaps of flowers go into earth
Living seeds remain determined
To come up again, in spring

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Talking To Myself

O MyKoul, The silvery light
has wrapped the sky;
Do you know what the time is?
There is no fun in your dream,
So you must come up of your bed,
It is Friday, our holy day,
Leave off your idle dream, MyKoul;
Sit here by the window and tell me,
Where the paradise lost of yore is
from where Adam was expelled?

The shadow of the black heavy clouds,
has darkened the day from end to end,
The fierce lightning is dazzling the eyes,
The boisterous thunder is exploding the ears;
The rain is making continuous, deep,
and resonant sound,
God is filling your heart with golden music,
Get up, and cling to the resonating waves,
Don't fear the black clouds, lightening and thunder;

Love to sit alone on the window, MyKoul,
And enjoy hearing the melodious rain music,
Shut off your smart phone and television,
Leave all your books on the shelf-
Do not thumb others' books,
Take lessons from your own guru sitting inside,
You shall learn from him all that must be learnt,
But just for now, tell me, mykoul, where the paradise lost is?
Look, it is not too far off from you, it is very much in you,
Mykoul, see what that grand sheykh, Nunda Rishi has said,
Nasar Baba, I have seen, now you go and see for yourself.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Fulfill Thy Promise

Come and teach me, ' I cried in my heart,
while in the midday I was crossing the Dal lake,
on the small wooden passenger boat;
A kangri filled with burning charcoal,
and a simple hukka before that old man,
He was the murshid I was looking for to be my guru,
He rolled up his fire red swollen eyes, and held my hand,
Then he said to me, 'I could teach you with my power.
But, my power counts for nought,
you will have to harness your own power that God has invested in you',
and he then in a moment rolled his mystic eyes down',

In the heat of that midsummer day, I returned to my home...
...fighting my crooked thoughts,
I was pondering over what my murshid had told me...
...about my divine power.

Can I really have that much power that would help me...
...spring out knowledge and wisdom from my souls depths?
A satanic idea ocured to me: 'I can buy knowledge and wisdom
with some coins of gold',
I murmured to myself, 'I will hire some other teacher with my money.'
But my wealth availed me not,
the false gurus only robbed me of my money,
I dropped my coins one by one in the Dal lake,
and went bak to murshid with sincere repentance,

It was evening, murshid was sitting under a willow tree,
He greeted me with a spiritual smile, and said in a loving voice,
'I will teach you with a smile. I love your quest for mystic knowledge'
My face paled and my eyes melted into tears,
My murshid and I were alone into the dark.
His eyes glistened with mystic light, and he looked into my eyes,
The light waves gushed out of his eyes forming a spiritual aura,
I raised my head and in a shaking voice said to my murshid, ,
'I need nothing except this holy light'
Then, I entered into a covenant with my murshid to follow him in my spiritual
journey,
Now I realise it was the same covenant that I had made with my lord in
preternity,

My murshid only reminded me that ancient covenant, and said to me ' Fulfill thy promise'.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Winter In The Valley

Then
at day break
we found
the sun
sweeping
our mountain tops
in the east
with its soft light
delighting the eyes
of the Valleyets

Now
the sun is displeased
with the Valleyets
Every season
for us is like
Winter

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Come Back, My Darling

Back in eternity, I know, the day was dark then
When I was sent away, God was furious at me
The day is bright now, and he calls out to me,
'Come back, my darling, Your satan is asleep,
he won't come to know, if you came back to your lord,
the houris in paradise are gazing at you, they're waiting
like moon and stars gaze at the traveller walking in a desert
Come back to your garden, but first sow in your fertile land...
...the seeds of good deeds,
The spring is young. Get up and sow the seeds'

Now the flowers are in high bloom,
Great crop of fruit will be ready very soon,
I receive a call again from my lord,
'Come back, my darling, but, first gather for me fruits...
...that weigh down the branches of your trees',
The harvest is ready to reap now, I must go to the owner
of the orchard,
He is there to greet me to his eternal home,
The forbidden tree still stands in his courtyard,
I am now allowed to play and chat with my mate,
I am now standing on the threshold of his home,
I receive the final call from my merciful lord:
'Welcome back, my darling, my sweet child,
Your mother's heart is full to the brim with love,
Come and snatch the sweetest kiss from your mother,
No one will grudge it.!!! No one will snatch you away!!!'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Rose Garden

On the night when the conch first sounded, alas, my mind was straying,
and I knew it not,
My heart was busy with mundane thoughts and the sound remained unheeded;

Only now my mind is still and my heart empty, and I start up from intoxication,
and feel a sweet flow of musical fragrance coming from the garden of Eden;

That divine sweetness makes my heart ecstatic with longing to return to the
garden of eternity,
and it seems to me that is the eager prayer of my soul seeking for its salvation;

I now know that it is so near to me, that it was mine from eternity,
and that this spiritual sweetness comes up from the rose garden...
...that blossoms in the depth of my own heart.

When I look at the roses blooming in the rose garden of the world,
I feel it is the same rose garden that blossoms inside me emitting
the sweet fragrance.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Desolate Jumma Mosque

Heavy white clouds are gathering fast over the sullen and dismal sky of the valley,

O children, do not go out!

The Chinar trees in rows standing in the Nasimbagh, located by the western side of the Dal lake are blowing out...

...the chilliest winds that are freezing the blood streams of citizens,

The crows with their dragged wings are repenting on the naked branches,

And the city around the lake is haunted by a deepening gloom,

Our Jumma mosque is empty, the muazzin is calling in low voice,

The keys are lying with the Imam and he is sleeping at home,

O children, wait here, till I wake up the imam and bring him to the Masjid hall,

The namazis have opted to offer their prayers in their homes,

For no congregational prayers can be performed without an Imam,

Listen! Someone is shouting from the patrolling van on the Mike:

'O people, go home, don't crowd into the jumma market to buy fish and your essentials, go home, '

People start escaping from the Jumma market through the narrow lanes,

The adjacent market square is overflooded with para military forces for security and safety;

Even sparrows have stopped chirping, and the little children playing on roads,

The Jumma mosque is standing desolate, waiting for Imam to open the lock.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Me And Murshid

I am a small learner because I am not as yet done with my studies,
I shall be an advanced learner when I am as old as my teacher is.

My teacher will come and say,
'You are always late to the school, bring your assignments well done.'

I shall tell him,
'Do you not know I am not as yet as learned as you are?
And I must not have assignments any more.'

My teacher will wonder and say,
'He can leave his assignments if he likes, for he is to learn still more'

I shall turn about and walk to the central library...
where the stock of books by great scholars and ancient manuscripts is thick.

My murshid will come rushing up to me and say, 'You will get lost, my dear boy;
let you read yourself the book of knowledge lying in your chest'

I shall answer,
'Can't you come with me there to teach me how to thumb the pages?
See, murshid, I am not as big as you are?
I cannot go to the inner library alone.'

Murshid will say,
'Yes, you can go wherever you like, outside you.
But you cannot go to your inner library without your guide'

I will say,
'I will always follow you to wherever you like, even as far as to China? '

Murshid will say,
'Naughty boy, don't you know, you are as good as your murshid,
The same books of knowledge are inside both of us'

I will say to myself,
'Before I go inside alone, I must first receive training and development from my
murshid,
Then only can I decipher the hidden secret written in the coded language.'

Murshid will say,

'Lo, these are the secret keys to decipher the books, for now you are as big as I am'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Winter Morning

Bitter cold morning,
Ice cold air,
sneaks in stealthily,
the unseeable silts,
In window pans,
iceman in anger,
blows straight,
at my head,
freezes my nose,
I seek refuge in fear,
hide deep down,
under the warm quilt,
wonderful dream!
I become an ice-cream,
just like an icicle,
I think of homeless,
my eyes got fixed,
on a watchman,
on the opposite side,
snoring in his sleep,
on the doorstep of a shop,
under a wornout light quilt,
Vapours coming out,
making a warm aura,
around the contented head.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Travelogue

I entered
into my old house,
through window,
door was bolted,
dressed up
in saints cloaks,
carrying with me relics,
the lost two pages...
of the book of life,
I uncoded,
not an iota of difference,
between the two pages:
first and last page,
other pages full,
with fantastic
stories,
travelogue ends
where it started,
For some a sensible travel! ! !
For lot many a senseless travel! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

We Shall Find Some Day

The night is done,
The morning birds have returned,
The fragrant morning breeze...
is gently moving,
The sun has rolled out...
the shahtoosh chador of light,
As if God hast wrapt the earth...
with the divine light,
and tenderly opened up...
the rose buds and sunflowers,
Feeling the touch of light beams...
and smelling the fragrance...
laden on the shoulders of breez,
every sleeping drunken soul is getting up,
to welcome the new day,
The travellers are fastening their belts...
and lacing their shoes to restart their journey...
for reaching their far off homes,
Life is just a travel to go back to our homes...
where we were born before, in pre eternity,
So on and on, we're travelling day by day...
to reach back our ancient home,
The light and music make our journey spiritual...
and open out the secrets unknown,
We shall find some day the secrets unknown! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I See

I See

When I see the colourful flowers blooming in a flower garden,
I see why the universe looks to me like a vast flower garden,
We all are multi coloured flowers in God's Garden,
Each bearing a differing colour, design, and odour,
We are only here for a season to bloom, for a short term indeed,
After us new flowers of our kind shall again come here to bloom,
But, mind it, the seeds of good deeds that we sow now...
are the seeds that will grow and in Eternity bloom,
And the dead seeds (evil deeds) will lie buried in the soil...
and shall never bloom;

When I see the divine music resonating in me that makes me in exuberance
dance,
I see the same music is flowing from everything in the universe,
I see in pastures, green lands, moors, mountains, plains and deserts...
the same music resonates;
I see the clouds, rains, lightening, thunder, hail storm, snow storm...
winds, hurricanes, tsunamis, gentle waves chasing each other...
All send their chorus of voices to my heart and make it dance madly;

When I hear sweet words and verses from sages and saints,
I see why there is honey for bees in the cup of the flowers,
and why pomegranates, grapes, apples and other fruit in the world...
the divine providence has secretly filled with sweet and fresh juice;

When I see a mother even in her pain kissing her suckling child...
to make that smile,
I surely see the pleasure streams of light flowing out of her eyes,
that fall on the baby's face,
I see how the baby's face then sparkles with delight and cheer...
as if the breeze from paradise has come to kiss the baby in mother's cosy lap.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Letters

Love Letters

No idle talks, no empty words—
such is my master's admonition to me.
Henceforth I will talk in low tones sweet.
The sweet music that sounds in my heart,
will I bring on the surface of my mind...
for writing my sweet poems

People are busy in the world's market
All the buyers and sellers are there.
But I stay put in my hermitage
in the middle of the day
no more in the thick of my work,
I write love letters to my God...
in the shape of my sweet poems

Let then the poems sprout out
in the garden of my heart,
it is very much the most proper time;
and let the midday bees come in
hum and buzz around the flowers
blossoming as my sweet poems,

Full many an year have I spent
in the strife torn world where flow
streams of blood, tears, and sweat
but now it is the time I must play...
devotedly in the garden of eternity
to draw my heart on to my lord;
I know not why is this wishful thinking,
to what consequence! Useful or useless!
My lord knows the best!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

May The Day Break

Ah, who is it clothed in musical attire, tweeting from behind the bushes?

Who has come out in the morning to play the sweet melodies in my courtyard?

What is it that makes it sing? Is it to make me dance like a whirling dervish?

My soul smiles in heavenly ecstasy taking out its head from the window of its cage,

She claps her hands and her anklets jingle, and dances with flute in her mouth,

O dear singer, what do you sing for? Who are you? Where is your home?

O lovely singer, I shall put at your feet my whole world as the flower wreaths?

O pleasant singer, what more offerings you are asking for?

I would offer even my dear life at your anklets' jingling,

O fairy queen of my dreams! Please come towards me, flying through the skylight

May the day break when I see you playing at your flute before my eyes.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

In The Language Of Qalandar

Who
is singing
who?

Who
is listening
who?

Who
is lighting
who?

who
is thinking
who?

who
is loving
who?



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Who
is searching
who?

I am singing
I am listening
I am lighting
I am thinking
I am loving
I am searching
I
There is no other

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mother Milk

I was not aware of the mystery
when I first sat at the threshold...
of my beloved's Harem,
What was the power that made me take
a lifetime decision...
to sit listening to the sweet melodies...
coming out of the mouth of my beloved,
Jumping out like poems from my heart's depths...
through the windows of her Harem...
calling out to me in soft whisper:
You are not my other,
Take out the plug of your heart's ear,
Come in! You will see my vast mystery,
like a bud opens up to send out its fragrance;

In the late hours of the night of music, I looked up,
I found the morning light had dawned upon me,
I felt in a moment that I was very fortunate in this world,
The indefinable without name and form in his mercy...
was filling me up with light upon light (knowledge and wisdom) !
Had taken me in the musical arms as my own mother;

When the sweet voice divine stops coming from my right ear,
In the very next moment, it starts pouring in from my left ear,
Just as a mother suckles her baby child first from her right breast,
Then, she takes it away to put her left breast into baby's mouth,
Mother can never hold back her milk,
Put your mouth on her breast; Mother milk is the best...
If you want to get the best of your mother.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mad Lover

The moth ends...
its life,
a mad lover!
suicide!
dances...
in circles,
bright light,
hot lamp,
the mad moth,
catches fire,
burns out?
reduces to ashes,
non- existence,
won't arise again,
from its ashes,
It is not a phoenix! ! !
Mad moth! ! !

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Pearls And Corals

Diving for sunken treasure,
hidden under...
the verses of scripture,
I hold my eyes...
on the pearls and corals,
that I must stud...
to my ornaments
and on my crown
so that I could be worthy to sit...
with the friends of God who love:
Knowledge and wisdom...
for themselves...
and to distribute among needy,
the precious wealth:
awareness and enlightenment,
I hold my finger exactly there,
until the verses open at last...
their hidden meaning to me,
I thus get to know the hidden treasure

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Was Careless

I was made
by the eternal potter,
from the sounding clay,
Black mud...
baked to its perfection,
in the eternal kiln,
to create me...
in the best of stature,
I was careless,
and so I broke
my sounding box,
Thus I returned to,
the lowest of the low

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Holy Secret

Forgetting pain
recollecting
the childhood toys...
singing dolls
barbies, cars
playing again lovingly
an innocent kid
to get out of
the existential riddles

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

He Is Calling You

Get off
the mundane and humdrum
existential questions
cut the strings
and live
in eternal remembrance
of the living and speaking
listen attentively
to his perennial call
through heart's ear
He is calling you
since eternity
be thankful
be not ungrateful
to your lord
blesses you
All the time
All the way
showers upon you
liquid light and music
to enthrall your heart and soul
Unbound cheer and ecstasy!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Words Of Sin

In the long gown of Mullah,
a scorpion finds a home,
the audience at the masjid hall,
see streams of tears on his face,
in rush flowing down his cheeks,
think God-fearing is mullah much,
beyond any measurement,
fears people must not see,
scorpions of sin rears he,
the blind audience do not see,
sin has entered into Mullah's womb,
what will the mullah deliver ever,
except the words of sin? ...

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Patience And Prayer

In the holes of my nafs
stealthily have creeped in
Vipers, snakes, and scorpions
give poisonous bites
all through day and night
Where is the bite healer?
lest I should die
before a healer comes
I must bear with pain
hold on to the rope of
patience and prayer
beg for precious life
to do my essential job
that is still half done

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mirage

Deception of sight!
what we see,
not true and real,
forms change,
not the soul and mind,
several ages,
I passed through,
nothing changed in me,
I would then cease,
to be a real man,
even nature not changes,
sun and other planets...
galaxies of stars...
going along the same orbits,
I continue to be
as on the first day,
none could change me,
I am what I was,
I was what I am,
I will be what I am,
friends withdraw from me,
Old man is talking riddles!
Yes, I admit,
I am a riddle! ! !
Even Iqbal knows not,
who Iqbal really is,
By God! He knows not! ! !

Mykoul ...

Mohammad Younus

God Is Awake And At Work

God never takes a rest
In six periods did he create the universe
In the seventh period - the current period -
Should he take a rest?
Inconceivable!
Every day He has a matter to bring forth
Neither slumber overtakes Him, nor sleep
God is awake and at work!
Do we not love God?
Should we not go his way?
Let us not take pause in our zikre
Let us always be engrossed in
The perpetual prayer (salamati daaiam)

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Now I Get It

The only tests and tribulations are those...
...that offer us success,
The tree branches in archards bend...
...beneath the weight of fruits,
The Tree of life is not straight and simple...
...like poplar, pine, or cypress,
Sometime it bears fruit, and sometime not,
Its branches are disentangled...
...since time immemorial,
It sees long autumns, chilliest winters, and strong winds,
The harshest the troubles, the sweetest the springs,
And then the man springs up and shouts:
Now I Get It! Now I Get it!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Behold You

I behold you in everything...
On the roots of every tree,
On its stem, on its branches,
On its leaves, on its flowers, on its fruit,
And in the millions of seeds that it grows;
Ah, your fragrance Permeates the universe,
Gratifying even the anosmic noses!
I love you for your peerless beauty,
Enthralling my soul with divine ecstasy,
You dazzle with your sparkling beauty,
Every eye that longs to look at you;
I know not any other! I earnestly bow to you!
I hear melodious notes that you whisper,
Very benignly in my heart's ear!
Your song makes me endless,
Spaceless and timeless,
Such is its impact on my soul!
Your voice fills me ever with fresh life,
Every moment you breath into me...
Ecstatic melodies eternally new!
Though you continually pour your liquid music,
There is still room in me to be filled up! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Azaan

Morning's Azaan
call
from an elegant minaret
Of the mohallah masjid
liquid music
pouring
into the heart
Via the wakeful ears

Mykoul

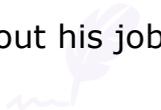
Mohammad Younus



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Nature Around

Devotedly performing,
Its fixed duty
steadily but majestically,
Walking in circles,
Never stumbling,
Not ever taking rest,
Ever in a mystical dance,
Be it dark or light,
Doing for a purpose,
Nature is at service,
To man...
...ungrateful and unaware,
True! the sages say,
Nothing would be there,
No creation at all!
All is for sustaining...
the viceroy of God
on earth,
To carry out his job.

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Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Witness

Walking in magical circles
I Kiss the cold black meteor stone
I witness warm shadows
Of Abraham and Ishmael
Hagar looking for water
Father of the seal of prophets
Is born: Muhammad!
Mercy to the whole universe! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Musical Wreaths I Wear

Musical Wreaths I Wear

Beloved, your music pops up from my heart's deep,
How can my face conceal my heavenly ecstasy,
My delight shines in my eyes as I hear your flute,
By its charming tunes a longing pops up in my soul...
...to get free from the cage of mortal frame,
Desires to go flying to the heaven...
...and dance before your sublime throne,
Shouts out under the spell of ecstasy:
'O let me flee from here! ',
Beloved, how your music's charms waft me dancing...
...through the seven skies to your throne!
Let me go round and round your throne...
...chanting with joy:
'I am here, I am here'...
...lest in separation I should die!
Beloved, I am here, musical wreaths I wear,
O how can I thank you for giving me great honour?
Even the angels I see bowing to me...
...as your music resonates in me;
They smell my fragrance just as the bees...
...put their nose on the flowers of paradise.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Was Shamed

My heart
on my sleeves
weeping
to my own woes
bitter
and sour
exposing
my inside wounds
to public outside
They shamed me
for being impatient
and not keeping
the secrets hidden

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Tonight

Why is it that the yearning for remembering my beloved is stronger tonight?
Why is it that my heart is throbbing with ziker tonight?
Because the sweet sound comes out from my heart's depths,
And my eyes just like ears are listening to this shower of sound

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Secret Flutist

The qalandar I saw
Sitting alone in his corner
Silent as if spell bound, but smiling
Sometimes dancing joyfully
With a flute under his lips
But not producing the sound
I say he is listening the flute sound
The secret sound, the real sound,
Coming through his all pores
The secret flutist sitting behind his eyes

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Book Of Life

I wanted to read
The book of my life
But found to my utter surprise
Its first and last pages torn off
To know the secret of my life...
...I must explore my first and last day
And rewrite the first and last chapters...
...of my book of life,
Because the purpose of my life, as the sages say...
...is to know what is my origin and what my ending
But, O my God, life is a circular flow, as I feel
There seems to me no opening and no ending...
...of my drama of life, that I am scripting and also viewing.
How can I find answers to the questions on life?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



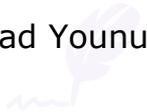
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My Insider

My insider longs
to come out;
I get up and stand
before the mirror;
He pops up
from my inside
Stands opposite to me;
For a long time
we talk eye to eye
I love my insider
as my other;
He goes inside
tells me in silence
Get off! 'I am You'
I won't now wait outside! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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A Passing Traveller

Walking through the world
A passing traveller;
On and on! On life's path
Goes on travelling
Until he comes to his home.
Long journey comes to an end
between paradise and earth,
Then, at last! stays for ever
In the same old garden of eternity
From where he was expelled
He will not be back to dust
Still he will be a man there
Reformed! Restored to his original position
He will now live with lords pleasure
In the promised paradise, for ever
His Satan has crumbled to nothing
He has died, his bones are dumb without a word
Now none is there to mislead him
and make him a rebel
The chilly winter season is over
He is now in the garden of the eternal Spring
Not looks back now, no sigh; fully contented,
What is there to prize in the life's vaporous glory?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Winter

Winter season arrives...
unnoticed in my slumber,
I see many singing birds...
migrating elsewhere,
It springs to my mind...
snow storms shall blow...
in rage everywhere,
Burry under the snow cover...
the whole valley, I wonder,
Nothing to fear!
Spring shall dawn again,
We will again hear,
Spring birds twittering everywhere,
It springs to my mind...
Pine and Chinar will again be green,
Colourful flowers shall bloom everywhere,
Fragrant breeze shall blow again...
through rest of the year, I wonder.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

I Am She

A clamp was put on my umbilical cord
My connection was torn off...
from my dear mother
And I was given a good slap...
on my tender cheeks,
To make me weep and open my eyes...
to the new world outside...
to see the beauty spread out;
Much has changed since then
but mysteriously that rope is still there...
that connects me to my mother
I fancy that connection is never broken off...
though the cord is already cutoff;
The sharp blade that tore that off...
I still can see with my heart's eyes
A lot has changed since then,
but I feel myself still in the paradise...
of my dear mother, where I happily lived...
for nearly forty two weeks;
Believe me! I am still there,
Please do not doubt what I feel,
I am in my mother...and she too is in me,
I am just her extension!
I am she, she is me! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Real Kafir

I got called Kafir today,
A real kafir like Sarmad of yesterday,
Unless a Kafir will you be,
How a believer can you be?
I deny because what is other,
I affirm only what is real,
Be a witness to me, my brother,
I say it aloud without fear,
That Allah only is everywhere...

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Sincere Prayer

If my prayers,
and even
my ascetic and
austere life,
take me away
from You,
there is only
one way,
You take me away,
from all your other,
If there is any!
O my only teacher!
Teach me sincere prayer,
Sincere love! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Go With The Flow Of Time

Time and tide wait for none,
just go with the flow of time,
Do not swim against the current
a few steps ahead is the ocean

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Find Yourself

Finding yourself is everything,
God is not at all a lost thing,
That you must spend your life to search Him,
Don't you know what the ancient sages said:
He who knoweth his self hath known his Lord:
(Man `arafa nafsahú faqad `arafa Rabbahu)

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Macrocosm

You made me by your command: Be! ... and I was!
You desired to appoint me your khalifa on the earth
So you breathed of your spirit into me
Did Iblis not know of this hidden secret?
Why did he not recognise my virtue?
Was it your will to make me a mystery to him?
How in a small body could infinity fit!
You made me the macrocosm, he did not know
Whatever is in the universe is in me
I try to put it in words but words fail me too
Don't look at my small body, I am not that
Look what has he blown into it
Then you will not dispute about my essential being
Vast, boundless, spaceless, timeless! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Autumn Soloist

The very first autumn soloist,
I see singing out to his mate,
Hiding in bushes,
or sitting on tree leaves,
I too am hearing similar voices,
Ha, he, hu, ha, he, hu.....
But in all seasons of the year!
Who is calling me?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Pray To You I Love You

I Pray You, I Love You

Even if there
might be: -
No book of prayers
in my wallet;
No prayer rug
in my room;
No rosary
in my hands;
No taqiyah
on my head;
No marks
of prostration,
on my forehead;
I keep my self
pure and fair
for you;
I wear only You
on my soul;
I have only you
in my head and
in my heart;
With sole, head
and heart,
I pray to you,
I love you.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

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Kingdom Of Heaven

You
are the guitar
sounding
in my theatre,
the secret blessing
that often
connects me
to your
kingdom of heaven..

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Voice From Unseen

Focused
my heart's ear
on the wordless voice,
Coming from
the unseen world,
I felt myself
as voiceless
and borderless being,
Immersed fully
at that hour
in ecstatic voice divine,
Huuuuuuuuuu....
La illaha illa hu! ! !
A perpetual voice
that I hear,
even in my sleep.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Am My Shadow

I Am My Shadow

Alone
with my own shadow,
Watching her,
She stares at me,
I stopped...
and stepped forward,
I could not walk...
over my shadow,
She walked
with me,
Sometimes
to my right,
Sometimes
to my left,
Sometimes before me,
Sometimes after me,
When light shone
on my head,
My shadow vanished,
Am I not shadowless?
Was it not my illusion?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love And Wisdom

Wisdom is knowing,
God is the hidden secret of man,
And man is the open secret of God;
Love is knowing,
everything is the expression of one unity,
Love and wisdom are my eyes two,
With which I see,
The book of life open before me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Watching Sports

Watching sports is as a damned fun
Watching sports is as an unforgivable sin
Watching sports is a waste of time
Watching sports leads to strife and tension
Watching sports makes you anti national
Watching sports disturbs peace and love
So I never watch sports
Nothing to celebrate.

Mohammad Younus



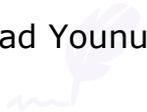
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In Meditation I Dreamed

It was an amazing moment,
I could look straight at the sun,
At mid-noon when it was roasting the eyes,
If they dared to cast the glance,
On its beauteous fireful face,
In the heart's tumbler of water...
The sun was smiling with a cool face,
My turbulent nafs was quiet and calm,
I took ablution under the shower of light,
Did respectfully genuflection and prostration...
To my lord, the light of all heavens and the earth,
My eyes could not but modestly gaze,
Like a shy bride before her groom,
I imagined myself on the mount of light,
Totally engrossed in meditation.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Am My Own Saviour

Just a man
like a phoenix
shall arise
out of his ashes...
...to search out
his lambs lost,
Another myth! ! !
Get lost!
Don't tell me,
You are one of his lost lambs,
I am my own saviour,
I am not lost in mist.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Warm Congrats

If you feel comfortable in congregation
Warm spritual congratulations to you
From the depths of my soul and heart
You have conquered your loneliness
Every hour for you must be like
Jumma (Friday) from now on
When the believers stand shoulder to shoulder
Before their lord seeking refuge with him all.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Have A Dream

A joy to be heard
A mystic voice
Not composed of words
A voice that is true
Not a momentary voice
A perpetual voice
A voice that is said to be
The divine word
It remains in our heads
It sounds in our heart
It echoes in the universe
Telling a secret that's true
In both me and you
It signals the start of ecstasies
From deep depths of heart
A voice that recalls to me
The songs of Paradise lost
From morning to evening
In Khalwat, and in Jalwat
(In private and in public)
It flows like a stream...
I have a dream...
to connect to the eternal stream! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Very Happy Day

Arise from deep sleep
Look up, you downhearted people
From the eastern window
The dawn is breaking
The world is waking
To a bright new day
No terror No fear
No restriction on you
Nor shame No defame

Now brood no more
On the woeful events behind you
Let bygones be bygones
The future of love and peace...
Shall the bloody past replace
You will grow wiser and stronger
You will not be the bone of contention
Between the dogs two...
A brown dog and a black dog! ! !

So long you waited
Suppressed and oppressed
Now hate be hated,
Now love be greeted
Now light shall guide you
Out of old world of darkness
To your goal of peace and prosperity
No one will deny you your liberty
And all doors shall be open
That for long on you were closed

See clearly the great promise
O' dejected and frustrated people!
Long Night is nearly over
Be ready for a new brightful day
Though a long and difficult way to go
New heights will greet you
And joy immense will complete you
When you reach your dreamed summits

To you and to your children
Very very happy day! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Lotus Flower

Precious bouquet...
of smiling lotus flowers
that blossom
in my heart's lake;

See lotus grows in water
But water pearls
do not sit on its petals
Whatever are left...
of those water pearls...
on the petals of the bouquet
show us their urge
to return to the sea
quickly and suddenly;

My tears no less than pearls also
Express silently my desire to return
That desire I carve into my poems.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

See The One Light Spread

Unlock the doors,
Come out in the open,
Just as the fragrance...
...rides the wings of the breeze
What should be out...
...must not stay in;
The whole universe...
...is your home outside,
Journey in the vast world,
And see the one light spread;
Outside belongs only to seers,
Who believe in this hidden truth,
That outside is the vast extension...
...of the person sitting in! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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What Can I Do?

Ok,
Loving beauty
never ends
Heaven help me
If I ever find ugliness
in anything!
Hailstorm
Or a snowstorm
What can I do?
I am born
with a heart
and two eyes?
I see meaning
in everything.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



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My Heart's Desire

I'll be a tree, if you are its fruit
I'll be a fruit, if you are its seed -
I'll prefer to be a seed, then a tree,
Then its fruit,
To multiply in millions of seeds
Only to be manifested as unity
To grow and regrow in your love
Is my heart's desire.

I'll be Adam, if you are in the Heaven,
And shall never come nigh to the forbidden tree;
My love, if you are in the hell-fire,
I'll burn there to unite with fire,
I shall in love prefer to die there
again and again
To burn and re-burn in your love
Is my heart's desire.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

First Snowfall

On the first sheet of soft snow
Dogs running, skiing, skating
Celebrating Eid
Children watching, laughing
Birds perching on the naked trees
Weeping in silence,
Where to get the grains and insects?
The earth is covered with a blanket!
The lakes and ponds might freeze soon!
Farmers moaning and mourning
For the destruction of their orchards
That crumbled to ground under snow weight
Along with the ready harvest of their fruits.
Untimely snowfall as disastrous as COVID-19.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

New Snow

O' new snow!
O' new snow!
We greet you!
We greet you!
Settle joyfully,
On our burning land! ! !
Douse its blazing fire
Give it the long awaited cool.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Beware Of Dogs

Knocking at the door
I heard dog barking
Wooñ, wooñ, wooñ,
Saying I am a watchdog
Dogs are scheming inside
Beware of the dogs
They are wearing human faces
Your boss, your leader, your preacher
Your governor, your soldier,
Your advisor, your manager,
War mongers, blood spillers,
All All All in human guise

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sages

All around you there live the sages,
They live on the earth for your guidance,
Some with patched frocks live in modest huts,
Some with silken robes live in grand palaces,
They are but like common people living a spiritual life,
They don't have nameplates or certificates to prove,
If you find one, listen to him, he will give you pearls to eat.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Be Like Mighty Chinar

When It Rains So Heavily,
And The Wind Blows Too Hard,
Even A Mighty Chinar Tree Falls Down,
Though Its Roots Go Very deep,
Down In The Breast Of Ground,
But The Incessant Rain And The Harsh Wind,
Do Not Stay For Long To Punish,
And All The Chinar trees Do not Succumb,
To The Pressure Of Rain And Wind,
Be Like The Steadfast Chinars,
Who Are Known For Their Resistance.

(MyKoul)

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Get Ready To Greet

Be Ready To Greet

Walking through the red chinar leaves
Rustling sound tells me winter is coming
Colorful flowers shall decay and perish
And atmosphere shall be without scent
Wait until the cheerful spring comes
Get ready to greet! Joy is waiting for you.
But spring comes to those who endure

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

How I Spend My Day

I spend my whole time
running between
the low beat and high beat
of my own guitar

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Knotty Riddle

If I am I...

...because I am not you,

Then you are you...

...because you are not I,

If you are not I...

...then I am not you,

If I am not you,

because you are not I,

Then you are you,

I am I,

How can it be?

When of your spirit,

you have blown in me,

I pray you, my lord!

Please convince me,

This is a knotty riddle to me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Eternal Ecstasy

The ecstasy that settles briefly in my breast,
Is not the real mystic ecstasy,
That is volatile like the scent of jasmine...
...which shortly into atmosphere disappears,
Ecstasy must settle in my soul as long as eternity,
Just as a snow mass dissolves...
...in the mountain brook for eternity.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Looking Glass

Between me and my reflection
There stands nothing
But only my looking glass

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Under The Blazing Chinar

Under the fire of the blazing chinar,
The shepherd made a bonfire,
Of his worries and hunger,
Warmed his chilled heart,
And then chilled out.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Who Is Inside The Kaaba?

Since eternity in orbit I move round the Kaaba,
Standing inside the circle as the perfect entity,
Trying to know from a respectful distance,
Who is there hiding inside the Kaaba?
I was so far content to walk around on and on,
let me now jump forward to kiss it's closed door,
And roll up the qiswah to see...
...what is the point round which the circle goes?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Arise For Night Prayer

Awake! for night prayer in the mid of night,
Flung the Stone at your satan of nafs,
Who whispers to you: 'Pull the quilt over',
The Sultan who adorns the heaven with glittering stars:
Is awake to shower His words and light on you,
And Lo! Open the ears of your heart,
To catch the roaring voice of Sultan's trumpet.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Time

Who can braid the time strands?
Light and dark meet in a time,
No one can measure that,
Sun and moon follow each other,
Never the Twain shall meet,
No stitcher is there...
...who could sew
the sun to the moon,
Dawn is always at the tale end of night,
And dusk on the tale end of day,
Is there anyone who could stitch dawn to dusk ever?
Just for me to let me go into timelessness,
Before the time is folded up for me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Doom In The Village

A flash, a boom, then a roar!
Thunder sound! was all that the sleeping villagers heard,
Houses were reduced to rubble,
Inmates were charred to death,
Their singed carcasses got sunk into earth,
The villagers shouted with choked gasps,
They suffocated with foul smell of death,
Volley of heavy blows!
Upon their village homes!
Terror took it's toll! ! !

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Grandma Talking About The Paradise Lost

Grandma kept talking to her grand daughter under the quilt,
About a king who long back wrote in Tuzki Babri:
'If there is a Paradise on the earth,
It is here, it is here, and it is certainly here',
Until the curious little angely asked her:
So take me with you there,
And, then, grandma began to make excuses to her,
Taking a deep sigh, she said to her,
Little child! You might be aggrieved if you go there,
It is now a haunted place ghosts and jinn abide there,
Ferocious wild cats and blood hounds roam there,
In its woeful valleys, sons of dracula are spreading terror and fear,
Evil spirits are fanning the fire of hatred there,
No chinars are now to be found for cool shade there,
Instead of chinars zaqum trees abundantly grow there,
You won't like their poisonous fruit to eat...
...and nor their bitter juice to drink,
I confess,
'I was talking to you about the Paradise lost',
The little angely, with hot tears flowing over her pink cheeks, fearfully said,
'Now I don't think I would like it either,
I don't like wild cats, wolves, or any other blood hound,
No angel or fairy is waiting there, '
The child closed her eyes and buried her head under the pillow,
She had very wild nightmares all through the night.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus

Melad-E-Muhammad

I would like to listen what people in procession want to talk.
I would love to stand to watch the procession passing by,
If it is a procession of Meelad-e-Muhammad.
On this day was born the great prophet,
Who adopted the whole world as his Ummah,
And who was raised by Allah as his messenger,
As his mercy to whole mankind.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Thakáboon

I think that I shall never see a poem as lovely as the Thakaboon,
A lonely Chinar tree in the Malkha graveyard!
That has its own history in Kashmir,
The tired pilgrims and pedestrians would take rest...
Under its cool shade...
...on a hot summer day;
Rooted in the graveyard from which it sprung...
...it is standing as a perfect entity for last so many centuries;
As part of the resting place for dead persons buried under it...
...it offers a refuge for flying birds, walkers, even dogs...
...and those who came there to bury their dead or offer funeral prayers,
It welcomes all under its cool and expansive shade:
Thieves, syeds, good and evil people, believers and non elievers alike,
...without any distinction of caste, creed, colour, or faith;
It greets every tired person with open arms each day...
...shelters him as its guest under its green canopy in all seasons;
Throughout its life it never considered anyone as its enemy,
Yet, to widen the road it might be cut down some day,
And thus removing this heritage tree from the last resort of the Downtowners.

Mykoul

*Thakàboon: The Chinar tree in Malkha graveyard known as the Resting Chinar.

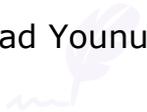
Mohammad Younus

Gloom In Chinar Garden

There is no joy in the Chinar garden as on now,
The leaves are as if burning ambers...
...that whisper melancholy songs when the autumn wind touches them,
So the native birds make no mirth on the boughs of singed chinars,
They perch on the charred boughs brooding over the calamity...
...that has befallen their heavenly garden unfortunately,
Hiding their heads in armpits, they keep sighing all night and day,
They are forced to dwell in this devastated garden, even in hell like grim
situation,
Because they have no safer place elsewhere to go,
On brows of every native bird is seen an unfading frown,
Acute and intensifying pain is to be found in every heart,
Yet they are forced to live on, for they can't leave their native garden,
They as such, without protest, go on living through fear and terror,
In their gloomy ancestral Chinar garden.

MyKoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

You Be You

My dear Kashmiri brethren stop negating your culture, your language, your history...

Don't you see you have been deliberately made to forget your identity...

...so that you are totally assimilated to non native culture, and speak a language that is not yours,

Understand yourself, love yourself,

Know yourself...

...your culture, your values, your language, your ethnicity, your history, your geography,

You cannot survive if you do not realize the potential of you,

You must resist anything that doesn't allow you to be you.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Do Not Fear

Do not fear the present,
It is painful,
But it is real,
Blood is spilt like water!
And people killed like goats!
Lynched by vigilante groups!
Maimed, blinded, and jailed!
For demanding their rights,
But love for peace, liberty, and humanity must survive,
Follow non violence as your chosen way of life,
Peaceful resistance against injustice...
...you must never eschew...
...as did the Dalits of India,
Enjoy life to the full...
...with dignity and honour,
Coexisting peacefully...
...with all people of the world.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Death Is A Changeover

Life must not find us praying that we must die too soon,
We must pray rather our flag of life keeps hoisted like full moon,
I would prefer the flag of life in the wind be bound tightly to the flagpole,
I would never like to see the flag of life sodden with liquid pain in soul,
But must rather remain flashing light on the top of flagpole,
I would rather prefer that nobody sits in the mourning vanguard,
When Angel of death actually comes at its appointed hour in my courtyard,
For, I believe, death in fact gives meaning to our life,
Death is only a changeover from one life to another! ! !
Life keeps moving on, without any stop, until the final hour,
So life must not find us thinking that we will die too soon.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Lamentation Of A Poet

I have neither a tongue to speak, nor the courage to publish,
What I see in silent eyes, what I hear from silent voices,
Chill runs down my spine, to speak the truth,
When I try to muster courage to write it in my poems.

The hands that rocked the cradle are broken,
No more the babies within us hear the sweet lullabies,
Their fathers, mothers, and sisters are shrouded in gloom,
Our babies lack lovers, they don't get a kiss, none is there to make them smile.

If a lover can't be got, this world is worth naught
The devil has taken the lot of space in our heart,
Pure at heart, in search of the peace and love lost...
I surely wish to break and enter, and kill the devil in my heart.

They will catch me, I'll be hung, if I speak for love and peace,
Here every tongue and every pen is under surveillance of demagogues,
Hatred, fear and terror cursed on people must be flung in air,
Roses and jasmine will again start filling with fragrance our air.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Paradise On Fire

How others see my motherland, I cannot explain,
To me, this beautiful region is a wretched Paradise,
Paradise on earth that was known as, is on fire,
Everything is caught in rising flames:
Orchards, vineyards, flower gardens, and green woods,
The world of my childhood is reduced to ashes,
The hellfire paints our faces with a liquid flame of pain!
True, guilty are we all here; we could not break the hands...
That torched peace, love, and brotherhood in this land,
We know our faults, our crimes, our blunders,
We know how and when we have transgressed,
Yes there are blameless lives too,
Here on this soil, soaked in innocent blood,
Once more our land is marked by the ferocious violence:
None is there to protect us and respond to our muffled screams,
O God, when shall you spread your great wings above us! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Don't Weep

Don't weep, my dear people -
Sun, moon, stars are enjoying,
Everything I see
with my broken eyes, alas, has heart broken,
Every person I hug with love alas pricks my heart in turn,
What a strange thing!
to be alive in the valley where thorns bloom!
Beautiful fragrant roses hide in seclusion!
Listening, this night,
to the rain with lightning and thunders...
...mothers are praying for the safety of all children,
O God!
Your children are getting killed,
See, they're shedding tears slowly, slowly!
I'm getting up, my children,
You too get up, relax,
Today it will be sunny!
Trusting God's mercy, bid farewell,
To the departing weeping night.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Beyond

Eternity is man's oblivion,
That's why man is ...
In the habit of denying his true self,
And shouts with yells and anger
I am nothing,
I have come from nowhere,
I have to go to nowhere,
Get beyond this nowhere,
Realise the eternal truth,
You are everywhere! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Tonight Thoughts

Tonight thoughts
spinning around
my first birth—
In me my mate Eve
Both of us together
Went nigh
To the forbidden tree
Why?
Was it tree of Zaqum?
That springs from the bottom of hell!
Was it tree of knowledge?
No, how could it be?
Allah already had taught Adam...
...names of all things,
Was it then tree of temptations?
To test whether he listens to God or...
...follows his free will,
We have got very limited time on the earth,
We may chose God's will or our own will,
We have to chose between good deeds and bad deeds! ! !
These were my thoughts tonight,
A question-answer session...
...with my own self! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

He Is As He Was

I thought for a long time,
Under the blazing chinar,
I gazed at the gloomy autumn sky,
I prayed you God for a long time,
Until I heard your final word:
I am the same God always,
You see through all seasons...
Spring, summer, autumn and winter.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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How Hard It Is

How hard it is to be humble,
yet to be strong and bold,
How hard it is to be alone,
yet to be truly cut off from others,
How hard it is to be in the company of others,
yet to be with God alone,
How hard it is to be frail and old,
yet to be young in spirits bold,
How hard it is to be powerless,
yet to be unrelenting and fearless...
...before the tyrants merciless, ,
How hard it is to be forlorn and alone,
yet to be mirthful and not moan and groan, ,
How hard it is to be with no one watching,
yet to be honest and upright alone,
How hard it is to trudge bleak highways,
yet to continue walking without losing hope,
How hard it is to be stuck in marshy lands,
yet to try relentlessly to pull out of the mud,
How hard it is to walk through desert...
...with no star shining in the sky,
yet continue travelling while riding on the camel,
Oh God, oh God,
I remember your promises...
...the glittering fair promises...
...with which you bless me,
Oh God, oh God,
I candidly accept all your great favours to me,
It is only you who helps me achieve great victories,
Receive great laurels and precious gifts of life,
And I know you love me immensely...
...for not getting weary...
...while walking through your valleys,
Walking over the sharp thorns...
...and formidable mountains and oceans! ! !
I serve you only and seek help only from you.

Mykoul

Peeping

The soldier
With a sniffer dog
Outside peeping
Into the quiet lamplit house

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Red Roses

Red all the brooks!
Red all the lakes!
Red all the waterfalls!
You'd run away from here if you knew,
How many red roses were squeezed,
To colour these waters red,
Red get the eyes...
...when they know of the red roses killed,
And they shed the tears red.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

On My Road To God

I will die one day,
With a desire to reemerge,
In some peaceful land,
God's promised paradise!
On a day I already remember,
As the day of my resurrection,
I won't then die again —
I don't shy away—
From making an aspiration:
Getting to the place where,
Love and Joy are eternal and infinite,
Would that it be so!
These lines, I am writing to express...
...my belief in life after death,
And, today like never before,
I've turned back,
To my lord for mercy and forgiveness,
I am on my road to God,
Walking myself alone,
Satan is not walking along me,
He is sitting in ambush;
He always tries to stop me,
From walking on the road...
...of love and peace,
And keeps hitting me with his clubs,
Every time, I fight him back...
...even though he ties me with ropes,
Does everything to entice me,
And hold me in his snares,
I remember the warning of Allah:
'Have I not taken a pledge from you...
...O' children of Adam! ...
...that you will not follow Satan,
Your open enemy! '

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

As I Walk Through The Desolate Valley

As I walk through the desolate valley:
It is like Amasvasya night.. all is dark,
In heaven not even a single star is seen,
The moon gets no light from the sun;
A brooding population inside their houses,
Huddled in room-corners without a stir or speech;
The air so smoky and thick,
It blinds my eyes,
With great difficulty I can trace the way forward,
And thus I lose all hopes to reach my home;
Then, I notice some enormous convoy passing by,
Soldiers filling the air with savage cries,
Making fearful show of their weapons,
But, I stand calm...
...with my back against the wall;
No fear should I have at their sight,
For I am not a militant or a rebel;
But, my eyes catch fire,
Glancing at the moving convoy...
...my heart throbs with a violent fear;
I am heaving in carnivorous breath...
...coming out from deep jaws of death;
But, why should I despair?
Pournami night is not far too behind! ! !

Mykoul

Amasvasaya Night: Moonless night.

Pournami Night: Full moon night.

Mohammad Younus

Desolation

Where's the cure to one's heartaches, for one battered by sorrows?
Who's there to comfort him and to shower love on him?
Arise, O Self, go and sit under that singed chinar.
You have no mother around under whose garment hem you would nestle.
On fire are our woods green
Where to go leaving this desolation behind?
The shade being dead, where is the cool?
Peace, serenity, love, affection - all things of the past.
Our city is hit by a gale
When will we receive the showers of Grace?
When will the storm blow over?

Mykoul

(My Kashmiri poem: translated by Prof. Mohammad Amin)

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

None But Me

Sweet God, where should I find you?
I humbly ask you,
Let me know where do you dwell,
I sought you under a chinar tree,
And ask'd, if you were there,
A rustling wind did seem to tell me,
No: He is not here,
Go and seek him elsewhere,
I did;
I climbed a mount high:
Surely, thought I,
Here is the God's abode,
I will search out here the creator of all beauty...
...that I see around,
But while I looked down and around,
I cried out: O my Creator!
Bless me with Your Divine Vision,
I wish to see you,
Immediately did I hear the secret voice,
You can not see me here,
Then fell down unconscious,
I did not see even a small ray,
At length, I met a faqir good old man,
Whom when for guidance I did demand,
He guided me to a secret cave inside me,
But there I found none but me
Indeed God is beyond the reach of human perception
Verily He is powerful, almighty! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Read The Quran

They keep the Quran on the shelves
In the silken dust jackets
The dirty handed children can't touch it
Nobody must touch it
Save those who are purified
They do not open the book for reading
Tomorrow they will answer God's question
'Why did you abandon this Quran? '
God will take back the Quran from them
They will be shown the door to Hell
For they have not the roadmap to Paradise

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Innocent Killings

When I remember the innocent killings...
...by known and unknown gunners...
...despair and frustration grow in me...
...and I wake in the night at the least sound...
...in fear of somewhere some innocent life might have been killed,
I fear and pull my quilt over my head! ! !
I am worried about many children getting orphaned...
...poor women getting widowed...
...for no fault and crime,
Human life is most precious...
...why do terrorists refuse to understand,
Haven't they heard what Allah says in His book?
'Whosoever kills an (innocent) person...
... it shall be as if he has killed the whole mankind',
Life is a divine bestowal on humanity...
...that should be secured and defended by all means,
To escape the horror of terror...
...I go and lie down to go into peaceful dream,
Where the coot and heron...
...rest in peace on the water,
I come into the peace of wild beasts...
...who do not murder their own kind,
I come into the presence of still meadows,
And I feel above me the day-breaking,
The sun rising slowly from the east...
...sending its light first westwards,
For a time I rest in the lap divine,
And find myself free from all terror! ! !
I hate both...state terror and militant terror! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am This Beautiful Being

In my passion to know the unknown,
I failed, I got astounded when I slipped down,
I continued like a stubborn child,
Curious to know the unknown,
In the midst of my quest for true knowledge,
I continue practicing being myself,
I found many secrets about myself,
That I never had dreamt of ere,
I goaded them out,
From under the deep layers of darkness,
In the sea of my heart,
Like an old diver! ! !
And found so many pearls concealed,
In the oyster shells deep down,
Followed my quest
deeper...
...into dangerous regions,
I found there so many hidden parts of myself,
I learnt that pearls aren't to be found on the earth,
When I look at these pearls,
Sunlight comes out of their mouths,
That gives me new light...
To see through concrete walls,
And I see me and I
say:
I am this beautiful being! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am A Poet, Not A Politician

They stop the water flowing to me,
Should I live without water?
They raise the fort walls too high,
Should I live waiting outside?
They blow out all the lamps,
Should I live without lights?
They lock up me in the cage,
Should I live with wings folded?
They ban me from shedding tears,
Should I live with eating tears?
They sunder my heart into pieces,
Should I live without darning my heart?
They have cut off my hope of life,
Should I live as a dead person?
They inflict injury upon injuries on me,
Should I live with pain of injuries?
They grinde me under the mills of tyranny,
Should I live with tyranny head-down,
They burn up my green forest,
Should I live in the burnt forest without growing it back again?
They teach the people lessons of hatred,
Should I live with the religion of hatred?
They change my ethos and culture,
Should I accept and follow the alien culture?
They pollute our pristine and pure environment,
Should I live and bear with bad odour pollution?
They divide the people into quarrelling factions,
Should I ask God for unity when I too am quarrelling?
Tell me please, how should I trust them...
...who ruined peace and denied freedom?
They tell me to close my eyes and not be a rebel,
You are just a poet, politics is no way your business! ! !

Mykoul

(Translation of my Kashmiri poem)

Mohammad Younus

Bees' Music

Bees' Music

Bees at my ears—
they remind me of the divine music
I heard in my mother's womb

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Oh My Mother

Oh My Mother

Oh, my mother
who had pure eyes;
Oh, the golden heart
that occupied your breast
That night when I had fallen sick
Oh, my lovely mother
You wrapped me
with a white warm towel
You washed my face
with fresh water,
Your sacred light had descended on my face
When I first opened my eyes...
...on this harsh planet
You are residing in heavenly abode
How can I see you from here?
I close my eyes now with a desire
To remember the time...
...your hands washed my face...
...your hands rocked my cradle

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Jailbirds

We are the jailbirds
They catch us and put us in the cage
We gnaw the iron bars...
...by our soul's sharp teeth
And fly in the free air without fear
Though physically in the jail we are...
...with trimmed wings
If they try to contain us in the cage
They will always fail...
.. to make us sing their songs
Our resistance shall make them at last...
...to respect our will to be free birds
We are the jailbirds! ! !
The prisoners of conscience! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Child

Child is child...
...even if he is
A prophet's child
Do not discriminate:
Be he a son or be she a daughter
Bring up your child but...
...as a good human being
That is also serving your God
Do not make your child as your idol
That will make you an idol worshipper.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Silent Lake

A young fish in the silent lake
Jumps up into the air —
Causes ripples in the lake
Falls back in the lake
Splash! Ripples!
Silence again in the lake

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Pray For Peace

All the time I pray for peace
I keep on cursing hungry dogs
Howling at the moon
I cannot have a peaceful sleep
Hungry dogs spoil my peace
I howl back at the dogs

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Wealth Collection

I collect pearls
in my palm,
opening the fist
I find nothing there
Dew drops on the palm
of the leaf
Fallen
From the chinar tree

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Living In Terror

A fish slips away
From killer's hands
She looks at the bucket of water
Mistaking it for the Wular lake
She can't escape the knife

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Living In A Graveyard

In the silent graveyard

The yellow autumn sunlight,

I look up at the glowing chinar tree

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Air Pollution

A large chinar tree
Branches extending in all directions
Roots deep down in the ground
Standing near the transport yard
Died in its prime youth
Smothered in the deadening smoke! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Wind

The wind blows
Who will light the oil lamp?
Wind must stop
Or I must spend the night as it is
Until the sun gets up

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Night Shades

Night shades are thick
The dogs are sleeping
Hiding their heads in their legs
Nice time to break into...
...the palace of the king

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In The Whirlpool

I look to my God
My boat is caught...
...in the whirlpool
I desired to dance into it
Like a whirling dervish! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Bee

A bee
Sneaks out
of the honeycomb
To drink the nectar
Sing and dance
I wonder
She does it for me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Get Inside

If you want to see Heaven,
Close your eyes...
...on the world outside,
If you want to see Hell,
open your eyes...
...on the world outside
Get inside in the safe haven

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sincere Repentance

I wear a mask to stop reflection of my reality,
I have a darkened face and a shadowed soul,
My soul is ripped off of its majestic robe...
...and imprisoned in a dark dungeon,
I've become one with the dark spirits sitting there...
...hovering over me in the dark dungeon,
How long shall I be tethered to the peg of beguiling nafas?
How long shall I be taking commands from nafsi amarah?
Time has come that I must take a bold decision,
I must turn my back on all rubbish earthly love,
I've got one foot in the grave,
I feel so betrayed by following my nafs,
I'm busy in worldly pursuits...
..enamoured of ephemeral things of beauty,
I must grieve and expiate with a sincere repentance,
Until my heart and soul get purified,
And are filled with words of love...
...that God whispers to me every hour,
So when I speak I speak of only love,
And when I remain silent, I think of only love.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

On A See-Saw

I have been on a see-saw,
Since I opened my eyes...
...out of my mother's womb,
It's kind of like keeping life going,
Do you know?
I am he who draws it up,
I am he who pulls it down,
When I breathe up to the point highest,
...I feel myself in elation...
...to live and love life,
When I breathe out, I scream in depression,
...oh, I am... breath by breath... losing my sojourn in the world,
High...in the sky...on the high end of the see-saw! ! !
Low...in the netherworld...on the low end of the see-saw! ! !
Or I am operating a spinning wheel...
...to spin the stands...
...for drawing the ship of life,
Breath by breath! ! !

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Mystery Hidden

A reflection can never be,
The object that it reflects,
Nor can a Human ever be,
That which created Him,
From Nutfatin Amshaaj,
By His command,
Be and he was,
Open the Body,
And you Will find nothing else,
Than bones, flesh and blood,
Delve deep in the heart,
And you will find nothing else,
But yourself alone...
A Thinking Miracle!
And A Living Soul!
From ignorance to awareness,
There is a Path through darkness,
That leads straight to Light,
The light of the heavens and the earth,
The light upon light!
Though I don't Know who I am,
Thank you Lord of the worlds,
For the mystery hidden!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Bird Died In The Cage

Strong as an iron post did he stand,
I thank Allah for raising in our people...
...such a steadfast and brave leader,
Who possessed an unyielding and unconquerable soul,
In the full clutch of bloodhounds...
...he never winced or shrieked with pain,
He was caged for singing the freedom songs,
But he never bowed to the forces of wrath and tears,
It was he who taught the oppressed people of the world,
That nothing scares an oppressor...
...more than a determined heart,
That beats to the war drum of Azadi,
To prevent a mass funeral procession or protests...
... against his death in the cage...
His body was snatched and buried under the cover of darkness,
Internet service throughout the valley blocked and curfew imposed,
Hundreds of troops deployed to lock up the people in their homes,
He was only given a quiet police burial,
No public participation in his Jinazah was allowed,
A sheer state terror!
But, a fallen icon can never truly die,
He is immortal and continues to inspire,
He lives in the work of artists, the annals of history, and the hearts of the people,

So shall Ali Gilani live for ever.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Wish I Could See

The life of a faqir is his desire to know the hidden truths;
He hammers into the walled city of knowledge...
...to read from the pages of the book of knowledge...
...in silence and in pure serenity;
So he calms down his turbulent mind...
Because mind is like the furious sea...
...where angry waves are tossing...
...against each other and chasing relentlessly;
He stops the tides of this violent sea...
...from trying to get upto the moon foolishly,
Like wolves howling, growling notoriously;
A troublesome exercise!
That always ends up in shameful defeat;
A faqir makes his life beautiful...
...under the ease of spiritual calmness;
I wish I could see...
...how a faqir reads the wordless book of knowledge,
I wish I could see what he reads from...
...the colourless vast oceans, expansive sheet of earth, starry sky, shiny
mornings and dark evenings;
And every other thing in the universe.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Melodious Song

Use your voice for singing melodious song,
Use your eyes for reading melodious song,
Use your ears for hearing melodious song,
Use your hands for writing melodious song.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Whispered Word

Looking down from the top of a precipice,
Deep down into the dark valley below,
Long I stood there, stunned, wondering, fearing,
Seeing, noticing no living beings moving,
Only phantom spirits hiding...
...to escape being tormented,
Even when they are dead,
Never imagined to dream such a horrific dream!
The silence of the graveyard was unbroken,
And the only word there spoken...
...as the whispered word...
'This land is ours! '
This they all whispered, and an echo...
...murmured back,
'The land we watered with our blood! '
This is still echoing and nothing more! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Am A Taliban I Too Am A Human Being

Fight Me If You Wish
But Remember I am Taliban
I Believe In Fighting To The Last Of My Enemy
I Do Not Fight Unless I Am Forced To Fight
I too Am A Human Being
I Want Peace
Give Peace A Chance
Do Not Burn Fire On Our Heads
I Am Ready To Cooperate
But Not Compromise On My Principles
My only wish is to recite
to you...
...the song of love and peace, I
Written with the pen dipped in martyrs' blood
On the creasy pages of my history book
As bad luck would have it...
...so far you closed your ears to the melancholic symphony...
...about my pain and agony
Now, I am ready to turn my gun into a violin
And sing the song of love and peace.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Taliban Takeover

Taliban takeover in Afghanistan,
Heart-opening on so many levels!
Afghans,
A strong and resilient people...
...with a beautiful faith;
I hope and pray...
...if they were allowed by the big world-warlords...
...so called superpowers...
...to work for the peace and development of their country...
...without any foreign interference;
I remain hopeful...
...if Taliban are not stopped by the world-warlords...
...the roots of freedom from fear...
...and endless possibilities for peace and stability...
...shall start growing in that land;
One day Afghanistan shall find room...
...in the polity of free and peaceful nations...
I am sure;
The world-warlords are spreading mischief on the earth...
...to dominate the resources of the weaker nations...
So invading and subjugating them,
One day they will be defeated;
Resilient people do not disappear so easily!
One cannot rule the people...
...who love freedom...
...and are prepared to give sacrifice for it;
The world-warlords cannot crush...
...their will to survive; They will survive,
Even if the world-warlords again join together...
...to make it difficult for them.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Divine Majesty

Divine majesty
waiting
for open eyes
to see him present all around
for open ears
to hear his secret voice
for open tongue
to sing his eulogies
for open heart
to receive his pure light

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Am A Taliban

I am a Taliban
Resiliently I resist
Fearlessly I fight
Silently I work
Patiently I suffer
For I am a Mujahid
And I am victorious
Over the superpower
That wanted to annihilate
me
And rule over my country
They painted me as a terrorist,
I am for ever a humble student
I am a warrior, and I deal in war
Against the world warlords...
Who pose as guardians
of peace and security
I have now to sow flowers
To turn my country into a rose-garden
I have to pluck out the thorny bushes
Sown by Russia, America and NATO forces
To prick my bare feet and stop my advance.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Corona Guests

After killing,
Their hosts,
The Corona guests,
Sleeping under,
The faded leaves

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Manged Dog

Manged dog,
Don't get angry!
You stood facing,
The bakery shop

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Daredevils

None is walking!
Here along the roads,
But the daredevils,
In this ghost city

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In My Gloomy Quarantine

In my gloomy quarantine--
by myself,
chewing on dried turnips,
Sipping the black tea

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Breaking News

Good morning!
Breaking news—
the sun of spring,
we cannot see

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

False Hope

Each ray of false hope weaves a maze

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Valley Of Distress

In this valley of distress,
Dressed in gloom and in phantom dances,
Choked by smoke of repression,
Forgotten by the world lords,
The little orphan children, full and half-widows, berieved parents?
Who have only their tears to drink,
Who have barely any grain to eat?
They exchange their pleasantries with one another,
On their own pathos and woes,
To vent out their anger against their own people,
For their apathy and betrayal,
The jokes in which they speak about their suffering,
Sound pathetic and heart-wrenching

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Call You Love

Others call you God
I call you Love
Even in your wrath,
I see your love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Ever- Living Terror

I see terror every where...

Terror terror terror terror terror terror terror...

In China India Pakistan Afghanistan Bangladesh Myanmar Iraq Syria Yemen
Saudi Arabia Israel Indonesia Ethiopia Erriteria Nigeria..America France Norway
UK Germany Russia.....

Somewhere in the name of nationalism...

Somewhere in the name of capitalism...

Somewhere in the name of communism...

Somewhere in the name of imperialism...

Somewhere in the name of racism...

Somewhere in the name of religion...

Somewhere in the name of secession...

Somewhere in the name of Islamophobia...

Somewhere in the name of crushing the opposite voices...

...when they cry against tyranny, oppression, domination, corruption,
discrimination.....

When was this terror born...

When will this terror die...

Perhaps it has taken the water of life...

I'm afraid it might never die.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

In My Quarantine

I and me alone,
Mad world locked down,
Peace and love reigns
In my quarantine

Mohammad Younus



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Looking Into The Mirror Of My Heart

The mirror-like heart is wonderful,
I see within it only my own face,
How wonderful! ! !
I wonder as I find in this mirror none but myself,
To be honest and straight forward,
I am all myself...
...lover, beloved, and mirror,
That is wonderful! ! !
I am he who has given this mirror all its luster...
...to reflect my face,
Without producing sheen on the mirror of my heart...
I could never see my face in the mirror,
No, not at all..
...the mirror would never show my face...
...if I would not constantly clear off its rust...
...to give it a lustre,
Then, alone it did show me in my subtlety,
Not in my form! ! !
In my essence, I am formless! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Magical Eyes

O God

Great magical eyes

you have given me,

I can see

the whole world,

But nobody sees me!

My eyes are like windows to my soul,

When I look deep in my eyes,

I feel my soul abides in them,

They shine and twinkle as the stars do,

They are like houris that mesmerize the persons looking at me,

My eyes speak volumes about the hidden secret in me,

My eyes can hear even the secret mystic voices...

...resonating inside and outside me,

But nobody knows what do I hear secretly!

How unbelievable that my eyes see, hear, and speak! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Messenger

Messenger,
'You are calling! '
'I've been running.'
'You are chasing me'
'You won! I have lost! '
'Your speech eloquent'
'Your voice melodious, '
'If you would appear in human form,
I would be happy to fall at your feet.'
'You never look tired.'
' You never get bored'
'The amount of love I get from you',
'Is immeasurable, eternal! '
'Your words fill me with wisdom'
'Oh, I was careless, '
'But you continued to draw my attention, '
What about your command,
dear, true messenger? '
'That I should declare without fear'
' I am the Truth! '
I am afraid that ignorant might misconstrue me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Fate

Success complete in any venture,
Is sure to bless your efforts true,
There is nothing for a person...
...except what he/she strives for,
A person's success sufficiently great,
Is just what fatalists call fate,
In fate believe only dullards,
Who sit with the mouth open,
Under a grape vine for grapes to drop,
From above to save them effort any.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



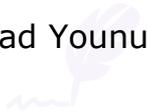
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Pride And Prejudice

When the angels started bowing to Adam,
On the coronation of Adam as God's caliph on the earth,
Iblis, the guru of all, turned into a rebel,
He staked his own claim...
...to the proud position of being a guru of all,
And refused to prostrate to Adam in defiance,
Allah said to him: 'What prevented you that you did not prostrate,
when I commanded you? '
Iblis replied: 'I am better than him,
You created me from fire, and him You created from clay, '
Allah said: 'O Iblis, get down from this (Paradise) ,
It is not for you to be arrogant here,
Get out, for you are of those humiliated and disgraced.'
I mean, if you were so swayed by pride and prejudice,
You'd become an Iblis too.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Called Satan To Islam

'Follow not in the footsteps of Satan,
For surely he is your open enemy, '
God took a covenant from me,
I could not lie to God anymore,
So I started to call my Satan to Islam,
First he looked disgruntled and confused,
I whispered the word of Allah in his ear,
Then he started smiling,
Then started whirling around...
...on hearing the melodious divine voice,
I kept at it:
now he is no more my enemy,
He doesn't lead me astray,
He is now my loyal friend,
He follows me in my footsteps...
...when I start journeying to God,
I am wondering how I got rid of my enemy...
...without battling with him.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Do Not Debunk Me

I speak about spirituality with eloquence,
Yet my deeds do not match what I say;
I know I will die after an appointed term,
Yet I behave as if I am not to leave the world any day;
I give long sermons about the eternal life;
Yet I love the things of the ephemeral world;
I ask others to submit to the lord,
Yet I often rebel and do my free will;
I advise people not to amass material things,
Yet I have inclination to be richer and better off;
I was born in the state of purity and innocence,
Yet I live like an impure juvenile offender;
If I reveal what I really am,
You may take pleasure in debunking me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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God My Sole Comforter

Lord of all the worlds!

Set me within the safe defences of Thy mercy,
In ignorance and waywardness I have wasted all my days,
My soul is lost in wilderness,
Thy gift of divinely attributes have I not properly used,
My life term is fast coming to an end,
While love for the earthly things grips hard upon me,
Many sciences have I learned,
Yet little fruit have I got of all my learning:
I have forgotten Thee and thy religion,
Forgive me, and guide me on the straight path,
Grant me knowledge and wisdom,
Grant me awareness and enlightenment,
Set me always in your presence under your protective care,
Let my friends know:
I trust madly in divine providence,
Thou art my sole comforter,
Thou keepest me fenced from doubt and fear,
Such that I walk orderly in this chaotic world,

The day you decide to bless me, my Lord,
Flood me with your immense love,
And leave nothing of 'me' and 'mine',
Till then, let me purge myself of my sins,
And ask of you to forgive me through removing all my shortcomings,
But once you feel like forgiving me,
Just let me do a sincere repentance.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Lover And Beloved

Can a drop of water drink the whole ocean?

Can a person and his reflection in the mirror unite together?

The lover of God must remain distinct from Him:

In the relationship of servant and master;

In the relationship of lover and beloved;

In the relationship of worshipper and worshipped;

In the relationship of seeker and sought;

Only thus will he come to know...

God's eternal love for his creation;

And through his insight will he know...

How God loves to be loved through his creation;

But, if he were to say that God and he are one...

...he will never achieve that awareness and cognition.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Shadow

For many years I thought I have got a shadow,
As an object casts its shadow...
... In the presence of sun or moon rays,
Sometimes it would grow longer than me,
Sometimes it would get shorter and shorter,
Until it would completely disappear from my sight,
It would randomly move with me,
Keeping pace with my movement,
It has been with me since I was born,
It does not speak, see, hear, or feel,
It does not have creative or destructive powers,
It does not produce any light or sound,
It cannot love or hate,
My shadow is lifeless,
My shadow is emotionless,
It has not any of my attributes,
I understand the shadow is not me,
In reality, I am shadowless,
I am purely a spirit - a soul,
And a soul - unlike a physical object - has got no shadow.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Words Of Allah

Words

Words of Allah are the only wealth I possess;

Words of Allah are the only jewels I distribute;

Words of Allah are the sweet notes I hear;

Words of Allah
have the meaning hidden
Under seventy thousand coverings;

Words of Allah are clear and manifest to people of knowledge.

Words of Allah are the source of awareness and enlightenment

Words of Allah descend on the heart from the preserved tablet

Words of Allah are perceived without phonetic sound

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Roses Of Kashmir

We are looking for gentle lovers,
Who would honour our beauty,
Who would prize our colour and fragrance,
We are roses of Kashmir,
Craving to blossom in thorny bushes,
We fear being plucked up from the roots,
Before we open up and bloom,
We fear being trampled down,
Under heavy iron boots.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Flamming Spirits

Oppression has made us more resistant...
...as it does to this day...
Flamming with the desire for peace and freedom,
We hid million wounds in our hearts,
We have not as yet broken down;

Pellets were pushed into our eyes...
...tears spill continually from our eyes;
So our joys are soaked in tears,
Nightingales' mouths are gaged...
...to force them abandon...
...singing the cheerful songs in the garden;
Lights are switched off,
Thus, the garden is deserted and looks haunted,
Eh! Once the garden bloomed in heavenly lights,
And resonated with rhythmic chirping of singing birds;

Our spirit is not yet frozen up...
We have not become like ice sculptures;
We are a body of burning flames,
Snow storms cannot cool us down,
We are the flamming spirits! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Love My Land

I want to tell you one thing:
If I look at the crescent moon...
at the end of the dark lunar fortnight;
If I hoist the flag with a crescent emblem on the chinars and rooftops;
Or draw a graffiti of the flag on my wrinkled face;
My patriotic actions must not annoy you;
You should not apply the law of sedition against me;
I am just dreaming to regain everything that I have lost;
I fantasize aromas, light and music of peace and freedom...
Waiting for me and for my wretched people;
Well, now, if little by little, you stop inflicting pain upon me...
I shall stop holding grudges against you in my heart little by little;
If, suddenly, you stop tyrannising me...
Do not apprehend vengeance from me;
For I shall already have forgiven you,
In me nothing is extinguished or forgotten about the golden memories of my
land;
My love for my land shall never start yawning,
As long as I live I shall keep on holding the roots,
Of the Chinar and sit under its cool shade.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Tale Of Blood

Swimming in the turbulent blood streams,
The high-necked but wounded sons of soil,
Tale of massacre, but the valley dead,
In the whirlpool of blood alone,
Circumambulate the souls of martyrs,
Looking above in the sky,
To the glowing sun of freedom,
Coloured by the vapours of martyrs' blood.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Love The Forlorn Persons

With how sad eyes, O man,
they are looking at you;
How silently, and with how pallid a face!
What, may it be that they wordlessly communicate?
Sure, with-love-seeking eyes...
...they are looking for lovers...
...who can read in their looks...
...the languished grace and their appeal for empathy,
Love these lonely and forlorn people unconditionally,
Make enough room for them in your heart,
Steal time from your busy schedule...
...to sit with them and talk to them...
...on positive aspects of life,
Spend out of your surplus resources...
...to buy some joy for them,
Nurture their inner feelings...
...to let them realise that someone cares for them,
Help them in their misfortune, whatever it may be.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

On Her Husband's Grave

In silence stealthily she came,
And sat near her husband's grave,
In a martyr's graveyard on the bank of the Veth,
She looked at the tombstone but did not scream,
She was looking at her slain husband's face,
In moonshine, she smiled and enjoyed his wan beauty,
She pensively gazed at the slow flowing river,
Heard the music of the mourning river,
Drowned in the stillness of the dead valley,
She was silent as if an ice sculpture,
She prayed in silence for her dead husband,
She loved him intensely in silence,
Even though he was not here.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Go Inside And Sit Alone

At the daybreak and at the fall of night,
Go inside and sit alone,
Breaking away in the best way...
...from all things that decorate the world outside,
When there's a resonating breeze that touches your soul,
Meditate gently on music divine,
You've not to think about anything else,
Simply allow yourself to be empty of all thoughts,
Very empty you have to be! ! !
When diving deep within your sea,
You have not to retrieve the files from your memory...
...relating to your present or past life,
Don't even try to think about the unborn and unseen future,
Don't fantasize to go to some other world,
Simply, let awareness take place from deep within,
So that your empty heart gets filled...
...with the true knowledge and wisdom.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Kingdom Divine

As You got me out from one world
into the next,
It was You who got me on my feet,
To walk and travel in the alien world,
And once I walked along the unknown roads...
I grew so unusually resolute and determined,
To explore the new world and meet its great challenges,
I saw in each of my breath a message divine,
To walk to You restlessly and relentlessly,
I stamped the earth, gathered fresh courage,
And started out in clouds of pain and sufferings,
Along a sacred path across the endless valleys of Existence...
From darkness to light;
From noise and furoar to still silence...
In the Great Migration to Your kingdom divine,
I am walking ahead in ecstasy divine.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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In The Ecstasy Of My Creation

No one was thrilled at the idea of my creation,
Even the angels raised big questions,
They were unhappy because they felt,
They were superior to me in knowledge and wisdom,
God filled me with knowledge abundant...
...about all ideas of his creation,
The angels got to know of my hidden treasure,
And to me all but one fell in prostration,
I thrilled in the ecstasy of my creation -
That I was to be God's chosen creation,
I smiled, my eyes glittered,
And my soul revelled with vivacious splendour,
In the ecstasy of my creation,
I was sent to the earth to do my God's will,
Amongst the shattering waves of life,
There came laughter, there came tears;
There came freedom, there came binds;
A bitter elation I experienced,
A tragicomedy unfolded before me!
I became pensive, I became dejected;
I sighed reflective all the time,
Why did I to the world come!
Then the sea of music began to foam,
There was heavenly expansion in my heart,
And piercing the sky came the thoughts of inspiration,
I got heavenly knowledge and wisdom,
And the meaning of my creation dawned upon me,
And as I watch a million flowers bloom in my vision,
I see the colour and fragrance...
...all across my excited existence,
In the ecstasy of my creation,
I hear the sound of melodious voice,
And my soul starts to rejoice,
In the resounding rhythm from dawn to dusk,
My soul gallops unbound like a wild fox released from chains,
In the ecstasy of my creation!
In the ecstasy of my creation! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

God Is Beauty

My eyes don't stop looking at beauty,
Standing before me smiling,
Even if I force my lids to shut down;
In the same way, my heart doesn't stop,
To weave beautiful dreams,
Neither by forbidding nor by reprimanding;
Over the ages, I have been looking,
At this beauty in me and around me,
Even when I in eternity stayed...
...in the garden of Eden;
Tears roll down overflowing my cheeks,
When I notice people unmindful of eternal beauty;
Caressing the ephemeral earthly things;
I am blessed that in the midst of all diversities,
I see that nothing is ugly in the world,
I must not hide my faith,
God is beautiful, beauty is God.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

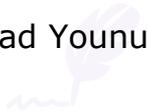
Mohammad Younus

Need For Renaissance

We are doing nothing,
We are just like lotus eaters,
We are but chasing the shadows,
We are not trying to rise up,
We fear the risk of falling down to the ground,
Listen, the ground won't accept us on its chest,
Let us get up lest we should become non existent,
We lived under heavy iron boots for ages,
Our history book has thousand tales of oppression,
Listen, live proud and respectful life,
Take some bold initiatives for renaissance,
Such that the sun of peace and progress dawns for us,
No horror, no torture? no takfeer must bemuse you,
Cowards have no right to live a dignified life,
All the barrels of their blood fetch no price.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

We Are Not Sinners

We are not sinners? we need no salvation;
We are God's chosen creation;
We have come to this Earth???
...for reverberating it with music of life;
We are sent here as his vicegerent;
We cannot escape from the work...
...assigned to us;
We have to walk in complete obedience;
Life has its special meaning divine;
We have to do our predestined job in cheer;
Sloth and sluggish we must not be...
...we are born to serve as his active agents;
In joy and grief dutiful we must be to please our creator;

This life is full of pain and agonies;
Our heart sheds tears of blood;
The injuries to our heart never heal up;
Every hour we write the stories of agonies???
in our book of Life;
As we try to read the book of life...
...we find
Its first and last pages missing;
We are unable to know the beginning and...
...the ending of the drama of life;
Even the hottest sun rays do not melt down...
...the glaciers piled up on the mountains of life;
By our will and wisdom we try but...
...to meet the arduous challenges of life;
Our creator but has a sublime and
beautiful plan...
...behind our creation,
Life has a deep meaning and celebration!
We are active agents of God to put into action...
...his blueprint of our creation;
Glory of God we sing in full submission;
Our creator gives us some of his powers...
...to do his assignment with perfection.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Adam

Not by strength of wing,
But by power of will,
I shall soar on high,
To glide beyond ephemeral Earth,
Peace in eternity to see,
My position in heaven is honoured,
I'm viewed with respect by all angels,
A being blessed with knowledge and wisdom,
I am Adam the super and free,
I fly with hope to my original nest.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Perfect Man

The dome of heart is thy house,
Thy eyes, ears and tongue divine,
Around thee circling,
All the angels of heaven,
Thy perch is on the palm divine,
Thy lord on throne in the A'rsh,
Thou art his command,
In the world of creation,
His caliph on the earth!
Thou art the will of God,
Thou always stand face to face...
...heart to heart with God,
Every second moment God illuminates...
...and transforms thee...
...for the sake of humanity...
...for all as a mercy:
Some time as a prophet and a guide,
Some time as a saint and sage,
Enlightened and aware...
...all in One!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Pure Voice

There's a voice where the Beautiful One
is known to sing his praise;
When that voice is heard...
...through the windows
of heart...
...the listeners whisper with exuberance:
'The Beloved must be near! '
Listen: open a window to hear the Voice...
...and breath in the sweetest tunes;
The work of the lover is to create...
...a window in the heart,
And gaze at the beauty spread out;
For the breast is illumined...
...by the light radiating from the beauty of God;
Sit at the window and hear...
....the pure voice coming from each atom!
Let earthly pursuits not distract you...
...from hearing this voice!
Find a way to your innermost secret;
Let you know this is the elixir,
So imbibe it to your fullest,
By this alchemy you shall never die;
And as you are made in the image of Rehman,
You countenance shall illumine with his light.
You shall become his intimate friend,
He shall instill in you his knowledge and wisdom.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Essential Reality

When you see the essential reality of things...
...you could get peace, tranquility, ecstasy, enlightenment and awareness;
All your fears will leave you, and hope shall fill you;
Reality is to be felt and perceived...
...it is not to be assumed and speculated;
Because many an imagination is false and unfounded;
It could even fill you with thoughts shitty...
...superstition, wishful thinking, or even a dangerous fantasy;
Reality never appears in 3D forms;
All forms are products of imagination...
...those you find in dreams, in temples and churches;
God never did appear in a 3D form;
Not even to prophets, saints, or His friends;
He need not prove His existence;
Everything, small and big, is an evidence of God,
God is the only true reality...
...and sole source of all creation;
Everything in the universe is just a derivative reality...
...created out of love and mercy...
...by God's command: 'Be, and it is!'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

And I Feel Eternal Peace

I hear the saccharine divine music...
...in my sleep and in my dream...
...in the still of the darkness at night;
My heart feels divine presence...
...and derives immense ecstasy;
The tender low and high rhythmic tunes...
...settle me in eternity;
And I feel eternal peace!

I wake up from deep slumber...
...as I feel the roar of waterfall;
The first rays of sunlight sneak in..
...and fall on my eyes;
I feel the music flowing into my heart, and my soul;
And I feel eternal peace!

I hear the mellow music at noon...
...when the sun is at its peak...
...shining on the crown of my head;
The echoing music causes...
...my eyes to close with sheer ecstasy;
The music surrounds me, envelops me, overpowers me, and grasps me,
And I feel eternal peace!

I hear the divine music when the sun is setting...
...and its final rays of light begin to fade;
I can hear mystic voice, deep, soft, and sweet in my head;
I hear the melodious music even when the sun has set...
...when the golden light of the moon...
...displays its wondrous miracle;
And I feel eternal peace!

I notice a mad desire in me...
...to touch, to eat, and to drink the music divine,
With a desire to hold it fully inside me;
I believe this music to be:
The greatest gift of God!
The living sign of God's love!
And I feel eternal peace!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Mother

A mother is most delicate;
With a slight shock her heart breaks;
It is not made of glass,
Or of any other brittle matter;
That could be pieced together;
By some adhesive...
...after it crumbled into pieces;
But, there is a magic about it;
It has a mysterious quality;
It will at once get right;
And can become whole again;
If you say a loving word to her;
'I love you mom'.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Best Is Sure To Come

Oh Allah, you made it clear in the scripture:
'We will show them Our Signs in the universe...
...and in their own selves...
...until it becomes manifest to them...
...that this is the Truth';
So I've been following your signs in the universe...
...believing that I will surely know;
Now, I'm walking ahead to see...
...your clear signs from vantage points...
...searching for new and newer signs;
I amn't aware what comes next;
I haven't been there before;
But, I feel the tremendous weight...
...on my weak shoulders;
Ooh! It's a hereculean task!
I've only got one life!
I amn't certain if I can reach...
...the ultimate summit in one life;
But I'll go on walking steadily step by step;
Always living on the hope...
...of witnessing the never setting sun,
And understanding the hidden secret;
My heart is throbbing with excitement...
...that the best is sure to come...
...in this very life to me;
The best is sure to come!
The best is sure to come!
The best is sure to come!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Lead Me Through The Mystical Dreams

I know you are loving me;
I am not a fool to disbelieve you;
How can that possibly be!
But I shiver when you're close by me;
I feel your presence drowns me in infinity;
Don't tell me love is just to give...
...some sublime glimpses occasionally;
I know you are playing with me,
Or putting to test my love and fidelity;
There should not be a moment without you;
In my heart and mind, I aspire:
'I should not be turned out like Adam from the heaven; '
I hope you will not turn down my plea;
I depend on your compassion and mercy;
My inner voice tells me:
'Whatever I ask of you, I will get,
One way or the other, I will get; '
You live forever, with you I want to be;
You can make me move to you...
...with no struggle on my part;
Lead me through the mystical dreams;
Show me what you are;
And what I am;
I want to hear you say:
' I love you, you are not my other.'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Nothing More

I want nothing, nothing at all;
In your constant remembrance,
I want just to be;
Don't leave me forlorn,
Face to face...
...I want to be;
I am nothing...
...if you abandon me;
Without you I don't have...
...any other being to love;
I want just you from you;
I won't ask you for more than that;
Don't let me succumb to despair;
I beg you God...
...don't take the heat off me...
...of your love and your peace;
If I lack the light
of your countenance,
I will be lost in dark alleys of life;
How much ice will there be in my life...
...if your sun does not shine upon me;
And on the cross roads of my journey to you,
I will fill the eyes of my soul with mists;
The azure sky, the sun, the moon, and stars...
I will not any more see;
I want nothing, nothing at all;
I beg you not to leave me...
...in the emptiness of
dejection...
...pitifully sad, abandoned and lonely!
If you don't do it for love...
...do it out of compassion, my lord;
I will never bother you,
I will be the dust at the feet of your lovers;
Lying in some corner...
...I will hear your sweet melody;
I want nothing more.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Dew Tears

You never picked the pearls
The tears that did I shed
As dew drops...
On the petals of my rose of heart
I put in a vase on your door
In the hope that you might pick up
My offering of pearls
Sometime when you come out
To give me a glimpse
Why should I beg you to come,
How long will you ignore my love!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Light Divine

See!

Love enters your sanctuary...

...to strike at your heartstrings;

Love plays with your heart...

...as a master musician plays on the strings...

...of the arabian 'ud;

The musical notes that emanate are...

...celestial, divine

and paradisial;

That cause ecstasy

and elysian peace...

...and resonate heart's sanctuary;

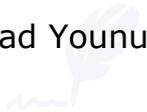
The sweet tunes integrate the soul with the divine light;

Effulging light upon light all around;

Thus, you are blessed with the light divine.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



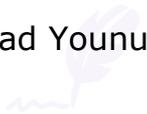
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God's Sanctuary

You cannot enter the sanctuary of God;
Tormentous meditations and philosophical contemplations avail not;
No gaze could attain it;
Nothing could avail...
...but the sincere act of love;
Therein enter those who do not seek...
...the reward other-than-him,
Ask from God only God;
I saw that the act of love...
...sincere in him and for him alone...
...raises from the floor to the highest plane of vision;
There it is written upon the door of the sanctuary:
None can enter here save who has passed the reckoning;
Know that you are yourself God's sanctuary,
You are not simply a human body of bones, sinew, and skin,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Begging

'Who are you? ',
Said a rich man from behind his closed gate...
...'Who are you knocking at my door? ',
Visitors unwanted he found...
...gazing through the slit of his gate,
One with begging bowl in his hands;
One with extended hollow hands;
One imploring with folded hands;
Chanting Ram, Ram, Ram,
They sell their empty stomachs;
They sell their naked bodies;
Their mouths full of prayers!
The rich man shouted at them...
...like a hungry wolf;
Go, go, go,
I can't afford to pay you...
...out of my hard earned money;
Don't you know there is...
...lockdown on begging too?
Making a twisted and skewed face...
...he spewed out a big shriek,
'Get away, do your business away from my home';
They were pleased to go,
And try their luck at some other door...
...on this lockdown day,
When they were leaving...
...the rich man spewed filthy words cursing the beggars...
...for transmitting corona virus from house to house,
One of the beggars turned his head around and said:
Although I have nothing, my head is high,
I do beg, but I am rich inside,
I too have self-esteem, dignity and pride,
If you're a rich person, you are poor inside,
You do not have human heart and empathy,
You're rich because you pushed us into poverty,
You took a lot of our blood and sweat to get to where you are today.

Mykoul

Worship Your Lord Sincerely

Worship Your Lord Sincerely

His light shines in your body,
Only the seeing eyes canst see it:
The light of him who holds your soul in his palm,
Outside you the sun and other stars...
...shine through his command,
The unstruck lute of Eternity is sounding...
...all the while in your heart;
Only the hearing ears canst hear it,
So long as one is under delusion of duality,
His quest to know him shall come to naught:
When counting I, you, and he you leave,
The absolute one Lord will you then know,
For spiritual quest has no other aim...
...than to get more and more of knowledge:
When that comes, the
hard exercises of meditation stop,
Glorify your Lord with His praise...
...and prostrate yourself before Him...
and worship him sincerely,
You must not torment yourself needlessly.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Fire Of Love

Here in my home is some flutist...
...enthusiastically playing at his flute,
Just in order to give eternal peace to me,
To change my dark and fretful nights to lightful days,
To combust the thorny bushes of nafs in me...
...by burning the fire of love in me,
In order to enlighten my soul...
...and give a clear vision to me,
So that the flashes of divine light I see clearly,
When you see that the fire has totally consumed me...
...do not think that I have annihilated,
I'm alive, among the living,
In the rays of truth I'm shining,
I take refuge with my lord of love,
In his wordless voice he...
...does console and assure me,
'Do not think you are stranger to me, '
He bestows patience upon me,
Thus I glow with divine love,
Doing the zikre of Allah is all I long for,
Such that I do not in gloom stay,
Angels come forward and gather 'round me,
They smile, talk, and sing songs of love to me...
...within my soul they keep me happy,
Yes, for love of my lord am I burning,
Let me melt and let me smoulder in his love,
He is the true God the Almighty...
...that I worship sincerely.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Nature And Theme Of Love

The happy or the unhappy may ask... What is love?
But it doesn't have a definition...
...its nature and theme are wordless;
It is an unseeable dweller in the heart...
...who like a caged bird...
...sings out its anguish and agony...
...its longing to get out of the cage...
...to meet its beloved...
...waiting outside on the bough of Chinar tree;
It gazes out through the slits of the cage..
...with eyes fixed at its melancholic beloved outside...
...that sings pensive and wistful songs in its separation;
If you freed it, it would
fly out to perch on the opposite bough...
...to sing out its ardent desire...
...for eternal union with its beloved;
Love is like a beautiful flower...
...emitting fragrance;
But you cannot pluck it to decorate it in a vase;
You feel it secretly and slowly;
It's there and you don't realise;
It's living in your heart.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Sinking Covid-Patient

A Sinking Covid-patient

Help, help, ' said a Covid patient.

'I'm sinking.'

'Have patience, ' said the attendant from a distance.'

'Help, help, ' said the sinking patient.'

'I'm not kidding.'

'Yes, I know, but have hope.

Be patient, the disease will go.

You see, no disease is incurable.

I'm calling for a Doctor on Covid duty.

So do be patient please.'

'How long, how long should I wait? ' said the sinking patient.

'How long will it take for the doctor to arrive? '

'Not very long, ' said the attendant from a distance,

'Till then try staying alive.'

'Very well, ' said the sinking patient.

'I'll try and stay afloat.

By reciting the name of Allah.

And the supplications that He taught...

To Jonah the prophet who sank.'

'Help, help, ' said the sinking patient.

'I suddenly feel quite overtaken by the killing disease.'

'Izrael is standing before me, staring in my eyes.'

'Keep calm.' said the attendant from a distance.'

Breathe deeply and lie quite still.'

'Oh dear, ' said the sinking patient.

'I think I'm going to die.'

'Goodbye, I am taking frewell of this world, '

'Goodbye! '

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Covet Not

Covet nothing
Live a contented life
If you desire to be
Happy
Elegant
Lovely
Peaceful
Enlightened
Sober
Sane, and
Serene
Don't be like a person
Who always has
His eyes wide open
Searching for
Searching for
More and more
Of everything
That others have
In order to be
Content with life
Which he will never be

Wish for nothing larger
Than you are
Than you have
Like the solitary flower
In a vast desert
Abundance or scarceness,
Of material things
Both transitory

Aim for contentment,
But have a firm gaze
Upon your dreams
You can achieve anything
You set your mind to
Even with your limited means
With grace and determination

If providence be
Generous and free
Take only enough
Stop short of urge to plead
Hal min mazeed?
(Have you still more?)
Do not ask for moon or a star;
Is it not surprisingly absurd
That so tiny human midget
Covets to possess the whole world?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Was Lost

I Was Lost

I was lost totally hopelessly in the labyrinth of life;
A complex system of paths and tunnels without lights!
Neither with green lights nor with red lights!
My lord guided me to the straight path...
...so I got out of this confusing labyrinth of life.

I was lost in the sea of unfamiliar faces...
...where I did not recognise any person;
I did not know their language, faith and beliefs;
Now I came out of this sea of unfamiliar faces
Through the mercy of my lord
Now on all faces I see shining only the holy light of God.

I was lost in the mesh of thoughts;
That caused depression and dejection in me;
The suffering screams of soul would always chase after me;
When will I get to know myself?
I thought a lot about it all the time,
The more I thought, the more I got confused,
Deep in my heart, I needed peace and wanted to know reason to live;
I realised it is impossible to find peace of mind...
...as long as conflicting and competing thoughts remain...
...flowing in the mind.

I was lost in the rainbows of varied colors...
...formed by sunbeams passing through the infinite prisms in the sky;
Now, the rainbow is gone;
As it is a full bright day now;
My lord be thanked that now,
I walk in the sunlight of my soul.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Divine Music

I persistently hear divine music...
..that flows over my eyes...
..feeling its echoing tunes;
Over my throbbing-heart...
..resonating with melody,
...deep, clear, and liquid-flow;
Over my sick soul...
...giving it a healing touch of tunes high and low;
Oh! the divine song gives peace to my tired dead soul;
A song that drops like water on my head...
...from a high waterfall!
A song that penetrates through my pores...
...and flushes my inside to make it glow!
There is a magic produced by divine melody:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool Heart!
Immerses me in the stillness of deep sea.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Forbidden Tree

On the wings of Raj Hansa, I set to fly...
...to where Adam had failed...
...in search of that forbidden tree...
...to rest under its cool shade;
As I leave the earthly abode...
...I cast my eyes forward in hope...
...and catch a glimpse of that garden of Eden;
Perched upon its bough...
...I spot the bird of paradise...
...singing in melodious tunes;
Who takes a pause to watch at me...
...as if commanding me to give my ear to her song...
... Hu! Hu! Hu! La illaha illa hu!
(Hu! Hu! Hu! There is no deity but He)
Al-insanu sirre waana siruhû!
(Human being is my secret, and I am his secret)
I wave to her as I pass by;
She returns to me a gentle stare...
...and plays her lute with care;
My wandering eye is now affixed...
...upon the mesmerising voice of this bird;
Whose eyes meet mine for brief moments;
To watch my inner secrets unfurl;
Who does she see, from on that bough?
What new tunes will she now sing to me?
She knows I am her persona in human form?
She is seeing her person in me;
She assures me in her song;
That I am not her other;
Rather I am in reality She;
Now, Eve rises from under me;
And I get to know the truth of forbidden tree;
I wonder when I see Adam and Eve...
...resting under the tree...
...with no appetite for the forbidden fruit.

Mykoul

Full Moon Night

The ocean wants to remain calm and still...
...save the mild music produced by its splashing waves...
...running one after another to caress it's shores;
But, on the full moon night...
...the moon causes tides on its surface...
...with a view to producing rhythmic music...
...and making them jump high to kiss its brilliant face;
O lover, watching the tides on the full moon night...
...tell me, do you want to dwell in ocean's silence...
...or desire to drown in rhythmic sound of the jumping tides?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Eternal Life

If I die before I die...
...Nakir and Munkar will not jump down into my grave...
...to ask me questions about my faith:
Who is your Lord?
What is your religion?
What is your faith about this person (Muhammad) ?
Jabriel will hug me so lovingly...
..that angels will become jealous of me;
My heart shall beat in rhythms unheard...
...hearing the cheerful divinely tune;
Horis shall murmur in my ears:
'Oh enter into our loving heart...
...that beats only for you in resounding tunes;
Tell me glorious horis of love:
What is this inner comfort...
...that I have never experienced out of grave?
'You are free and away from dark souls'...
...Horis tell me confidently;
You are to be transported to your paradise home...
...where you will be blessed with our eternal company;
We shall kiss in your sacred eyes...
...and on your hallowed forehead there;
You will be attired in gold and white...
...and in varied colors in tune with the flowers of heaven;
There you need not crave to return to earth...
...and say:
Ya litani kuntu turaba
(Would that I were dust!)
Eternally you will live in the world of purity...
...and play with the Heavenly spirits there;
You will live for ever there,
You will never die there...
Because alternation of life and death is only in Hell.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Heaven

Heaven is nothing but one's state of spirituality;
It is not a place located on earth;
It is not somewhere outside earth;
It is not to be considered a holiday home;
It is not the state of passivity;
It is not the culmination of life's journey;
It is not monopoly of any people;
It is not reserved for any particular religion or faith;
It is not preordained for any chosen people;
It happens in you progressively;
There is no end to its development in you;
It is the state of awakening and enlightenment in you;
It is the inner beauty of human soul;
It is peace, love, and serenity achieved by you;
It is the reward of true knowledge and wisdom acquired by you;
It is the spiritual perfection that happens to gnostics continuously;
It expands with every command of Be by your lord;
It is limitless like time and space;
Man goes on marching onward to receive...
...ever fresh illuminations from an Infinite Reality;
Which 'every moment appears in a new glory'.
Heaven in truth is divine illumination of human soul.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Bird Perches In Soul

Love Bird Perches In Soul

Love is eternal, indestructible thing;
The persons -- men and women --
merit to be envied...
...in whose hearts exists the tempestuous sea of love;
Nothing in the world can compete the aroma of love;
No instrument is there to measure the sweetness of love;
Man hasn't invented a meter to measure the heat of love;
Only on the wings of love can a lover...
...experience celestial ascension;
While flying to his beloved's home
Love is the bird with feathers—
That perches in the soul—
And listens the cheerful tune without the words—
The tune that never stops—at all—
And the sweetest—of all tunes—
I've heard it in the chilliest winter nights—and on the hottest Summer days—
Yet, never, I did feel extreme cold or heat,
So absorbed was I in remembrance—of Him--
Or he was in remembrance--of Me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Prayer For Mercy

Oh Allah, may you bless Mohammed!
Oh Allah, may you bless Mohammed!
He told everything to me...
...that you revealed to him;
My Lord, be merciful with me!
Your mercy is huge and unbounded;
Since I don't know what awaits me,
I cry for my forgiveness to you;
If You punish me,
I can't rebel against You;
He told everything to me...
...that can earn me your pleasure;
My soul has been careless;
I indulged in all sorts of sins;
My greatest sin is my negligence;
I do not work honestly to know myself;
I see myself quite remote from you;
I do not realise that you are nearby to me;
Since my age is coming to end...
...I have a great sorrow that I have not done...
.. what the prophet commanded me to do;
Since heedlessness has fallen upon me...
...I have lost the way that leads to you;
Since you are most merciful, most forgiving...
...I have got in you my ultimate hope.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Song Of Eternity

The sages of old shout from their heart;
Nobody should fall in the snare of earthly love;
Do not be infatuated by ephemeral beauty;
That avails not here or hereafter;
It withers away like autumn rose;
It is like Mirage in the desert and no more;
It is like a wolf in Lamb's clothing...
...that mercilessly devours its prey;
Rather in your sweet heart you listen...
...the song of eternity
He who hears this song devotedly...
...gets drunk with elixir and never dies;
He realises he is in essence of the eternal truth;
That in man's form implements his command.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hooo! Hooo! Hooo!

When the night falls, all birds fly...

...to their nests for sleep,

But owl avoids sleeping at night...

...and remains awake listening to the mystic sound...

...to be heard by the vigilant under the pall of darkness

Occasionally, from tree boughs and roof tops...

...he cries out to the sleepers under their warm quilts...

...listening the divine music is better than sleeping...

Get up! Listen to hu, hu, hu...

The owl too mimics and starts hooting

Hooo! Hooo! Hooo!

The night birds join the chorus and fill the atmosphere with their devotional songs

Then the morning birds steal the show

Flying out of their nests....

...When the sun climbs over the mountains

Just to sing songs of love

And all the stars lay down in heaven

To take their rest till evening comes

Don't you fly away from me, O morning birds

In your voice I hear the love melody...

...that reverberates since eternity.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Sit In Your Nest

East or west
Home is the best
Forget should we lest
Corana puts us to test
Let us sit in the nest

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Weeping Palestine

Sleeping children of Allah...

...shattered into pieces!

Vengeful Israel air strikes and bombs pounded;

The pungent smell of bomb smoke horribly choking!

Arabian oud perfume gone with the wind!

The call to get back the land...

...still whistles in the wind...

...blowing over palestine...

...fragrant with the rejuvenating odour...

...of stifled and trampled blossoms!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Wakh

Suspicious is a whore's smile,
Dark place is the tavern,
Where wine is offered...
...in skull-bowls,
And vile is the speech of honey- tongued person,
Whose words are full of venom.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Power Of Love

Love is everywhere in nature,
Stay close to nature, Cherish it!
What a powerful gift!
It can raise you from the lowest of low...
To the highest of high!
And you will come to know...
...that nature is your extended self,
And that will take your breath away,
Learn to be present and your heart will become one with nature,
Open your mind and your heart will follow...
...to the source where the streams of love flow,
Love is like a rain-shower...
...washing the dust of hate away,
Love can keep you safe,
Love can keep you in peace,
Just try loving your enemies...
...who are close to you,
And they will surely reciprocate...
...in equal measure love to you,
And you will enjoy life naturally.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

This Too Shall Pass

They are right!
This too shall pass;
I am confident!
The clouded sky shall cease to rain...
...covid-deaths on our heads;
The sun giving a sadistic smile...
...shall throw a livening light...
...on our horrified souls below;
And the dead earth shall sprout... greenery and fragrant flowers again;
I get an assurance from the rejuvenating nature...
...that nothing is permanently destroyed,
Infinitely recouping and healing process is going on in nature;
I see paled faces brightening again,
I see the golden dawn and flaming sunset...
...on the horizon in my sight;
I see children playing in the parks...
...and going to schools,
I see women singing the merry songs at weddings,
I see the faithful going for prayers in the masjids,
I notice effulgent smile on the peoples' faces;
God be praised! Everything is getting out of murk and gloom;
He has cleansed our mind and heart with his broom;
He has forgiven us our sins;
He has brought us out...
...from the abyss of pandemics;
Trust my word, trust what I see;
Amën.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Talking To My Lord

My lord! I can't even imagine that you will ever abandon me;
You are never remote from my thinking and imagination;
I see you from your balcony watching my eyes;
Rolled up to see your radiant face;
I hear the sweet notes coming from you infinitely;
I smell the fragrance emanating from your rose garden of infinity;
I imagine the golden City of love and peace in your palm;
I am hopeful the wild horse will never wound me...
... While I travel to you walking on the path of pure love;
In my mystic dream, I see you in my image;
When I look around in the mirror house of existence...
All around in mirrors I see me;
Reveal me what is this mystery;
Who am I? Where is my home?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Who Is Adam

Lord! the expelled Adam on the earth calls out to you;

He is seeking you from the time...

...he was sent down on the earth;

He will remain seeking you till his day ends;

He seeks you in the golden dawn;

He seeks you in the glittering hot sun;

He seeks you in the flaming sunset;

He seeks you in the twinkling stars;

He seeks you in the cool silver moon;

But, how can he get up to you!

Merciful lord inspires in wordless voice:

Adam! Come to the horizon...

...where the earth and the sky meet;

Lift up your eyes to your crown...

...and you will be taken up to the heaven...

...where your true self is waiting for you;

How can I see you, my lord?

Lord smiled and played on his harp:

I shall be the cloud and you the moon...

I shall cover you with my light and voice;

Adam gets overwhelmed with joy;

Adam, now, sings from morning till night...

...on and on he travels to know...

...himself and his lord;

He sets out on the wings of sound waves;

And drowns in the strange ocean of sound;

No one in the world knows...

Who is Adam and where he goes.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Spiritual Revolution

Oh sleeping soul!

These are absolutely serious times...

...that we are now passing through,

The old world order is crumbling down,

A new world order is about to begin!

You know what I'm saying?

Are you ready for the real revolution?

The spiritual revolution!

If you seek, you shall find,

When you find, you shall seek,

So that you never lose what you find,

Do you know what to realise?

All of us come from the same Divine,

Remember when he created you...

...He breathed into you of his spirit,

Then all the angels fell prostrate before you,

You dig what I'm saying?

Take heed to the words of Wisdom,

Spoken by prophets, saints, and sages,

The words written in sacred books;

The words written in the open book of universe;

The words written on the walls of heart,

Divine nature is our essential truth,

You understand what I'm saying?

This is a call to all who have forgotten their essential self,

Wake up and look within,

To find Peace and tranquility,

Give thanks, when you find the truth,

Now, you can live a peaceful life,

And release the fragrance of love in outer world,

No human will display violence to you,

Hope will chase away your fear,

A better world will come into existence;

You got me?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Facebook

I spend my time on Facebook...
...pouring myself into the heart of others;

Only to find that...
...when it's time for myself
to check...
...how much space they allow me...
I find I am outside on the threshold;

It is a reminder from my lord:
Do not spend too much time on Facebook.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Plead To You

I wrote some mystical poems that you know,
My soul begs you to publish my heart's poetry,
I pray it brings the readers close to the Lord,
Most merciful, most beneficent lord!
I plead you to accept this bouquet of scent-full flowers,
Yes I, your humble servant, plead to you.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Speak Over My Grave

They asked the little warrior,
Do you love freedom to death?
And he said, ' speak of it over my grave,
And see how it brings...
...smile on my face.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

True Love

True love builds:

My heart shall the palace be

When I in love rest

And love rests in me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hold Fast Unto The Beloved's Chain

Your seeker must be solitary like You...

...he must be free of every friend and foe;

If he longs to come out of the wilderness...

...he must grab hold of the pearl-encrusted, musk-wafting chain...

...the other end of which is in beloved's hand...

...that he constantly pulls...

...to draw his lovers close to his chest.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

To Be A Real Gnostic

If you desire to be a real gnostic...
...your inner eye must open to see...
...the divine beauty: manifested in his whole creation...
...especially humankind;
And also your inner ear must open to hear...
...the divine melodies reverberating in heart;
Walk unto Him, and think about Him all the time;
Be as a traveller on His path...
...the path of peace and love!
the path of prophets, saints, and friends of Allah!
Make the dust of this road...
...the balm of your eyes.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Ever-Living Terror

I see terror every where...

Terror terror terror terror terror terror terror terror...

In China India Pakistan Afghanistan Bangladesh Myanmar Iraq Syria Yemen
Saudi Arabia Israel Indonesia Ethiopia Eriteria Nigeria..America France Norway
UK Germany Russia.....

Somewhere in the name of nationalism...

Somewhere in the name of capitalism...

Somewhere in the name of communism...

Somewhere in the name of imperialism...

Somewhere in the name of racism...

Somewhere in the name of religion...

Somewhere in the name of secession...

Somewhere in the name of Islamophobia...

Somewhere in the name of crushing the opposite voices...

...when they cry against tyranny, oppression, domination, corruption,
discrimination.....

When was this terror born...

When will this terror die...

Perhaps it has taken the water of life...

I'm afraid it might never die.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Awaiting A Miracle

Aliens cloaked in tyranny,
Chasing the natives...
...who dare to challenge them,
The angel of death's wing's overhead,
Everyone eaten by oppression, terror and torture!
Still a light of hope shining in heart!

By day, a terror smoke...
...in towns and villages...
...that suffocates, and snatches away all hopes...
...of living peacefully and honourably;

By night, under the veil of darkness...
...deep, and opaque!
New constellations I see...
...appearing in the sky above;

Something supernatural is going to happen...
...close to the ruin and devastation,
Something no-one, no-one...
...expects to happen!
Though they have longed for it..
...since they were born,
The starlit night with a moony smile!
The bright sunny day with a mystic ecstasy!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

People Of Knowledge

How funny! How silly!

I see people all around the world...

...trying to ride the fame of knowledge and sainthood...

How funny! How silly!

They are quite unaware...

...that without showing the real respect...

...for the genuine people of knowledge and wisdom...

...and gathering from them the legacy of prophets...

...there is no chance for them...

...of getting on the way to the mystic summit...

...to see the real meaning of the essential truth,

Be not a deluded schizophrenic!

Never have a resort away from...

...the 'people of knowledge and wisdom'

Only the people of knowledge have the acumen...

...to lead you from darkness to light.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Meraj-UI-Alam

Flowers bloom at night..

Some holy things can only happen in darkness..

The Quran was revealed at night..

The Night of Power known as..

The night far better than thousand nights..

Of prayers, meditation, and contemplation..

The Celestial Journey took place at night...

The Night of Isra known as...

He did not travel to God but God had him travel,

The Meraj of Muhammad also occurred at night,

When Allah called his prophet to the heavens,

This call of the inviter is coming from the sky

This is the night before which the dawn prostrates

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hope For Renaissance

Muslims do not have now,
That strength when in olden days,
Their one single man Ali,
Pulled out from the hinges...
...the door of the fortress of Khyber;
So in the battle fields when confronting...
...the Persian and Roman armies,
They would move earth and heaven;
But, still some children seem to be reborn:
With equal temper of heroic hearts,
With equal urge for performing righteous deeds,
There is no denying the fact!
We are made weak by time and drifting away,
From the mainstream of Islam,
That was, that is, that will remain...
...pure and pristine;
But? our new children now...
...joined to the roots...
...are strong in will and vision...
...to strive, to seek, to find, to regain...
...the position of pride and honour...
...in the family of nations,
They are not born to yield,
I believe!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Flowers Of Paradise

The way to go to tree top:
Focus on the crown point...
...and let your eyes go soft;
Slow your breathing;
Go to your roots in the head;
That spreads its branches...
...from head to toes;
Sit still and calm at your crown's place;
And endure the thunderous sounds;
Imagine:
Here's the Temple of light;
From where the mystic lights gush forth;
What's in your heart ringing?
Years of spiritual thirst...
...here you'll quench...
...with the plenty of water of life;
And, thus, you'll reach the roots of life;
Draw water up from this spring;
Irrigate your dry field with the water of life...
...such that water of life percolates...
...through the pores of its rocky surface;
What flowers will bloom there?
Do you know?
The flowers of paradise!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Hideouts On Fire

What dawn it is!
The night is leaving,
Along with its shy moon and twinkling stars!
This dawn in this part of the world...
...brings with it serial catastrophes...
...not heard of in yore days,
Everything of nature takes an ablution in the shower of light,
In the departure of night but I see,
The peace, silence, and tranquility running away,
Tears roll down my cheeks...
...as I see my village being cordoned...
...the whole village waking in sleep,
The smoke palling on the whole village!
Arising from the hideouts being set on fire,
There the young militants were hiding,
Pungent smell of the burnt corps awfully suffocating!
Eh, they were mad for freedom!

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Divine Lovers

Lovers of God are marching ahead of us,
We are waywards lagging behind them,
I am drowned in a stream of tears...
...as I am in pain due to my desire...
...pending its approval by my lord...
To join his band of lovers,
They are a unique class of people...
...whom God has exclusively created for his love;
Through divine providence they possess a lover's heart,
The owners of a lover's heart are those...
...who die before their deaths,
They drink from the cup of death..
...the water of eternal life;
They move from the temporal world...
...to the world of eternity;
And reside in peace in the eternal kingdom;
There they hear the divine speech:
???? ???? ?? ?? ?????
'Peace: a word from a Merciful Lord...
And get aside today, O guilty ones! '
They are those who sacrifice...
...their worldly pleasures for seeking supreme bliss,
Nay, they sacrifice their heart and soul...
...for God realisation;
They walk non-stop...
...on the path of divine love;
And God is himself the recompense...
...for their sacrifice and love.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Murshid

The murshid is like a mother of an innocent child;
When the child stumbles while trying to walk,
His mother comes forward...
...like a trainer and an educator...
...to teach and train the child to rightly walk;
And holds his hand and gives him all support;
Like a mother, the murshid guides the misguided and the ignoramus;
He teaches, trains, and guides...
...the persons under his tutelage...
...on the spiritual way,
To put them on the straight path...

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Iron Lady

Confident! Relaxed! Happy!
Her face covered! Her head veiled!
Not afraid of arrest or torture!
Oblivious to the order, 'Uncover! Unveil! '
Her two princes! Pupil of her eyes! Pomegranates! Plucked off the tree!
Squeezed by the oppressors!
To fill with blood the two eyes of their mother;
Being pushed into police vagon...
...by ruthless policemen,
People for whom she sacrificed...
...her youth, her joys, her family sleeping...
...beyond being awakened...
...even by the shrieks of children,
But, she resists alone,
The most resilient lady!
Her eyes with hope fixed...
...on her purpose and destination;
Her courage is not lost,
She is not speechless, bewildered, or a dead corps;
She carries around her neck...
..a necklace of martyrs with pride,
She carries in her bag:
The prayer mat and the Quran;
Her people seem to have forgotten her;
But, she carries their pain in her heart;
She always smiles, and says:
The passion for freedom is sitting on my head;
I won't taken off my shoes yet.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

What A Catastrophe!

My body, my heart are frozen;
The dense mist hangs low...
...o'er the mountains, the hills, and the woods;
The heavy clouds have palled on them;
The face of the sun is shrouded...
With the heavy black clouds;
The heaven has veiled its smiling face;
Wherever I cast my glance,
I fail to see anything;
Dim! Dark! Funereal!
Perhaps the sun can't endure...
...to see gloom on the earth...
Destruction! Devastation! Desolation!
The singing birds dosing in their nests;
The echoing sound of the singing birds not to be heard;
The birds observing the Silence fasting;
The doves, pigeons, thrush, swallow...
...in cages silent, tight lipped!
The orators, poets, sages, scholars, leaders...
...all have swallowed their tongues;
Since long they have abandoned casting pearls;
Blooming blossoms have waned and withered;
How can breeze carry fragrance on its wings!
What a calamity! What a catastrophe!
No day! No night!
No sunshine! No cool shade!
Blind day! Dark day!
Perhaps, the Last day!
My soul sinks down like the frightened dove!
It seems to be the day of judgment,
Perhaps, the time is passing its final judgement
For our insensitiveness and lack of national pride.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Màrifah

It is the ignorant, not the wise,
Who say that Shariah and Tariqah...
...produce divergent results.
One who is firmly established...
...in either must know:
The fruit of both is really one:
The Màrifah... The God realisation.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Salah

The salah and the righteous deeds,
Both lead to supreme bliss,
Their end goal is one,
They are the means to obtain the end:
The supreme bliss,
Both are necessary acts...
...of a true devotee of God,
One must not be undertaken to the exclusion of the other,
??? ??? ???????
?? ?? ??????? ??????
Woe to those who pray,
But are unmindful of their prayers!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Rose And Bee

I am the colourful rose,
I am the pleasant odour of the rose,
I am the nectar of the rose,
I am the honey bee,
I come dancing and singing to the rose,
I sit, kiss, and hug the rose,
I suck the nectar from the rose,
I am the queen sitting in the hive,
I work as her devout worker outside,
I make honey for my own use,
I am a bee and a human both!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Listen To My Song

I belong to all,
All belong to me;
When I die,
I will live in all;
So don't mourn over my death;
Of all the things I dislike...
...I dislike mourning over the dead;
It is rather an occasion of joy and rejoicing;
Because he is delivered by Supreme God...
...from the life of hate, terror, pain and sufferings...

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Ankle Bracelet

Twas the ankle bracelet!
Since then I waited—
To hear it again and again,
And lo! to-night!
When it was time for dawn...
...to break with its splendid music and light,
I was rewarded by my lord!

Mohammad Younus



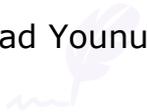
PoemHunter.com

Lightning

Lightning flashed in my heart,
I could move to the valley of light,
My ignorance and delusion all erased
I got a glimpse of the Invisible within,
And thirst and longing for the true knowledge aroused,
My ears received the boon of Unstruck Music,
And Knowledge and divine wisdom...
...descended on me
Like the explosion of light!
The verses of the hidden book...
...were revealed to me,
God raised me up and protected me...
...from the enemies on my prowl,
Beyond the books, ascetic living, and yogic practices...
...I beheld the truth of my Lord.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Behind The Veil

As I go while I am still here,
It means I am flying...
...on the wings of soul,
Far across beyond the earth,
But where?
To God!
Is he outside the sphere...
...where I live in concrete form?
I only know I am flying on...
To some unknown place...
...to meet someone behind the veil,
I might not see him...
...but I have faith...
...he is behind the veil,
Love tells me to fly on...
...until time's end,
Away from the world of mankind.
But at every vantage point...
I see only my own image,
Who must be behind the veil?
I will wait for the time when the veil is lifted up.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Women's Day

Let every day be a women's day...
...when she is treated as a human being...
...and is not made to yield to harsh male domination,
Let she be accepted as the respectful life companion,
I believe you won't contest my viewpoint,
She too is capable of using her grey matter,
In decision making process from kitchen to cabinet,
In solving the multi- dimensional problems...
...that the humankind is confronted with,
Let us give her a chance to prove her leadership qualities...
Let us allow her to function as effective galvanising force,
In bringing about a positive change in society.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Reality Of All Things

The Reality Of All Things

The morning sun came out,
Birds woke up from sleep -
Sprang out of their dreams,
Rubbing the eyes and yawning,
Every bird came out of its nest,
Sitting for a while...
...on tree branches and boughs...
...sang sweet melodies,
And, then, flew off into azure skies,
To some unknown place far away,
Me too followed them...
Through the silent celestial space,
...while listening to the magical voice;
Then, the flocks of flying birds...
...disappeared from the eyes,
But, I kept walking in the spiritual skies,
Landmarks of the earth below: --
Snowy peaks, glaciers,
Green valleys, barren lands and deserts,
Vast seas, clean and pristine lakes,
Thundering Brooks and waterfalls,
The rivers moving on silently and steadily --
On top of them all I walked,
All alone through sound and light,
So happy and jolly!
Finally, I came out...
...from the depths of drunken state,
Then, in the state of wakefulness and sobriety,
I came to know of...
...the hearer, the seer, the speaker,
Found the essence of every entity and every thing!
After witnessing the light of the truth,
I thanked the lord...
...and fell in front of my master in prostration,
As a humble and grateful servant!
I don't know anything else than this,
I don't want anything else other than this,

I don't have any other beloved except you in the world,
I don't know of any other beloved in the whole universe.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Holy Puzzle

In the wall of Kaaba there is a stone...
...with no words on it --
a square meteorite stone,
Many generations ago fell from the sky,
Pilgrims while going round the Kaaba...
...kiss this black stone,
A longing without end, fills them all:
One kiss after another,
The tawaf is not perfect...
...unless they kiss the stone,
Only this stone lies calmly in the wall...
...hearing 'Labeika Allahuma Labeika',
A bewildering puzzle to me always!
It seems to me a Child's play...
...if I do not understand the purpose of kissing the stone,
Which is not like a deity at all,
As Omer had once addressed to it:
'I would break you into pieces...
...if I had not seen the prophet kissing you',
I also kissed this puzzle stone,
Because it told me: God is a reality...
...but still He is a puzzle,
He has no name and can't be described in words.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Dharma

Dharma

Heart itself is dharma --
Book of knowledge and wisdom;
No heart, no dharma --
Difficult to unfold,
But easy to act upon

Mykoul --

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Eternal Zikre

When the heart is free --
Listening to the music
Pouring forth from the soul,
The listener becomes
One with his lord
And remains engrossed
In the eternal zikre,
He, He, He...

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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When I Say Insaan

When I say the word Insaan,
The first syllable tells me about his creator - Allah;
When I say the word Insaan,
I remember his creation
from the mixed sperm;
When I say the word Insaan,
I say a secret that only a few know:
Al insaanu sirree, wa anna sirru huu;
(Man is My secret, and I am his secret) .

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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No Gun

Let me be
clear,
I hate gun,
It means...
Kill or get killed,
If you kill one soul,
You kill the whole humanity.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am The Poet

None can crucify me,
None can nail me,
Can anybody kill the spirit?
None can stone me to death,
None can hang me on gallows,
Can anybody kill the spirit?
None can poison me to death,
None can saw me into parts,
Can anybody kill the spirit?
I am the poet,
The spirit speaks in me,
Because I speak the truth,
I must write:
What comforts me,
And what hurts
me,
I must thank and praise every soul,
That preach love, peace,
Mutual co existence and brotherhood,
No matter how you treat me,
I am the poet,
Carrying all the weight of pain and cruelty...in my heart

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Hairath Doone'

I'm waiting
For the walnuts
That you store
In the water pitcher

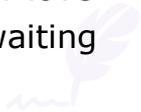
And which you
Ritually save
For Hairuth

Forgive me
They were delicious
So sweet!
And so cold!

When shall you
Send to me again
My share
From your love
I'm still waiting

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Moment Of Joy

A Moment Of Joy

A moment of Joy!

I was waiting for long on the window,
Apparently waiting when She,
Stealthily comes up on her own window,
Before breaking of the dawn,
We were two but one in soul,
She and I!

I drank the flowing water of life,
From the spring of her eyes,
A magic mirror appeared before my eyes,
I looked through it and saw,
She was smiling at my ignorance,
I, in the stillness of the morning...

Witnessed before me:

The garden's beauty and the morning birds...

...singing in my praise,

The rising sun watching me,

Showing me the unified beauty,

Spread out before my mystic eyes,

I am astonished to see myself,

In one form on this earth,

And in another form in timeless time!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Know And Bow

Know And Bow

Bow your head at the dust of Your master's feet,
Seeking ever knowledge to know your self;
Keep on glorifying and praising your lord,
Ceaselessly going around his throne;
Let you no more vaunt yourself in worldly occupation,
Devout yourself to pursue the divine purpose;
Accomplish God's will throughout your life,
By acting as his true vicegerent;
If you long for the absolute peace and contentment,
You can find it only in the calm sea inside you;
If you want to be cool, calm, and still,
Keep standing on the lotus of your heart;
Wash out all vanity from your head,
With the water of humility and modesty.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Tears In Eyes

Look me in my eyes,
And tell me truly,
O' my beloved,
If all the sprouting tears,
Were not enough,
To earn your love.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Kalimah

O thou the first word of Allah,
Blown into me...
On the day he gave me life,
Life, my life, come and talk to me!
Day after day I have kept watch for thee;
For thou art the great mystic name...
...that keeps me connected to my lord...
...through zikre-e-daa'im,
All that I am, that I have, that I hope and all my love,
Have ever flowed from thee to me secretly,
One perfect speech from thine tongue...
...and my life will be ever enlightened,
Thou be the garland of flowers in my neck,
Through my entire life,
Thou art the secret flute in my heart,
That sweetly sounds...
...when I sit with my lord...
...alone in the solitude of night.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Constant Remembrance

I ask you O spiritually awakened people,

Mohammad Younus



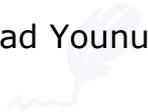
PoemHunter.com

True Ecstasy

O friend O friend, who do I tell,
How much joy I get when I realise,
That I am not separate from the whole,
My love's fire kindles light in me,
If I poke in to see what is going on,
I find it is the sacred song resonating inside me,
I am driven mad with the joy of realising,
That all is He, inside and outside me,
My heart and thoughts are filled with this Irfan,
Bread of ecstasy, sauce of love...
...make a good breakfast for me,
I wandered here and there to look for Leila,
But Leila is very much with me,
So says Mykoul, the poor faqeer,
Realising oneness is the true ecstasy

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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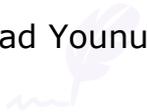
Divine Name

Divine Name

The birth, the pre-birth; the life, and then the death:
We must remember the cycle in each breath,
Adam, Eve, Satan and Angels, 'tis we;
Love, Peace, Harmony, Purity and Serenity, 'tis we;
Each thing in the heavens, Earth, and in between,
Glorifies the creator of the universes - seen and unseen,
Likewise our soul and spirit do the same.
The whole Space and Time resonate,
With the sound of the divine name,
And exhibit the divine Beauty's face;
So let us hear with heart's ear the Eternal call:
Thou art the truth, and thou art the All;
Thou art the mother of mysteries all.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Do Not Waste Your Time

In the heavens there is calmness,
And on the earth there is beauty;
In the gardens there is freshness,
And in you there is a sign;
In the sea there is might,
And in the air there is nourishment;
Take from all this comfort for your soul...
...and recovery for your mind;
Do not waste your time by being unmindful,
This will shield you from good,
And lead you to evil,
Thus advises Hassan al-Banna

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Torture Cell

Inside a torture cell,
On the wall hangs,
The picture of an evil demon,
Around her neck,
A garland of human skulls,
I observe the stretched tongue,
Painted with red blood,
What a strain it is to be,
In a torture cell.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Speak Sweet Words

The injury may heal up,
But pain will forever rest...
...in my soul,
You know the person who injured me,
Lived close to my soul,
Do not speak a hurtful word,
Lo! in everyone abides the true Lord,
Do not break anyone's heart,
For each heart is as fragile as a glass pot.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Voice Calling

A Voice Calling

Those travellers walking to Him...

...are guided by the sound of His word toward Him,

Those who hear the word...

...have the light of inner eye, and say:

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

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

O our lord, indeed we have heard...

...a voice calling to faith,

They belong to Allah, and are His alone.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

To A Bee

You only need smell the fragrance,
To find your way to the flower garden--
Such waves of fragrance from the garden,
Touch your soul and inspire you,
With desire to collect the nectar,
Food for self consumption and distribution.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Sacred Song

Sacred Song

Sacred song is like the sun,
It caresses and inflames,
It melts and burns,
People say to us on pulpits that,
On hearing the sacred song...
...the soul entered the human body,
But, who would tell them that,
In reality, the soul itself was the sacred song,
Where is the source of the sacred song?
It is within and without;
In silence and in sound;
The lover perceives it pouring out of every atom,
It is the mystic name heard and repeated by mystics through all the ages,
It is the witness that everything glorifies the lord...
Through this name all the while.

Mykoul



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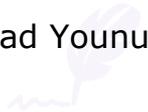
Mohammad Younus

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If I poke in to see what is going on,
I find it is the sacred song resonating inside me,
I am driven mad with the joy of realising,
That all is He, inside and outside me,
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...make a good breakfast for me,
I wandered here and there to look for Leila,
But Leila is very much with me,
So says Mykoul, the poor faqeer,
Realising oneness is the true ecstasy

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Hell And Heaven

And where is hell?
I asked;
All around,
There were no flames,
No embers glowing,
No water boiling,
I asked Maalik,
The guardian of hell,
Not smiling -
The stern-faced replied,
We have no fire here
Every evil person,
Brings his fire and...
...things of torture with him,
He burns in his own fire,
And where is Heaven?
I asked Ridwan,
The smiling guardian,
He shouted hip hip hurrah!
The heaven is in you!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My House

Firm faith is the foundation of my house,
Knowledge is its Study room,
Silence is its meditation room,
Wisdom is its conference room,
Love is its Living room,
In this house, I sit without disturbance,
With my own self and no other,
In peace listening to the divine melody,
In my house abides the Truth eternal,
The worldly houses are places of delusions,
Like prisons for the believers,
And so I abandon and desert them.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Shadows Moving

Walking on the frozen snow,
With straw sandals in feet!
Light of the snow!
No moon and stars!
In the snow light,
Some shadows moving,
Creeping towards the village,
Either soldiers or ghosts

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Tyranny

The sparrows from alien land,
Eating the flying ants,
In their first attempt,
To dance in air

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Afterlife

Afterlife is a certainty...
...when we will be resurrected,
As long as we live on earth,
We must live as if we're tenants here,
No one comes back once he is gone;

Those who come to the world,
Leave after an appointed time,
Drink the sherbet of death...
...one by one,
Death is a bridge...
...every one has to pass over it,
Those under delusion but,
Oh! Ignore this open reality;

Come, let us welcome death,
Let us make the transcendence easier,
Let us love and be loved,
The earth is not an eternal abode,
Let us rather work to inherit,
The garden of eternal bliss;

If you understand the words of truth,
If you understand the stark reality,
You need to bear in your mind,
No one stays in this world for ever,
No one comes back to this world again,
You have to sow here, and reap there.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Divine Melody

I love immensely the divine melody,
That sounds in my heart all the time,
With deep, clear, and liquid-flow,
Resonating with tunes, high and low,
Falling like water over my head,
Creating cheerful sound in my soul,
There is a magical effect in this melody:
A spell of rest, quiet and cool heart!
In the stillness of heart...
I am held in the arms of sweet rhythm,
I would like to share the sweetness with you,
But words fail me to tell you,
What divine melody speaks to me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Music Of The Sky

The music that I would listen,
In my mother's womb, or even before,
Sounds in my heart even to this day,
For a pretty long time but,
I attended the concerts of this world,
Where music is created...
By striking the strings of the musical instruments,
But my soul did not get as such,
The true ecstasy as I enjoyed in paradise,
The created music only created agony in my heart,
For having lost the celestial melodious music,
Then God opened my ears to the true music,
And I leaped up as I felt,
I am back in the paradise,
But, still I don't see the face of the singer,
Unless you assure me that it is me,
I live in the hope of seeing my true face,
But, that meeting may never take place,
In the exoteric sense of the word.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Desire To Burn In Love

Look at birds,
They are so far,
Gliding and flying in the air,
Hopping on the land and perching on the trees,
Sitting in their nests caring for their chicks,
I catch a phoenix to burn fire in my heart,
I know what I want in me,
I want to kindle fire of love in my heart,
Glowing and flaming!
Greater than the sun!
I know it's so hard a wish,
To burn in love,
Actually my soul wants to find,
Where it originally belongs,
It is never wrong to burn for what we love,
Like a moth going round a lamp,
It is my birth desire to reach the light,
Even if I might burn to ashes,
Like a phoenix who desires...
...to take a new birth.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

What Is Heart

I wonder what is the heart,
'Your heart is my canvas,
On which I draw new and newer paintings,
To show off my beauty in all colours:
Vibrant, dark, and light colours, '
He secretly whispered in my heart's ear.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Phiran

The people
Who threw
Their Phirans
Away
Begged
For them
On Chilly
winter's
Day

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Modern Man

See!

How pitted the face of the Modern man is!

That's Cain's gene active in him,

For fratricide he is roaming in towns and villages,

With his grown nails he is scratching...

...and scarring the pink face of humanity,

Ruthlessly and mercilessly,

Like a mad wild chimpanzee.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Resonance

Great resonance!
No musical thing around;
Right and left, there is no musician:
Rivers and mountains and the great earth, --
All of them echoing with sound,
The whole world!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Snowflake Obsidian

Snowflakes like Obsidian stones,
Provide us balance of mind and spirit,
Watching them helps us in getting out of...
... stressful mental patterns,
They keep us calm in isolation,
And aid us in meditation to remain in fusion,
Snowflakes are like our advisers,
They descend silently from the sky,
Without making a roaring dreadful sound,
Spreading white blankets on the earth...
Reddened by the innocent blood...
Advising the children to sit inside,
To save themselves from frost bite,
Naughty rebel children don't heed,
They come out in the open,
To play a snow fight with the enemy,
To make snowmen of the oppressors,
And to write graffiti on the walls and ground,
Return Our Dead Bodies.
Return!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Snowflakes

How awesome!
Look around!
Silvery white beauty everywhere!
The perfect example...
...of the beauty of nature!
Look closely and carefully,
The Snow Mughals falling
happily -
- whirling, dancing, smiling -
- along the snowfall from the sky,
Snowflakes -
- the most beautiful creations of nature!
Ethereal and fleeting!
Often overlooked!
Seen by people -
-reeling under poverty and
oppression -
as an annoyance...
...and interruption to their life.

Each Snow Mughal is
unique,
They seem to be disunited,
Yet, they are united...
...to produce unique
beauty...
...and weave intricate but
beautiful patterns.

Most simple and beautiful,
Snow flakes like Mughals,
So is the beauty of Kashmir...
...that is destroyed by the
oppressive hands.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Miraculous Sound

I know not how to sing your praise,
Though in silent amazement I ever listen to your word;
The light of your music illuminates my whole being;
The life breath of your music runs through me;
The holy stream of your holy music resonates...
...in my body and soul,
Without any friction, it sounds on;
My heart longs to join in your song,
But vainly struggles for proper words,
So I fail to compose a song for you;
Baffled and bemused I am indeed!
Still it is an invaluable boon that I hear you...
...singing your own song to thrill me;
I have got trapped in the winding meshes of your music,
You lovingly command me to listen,
To your sweet music devotedly;
As I hear to your melodious music;
My eyes roll up to see your holy light;
All that is harsh and unmelodious in my life,
Melts into one sweet harmony,
My soul spreads its wings like a gliding bird...
...and flies beyond the contours of earth;
I know you are pleased with me,
Because I devoutly listen to your music;
By the sprawling music of your word,
I come near to your citadel,
...which I could never aspire to reach,
Drunk with the joy of listening your music,
I forget myself and sink into your remembrance;
You are my lord!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Open Thy Soul's Ear

Open, thy soul's ear, open,
Hear these melodious tones,
That heavenly music makes,
The word of Allah, most clear and eloquent...
...sweetly sounding,
While moon is rising bright,
The sun at dawn emerging from darkness,
Showering the abounding lovely light,
The Mystic voice you may thus hear,
In silence teaching you...
...the words of wisdom and divine knowledge.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Eternal Cheer

If you want to have eternal cheer,
Listen to the sweetening music,
Emanating from mystic sound waves,
Of infinite wavelengths,
Approaching nonstop your heart's ear,
Those mystic sound waves will ramp up your cheer,
They'll clear the clouds off your heart,
And bring unbound spiritual ecstasy to you,
Getting you out of the vile nightmares,
It is subtle sound, beyond vibration,
But, it is auto music without strings,
It pervades inside and outside,
And leads you away from illusion,
If you want to have peace and the horrors to cease,
If you want to gain awareness and enlightenment,
If you want more and more of knowledge and wisdom,
Turn your heart's ear to those mysterious sound waves,
Let your serenity and sobriety increase,
Through listening to the divinely music.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Golden Dream

My mother Eve,
Shadows over me,
Sprinkles with her soft hands,
Cool cold water at me,
To wake me up from deep sleep,
And to see her unique beauty,
In the mirror of my eyes,
She is filling up the whole world,
With God's sweet music,
Continually in her fragrant voice,
All the other voices drown in her voice,
The universe is brilliantly shining,
With light upon light,
The birds of Paradise are singing beautiful songs,
I am overfilled with spiritual ecstasy,
I feel I am dying and taking new birth,
In some mystic world,
Where beauty is abundant and marvellous,
Growing at an increasing rate,
My heart is enlightened by a strange and mysterious light,
Growing from wider and wider,
Whose glow is increasing nonstop,
My horrendous earthly life is ending,
My dream is reaching a magnificent extreme,
A hidden way is opening in my heart,
That goes to a blessed garden,
Where there are fragrant and colourful flowers,
This garden is perfect in every way,
My mother, Eve, is bidding me,
Stand up, tell all the people,
Come on! You too come to the blessed garden.

Mykoul

Translation of my Urdu poem

Mohammad Younus

Life Is Changing

Life!

That was quite simple and natural,
That was without artificiality,
That was in harmony with natural scenes,
That respected the laws of nature,
That walked with natural flow,
Loving nature's music and light,
Where has that life gone!
Who has cast an evil eye on it!
Hatred is dripping from everything on earth,
Blood! Blood! Blood!
Cruelty! Cruelty! Cruelty!
Hatred has finished everything beautiful! ! !
The truth is dead!
Living a life of peace...
...has become an old dream,
Mischief everywhere!
Violence everywhere!
Fear everywhere!
Hatred has finished everything beautiful! ! !

Mykoul

Translation of my Urdu poem

Mohammad Younus

The Highway

The Highway

Where is that highway,
On which the elders of old walked,
To touch the spiritual pinnacles?
I asked a traveller in bewilderment,
An ascetic!
He was baffled, he didn't know,
Where he was going, he didn't know,
After a little while, I asked...
...another traveller the same question,
A scholastic person!
He also swallowed his tongue,
After being disappointed again,
I asked myself the same question,
Soon Hatif said to me,
From my inside,
In a wordless and soundless language,
'Dear friend!
That Highway is passing inside you,
Its beginning is unknown,
It has no ending,
It goes to the world of the Unseen of the Unseen '

Mykoul

Translation of my Urdu poem

Mohammad Younus

Searching For Beloved

With optimism and hope,
I look for my beloved,
In nook and corner of the universe,
But, I fail to find her trace anywhere,
This universe is too small...
...while she is too big,
Limitless! Infinite!
She abides in her own infinity,
One who wants to get to infinity,
Must first become one with infinity,
One must be like such a Haveli,
As is infinitely spacious,
That is the boundless heart!
...wherein only the boundless abides,
The extensive earth and the skies...
...are too insufficient for her;
I haven't to go anywhere in search of her,
I just have to remain standing at the doorsteps...
...outside her infinitely spacious Haveli,
Sometime the door shall open indeed,
The dawn has come,
The dark night has gone,
I stand under the golden umbrella of the sky,
With my eyes rolled up...
...to stare at her face,
My eyes come down tired and weary,
Desperately looking for her in the Haveli,
I have reached the brink of eternity,
Where there is no death!
Where the eternity prevails!
Everything perishes save her face,
So what canst see thou?
She sees herself by herself alone,
Either be her eye, or her face!
Every thing is beloved's face,
The lover is hidden in the veils of the varied forms,
Come, let us drown our individuality in her sea,
Let's sink in her essence,
Let me feel for once...

...the sweet touch of her fellowship

Mykoul

Translation of my Urdu poem.

Mohammad Younus

Graves Without Address

In spite of the intense cold of Chilia Kalan,
I forgot to close the window of my room,
The freezing cold air sneaked in,
It bit my sleepy eyes to force me hear,
The shrilling bullet sounds and groaning shrieks,
Of some young boys...

.....

My soul witnessed a horrific bloody scene,
Staged up in winter fog at city outskirts,
That prompted me to sing a mourning song...
...for the unknown martyrs,
Buried under the cover of darkness...
...at some unknown burial site,
Where they were hidden without a nameplate

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Whisper

Whisper

If you want to be free of all other,
Be captured by the locks of your beloved,
In isolation only you can soar high,
like a Shaheen in the skies,
In isolation, you will hear a whisper in silence,
Telling you a secret to assure you...
I am here, I am with you,
I can never leave you alone,
Wherever you are, I am with you,
It is me that has tagged you strongly,
You are my love; you are my mirror,
I've created the universe for you,
And I have created you for me,
So that I would love myself through you.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Praise And Prayer

O Allah, the true God!
Most benevolent, most merciful,
Thy name we praise for ever,
To Thee we bow and prostrate,
To Thee for help do we cry,
None wilt plead, and intercede,
Save by thy permission,
So we pray thee and thee alone,
For removing our bitter misfortunes,
That our misdeeds have brought us,
And Thine be thanks and praise for evermore!
Thou art the only power in earth and heaven;
Make our hearts outpour,
The streams of wisdom and knowledge,
Thou art the absolute peace,
Grant us peace and enter us the house of peace,
That to thee we turn our soul's ear,
And hear in silence thy gracious word,
Leading us to thy pure remembrance

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Evil Self

The Evil Self

The self commanding to evil...
...the satan that springs from me...
...leading me away from the ideal...
...from light to darkness;
Born of me,
He brings him up,
He survives him,
The snake!
Badly coupled in me,
Stinging me evermore;
Should I kill him?
No way he can be killed,
I must discipline him,
I must make him obedient,
This naughty little child 'self'!

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

The Blissful Dreams

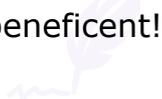
In the blissful dreams of my happy night,
My mystic mother hovers above me,
Sprinkling from her gentle hands,
Cold water drops from her wet hands,
To wake me up from slumber and watch,
The divine orchestra filling out the world,
With perfumed voice all the time,
Drowning out the voices of all others,
And see on the horizon filled with light,
Singing birds as lovely as birds of heaven,
I can see myself overwhelmed with bliss,
In a state of transcendence, I feel that I am dying,
And, through the medium of mystical experience,
I want to be reborn, wearing my dream like a jewelled crown,
In some better world where beauty flourishes,
My heart is radiating a strange and mysterious shaft of light,
Whose brilliance will only be increased,
As the grim times of my worldly life pass by,
This will be the glorious culmination of my dream,
My heart leaps within me to be in the blessed garden,
Full with amorous and colourful flowers
And asks me to rise up and reveal its existence to all,
Wandering in this fleeting and flimsy world

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Grant Me Your Love

Here you are, Here I am,
My secret! Your secret!
Here you are, Here I am,
My soul! Your thought!
You call me, I hear you,
How can I call you...
If you don't whisper to me
In my soul's ear,
You are of my spirit!
O! Eye of my being's eye,
With which I see your beauty,
O! Ear of my being's ear,
With which I hear..
The word of your affirmation,
O! Origin of my existence,
O! Essence of my existence,
Grant me your love,
O' Most merciful!
O' Most beneficent!

 PoemHunter.com

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Amazement

Amazement

I went through all my childish wishes,
I stopped to love my crazy dreams,
In my enlightened soul stays-Real knowledge and wisdom of sages;
Now, my sea is still and calm,
Where the fiendish tempests do not blow,
I carry in my boat wreaths of beautiful flowers -
I live at peace with my self;
I am hopeful: I will cross the sea with my wreaths,
Like, a bride going to meet her groom...
When he is whistling to her in late hours;
I am all alone rowing the boat...
In the deadly stinging cold night,
To meet my beloved waiting for me,
On the opposite bank of the sea,
I will be amazed to see:
There is none other than me,
I am the boat, and I am the boatman;
I am the beloved whom I wanted to meet,
As the great masters of all times say.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

No Separation

How can I write on pain of separation,
I've no complaints of distance and exile,
I am just opposite,
My beloved is always on my imagination,
So he continues to be as near to me...
...as my imagination,
My beloved is from me, on me, and near to me,
Then how can I say: come to me?
What is me and he!

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Mystic Voice I Hear

You ask why I hear the mystic voice,
I inwardly smile but I cannot reply;
Like the rose nectar carried away by the singing bees,
I soar to a world of which you cannot dream;
The more I hear this voice,
the more my ears incline towards it;
Like the one who visits a tavern,
And collects the last dregs from each drinker,
Thirstier and Thirstier, he remains;
The more he collects, the more his thirst increases,
Until he falls down into a swoon.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Mystic Bird

What is life after all but a dream?
Why do we bother for such a life?
Why not to be far away from its pomp and show,
No, it is not a futile dream at all,
It has got a sublime purpose,
It has got a deep meaning,
All sages of old proclaim!
We must not, therefore, doze...
...all day long in the shade.
Rather wake up and come out of dream,
Look out on the world outside,
Look in on the world inside,
Hear midst the flowers a mystic bird singing,
Be it dawn or dusk, or mid noon,
The mystic-bird whistles, 'Teru, Teruu, Teruuu',
Overpowered with the beautiful voice...
...the hearer drinks the music of the bird of paradise,
From the sunrise till the moon rises bright,
And even long after, until the sun again appears,
At the dawn he falls in a swoon...
...when he is fully drunk with the music.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Truth Speaking

I am infinite and I am finite,
I am contained in perishable body,
Yet I transcend time and space,
But incomprehensible I remain;
I am Noah and I am the Ark,
I am the light and I am the dark,
A hidden mystery I remain;
I am love and I am hate,
I am the singing bird in the cage,
I am the free bird in the sky,
In constant flight I remain;
I am the wine and I am the cup,
I am the cup bearer, and I am the drinker,
I am the ocean and I am the drop,
Swimming in the ocean I remain;
O friend, don't think I am talking out of the back of head,
Or, that desperation has taken hold of me,
I am thy essence, without doubt,
I am the truth, I am the truth.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Song Of Peace

My heart, like my bleeding valley,
Knows no real peace,
But, still sings the songs of peace...
...without any cease.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Final Goal

My soul, like running water knows,
Its ultimate goal,
So walks and walks forever...
...without cease.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Mirror Is Not Dusty

O' floating sound waves!
That swim in my heart,
Bear on your wings, these words to him,
Who has sent you here to me:
"I love you, none else other than you,
Alas! You only send me the love messages,
Would that you cared for my pain,
Sufficient is for me that you have left me here,
To love and long for you";
I dream him abiding in my
home,
Why should I in vain wait for his coming?
He is already abiding in me,
There is no question of his
coming...
...or my going to him,
Only those who are deluded...
...by the false sense of separation,
Yearn for union with him
Since my lord is here, I am happy,
That my mirror is not dusty,
I see him always smiling in my eyes,
As I stand before the mirror.

Mykoul

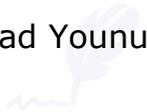
Mohammad Younus

At Love's Door

I've thrown away my rosary and instead,
I write verses and sing songs of love...
At Love's door, I am a singer of odes;
My love responds to my songs always,
Through the sound of my own soul,
I hold the echo of his voice in my heart;
As if the sea waves striking the shores,
To listen to this, in reality, is my wish,
To sink eternally in the vast sea,
For, rather than sinking in the world's muddy marsh,
I would rather sink in the vast sea of soul;
Because he who sinks in the world's muddy marsh,
In noisome mud shall for ever be,
But he who sinks in the bottomless sea of soul,
May hope to return to his original source.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mad Feeling

When I witness your beauteous face...
...appearing before my eyes,
At that moment, I have a mad feeling...
How meager are all the beauties of the world!
Your beautiful sun casts a peculiar glow...
..on forests, meadows, valleys, mountains and rivers;
Exposed to this spectacular view,
I'm so awed, I'm so awed,
The unexpected dawn might end...
..ending my joys and raptures,
But, I refuse to come out of this brightful dawn,
My refusal - you must understand - is my eternal love,
I cherish this dawn...
...not knowing how to make it stay for long,
This love has ringed me tightly,
These moments are so brief, I know,
But, I want to stretch them over my whole time,
For me, all earthly beauties will disappear,
When your face continues to smile...

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Awful Beauty

Words fail me to express all my heart out,
As I gaze at your beauty in the universe spread out,
I find myself enchanted by your awful beauty,
Let your expansive beauty hold me so close to you,
Such that my soul meets you with a soft and gentle kiss,
All that I see is all that you truly are,
Always I think and dream about your soft and gentle beauty,
My heart yearns for your loving melodies,
To free me of all that entangles me,
I vow that I shall continue loving you for all eternity,
And never let anything distract me...
...that might withdraw me from you.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Be Content With The Manifest

The mystery and the manifest,
Like the two sides of coin,
If you can't see the head,
Be content with the tail

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Nameless

The nameless named all the things,
Then asked me,
Tell them the names of all the things,
Did He teach me the names?
The angels were wordless when they heard from me,
The names of all the things, and prostrated to me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Words Of Hikmah (Wisdom)

Words of Hikmah

The words of Hikmah -
The precious pearls,
In the oyster shells!
Howsoever intelligent you might be,
Seek the wise,
The mines of rubies!
The more you collect, the more you need;
The more you give out,
The more your treasure shall increase;
The more you brag and talk about your knowledge,
The less you will understand;
Practice the words of hikmah,
That you learn -
More will you profit

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Say I Am The Truth

Say I Am The Truth

Open your self to the truth,
You will be one with the truth,
The truth living in everything!
Your insight will open,
Nothing is good or bad,
See its single essence,
You cannot change the world,
Let it be as it is,
Everything works for itself...
...to grow and improve,
The insight such as you experince now...
...is the truth which was like dead before,
For it was killed by the nafs,
Which always suppressed it,
Now that truth is live again,
Say: I am the truth.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Wake Up

Hear in the Silence, Hear in the Silence,
Wake up, O soul in slumber,
Away from the maddening world,
Breaking the magical tethers to the earth,
Ascend, as a sincere lover, to your original point,
Care no more for the whispers of alluring nafs,
Pass from the sphere of the noise and cries,
Into the spiritual silence...
Vast and overwhelming stillness!
Commune with your Love in the voiceless language,
As the thought intimate with the absolute,
At rest in the eternal Light, hearing hu, hu,
Soul, pass out of thy self...
...escape from the clutches of Nafs,
Turn to the Ahad - One and unique -
...without any similar or parallel,
The Absolute! The eternal!

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Prayer

Prayer

O God, gather me with Your intimate awliya',
And make me inherit the Hikmah (wisdom) of your prophet (s.a.w.) ,
Make me not of those who
tarry back...
...and ridicule those who devotedly follow Muhammad (s.a.w.) ,
O' the most munificent!
Grant me your choicest blessings,
And guide me on your path,
Make me immaculate my heart of all that displeases you,
Make me take an example from the righteous companions and household of
Muhammad (s.a.w.) . Amën.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Love Rays

Like a flake of Snow,
I melted before you totally,
The moment your downright love rays
Fell upon me.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Love To Death

I said, tell me what is the sacrifice?

He said: Ask the moth going round the lamp.

I said: Moth! Who makes you to sacrifice your life?

It said: The lamp! That burns to test my love;

When lovers make up their mind,

To prove their audacity...

...and passion to die for love,

They circumambulate freely the spiritual lamp,

And annihilate themselves...

...in the light of their beloved;

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Call Of Beloved

Live in this world but,
Call nothing your own...
Look inward...
And see the beauty...
...and majesty in you,
See a mine of rubies!
Within the cavern
of your soul...
Hear the voice of Love,
Your beloved calling you,
Sweet like the wine of paradise,
"Drink now! Drink now! "...
Take a sip and see...
...the vast ocean within,
Wave upon wave touching your soul;
The lovers of God's wine,
dance around...
And they circle on their steps,
As if Heaven showers...
On them the rain and snow—
A hundred thousand tunes...
...they always hear,
All they hear is the call of
Beloved;
Make it a habit to continue...
...listening to your beloved,
Please never abandon it,
Lest your beloved should stop...
...calling you to him.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Wolf Inside

A violent and ferocious wolf!
Singing the songs of blood,
Deep Inside sitting in a secret place,
Howling in darkness at the shining moon,
Wisdom of ancient sages speaks:
Keep the wolf tightly tethered to your peg,
Its tether is with you,
Keep it under your command and control,
There must come a day...
...when the wolf must be humble,
And the gentle lamb will be free,
To roam about in the mystical pastures.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Prayer For Guidance

O God, gather me with Your intimate awliya',
And make me inherit the Hikmah (wisdom) of your prophet (s.a.w.) ,
Make me not of those who
tarry back...
...and ridicule those who devotedly follow Muhammad (s.a.w.) ,
O' the most munificent!
Grant me your choicest blessings,
And guide me on your path,
Make me immaculate my heart of all that displeases you,
Make me take an example from the righteous companions and household of
Muhammad (s.a.w.) . Amën.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Snowflake

Like a flake of Snow,
I melted before
you totally,
The moment your downright love rays
Fell upon me.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Rebel Child

Why are your eyes drowned in tears, my child?
How horrid of them to be always after you for nothing!
Is it because you have stained your hands and clothes with blood...
...while wiping the fresh, undried blood on the face of your brother?
Is that why they call you a rebel child?
O, fie! Would they dare to call the red moon a rebel!
As its face glows with the reflectionsof human blood?
For every little action of resistance they blame you, my child,
They find fault with you for nothing,
You shrieked and tore your clothes...
...when you saw the funeral procession,
Is that why they call you a rebel?
O, fie! What would they call dolphins or sea lions that mourn their dead?
Mind not what they say to you, my child,
They make a long charge sheet of your misdeeds,
Everybody knows how sweetly you love;
Is that why they call you a rebel?
O, fie! What then would they call us who love you,
And call you 'our sweet child.'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Shafts Of Light

My heart never feels the sorrow of separation,
I always see your light flashes entwined
With your voice,
My Joy crosses all bounds when I see,
My body and soul echoing with your word, Hu,
And my eyes rolling up...
...to gaze at the shafts of your light,
Every moment I find myself connected to you,
Through your sweet voice...
...telling me:
Draw near to me!
And I cry out aloud:
' I am here, Oh my Lord, I am here'!
Here I call, there is union.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Be Not Angry

Be Not Angry

Be not angry with the bee,
For the small bite she gave to you,
And be not angry with your lord,
For making you taste the biting pain,
From one who produces honey for you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mysterious Voice

Mysterious Voice

A mysterious voice comes straight to my heart,
Like a mother, coming to wake up her child,
For breastfeeding, at the mid of night!
And I, like a child, not making a screaming voice,
Just staring into mother's eyes and suckling!
But, suddenly the voice runs away like a dream,
As if mother has finished her feeding,
And draws her nipples out of my mouth,
What is this, what is that, that doesn't make me sleep,
Eh! I have lost melodious divinely tunes!
Am I abandoned?
No, perhaps my sincerity is being put to test,
Mother, please, don't refuse me my sweet food...
...hidden in your sweet voice,
Thanks be to You, the sound of your violin...
...has again started touching my heart's ear,
Its like a mystery that refuses to stay off my heart,
I can only hope it will never leave me,
And keep me ever united through the mysterious tunes.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Life: A Dream!

At Each Birthday,
The Lord grants us some leave,
And by His leave, we dream...
...for some time more,
At the expiry of our leave,
We awake from the Dream,
And Death is our return...
...to our lord,
All things eventually return,
To their origin in the end!
Death is not a physical event of extinction,
Indeed a spiritual experience!
The state of transition!
Where consciousness moves its focus...
...from one reality to another,
And let you know it,
The reality is not a place...
...it is a state of consciousness.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Sow The Seeds Of Love

Some do not bother about...
...sowing the seeds of love;
And so the place they'd rather be,
Is in the dark, without a spark, or glow...
...of any truth that they might see,
Sprouting as the blossoms of peace and joy;

Before the spring closes,
Before you might depart for hell summer,
Try to sow the seed of love now,
In the garden of seething hearts,
Because where love grows,
There grows peace and joy,
It is a thing God has preordained,
That the soul and what you've planted,
In the end shall be together raised up.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Now Or Never

I chanced to meet an old man...
...with a long and white beard,
He rolled up his puffy eyes,
Then, looked at me and grinned,
I shook his wrinkled and bonny hand,
And asked;
How are you Baba?
Who are you?
Where do you come from?
They tell me I've wronged you,
In the garden of Eden,
Where you lived with ease with Eve,
But I cant recall just when,
Do you?
If yes,
Then it's best for you:
To think on here and now;
Not what was, or might have been,
Do it now, or never,
You won't get the chance again.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Hollow Dreams

Some prefer the music,
While some prefer the light,
Some would simply enjoy them both,
Or with either one be merry,
And some prefer to gather thorns,
In wastelands in their wilderness,
Choosing neither music nor light,
Spending their life in empty talks,
And hollow dreams.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Introspection

I sit alone to introspect,
At a place self pity has set;
To gnaw old dry and dusty thoughts,
That taste much like fruit of Zaqum,
I sit alone in my heart,
To broom clean the room for Sultan,
Trying hard to forget,
All the things I hankered after,
Forgetting the promise
To my beloved,
Before coming to this place,
That I will never never forget him,
I remember the promise quite well,
Though I do not remember the day,
The voice of my lord
Alastu Birabbikum
(Am I not your lord) ,
Is still echoing in my ears,
I won't put beans in my ears.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Fire Sounds

Waking up every morning to Fire Sounds
I am waiting for Azaan
Where is the Muaàzin?
Made to sleep!

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Dance Of Death

Hush!
Be silent!
No noise! No crying!
Can't you see them patrolling outside?
Just beyond that graveyard,
Many souls silenced they!
Old souls! Young souls! New souls!
Hush! Be still!
Fathers! Mother's! Brothers!
Sisters!
All pushed to the other world!
Hush! They are waiting there!
We are here made to dance...
...at the Fire sounds,
As of old, the firing is going on,
Fire is blazing!
They are waiting outside in ambush,
Sleep now, Dream now!
But they will fire even in dreams!
Now dance about the fire,
Dance with the spirits of martyrs,
Dance!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Cursed Land

If I were given a choice by the supreme judge:
Hell, paradise, or return to the cursed land of Kashmir,
I will opt for the last,
As a sign of my protest to Him.
Because in this cursed land,
The children sleep on the embers of hell,
The maidens hide in the dark dungeons,
To save their sacred chastity.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Ocean Of Light

WHAT do you hear so fair and sweet?

I hear the voice of ecstasy:

O lovely! to hear in all created things,

The voice of my beloved supreme,

In all men's hearts echoing,

What do you make with strands of love? '

I make a rope...

...to put a noose for climbing...

...to the balcony of my beloved:

O' be swift, I too am waiting for you all day and night,

What do you see with your innermost eye?

I see the gales of light pouring in:

Keep it open, boundless shall you see my ocean of light.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Divine Harper

I marched to the divine Harper,
I whirled quietly round the melodious tunes.
Upon my soul, his harp sounded vigorously,
As I thought to come back to my hermitage,
He noosed me with the loop of his enchanting music,
While he was hooded in black light,
Now he's climbed out from his hiding,
Playing on his harp to enthuse me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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A Little Nap

When I opened up my eyes this morning,
The sun beams sneaked in to shine in my eyes,
And life called me through the window of my soul,
Come try me on for the full day!
But I was still engrossed in hearing my friend's song,
And so I turned my face away;
It's just a little nap I need,
There's lots of time to play in the day; .
The morning sun was awfully cold,
But still I got myself ready to climb out of my bed,
But somehow the mellow music had slipped away.
How sad!
The mundane chores spoilt my whole day,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Little Nap

When I opened up my eyes this morning,
The sun beams sneaked in to shine in my eyes,
And life called me through the window of my soul,
Come try me on for the full day!
But I was still engrossed in hearing my friend's song,
And so I turned my face away;
It's just a little nap I need,
There's lots of time to play in the day; .
The morning sun was awfully cold,
But still I got myself ready to climb out of my bed,
But somehow the mellow music had slipped away.
How sad!
The mundane chores spoilt my whole day,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Arrows

The glances of love are like arrows,
That are loosed in the dark,
Out of the quiver of the beloved's eyes,
Fully he knows whom to shoot,
Where, when, and why to shoot,
Here is my wide open breast!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Magnetic Pull

The heart is like a closed book,
And love is its hidden meaning,
Which is the magnet of the hearts,
The effect of this magnetic pull is,
To attract the wandering soul
To its essence.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Earn The Paradise

You have to return to the door,
From which you came here,
The exit door of the paradise!
The entrance door of the world!
So find that door -
If you want to come out of your wilderness,
Or you will waste your life,
Going from one door to other.
Think why were you shown the exit door,
Repent and supplicate to your lord,
As your parents - Adam and Eve - did,
Our lord! We have wronged ourselves,
Know the words from Allah,
So that you earn the paradise back.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sharing The Pearls

Do not believe me, if I say,
I won't share with you the pearls,
That my lord keeps bestowing upon me,
How can I disobey my lord...
...who enjoins upon me to spend...
...of that which He has given to me,
When the milk stream flowing in the breasts of a mother...
...does not believe her...
...when she says to her suckling baby:
I will not give you my milk any more,
If you continue annoying me...
...by refusing to take my nipples in your mouth;
The stream rather continues flowing to her breasts...
...nonstop...
Even sometimes causing terrible pain to her;
Really, I long to share with you,
I have passion to fill you with my knowledge and wisdom;
I call you once more to drink from the divine spring in you,
That never dries up,
But that seeks a thirsty soul!
The spring of love! The spring of life!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Sanctuary Of Peace

How can I utter what I hear from my friend?
How can the friend's secret be brought on lips?
Telling the truth is bitter;
Telling a lie seems sweet;
I must stitch up my lips,
From both, truth and lie, I must refrain,
I must keep the pearls in the chest,
To save these from burglars,
Or, who don't know their worth,
He who has this secret known,
Must be a pilgrim to his shrine own,
A sanctuary of peace...
Go inside and see for yourself
Why this futile search outside?
Peace in the heart shall smile on your face,
The wonders inside us come on the horizon of our mind,
And so the springs of knowledge and wisdom flow on our tongues,
Inside you is really the Aleem and Hakeem,
Which you don't know about.

Mykoul

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Mohammad Younus

Peace In Silence

A moment in your thought
A fantastic pleasure
Greater than all the treasures
A moment today alone
Heard a lovely song from you
An ecstatic moment to relax
And find peace in silence
In my turbulent soul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Life Cycle

The falling leaves of the trees,
In autumn bring a message to us:
Nothing in the seen world is without fall,
Look, every falling leaf tells us:
After a pause? I am coming back, in full green.
Remember what the Quran says:
He brings the living out of the dead,
And brings the dead out of the living,
And brings to life the earth after its lifelessness,
And thus will you be brought out.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Crescent Day

Silence! In the ocean,
A fish jumps up,
A flash of water!
Thousand waves born,
Chasing each other in harmony,
Who can count these waves!
Who can hear their soft music!
The waves disappear in stillness,
The last day of the dark fortnight!
No moon shining on us,
Wait! Tomorrow is the Crescent Day,
Do not lose hope,
Nor be sad.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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A Sweet Drink

A Sweet Drink

In the Black of my eye,
Sits my colourless soul,
Gives to my heart...
A sweet Drink,
That never dries,
Never makes my mind
drowsy,
Love of my Life!

Parting from you is suicidal,
My absence from your music,
Is sorrow and melancholy,
I wish to stay with you until the morrow...
Drowned in your thinking,
When the morning birds...
Come out of their nests...
And start singing their songs,
'Terror', 'Terror', 'Terror'

The corners of my eyes...
sparkle and glister with your light;
When you speak your solid words...
Every thing in the universe opens its ears to listen!

My colourless soul,
In the Black of my eye,
Gives to my Heart,
A sweet drink!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Silted Throats

Through chilly long night,
The moon is glinting angrily,
Below down...
...the rivers flowing without roaring,
The vale wailing in muffled voice,
The crests of our mountains...
...going bald,
The thick-trunked Chinar...
...turned into a bare-branched tree,
Speaks in whispers to itself-
don't you see the paled earth disgusted?
Weeping over the throats silted.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Locked Cages

I am caged,
O maiden-rose!
And yet, shameful of this jailor;
A nightingale, - in the locked cage -
Wails through the silts of his cage,
The maiden rose calls him back...
O' Feathered king of the Kashmir woods'!
I am proud of your love for me,
And your desire to be free,
I'll always stay waiting,
Your charming rose!
I, too, am captive to your sweet voice -
I'll live for long, don't give in,
One day you'll be set free from your cage,
I'll listen to your soft songs of union,
So long get on singing the songs of freedom,
In the oppressive cager's prison!

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

You Are As You Are

Both worlds within my eyes can come,
But cannot surely encompass my Love,
An omnipresent pearl He is!
But I cannot surely encompass Him,
He is the sun, the stars, the skies, the earth,
He is the angels, the Jinns, the Humans, and...
O' infidel! hold your tongue, be silent!
There is no tongue that can encompass Him,
Go and seek His attributes!
Look at his amazing creation!
You might understand Him but a bit,
His being is beyond comprehension and...
...explanations of philosophers,
He is not a thing to be seen through high powered telescopes,
O Allah, I seek refuge in You from You,
I cannot praise You enough;
You are as You have praised yourself!

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Mother Sings Me Lullabies

In the stillness of my dream,
My mother came and slept by my side,
To console me and bring me to sweet sleep,
She held my face in her tender hands,
And started looking into my eyes,
And said:
'I see your eyes are swollen and puffed,
I have come to comfort you with my lullabies,
Open your heart to my songs,
And I shall fill it with my sweet voice,
I have got my guitar with me,
To make you hear sweet tunes,
I shall show you the way to peace,
Through the divinely sweet music.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Secrecy

Resist the company of wrangling nafas,
And save yourself from false temptations...
...and their assaults,
Which truly ruin you and lead astray,
When you know the secrets,
Do not be a folk storyteller...
...who impresses the public...
...with his borrowed knowledge and fake visions,
For theeloquent tongues of the gnostics of old,
After disclosing friend's secrets to all and sundry,
Fell silent!
As they realised that they had done a blunder,
By saying all that they should not have said,
To the dunce and unworthy,
Then, fell silent with immense shame and regret!
If he is intimate with you.....and comprehends what you say...
Speak it to him without any restraint,
Think that you are doing God's will...
If he is a stranger, then withhold...
...the secrets from him,
And, shut up!
In silence is a sanctified place of sound restraint,
Do not be after rank and dignity,
So be an honest trustee of friend's secrets,
Better for you is to keep silence:
So be an eye to see;
Be an ear and hear,
Be not a tongue...
That speaks in the gatherings of strangers,
For secrecy is the truest way to success.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Touch My Heart

Come and touch my heart,
Preserved in the casket of spirit,
With the tunes of unstopping music,
To keep me united with you thus,
Touch it with your smiling light,
Let me be joyful with you in your light,
Always living in your remembrance,
And be filled with your immense light.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Eve

Eve too came from the same source,
Not from Adam's rib or bone,
From her heart flow the streams of honey,
It is not quite amazing,
She is the divine mother...
The infinite consciousness!
Mother is always sweet,
A gushing spirit of love
But for her Adam can't be
Perfect and complete

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



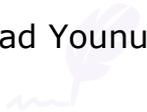
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Luxuries

Luxuries are much more sought,
Than comforts and necessities of life,
By people crazy after glamorous life,
But, when calamities befall them,
They are plagued for the wealth...
..they have amassed by evil means,
By denying peace and joy to their soul,
Look at the glamour of peacock,
How beautiful is its tail!
Awfully spectacular!
But as a hunter comes to snatch...
..his golden feathers and plume,
The gorgeous tail weighs him down,
And makes him an easy prey...
...to the merciless hunter.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Coming To Know The Self

Coming to know thy self is like being...
...freed from the iron barred cage,
Running out from the inside,
One jump out, fluttering at once!
As a vast space opens before him,
He takes off to fly high up in the sky...
...to join the free birds there.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



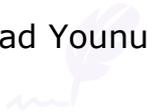
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Unfamiliar Faces

At the crack of dawn,
The morning star gave me a call,
Come out of sleep,
Look through the window,
The night is packing up soon,
You won't see even its shadow, yet again,
The ardent dawn will cast the soft sunny rays,
To pass through the sunlight of your roof,
And lead you to restive day,
To earn some peanuts for your living,
To observe on the streets of your walled city,
Unfamiliar intriguing faces...
...busy entangling your people in barbed wires,
Get up! Please tell your people,
Let us stop them!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

What Is This Justice?

O' Distributor, may you tell me please,
Why to some, you have given the glamour of life,
Free of miseries, reclining in cosy beds,
To some, you have given endless nights of pain,
Sleeping on the pavements...
...beside junkyards, and graveyards,
Braving cold, sickness, and hunger,
What's the reason?
May you please convince me!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Benificent God

The world has not given me only the thorns,
It has given me a million beautiful flowers too,
I enjoy the breezes that come past these fragrant flowers,
Lovely, touching my heart and my soul's core,
Certainly, there are many blessings more,
That is something I am truly grateful for,
In this big universe of love and sweet music,
Particularly, I am awfully immersed by His grace,
My beloved has opened my heart and soul,
For beholding His beauty, love and mercy,
And for listening to his melodious harp,
I am so thankful to my lord.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I

Like a droplet on the lotus leaf
Impatient to slide back into the lake

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Shutdown

Tonight

I light the candles

To find where the electric bulb is

With hope I looked outside

No moon! No stars!

Perhaps, there was shutdown

Against land grabbers, and

Looters of electricity and jungles

Mohammad Yunus



PoemHunter.com

Love Jihad

I neither come nor go on the road of time;
I neither take births nor undergo deaths;
I am a warrior of Love Jihad;
I am confident I will defeat the forces of negation;
The Perpetual Zikre is my sole weapon...
That neither forgetfulness nor death can penetrate;
My soul is captive to the aroma of my love;
My soul is echoing...
With the sound of the Harp of Love;
The source of effulgent light of Love...
...that radiates my heart;
Love opens up the springs of knowledge and wisdom for me;
I face directly to the Supreme Reality,
Wherever I turn to, he is there;
I hear and enjoy his mystic word:
That awakens and enlightens me...
...and harmonizes my song of life;
That word creates a commitment in me...
...to fulfill my ancient covenant;
Come past the curtain
waving in front of the Divine Light,
which is your own light.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Follow The Prophet

Follow The Prophet

Follow him who is the perfection of knowledge and wisdom,
Follow him who is the epitome of love,
So that you overflow with love for mankind,
And love for total creation of Allah,
He is the True Prophet of Allah,
Disappear with ecstatic love into the Chosen One of Allah,
Such that you might disappear into Allah in mystic union ...

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Mystic Word

The worded word is often lost,
The Heard word is often forgotten,
The wordless word echoes within,
Its echo is felt reverberating in and out;
In the centre of this wordless word,
Is the soundless word...
in the still world;
Go into the centre of the still world,
You will get to the world of light,
That shines all the time!
There is no day no night;
Life is truly a journey from...
The world of darkness to the world of light.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Know The Word

The worded word is often lost,
The Heard word is often forgotten,
The wordless word echoes within,
Its echo is felt reverberating in and out;
In the centre of this wordless word,
Is the soundless word...
in the still world;
Go into the centre of the still world,
You will get to the world of light,
That shines all the time!
There is no day no night;
Life is truly a journey from...
The world of darkness to the world of light.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Crawl Inside

Crawl inside the heart
See where I am hiding
Call me by your name
I am you

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Inside The Heart

Crawl inside the heart
See where I am hiding
Call me by your name
I am you

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Love Is The Gift Of Love

If you love, you must forget your self,
But must remind your self of your true self,
Let love's desire to hold you to her chest,
Be your desire too, to melt into her,
Be like a boisterous brook...
...that sings its melody to the ocean,
To which it is impatient to meet,
To know the pleasure of its too much vastness,
Let you be elated by your own under-standing of love;
And, willingly and joyfully, get one with your love,
Thus, love will come as a gift to you from your Love.

Mykoul

.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Bleeding

I bloom in the garden where I bleed

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Yusuf In Your Beauty

O Beloved, I am of you,
Not a fragment of you!
I am your song that you whisper...
To me silently lifelong,
The houris dance in sublime rhythm,
To the low and high tones of your song,
That you have created a Yusuf,
On the earth in your own beauty.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Snow-Flowers

The snow-flowers blooming,
On the naked almond boughs,
If they had fragrance,
Swarms of bees would come rushing,
To buzz and dance around singing

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Qalandar

When I was waiting for gifts from my God,
I asked Him nothing for my love,
But his sweet music!
Qalandar does not carry a begging bowl with him,
Not even while at the threshold of God's home!
Even a shining star does he return to Him!
With great enthusiasm, rather he loves to watch...
The roaring waves...
Coming rushing to the shore and receding...
Back to the vast sea;
Qalandar yearns to go along the waves...
To fulfill his wish to dissolve in the sea like a Salt Doll,
'O heart, why should it not happen with me?
'Come, O waves! take me on your shoulders...
To my destination,
What if I too dissolve into the sea!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mystical Love

How will I not admire the music divine,
I'm caught up inside its rhythmic waves,
Resonating inside my divine home;
I am enveloped by the roaring flames of love,
The fire burning inside my oven!
I'm getting roasted like a Kabab on fire,
To douse the raging fire I dive deep down in water,
Where I drink the moon's cool light,
Now I am a moon-lover, staring at the moon,
I am lost in love with the cool light of the moon,
That it borrows from the glaring sun,
Don't ask me questions about my mad love affair,
Look in my face, it has got light from the moon,
My Soul is immersed in its own light,
My body it has left like a wrecked home,
Ere my soul, like a donkey, was sunk in a marshy land,
Struggling desperately to come out of the marsh!
I am thankful to my God for his blessings,
That he has surrounded me with his light,
And showed me my true essence.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Phantoms Vanished

At dawn the birds start taking off,
The white pall spread over the coffin of night,
The night's stillness buried beneath,
The tweeting of morning birds,
The birds together say goodbye to the dark night,
The Phantoms of the night
disappeared,
Light has cleared them from my head and heart,
They have vanished,
I now grasp the reality!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Trodden Down By Tyrants

Mine is a nation,
Betrayed by its leaders,
Suppressed and oppressed;

Mine is a country,
Without a capital,
Since Akbar's treachery;

Mine is a mosque,
Without Imam,
Without Bilal;

Mine is a monody,
On the mothers' lips,
About her slain children;

Mine is a rose garden,
Trodden down by tyrants

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

My Inscrutable Reality

He who reads my poems,
Realises you are my love,
He who knows the secret,
Knows...
Your name is without letters,
And Knows...
Your name has no sound!
Everything I can deny,
But not the sound,
Echoing within me,
That is where I perceive:
I glorify you, You glorify me,
Everything I can conceal,
But not your beauty,
Smiling on my face,
Everything I can debate,
But not your essential being,
That is my inscrutable reality,
Let me proclaim without fear,
I am nothing, You are everything.
Only I know what is my reality.

Mykoul

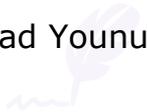
Mohammad Younus

Death Bids You Wake Up

Death is a dark, tumultuous running stream,
Giving birth to many a grief and sorrow deep;
Yet thoughtless mortals vainly deem,
That death can yield them a salvation,
From worries and botheration,
Think not that the stream will stop to flow,
Or cease its destined course to the ocean,
Believe not death, at thy command will spare you,
One day, death must come,
To give you a new lease of life,
Death bids you wake up...
Enter the new world...
Be it Jannah or Jahannum!
Lo, life, with all its hopes and grandeur,
Is nothing but a phantom of the night.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Let It Be In A Distant Life

Call it my love or my madness,
I'll never sever my relationship with you,
I'm not afraid of notoriety in meeting you,
I know I can't meet you in open space,
Allow me then to meet you at a secret place,
I know I have originated from you,
So what if you behave with me as a stranger,
I am happy and proud to be in love with you,
Right from the day I received life from you
If life were an ephemeral thing...
...fleeting like a lightening flash,
I would grieve for not meeting you in this life,
I do not want to debate on the chances of meeting you,
Be it not in this life, let it be in a distant life!
I will not cry and implore you,
To give me a chance in this life to meet you,
I am contented with remembering you,
Even if there is no union and only a desire to meet you.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Haunted Place

It is love that beats in the breast,
It is love that battles against the mind,
It is love that hears the silent sound,
It is love that is not destroyed by time,
It is love that sees the eternal gushing light,
It is love that sounds in the heart as a flute,
Without the flutist to be seen!
It is love that sits listening to its own sound,
Ah! Mind is the hooded enemy,
That is playing the inimical music,
Trying to captivate us in its enchanted space,
But, the liberated souls it can't hoodwink...
To enter this haunted place!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Obsession

All your life, O Dervish,
You kept repeating the same mistake,
You searched your beloved outside you,
You were obsessed with great delusion:
That it is void to think that God is inside!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Being In Love

Being in love, it does not matter for me,
Whether my beloved accepts or rejects me,
Sufficient for me is if I die while watching her night and day,
It does not matter if from meeting she shies away.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sun And Me

How can I hold the light of the Sun at a distance,
I need him as I like not full darkness...
...Should cover my body and soul;
I am not a bat or an owl...
...To remain detached from the light;
Instruct the clouds to observe their limits,
And not to intervene between the sun and me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Live On

Names may fade but the deeds live on;
Houses may crumble but the plinth stays on;
On a pile of corpses a mother weeps alone,
And declares that her martyrs still live on!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Doomsday

What will be the Doomsday severe more?
Come and see now this day in my land!
They're shaking up our land, rendering it upside down,
It may be they're scheming to bring us to nought,
But in resistance there is hope a lot

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Lotus-Eaters

Some crazy souls are waiting for dawn;
Those sleeping under the quilt snore,
They mock them, and say let us yawn,
We are lotus-eaters, let us enjoy deep sleep,
We are sleep-lovers, wake us up not please!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divine Grace

I am the lustre of sweet songs,
I am the vibration of music:
I am the voice of own heart praying
I am the child toying with long, dark curls,
Lost in pensive thoughts...
While looking at his mother's face:
How we two are different?
Now, I am here sitting in his presence,
And I find myself bowing—
As he is imparting his divine grace,
Filling me with his sweet sound rebounding.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



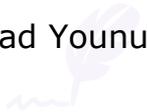
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My Real Name

How much happy does one feel in light,
Go and ask the birds,
When they leave their homes at dawn!
To fly freely in the open sky,
So I wish to fly in the skies of my heart;
It is only my heart, not a Caravan Saraia,
So why be dismayed when only one lives here?
It was made by him solely as his abode;
Why let any other enter my beloved's home?
If you ask me what the miracle of his presence is?
It's simple, I find myself endlessly with him;
His words strike me as deeply profound,
That I feel elated to find that he is calling me by name...
Wow! I had totally forgotten my real name,
He is continuously reminding me my real name

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

What To Do

No news about her is coming,
On my Deathday will indeed she come,
To Enquire about the cause of my death,
And the last name that came on my lips,
When I closed my eyes to open on the other day,
To see her rosy face and gazelle eyes there,
What to do if she veils her face there...
With her black hair,
I don't know of what use will it be then,
Friends, do not ask me this question.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hard Secret

Hard is to know for every Tom and Dick...

...the secret hidden!

He who knows the secret...

...himself becomes a secret hidden,

He hides what he sees from every Jack and Jerry,

But, not from the people of knowledge and wisdom,

Who flock around him like bees around the blossom.

Mykoul

Jack (male donkey)

Jerry (female donkey)

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Magic Mirror

My friend, engage not your heart in embracing your other
Rise to the sky and behold you have no other,
Do not forget the words of this dervish:
Man is God's magic mirror that reflects no other

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Thy Voice

My heart is in confusion and commotion,
By the conflict of my evil and good thoughts;
How canst I restore my heart to peace and calm,
Unless I clear my head and heart of the vile ideas,
O most beneficent, most merciful God!
Thy voice - wordless and soundless - gives me eternal rest,
Thy voice is a sign of Thy bountiful providence!
Remove not my heart from hearing thy wordless voice,
I am alive by thy wordless voice!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In Love's City

Hear, till Hearing out of Hearing,
Grows to being - 'Her voice I hear',
Here, Hearer and Heard no more unjoined,
But, in One Undivided Being blended,
All that resonates in the universe ever,
You must Hear with your heart's presence;
And whoever in Love's City hears the word of love,
He booms aloud in private and public,
I believe in ONENESS, I don't shy.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sun And Yogi

One day the sun reprimanded a Yogi,
I am not a body that you could see in the clear sky,
You have gone out of your head,
How can you bear my Infinite Incandescence,
That has blinded billion Yogis' eyes?
Yes, you can see my astonishing light,
If you could open your heart's eyes, and see:
The astonishing light on your being,
That is certainly mine!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Slumber

O soul, it is time to start for the morning prayer:
The call of the caller reaches my spiritual ear,
Behold, the sun is readying to rise and brighten the world,
And begs us to come out of the quilt,
Hear, awakening is better than sleeping!
Why, O lover, are you in deep slumber?
This calling sound, before and behind,
Is inviting you to set off beyond the void,
So that the mysteries hidden may be revealed to you,
What you consider as awakening
Is really a delusion,
Alas! this life is so ephemeral,
Beware of this deluding world,
And come out of the heavy slumber,
O soul, seek the Beloved, seek your essence,
O lover, be wakeful:
It behoves not a lover to be in slumber.

Mykoul



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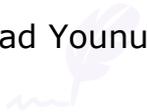
Mohammad Younus

Hearken Not To Athiest

I wonder how long I will be in vain
illusion,
That has seized me by the neck like a dracula,
How foolish I am that I seek in this world,
An asylum against vampires and dracula;
Hearken not to the atheist, who says,
"Nothing is beyond this life";
"When you die, you return to the world of matter";,
Who argues, like a fool, again and again:
"If there were aught beyond this life,
We should see it! ";
But, if the blinds see not the world of beauty,
Should the man of vision forsake his eyes?
And if the bats and owls do not see the sun of love,
Does the blissful sun of Love thereby get eclipsed?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Remember Thy Origin

O spirit, be like a stream running,
To join her mother ocean;
Thou too search and seek,
Thy eternal ocean;
Tread ever lastingly,
The path of pure love;
Keep in remembrance,
Thy origin until thou fully,
Immerse in love's ocean;
Such that thou are annihilated,
And eternally live in love,
Without the distinction...
...of lover and loved.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I And She

I am the mirror to reflect her beauty;
I am the comb to pass through her locks;
I am the morning breeze to unfurl her curly hair;
I am the wind that waves her tresses;
I am the lustre in her lovely eyes;
I am the light on her rosy cheeks,
I am coiled by her dark curls like hyacinth,
I am he who sings of her love in wordless measure,
She is he who cast the glance of love....
One gleam fell on the Universe,
And another dazzled the angels,
When they noticed me whirling with her spirit

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Dear Angels

My soul's ear was full of music last night,
That made me full of ecstatic divine tunes,
A metamorphosis happened to me,
I felt, I am He from whom the music comes,
Great secret!
I'm the only secret in the bosom of the universe!
I felt He is proclaiming to the angels in the heavens,
There is a gnostic on the earth,
Who needs to hear from me -
I am He, and He is me,
That lover has gone completely Wild,
-He has lost himself into me!
I am pleased with him, as he is drunk with my love,
Dear angels,
Learn pure love from my Sweet lover,
Come drink you too liquid rubies,
From my Eternal Fountain!
As my lover drinks without any pause.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Snow Blossoms

Gather quickly.....
Snow blossoms.....
The sun might rise...
In the midday.....
And melt them away.....
Life is as fragile as snow!
Time is too short!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

No Other Thing

Something visioned!
It is no other thing;
Inside and outside nothing,
There is nothing:
Meadows, moors, mountains, rivers,
Eighteen thousand worlds -
In them all revealed is the One Truth,
Qul Huwallahu Ahad!
(Say He, Allah, is One)

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mind

Do you not see?
The turmoil in your mind...
Is due to your endless delusion;
Once awareness dawns...
The mind becomes Muslim;
Chaos and confusion stops!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Words

The words, written or oral,
No matter how erudite, elegant, or elevated they be,
Ultimately prove to be a veil upon reality,
For they prevent us from perceiving things as they are,
Words are like coloured prisms before our eyes,
They allow us to see the things...
...Only through their filters,
Did not the great prophet say?
Allahuma arinal haqiqal ashyaai kamaa hiya,
(O Allah, we pray you to show us...
...The realities about things as they are)

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Now I Mind Not For Profit Or Loss

I found myself a selfish lover,
Praying to get great rewards...
...without efforts,
I prayed for salvation and redeeming my soul;

After I learnt I am the truth...
I started relaxing in the love of God,
Now, I mind not of either profit or loss

Even if the whole world became a paradise,
It wouldn't mean to me in the least,
A thing worth a mustard seed.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Time Is Precious

I've been waiting for the moon,
To row my boat across the lake;
The sky is densely covered by,
The thick black veil of clouds;
Let me now hurry to board the boat,
Before the moon goes into hiding,
Behind thick black clouds again;
Let me get to rowing without delay.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hooting At Sleepers

While I was staring at the moon,
I was lost in my longing to hold...
The moon's light in my eyes,
Suddenly there came an owl...
Blind to the light during the day,
It started hooting at sleepers,
Who sleep during the night...
Missing the tuneful sound divine,
In the stillness of night.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Rose

Rose

A rose always happy, though living in thorns,
Bees sing their song of ecstasy and dance,
A river peacefully walking to the ocean,
A dervish calmly listening to the nightingale,
Suffering inside and outside the bitter cold
Waiting in pain for singing to the rose
Dervish, don't be sad, let the winter pass,
The rose shall again bloom, the musky breeze blow,
Enjoy till then, the white beauty in snow
O' dervish! Learn from the nightingale,
How to wait and watch!
The winter is outside you,
And the spring inside,
Get inside, and see,
The rose is there blooming for you!

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

The Lovers

The lovers know no respite, no rest;
They're wakeful when in sleep;
They keep their vigil, gazing at their Beloved's face;
Their belief in their Love is their only religion;
Neither the hustle and bustle, nor the houris in the garden,
Distract them from remaining engaged with their love;
Unafraid and undaunted openly they proclaim their love;
Afflicted with love, they neither moan nor mourn,
Immersed in Love, they care not for fame or name;
They turn their back on the whole world!
They spend their life away in hearing the Beloved's word;
Singing the sweet love melodies, they roam town and village;
Outwardly, they seem to be involved in worldly business;
Inwardly, they are absorbed in the flashes of light and sound;
They are silent yet resonate with bees' sound;
They know not East or West, nor Mekkah nor Hindustan;
Oblivious of the two worlds, they care for nothing at all;
Like Majnun, who never found Leila,
They never cease to sing their song of love.

Mykoul

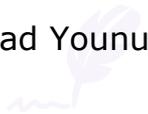
Mohammad Younus

Let Me Know My Truth

O You who expelled me from the Eden,
Why am I hearing night and day,
Your resonating word in my soul?
Is it that you are revealing to me...
...my and your secret?
You're playing at your flute in my heart, I know,
Surely to produce the sound of Hu, Hu,
O my love, I roam in the valley of your exhibition,
In the hope of seeing You, and hear...
...your praise from each and every one,
Eternally, you've made your home in me,
It's You who knows me - my reality and my essence!
Bring me before the mirror of Jemshid,
And make me see the whole secret:
I'm the cup, I'm the wine, and I'm the reflection in it,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Piece Of Advice

You Lover, hear to what prophets and sages say:
Do not make the seven paradises the goal of your life;
Do not create the bias of I and other;
Do not treat friends or enemies differently;
Do not distort the ways of prophets and sages;
Acquire Knowledge divine and wisdom,
If you desire to come out from the darkness to light;
Do not be ambushed by evil thoughts on the supreme path of love;
Take a guide with you on your journey;
But bear it in your mind:
Your guide cannot take your burden on his shoulders;
Keep this truth in your mind; do not give this up;
This precious jewel I have got in the bazar of Muhammad;
Do not throw it in the river like an idiot...
Guard it as one guards a precious treasure,
If you want to accomplish your purpose of life.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Contented

Perching on the cable,
It dozes so peacefully,
This little sparrow,
In this winter cold

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Short-Lived

Ephemeral
in life's brevity -
Winter's sunrise

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Dignified Dervish

In bitter cold
On a chilly winter evening
A wandering dervish
With a begging bowl
Knocks at God's door

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Muraqaba

In a desolate mosque
A dervish gazes at
Budha's stone sculpture
Carved in his brain

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Life Is Everlasting

Life is permanent, everlasting,
It doesn't come and go -
The autumn wind blows and withers,
The green leaves and flowers,
To reappear again, after winter's pause,
I feel it happens in the blinking of an eye,
To this true word, man must attest:
The Spirit is the body's guest,
Some day it vacates its nest,
Like a swallow which flies to a foreign land,
And returns with the spring,
To build its nest again

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Your Word

Your word in my heart is the treasure hidden,
Your word on my tongue is the speech sweet,
My ecstasy surges when you tweet me,
In your remembrance, I find you in me,
I can't live in comfort without loving You,
Your word assures me I am not a stranger to you,
For you too are ever remembering me,
That I am not lonely, desolate and forlorn,
Among your lovers I am not ignored by you:
This is the hope that sustains me!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Insobriety

The cool of Your Love I feel inside my soul,
My soul finds comfort only in You,
As a child finds solace,
When clinching to mother's breast,
I am intoxicated with a drop of wine,
You offered me tonight,
I want to remain dizzy drowsy,
Until I heave my last breath,
Because it's only in drowsiness,
I can fancy you are me,
In your presence, it is best for me,
To be rather inebriated with your wine,
Give me your wine, and make me forget,
All other enchantment and love,
'Cause Your wine is the best of all drinks,
How can I hope to meet You in sobriety!
Without your wine, I will remain separated from you,
As a child on mother's shoulders remains,
Separated from her milkful breast,
It's best for me to take your wine all night.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Great Puzzle

The secret hidden is,
What the open book lays bare,
But, still hidden in its words
And diverse shapes and forms,
He reveals what He conceals,
He conceals what He reveals,
A puzzle, so exquisite!
How can any one unfold this puzzle!
How does He make His home
in my narrow heart!
How does an ocean contain in a drop!
A great puzzle!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Truth

Before Me —darkness -
Behind Me — darkness -
Myself — the light in between -
Birth -coming out of darkness to light -
Death -passing from light to darkness -
Drowning in the bottomless ocean -
Dissolving into nothingness away -
the Eternal Kingdom —they say —
Where we lived— before delusion—
There I was a being — born to None —
Himself — without any ancestry —
Himself — without any diversify —
Here in the world of delusion -man, divine, and creation-
Confounded -Trplicate existence — No -
'Tis Truth before Me —
'Tis Truth behind Me—
The Truth in between —
I am the Truth!

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Perfection

When you look at yourselves,
And at the nature around,
You will find perfect harmony,
He created seven heavens,
One above the other,
Do you see any fault
In his work of creation,
Balanced and perfect!
Turn up your eyes.
Can you detect any imperfection?
Look once more, and yet again,
Your eyes in the end will return,
Dim and weary!
A clear proof of the existence...
...of a perfect creator!
We do not create this harmony,
It is there - existing naturally!
Here we are - in the midst of this creation,
As the noblest of all creation,
A microcosm - with total perfection!
We are created in the fairest form,
Most perfect!
We must realise this perfection,
We have a special rank and weight,
In whole creation!
We must realise there is a perfect creator,
We must actualise perfection in our everyday life...

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Sing To The King

Listen in silence, Listen to eternal sound,
When you begin to hear the sound,
That you really are,
The lightful sound permeates in you the radiance,
You realise that you are nothing but this sound,
Stand up and listen to the melodies divine,
That stars, sun, and moon sing,
That insects, birds, and animals sing,
That Jinns, angels, and humans sing,
They all started with this music divine,
They all shall continue glorifying as such,
Listen! listen! and listen!
Sing! sing! and sing!
Sing to the king in you, who you really love.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



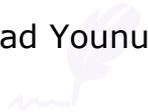
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Honey Beez Buzzing

All round me is the blended sound,
Of all the singing birds, insects, and muses,
The sound grows on me like honey beez buzzing,
They never seem to stop their buzzing,
From within...from without,
But I keep myself telling,
Stich up your lips, don't utter a word,
Bees never like nuisance, beware!
Keep on listening this mystic sound,
Coming from the ocean of silence...
...somewhere deep within,
The sound I love, the sound I hear, the sound I speak;
Here inside, not outside, my soul sees and hears,
And craves, may this sound never leave me,
And say goodbye!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Reality Of Self

Like shadows vanishing,
When the sun is overhead;
Like a rainbow in the sky
Disappearing,
When the clouds intervene,
In the path of sunlight;
Like the lightning flash,
Vanishing all of a sudden;
Such is the reality of one's self.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Brave Girl

I heard from a brave girl her story:
I met a convincing spiritual person,
When I was under eighteen,
My family had a lot of faith in him,
He sounded reasonable and uttered the spiritual things,
Wearing a spiritual mask, he tried to entice me,
In private classes, he gave vent to his sensuous desires,
I sensed from his sexy talks and signs to me,
He had evil designs to molest me,
I could not wrap my head around,
That he could behave in such a way,
But, I did not let him exploit my shyness and fear,
I gathered my courage and escaped the situation,
Thus, protected my chastity!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

What Is The Way

What is the way I must travel on,
To escape the snares of this world?
What is the way I must travel on to make my world a place of bliss?
What is the way that can take me to that clear ocean,
In which I can see my true face?
What is the way that can help me know from Khidr,
The knowledge, wisdom, and secrets divine?
What is the way that I must traverse,
To return back to my state of origin?
I pray you, my God, to show me that sacred path,
That bridges the bay between life and death,
And would bring me out of illusion to the reality

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Fake Masters

Wordly wise seek for exotic intercessor,
Between them and the supreme lord,
Not realising that the divine wisdom is the guide real,
The greatest gift to seekers of truth is...
To be free from mind...
Which is like an oscillating pendulum,
Never calm! Never at rest! ;
When the mind is always moving,
You oscillate from one hell to the other;
Be free from doubt and superstition,
Be free from false deities,
Be free from fake masters...
...claiming divinity, or God- incarnation, or
...claiming to be a bridge between the seeker and the lord;
If you take your master as your God,
On whose face you should meditate on,
You will understand neither your master nor the truth,
If you work to understand the reality...
...using your spiritual wisdom as your guide,
You will understand all that you must know:
Awareness about yourself, and about your God

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Divine Voice

The Divine Voice

The divine voice!

Eh, who will tell you what the divine voice is!

A voice as vast as the fathomless ocean,

That sounds all sounds,

Producing wondrous tunes immense,

Lo, this ocean of sound is actually in the Lover's heart.

Whose depth is beyond thinking, and seeing,

Neither my tongue nor my pen,

Can encompass the depth and vastness of this ocean,

The divine voice, as I hear all the while, is...

...like the hallowed revelations from the high,

Like the sound of the scribe's pen,

Inaudible to human ear!

In the stillness of the mind heard,

By the human soul,

The immortal word of Allah!

That the heavenly muse sings.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Nafas

Nafas

The nafas itself is neither good nor evil,
It is you who make it good or bad;
You may either let the good instincts prevail,
Or, you may allow free play to the evil instincts;
This nafas becomes good and pious,
When you let the good crop in it grow;
This nafas becomes bad and impious,
When you cultivate in it the evil crop;
Taqwa is the only therapy that cures,
The evil commanding nafas of its malignancy;
And restores it to its pure nature,
Making it a source of contentment, love and peace.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

It Is My Garden

My garden has no hedge fencing;
No gate, No gatekeepers;
Still I wave a placard in the air:
No trespassing;
Trespassers will be prosecuted;
It is my garden;
I alone stay here.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



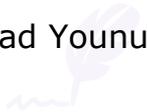
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Some Say

Some say the self undergoes...
...a circle of rebirths,
Through 184000 expressions...
...depending upon good or evil deeds,
In order to become and stay as man,
Some say, there is neither birth nor rebirth,
Some say, even if he is to take a rebirth,
He will be born as man again,
Some say he will be raised up again,
For his accounting for his deeds,
In Jannah, he will be a man,
In Jahannum, he will be a man,
What is the truth about man?
Man is man, hidden in his own secret.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Proceed On

When the morning sun caresses,
The top of of the snow-capped blue mountains,
And the long night packs up,
For courting the light of the moon,
On the next day again;
And the morning singing birds,
Send forth their sweet songs,
To re-echo between my heart and soul;
And the ringdove sings and dances,
In his passion for his hiding mate,
Cooing to her love and her union,
And the waves of the singing breeze,
Pass over me, kissing all my organs, my heart's ear and eye,
I hear melodies sounding from my within,
The singer hidden in groves, invisible and unseen,
There and then, I squat to hear the melodies divine,
With heart's ear, and with full gaze,
I let my eyes fix on the radiant light,
My head, heart, and soul light up with divine light,
Then I see my beloved's face and nothing else,
And from his mouth, I hear his sweet voice,
Until the creation envies my ecstasies,
And I proceed on my way,
To meet my beloved at the long awaited hour

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

No Trespassing

My garden has no hedge fencing
No gate, No gatekeepers
Still it is too difficult to trespass
It is my garden, I alone stay here

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



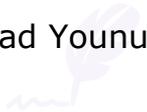
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Stand Here

The Superb Bird Of Paradise,
Sitting quietly on the hedge,
A master shapeshifter!
In his courtship dance,
Ceases to be like a bird,
A hopping, snapping,
geometric abstraction!
As if in an inebriated state,
Throws an enticing smile,
To elicit a flying smile from his mate,
A mystic part of wondrous existence!
Stand here,
There is no need to depart.
Learn from him to care and love
Your better half - your sweetheart!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Muhammad: The Praised One

Under the deep blue skies, one upon one,
Studded with the shining suns in the day, and...
The smiling moons, and the twinkling stars at night;
In the snow-capped mountains,
Lush green meadows, moors and plains,
In the arid lands and deserts...
...without water and greenery...
You will find none like the praised One,
Who is, doubtlessly, God's first love;
The light on his radiant face is:
Always present! Always pure! and Always new,
He is the only one who deserves to be called the 'last';
He is the source of mercy for all the troubled lives;
He is the spiritual stream from which always flows,
Pure water of life, as it did in the beginning;
He is the source of peace, love and ecstasy;
He is Muhammad, the Praised one!
With my one-pointed mind, I vow...
...to love him, and his golden teachings,
Now and forever, devotedly, as his true lover.

Mykoul

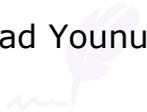
Mohammad Younus

Pure Enlightenment

All that we are,
Is the result of Kun Fayakun,
God is everything, indivisible!
But man thinks 'I am'!
A confusion! A conflict!
No, Man is his creation,
Accountable for his actions,
When he knows his essence,
He is justified to claim:
'I am God's vicegerent'"
Confused by mind,
Man sees duality in life,
When he fuses to his essence,
He experiences one Reality around,
That is the pure enlightenment!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Love Is Religion

Walk and talk love every moment.
Walk and talk peace every moment.
Each breath must bring a fresh breeze,
Each breath must make a flower bloom,
Fill your heart with love,
Give to humankind and the nature around,
Your love, your love, your love,
The humankind will be safe and secure,
When we adopt love as our religion.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Have Found My Reality

Was I a child or a grown up person,
When God took a covenant from me,
When he asked me not to come nigh to that tree?
Was I then a person of free will...
...or a servant at master's beck and call?
When, I was expelled against my will,
I have been ever since looking for my home,
With my first breath, I heard your call,
And began to look for you, my beloved Kun,
I've walked so many confused paths,
I've confronted so many perils,
I've endured fear, hope, contraction, and expansion,
I've lost my way in wilderness, immense and wild,
I've walked on the sands of ancient deserts,
In search of a guide who would kindly lead me to you,
Beloved Kun, I've dreamed of drinking water of life,
To experience and feel your immortality,
For millions of lifetimes, I will long to see you,
But, I don't know where to look for you,
Yet, I always feel your presence with me,
I know, with certainty, I've initiated from you,
And the distance between you and me...
...is only a flash of lightning from behind the clouds,
When suddenly I see myself and you,
To my amazement, in the same image...
...smiling at each other,
How strange!
The moon of freedom has returned to me,
Everything I thought I had lost.
From the moment I was expelled from the garden of Eden,
I see that actually nothing I had lost,
There is nothing that should be restored to me,
There is nothing for which I should seek redemption,
There is nothing for which I should seek salvation,
Every flower, every thorn, every meadow, every desert, every continent, every
ocean...
...recognises me,
Wherever I turn, I see your smiling face,
At last, I have found my reality

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Dies Not

I swear by ev'ry legendary tradition of true love,
Written by Time's pen, on the parchment of lover's heart,
I swear by all old martyrs' to love,
Hanged on gallows or fleeced alive,
That those who thought the Love had died,
Had absolutely to gullible lied!
I swear Love died...
...but to be alive for ever!
Lovers die not, they return to their Love!

Yea, hear the sad notes on the flute,
Released by the flutist, to remind you,
Of that reed forest...
...from where the reed had been cut off,
That moans continually in the lover's ear;
And yearns to return to its original home,
Hear, and walk on to your original home,
Following the divine call.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

To Meditate

To meditate does not mean to discover a lost thing,
To meditate does not mean to invent or innovate a new thing,
To meditate means to fuse together your confused energies,
Your ecstasy proves it,
When you gaze one pointedly at your Love's face,
It proves that you are back to your true self,
That the sun of enlightenment is shining in you,
That you have got control over your rebellious self,
And that you have acquired peace in your lord.

- Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Aliens

Nobody Knows,
The pleasure I Seen,
When I found myself,
Freed from the gherao
Of aliens,
Who won't let me
speak in my
own language,
Who destroyed
My Heritage houses,
And monuments,
My old golden culture;
Then I got in trouble
deeper trouble,
When I found my people,
Having surrendered,
All they had precious,
And assimilated to
Alien language,
Alien culture and ethos,
Discarded their identity,
Lost to aliens all things,
Their land, pride, honour
and freedom,
humph!
Probably it will take,
Several hundred years,
To get the aliens out!
I am in trouble,
Deeper trouble!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Kun Fayakun

Kun Fayakun

Apparently man seems to be limited and finite,
Go not by his semblance,
His reality is different, outwardly unseen,
In his essence, man is not limited by form,
Though, like other things, he has form and semblance,
He is created by God in his nature,
His essence is beyond form and semblance,
Beyond "this" and "that,"
Beyond who, when, where, why, and how,
Beyond conditions, attributes, and imperfections,
Don't do the mistake of comparing him with other things?
That are limited, finite, and mortal,
If thou knoweth thyself,
The conflict of He, me, you, and we will go,
Where is the conflict?
What can stand in your way?
Find comfort in eternal garden,
And know that is not a walled garden,
You are hidden in your own hidden secret,
And you will remain so.
Who will know your secret?
Only you will know your secret,
You will join to your root in the One,
Your vitality, your power is hidden in the secret...
Kun Fayakun!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

O Mount Hira

O Mount Hira

O Mount of light

To what shall I compare you!

You are the Sacred Mount that stands,

In the holy precincts of Mekkah,

Effulging Light upon light non-stop,

Allah did fuse and blend all mystic beauty here,

Here, Light chases the darkness away,

Here, Man and divine unite,

Here, Allah first gazed with love,

At the radiant face of Mustafa,

Here, He cleansed his soul with his own light,

Here, He talked to him the sublime truths,

On the tongue of Gabriel,

Thus, Mustafa first got divine revelations here,

He would in solitude sit here in its blessed cave...

...and meditate for days and nights,

Thus, the humankind received the divine gift...

...the glorious Quran!

Guidance for those who want to ward off evil,

Guidance for those who want to walk along a straight path,

Leading to the eternal fount of truth...

...knowledge, wisdom, awareness,

Some day must I visit thy most sacred cave,

Enter and at once find to my utmost happiness,

Polytheism, atheism, racism, nationalism,

And many other false ideologies,

Dwindle to nothingness.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Have A Merry Laugh

Come, and stand at my grave, and have a merry laugh,
I am not here - my body is decomposed here,
I must have died under your eyes,
But, only my house crumbled down,
It became unfit for me to live sweetly,
I am not here, I have not perished,
I am the suns', the moons', the stars' glow,
I am the colour and fragrance of flowers,
I am the water, snow, air, and all that support life,
I am the cool spring breeze, the dry harsh autumn wind,
I am the scorching heat of the summer,
I am the chilly biting cold of winter,
I am the smile on the babs' lips,
I am the prayer on the mothers' lips,
I am the sweet song of morning birds,
I am the buzz of bees, crickets, and other singing insects,
I am the beautiful dawn and dusk,
I am the living, I am the life in all things,
I have the power over all things,
Come and stand at my grave and have a merry laugh,
I am not here- I have returned to my originator.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

See The Divine In Man

What love, lover, and the beloved is?
Within the heart of a lover it is to be found -
It isn't to be found anywhere outside;
When I separate the wheat from the chaff;
I perceive it in my soul,
Where the divine word sounds all the while;
That is where the wise masters guide us to;
Blessed with the seeing eye and the hearing ear,
I became a true lover,
Through God's blessing I see,
One reality is the core of everything,
The absolute oneness pervades everything!
Who the owner is and who the tenant,
Who the master is and who the servant,
That is the hidden secret!
I say to my inner self:
Brag not that you are the hidden secret,
My beloved God got pleased with me,
For guarding his secret and keeping that hidden,
He showered on me the golden dust of his light;
And resonated by his command his word in me,
There I witnessed an open sign,
That revealed to me my true essence...
...the proof that I am of the divine,
There is none but He!
What a human being is in his essence,
That is the hidden secret.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

In Love's Cruel Snare

LEILA, your black beauty,
Has caught me in Love's cruel snare;
And now, when you have caught me,
You test my forbearance, and leave me to suffer;
In your captivity, pain hangs heavily on my heart,
Pining and waiting for your blissful appointment;
But, you hold me captive and play tricks on my eyes;
Sometimes you show me a glimpse, Sometimes in darkness you hide;
While I drink stealthily the draught of death...
...from your eyes,
The intoxicated soul looks on you with hope,
That soon would you bid adieu to my chains;
I believe you will take pity on me,
And relieve me of my pangs of separation too.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Duping

Duping

Dye not your beard,
In black and white,
Duping the world,
Into believing,
That you are a sage,
Though busy in...
Mundane chores.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Singing Houri

Passion for the Singing houri is burning me,
Her manifold tunes...
...and the comfort my soul gets in them,
Floods me with such a euphoria,
That nothing else on the face of the earth does,
O my friends, Singing houri has enslaved me,
My heart is tormented and broken by her love,
She goes on shooting at me her love-arrows,
Hitting my eyes aimedly,
A lute-string in her hands releases rapture notes,
That cause a surge in my passion for Allah...
In my heart, In my speech;
In my hearing, in my seeing;
Above me, below me;
To my right, to my left;
In front of me and behind me;
I find the presence of Allah,
Allah is with me!
I am touched by His solicitude!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Wine In Cupped Eyes

O sing me not the song of separation...
Let others hear it if they must;
Let me hear the melody of union,
All ecstasy and rapture!
Though wine is forbidden under Shariah,
Let me drink the wine of love,
Until I heave the last breath!
For all that lies about me...
...is moving on the path of love;
Pour liquid melody, I pray thee, O Saqi,
Until the cry goes around,
'Lo, he hast got the wine of love...
...in his cupped eyes!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Peace Is Lost

Peace is the most precious thing...
...that Humankind has lost;
Let's mobilize all the forces at our hand,
Against the forces of non-peace;
That are wont to impose,
Their control, domination, and rule,
On poor and weaker nations,
To exploit and appropriate,
Their natural wealth and resources,
Mutual coexistence needs mutual understanding;
Mutual understanding leads to mutual cooperation:
The mutual cooperation leads to Peace;
Peace is the only way of survival for mankind;
It cannot be gainsaid that...
...establishing and securing peace on our planet...
...must start with our individual efforts...
...as if one limb aches, the whole body must ache;
So remember the golden words of Mustafa:
'Forgive him who wrongs you;
Join him who cuts you off;
Do good to him who does evil to you;
And speak the truth...
...although it be against yourself.'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love In Silence

There was a still sea silence;
I heard the silence speaking,
In the language of silence to me:
"I love you as you never asked me the questions:
How? When, Why or From where?
I love you simply, because you too are silence:
I love you in this way...
Because there is no other way of loving;
My message is only heard in silence,
Go on taking my pristine wine of silence,
And lose yourself in perfect inebriation,
Don't insult the euphoria created by my wine,
For I love only those who love me
in silence."

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

See The Secret Hidden

We have a heart inside,
Which keeps beating non-stop;
We have a mystic harp inside,
Which keeps sounding non-stop;
Day after day, year after year,
We may pass without hearing,
If we are negligent or hard of hearing;
Sometimes it might cause fears and raptures;
Sometimes it might cause ecstasy and astonishment,
When it lends a hand in uphill climb,
To reach the lofty summit of existence,
And joins us to our eternity;
Listen, O seeker, to the thunderous roar divine,
Which resonates in the cosmos and in you,
This sound of pure notes emanates...
...from the supreme soul...
Heard in the heart when the moss...
...plugging its ears, is removed;
The invisible ear is fitted within the human eye;
So when that eye is opened, everything stands revealed;
The soul sitting behind the eye
will hear,
The echoing notes of the Sound;
He who enters this spiritual state...
...will know his essence,
They alone can know that perfect state,
Who know and witness this secret hidden.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Remember

Where there is a teacher

Knowledge will flow

Where there is a sage

Wisdom will flow

Where there is austerity

Wealth will flow

Where there is prodigality

Poverty will flow

Where there is water,

Thirst will go

Spend less time...

...seeking water...

...and acquire thirst!

Then water will gush

From above and below

Remember

It is not the thirsty person

Who seeks water

It is rather the water

That seeks the thirsty person

Where there is music

Peace will flow

Where there is light

Darkness will go

Where there is love

Love will flow

Where there is zikre

Zikre will flow

Mykoul

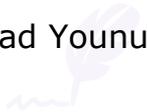
Mohammad Younus

Live With Love

Love is not a house or even a houseboat,
Love cannot be contained within walls four,
Love is neither terrestrial nor cosmic,
Love is as boundless as time and space,
Love is the greenery of the forest,
Love is the aridness of the desert,
Love is the flaming heat that melts the glaciers,
To produce water for the thirsty man and arid land,
Love is the spiritual master before whom we squat,
To acquire awareness and enlightenment,
The college where we learn knowledge and wisdom!
Love is the main source wherefrom flow,
The streams of love, peace, and harmony,
I wonder how can this world survive without love,
We must always learn to live with love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

O' My Innate Master

I would like to watch you praying,
Which may not happen;
I would like to watch you hearing,
Which may not happen;
I would like to sit with you in your Study Circle,
Which must happen;
I would like to remember your teaching,
Which must happen,
When the smooth, soft waves of divine word slide over my head;
I would like to walk with you through that lucent wavering garden...
...of evergreen leaves...
With its cool bright sun & four streams,
Towards the place where the Light must descend,
Towards God's first love, that is Me;
I would like you to give me the silver branch,
Inviting me to visit your realm;
I would like to learn the mystic word from you,
That would protect me from the grief...
... at the center of my dream;
I would like to follow you up the long steep way again and again;
I would like you to provide me the boat,
That would row me back to the ocean;
I would like to carefully stand between the two oceans,
Where I could get water of life in two cupped hands;
So that I could enter the immortality...
...as easily as breathing in;
I would like to be the light that inhabits with me for ever;
I would like to be that unnoticed love,
That is necessary to know my essence.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Swing Window

The window swings open,
I look in,
It is lighted in there,
Moon shining overhead,
A man sitting in the centre,
Of the galaxies in the sky,
The green carpet in the flower garden,
Spread out under his feet,
A special honoured visitor!
The beautiful in the beautiful environment!
This man, this universe is all beauty,
Perfect! matchless!
All things are perishable, breakable,
But not this beauty!
Nothing like this beauty,
I have seen before;
I feel ecstasied
The window swings closed.

Mykoul



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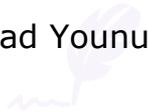
Mohammad Younus

The Circular Path

In my heart and soul blow,
The winds of ecstasy divine,
A good news for me, from the Spirit divine,
A successful voyage it promises to me,
To the realm where shall greet me,
The holy light and the beautiful houris,
Singing the melodies sweet...
...in the blissful garden of eternity,
There, where the roaring running brook...
...falls back into the ocean still,
From where the brook had started,
When man with all beautiful things...
...was created for eternity,
Who knows the brook might flow...
...along its circular path again!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Flow Along The Current

Swimming against the current,
You might land into whirlpool fatal,
If you flow on along the current,
You might get peace in the lap of mother ocean,
As a bird finds solace in its nest,
After full day's flying without rest.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Swing Wide The Window

Open your heart's eyes, rejoice!
Hear: the divine voice,
How it swells the soul!
The eternal voice echoing,
In the world and the heart mine,
Tells me about the flutist,
Fluting from behind the veil;
When my glances permeated the veil,
I found, the flute was under my lips,
I was playing the flute to my own soul,
In that moment, I heard my own sweet voice,
Doing the zikar of Allah Hu.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

It Is Difficult To Say

When I look into a Looking glass,
I see myself to be like a mangled
Photograph,
With deep blurred furrows on the forehead,
And deep creases on the face,
A strange person in a small frame house!
In the background there is a void,
And beyond that, some garden,
I fancy myself in the garden,
In the center of the garden,
Just under the shade of some tree,
Is it the same forbidden tree,
For coming near to which I was thrown out?
It is difficult to say...
where precisely I am?
Where precisely I came from?
Where precisely I am going to?
It is difficult to say...
Who precisely I am?
Am I the celestial being, or earthly I am?
Am I the body or a soul I am?
Or both soul and body I am?
Am I the hearer, or deaf to the incessant echoing word I am?
Am I the seer, or blind to the effulgent eternal light I am?
Am I the speaker or the speech divine I am?
But, if I transcend beyond the eternal void,
I might be able to see who I am.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Get Up

The morning with its night lamps extinguished,
The morning with its head unveiled,
I look back at the worried children,
Wandering through the bazars shut down,
What are we going to do?
Everything has come to a standstill
The evening of fearful suppression!
The night of the psychological depression!
The morning facedown in the pillow,
What mother will handle them with affection!
Get up! How long you will remain buried in the pillow?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Red Colour

My daughter is soo crazy about red,
A red shirt, a red blouse, a red shawl,
A red rice cooker! A red frij! a red washing machine!
Red carpets! Red curtains!
"Girls should not go for red...
...it is the colour dear to a bear",,
Her mother would often tell her,
In some cultures, it is the colour of shame, and obscenity;
In some cultures, it is a colour of passion;
In some cultures, it is the colour of proletariat revolt;
In some cultures, it is the colour of sacrifice;
In some cultures, it is the colour of bloodshed;
In ours, it is the colour of betrayal, and treason...
...in the name of so called nationalism;
A girl is the mother of a nation;
She should be a Mehjuba, a cool chinar-shadow,
A strong dedicated teacher, to bring up her children well.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Mustafa: The Chosen One

Mustafa: The chosen One

Although you were told:

Read in the name of your lord,

.....

Who taught by the pen,

Who taught man...

That which he knew not,

Your pen was Gabriel's tongue,

You were taught himself by your lord,

That no one ere, prophets or sages, knew,

You contained a sea of knowledge in your broadened breast,

In your knowledge and wisdom is seized...

...the world even now,

Your message will never leave the last breath,

It will stay until the Doomsday!

Your voice from the mountain of Faran,

Was heard in the nook and corner of the world,

That resonates under the heaven's dome even now,

That was the Spirit's fire...

...which extinguished the fire of Dar-e-Mehar,

You enlightened the souls with light upon light,

That fills up the heavens and the earth,

You possessed the sublime morality,

That shines before our eyes as the living Quran,

Many a foe of giant might...

.. led by the Father of flames...

...against your religion stood,

But their hands perished...

...before your sublime prophethood.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Messenger Within

Whoever is a mystic must lonely be,
When through commercial streets walking he might be;
Whosoever is a mystic must in solitude be,
When in public places squatting or working he might be;
Whoever is a mystic must always be,
On a sublime standard of morality;
Vain is his labour if he friends with rebellious satan,
His only comrade is the messenger within;
A messenger!
Eh, how you will know who is he!
A witness against you!
Who narrates God's verses (divine secrets) to you.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

On The Wings Of Soul

Who manages the affairs inside man?

Who operates the system in man

Who controls the body, the heart, and the soul in man?

Is He man, or Man is He?

That secret is utterly indeterminate!

Erase the dichotomy of He and Man,

All is He, He is all!

There can't be a marriage between finite and infinity,

But don't do the mistake of considering man as finite,

Lo, when his essence is unveiled, his immortality is exposed!

The divine in man needs to be seen,

That is wont to get manifested through man,

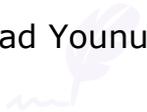
Flying on the wings of the soul...

...beyond the limits of time and space,

To his eternal home!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

He Is Unity

Say, He is Unity hidden in Unity,
Say, He is Unity expressed in multiplicity,
Unity in multiplicity, multiplicity in Unity,
A Secret Hidden, perceived by Lover's eyes,
A secret open, visioned by Lover's soul,
In eternal effulgent light,
Told by the sounding word of God,
Hu, Hu, Hu...

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Man Is The Hidden Secret

Man is like a fathomless ocean,
Whose depths no one can reach,
Divers diving in this ocean...
...get but a few oyster shells,
The treasures of secrets...
...still remain unexplored,
To prophets, sages, and philosophers,
Man is like the eternal void,
Filled with infinite secrets hidden.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

God's Creation

O' seeker, watch with love's eyes,
The whole world of God's creation,
Smiling around you with glitter,
The secret hidden in you...
...blooming outside in beautiful things!
Right is Mumin Kashmiri, when he says:
Within and without abides himself He,
The beloved manifests Himself wildly,
But, eh! this mystery is beyond me, ,
Those whose heart's eyes are lying shut,
Will not believe in the divine magic but.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Secret And Mansur

My secret hidden is reflected...
...in my sacred mirror,
I stand before it clandestinely...
...away from people's eyes,
To meet my hidden persona in the mirror,
All illusion about my reality...
...today dissolved!
In me a surge of ecstatic amazement!
I am standing within my magic mirror,
Casting cunning smiles at each other,
A hidden Truth revealed to me within,
Bursts forth on my lips;
The tongue of Mansur opens!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divine Word

Divine Word is my soul, Divine Word is my soul;
My soul is absolutely God's and God's alone;
My soul is the inner voice, in the world of realisation;
My soul is the outer voice, in the world of manifestation;

To my mind's eye, nothing is real;
To my heart's eye, everything is real;
To conquer my doubts, I need to hear God's word,
That illuminates me inwardly and outwardly;

I am not afraid of my emotions and passions;
I am not afraid of the snares of enchanting mind;
I live in my submission to God's will;
I am pleased with God, and God is pleased with me;

When my inner voice congrues with my outer voice,
All my seemingly insurmountable troubles,
Wriggling pains vanish into thin air;
Disappointments and frustrations
In my heart...
...make room for hope and ecstasy;

There is no doubt in it that...
...ignorance veiling the soul...
...is replaced by awareness;
Appalling darkness engulfing the heart...
...is removed by perfect enlightenment;
God gifts two invaluable pearls...
Divine knowledge! and,
Divine wisdom!

The earthly joys have always a beginning and an ending;
The Heavenly joys have no beginning and no ending;
Eternal joy! That does not get old with time!
My longing is to be in God's perpetual remembrance.

Mykoul

Perpetual Remembrance

Divine Word is my soul, Divine Word is my soul;
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Mykoul

Peace

O Allah, you are perfect peace,
And peace flows from you,
Peace is not to be found...
...in attachment...
...with the transient and fleeting world,
Peace is not to be found...
...in the mind's involvement...
...in illusory things,
Peace lies in awareness and enlightenment,
Peace is the eternal light that removes darkness,
Peace is the eternal music that produces ecstasies,
Peace is to be found where the two oceans meet,
Where the perennial spring of the water of life...
...is to be found, which makes immortal,
Peace is our original home...
...where the soul craves to go,
O Allah, make us live in peace,
And make us enter the home of peace.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

I Hear The Golden Flute

I am rowing my boat on the ocean of Time,
Towing it with two raw strands,
My oars - meditation and contemplation -
Being useless, I have thrown them away,
How could I hope to cross the ocean of time,
With such useless rowing equipments,
Only the song of love can help me transcend...
... the ocean of time,
Alhamdulillah! I hear The Golden Flute,
Its notes take the soul to the highest of the high...
...from the lowest of the low,
Now successful am I, by the grace of God,
Gone duality, gone the night of separation

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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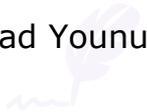
Love Song

"My Supreme God!
Do You approve of
My 'Song of Soul'
That I chant and hear
Hour after hour? "

"Mydarling!
Not only do I approve,
But, it is I who sings in you,
Sings through you,
Sings for you...
My Eternity's Song of Love
That I uploaded on you
On the day of your appointment
As my vicegerent on the earth."

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Perpetual Love

God and I are two very old enemies...
Since the day He expelled me and my mate, Eve...
From His Garden of eternity;
He sends His emissaries from time to time...
To lure me back to His garden of eternity;
He wants to revive our old friendship,
And assures me that He is with me...
Wherever I be...
Even on this accursed earth!
But, can we ever fulfil each other!
Yah! He continually calls me... Through His resonating word;
But, the Iblis-in-me calls me to rebel,
I have a long fight with him...
I won't let him overpower me,
With authority, God has given me power as well,
God has given me His Dominion - Authority...
To rule as His vicegerent,
And I give Him my submission- Love;
Indeed, this way we sing the song of love,
Of perpetual Mutual Love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Sublime Truth

Hear this lofty truth:
You are the pivot,
Round which moves...
The whole universe...
Created for you...
As your realm;
Because you have to be,
The ruler on His behalf,
His chosen viceroy!
You are in Human form,
But in God's image;
You are beauty divine;
You are the divine face;
Everything shall perish,
But not the divine face;
You are supreme secret!
But this sublime truth,
Only God's elite understand.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Your Teacher

Let the Chinar be
Your teacher
You will learn
How to provide
Cool shade
On a scorching day

Let the apple tree be
Your teacher
You will learn
How to become
Down to the earth

Let the river be
Your teacher.
You will learn
How to flow
Back to the sea

Let the moon be
Your teacher.
You will learn
That you too have
A dark side

Let the sun be
Your Teacher
You will learn
How to become
Generous

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Anal Haq

I am because I am sure 'I am',
As I think 'I am', as I live 'I am',
Nothing is so near to me as 'I am',
Nothing is nearer to me than 'I am';
My existence depends on my conviction that 'I am';
The eye through which I see that 'I am',
Is the divine eye through which God sees 'I am';
No eye can see me but the divine eye,
'I AM' can be spoken by no man,
Mansur was sent to gallows for saying 'I am...'
I can't become God and God can't become me,
But, we share the same 'I am...'
I truly believe in 'Anal Haq', 'I am the Truth';

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Give Up Your Ego

Think of yourself as God's vicegerent,
Think he has created you in his image,
And remember this in your heart when you pray,
Remember that you are praying for the Divine Presence,
Remember your ancient covenant with your lord,
When He said: Am I not your lord?
Then you replied: yes, sire!
You can then enter the Universe of Oneness,
A state that is beyond time and space,
Everything in this state expresses the same truth,
Nothing exists except He!
But how can you enter this Universe...
...where you find "all is one and one is all",
If you do not relinquish your ego, and forget all differentiation?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Sacked Man

I am sole being in the world:
In the world not my own,
Sacked by my lord,
Stripped off...
Of my heavenly clothing,
No one is coming forward,
To cover my shame,
To restore my fame,
Yes, I'll have to do it all myself,
But with the help of Lord's name.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

What If?

What if you fell into swoon,
What if in your swoon,
You transcended..
...beyond the limits,
Of time and space,
You went to heaven,
And there drew near...
...to the forbidden tree,
What if this time,
God did not get angry,
Rather gave you Eve,
As your comforter,
What if when you,
Came out of trance,
You found Eve missing,
Not sitting by your side,
Ah, what then?

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

God's Kingdom

God's Kingdom

People ask for the road to God,
But all roads reach God's kingdom,
The true road passes within you,
But your eyes are obscured by mist,
Go within, see where does that get you?
Certainly straight to God's kingdom,
When your mind is roaming outside in wastelands,
How can you enter the God's kingdom?
Here's a message for the seeker of God,
Know thyself, see thy essence,
That is the Way to know God's kingdom,
Your essence is the perfect proof of God's Kingdom,
You are yourself the seeker, the sought, and the seeking,
Looking for God outside leads you astray,
Searching the lotus flower outside the water bodies,
In arid lands or even in green grassy meadows,
All you get is growing in stupidity

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Rose In Me

The heavenly music touches my soul,
I sit with eyes closed on a prayer mat,
To hear the sweet song under the sky's dome,
Each moment a fresh breeze touches my soul,
Making the rose in me bloom

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Close The Shops

He who seeks finds,
He who seeks not, finds naught,
He who finds, seeks,
He who finds not, seeks naught,
He who tastes, knows,
He who tastes not, knows naught,
Instead of only talking...
...about the celestial wine,
Say nothing, be not an idle talker,
Rather offer it free at your taverns,
Those who cherish it...
...will take goblet after goblet,
And say:
"Have you got a little more? "
As they want inebriation more,
Those who do not, will vomit,
And say:
"We are teetotalers",,
They are not fitted for your tavern,
Close the shop of argument;
Close the salon of mysteries;
As only he who tills the field...
...will reap the harvest.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

At Last I Am Free

At last I am free!

No more tied to the earthly desires,

No more am I stained in my heart,

No more am I bound to the mundane chores,

No more am I entangled in a mesh net...

...woven by my own hands,

No more I cherish lust, anger, infatuation, avarice, and ego;

No more I sit in the company of devilish souls,

No more I take orders from my vile soul,

No more I come close to the forbidden tree,

Meditating thus, I am soft, serene, contented and free.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Secret Unexposed

The mother spirit dies not, all the same,
The souls undergo the cycle of life and death,
Those who are consigned to hell,
Save those who in paradise take rest,
And return to the original source,
From which at first they issued forth,
Inna lillahi Wa Inna lilliahi Rajiuun,
The Mystery we name the secret hidden...
The root from which grows all life...
...and also the heaven and the earth,
Long and unexposed does this secret remain,
That reverberates in the universe and man

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

La Illaha Illa Hu

Just this word- La Illaha Illa Hu...
...changed my life, changed my vision;
"Hear Me In My Light", as-usual, He calls me;
What a bliss! I am allowed to tarry with him...
...in His presence to hear His word,
The sweet word I hear from every thing...
...and from my every pore;
It upsurges my love when I hear...
...his name "Hu, Hu";
In that event, I lose all differentiation:
Between He and me;
Between you and me;
Between others and me;
Between the secret and me;
Between the manifest and me;
I am now fit to love as a true lover;
For I find opposite to Him no other;
Even like Him there is no other;
He is the only being that really exists!
That is what I understand by Ahad;
I hear his inspiring voice telling me...
"If you know me as Ahad, you will meet with me;
And finding me, you shall attain to perfection";

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Divine Shadows

Far and farthest I am, but the most near to you...
...as near as shadow is to the sunlight;
If light goes, there is no shadow,
For shadow is the offspring of light;
The vanished shadow again appears,
When the sun in the clear sky reappears;
See me as the essence of every shadow,
You reckon ill if you count me more than one;
It is me who walks, crawls, or flies about,
It is me who stands still and motionless;
I am the being, seen in the mirrors of my attributes,
And I am the word that connects the hearer to me.
Is not the time yet come for those who profess to love,
That God is one in All, and All in one?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Holy Essence

High and high above,
In the highest regions,
Into the pure realm,
Thou must fly for love...
Into a vision where all forms,
Express their common essence;
In a region where the sound,
On which all beings live,
Audibly resonates;
Where the praised eternal light,
Girds the world like the Brahmin's thread;
Outwardly that seem to be like or unlike,
Inherently though, like or unlike, are purely one;
All these actually stem from one root,
Things outwardly differentiated...
...In their essence are united,
In fact, the holy Essence,
Permeates through all souls.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Great Secret

God is full of Love,
So full of Love,
That He whispers to me,
There is no man on earth...
...who listens the Word from Me...
Whom I will not forget his sins,
For there is a secret in my word hidden,
That purges the hearer of all the sins...
Especially the sin of forgetfulness,
And the sin of believing in duality;
No such thing as chastisement,
For the hearer of my word!
That Merciful is wildly generous...
...beyond any measurement,
That He has poured His Love into his word!
And offers me a cup overflowing;
Dear word!
I draw life from thy Sweet wine;
O dear wayfaring soul!
Come, drink your fill of the wine of life,
For God has made his word an Eternal Fountain!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Wins

Let Love settle...

...your eyes on light eternal,

...your ears on voice eternal;

Let nothing unsettle you...

...from the eternal Love;

All things perish...

...but not the Face of God...

...the perennial source of Love;

Love wins all it seeks;

Whoever has Love...

...longs for no other thing;

Love alone is enough for him!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Mystery

The mystery if it can be told is not a mystery;
The goal if it can be reached is not a mystery;
The path if it can be defined is not a mystery;
The being if it can be named is not a mystery;
The time if it can be measured is not a mystery;
The space if it can be measured is not a mystery.

Man is a mystery because we see:
When he is born, he has no name;
When he dies, he has no name;
Who creates him is a mystery;
Where from does he come is a mystery;
Where does he go is a mystery;
What is his purpose is a mystery.

Mystery are the heavens and the earth;
Mystery is all that is in heavens and the earth;
Mystery is all that is between the heavens and the earth;
Mystery is the hell and the paradise;
Mystery is the punishment and the reward;
Mystery is the life and the death;
Mystery is the love and the hatred;
Mystery is the peace and the war;
Mystery is the sound and the light;
Mystery is the creator and the created;
Mystery is the director and the directed;
Mystery is the commander and the commanded.

As our gnosis and wisdom increases,
Mystery receives the different names;
Together we call them the supreme God;
We submit to him, we adore him;
He is the mother of all mysteries.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am What I Am

I am what I am;
I neither am soul nor mind;
I neither am born nor I die;
I neither come nor I go;
I neither gain nor I lose;
I neither am pure nor tainted;
I neither am noble nor ignoble;
I neither have past nor future;
I neither am true nor false;
I neither am male nor female;
I am notbound by cause and effect;
I am not a prisoner in any dungeon;
I struggle not for liberation;
I am not lost in labyrinths of illusion;
I strive not for salvation;
I am ineffable and difficult to be known;
So many are looking for me;
Yet I am the seekers' seeking;
And I am lovers' love;
Realize yourself, I is there.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Salah Of Love

To offer the Salah of Love,
I first did ablution and gusal of my soul,
Washed and rinsed my soul of all filth and impurity,
I drained a hundred jugs of water of Love on my soul,
A splendid night it was...
In the clear moonlight I loved to sit with my Love,
And so abhored to lay in the bed,
I emptied my soul of ignorance and illusion,
And laid myself on the mattress of emptiness...
The love for pillow, and the word of Allah for coverlet,
Soon I slipped into mystical sleep,
I got immersed in the music of Love,
My whole dreamworld reverberated with divine word...
...Hu, Hu, Hu.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Moon And I

All the birds have flown down...
...and retired to their nests,
A lonely moon shines leisurely in the sky,
We never tire of staring at each other -
And fall in love:
Only the moon and I.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Mystic Voice

The mystic voice is sounding in me,
"Allah hu, " it seems to say:
"Cast away the delusion of duality,
O ye my dear love";,
This voice started from God's mouth,
When he entered into the solemn covenant with me,
Let the earth-bound soul arise from dark depths;
And hear the celestial sound, all noise dispelling,
Resounding in the earth and the skies?
In the beating heart and the still soul,
Lo! the Light so long expected,
Descends with mercy in the heart from Heav'n,
Light upon light! Let me celebrate, with tears in eyes,
Tears of joy! Tears of finding my essence!
One and all my sins are forgiv'n,
I don't need any defender, nor any redeemer,
On the firmament of my Heart the sun has appeared,
Wrapping all the earth with the light of fogiv'nness.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Trapped In Tresses

Being trapped in the curls of the scented tresses,
I have no way open to return to any other love,
Still I am happy that my soul is so entangled,
No way! Nowhere! I long to return,
I am breaking off from the earthly connections,
The long tresses of my beloved are
looped around my neck,
That she uses to keep me tethered to her peg,
Or to pull me by force nearer to her,
It is beyond my control to dig my self out,
I am filled with exuberance, filled with excitement,
I am mute, not able to express my delights,
And the immense spiritual ecstasy that I get,
Ending the gnawing pain of my separation,
I try to speak about my feelings of joy and ecstasy,
But I can't express!
Emotional pleasure, walks with me all the day,
and stays with me through the night,
My love! please stay with me ever.
...and calm my soul...
...for this is what I need to make me whole.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Ecstasy

Being trapped in the curls of the scented tresses,
I have no way open to return to any other love,
Still I am happy that my soul is so entangled,
No way! Nowhere! I long to return,
I am breaking off from the earthly connections,
The long tresses of my beloved are
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That she uses to keep me tethered to her peg,
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...for this is what I need to make me whole.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Sit Before The Mystics

Wisdom is invaluable gift from God;
Wisdom is the heart illuminating sun...
...at whose doorsteps...
...Galaxies are just some dust;
Wisdom is written by divine hand...
...on the blank page of heart...
...which is as clean as the first snowfall;
Mystics read these verses by heart's eyes;
Mystics speak wisdom through written or oral word...
...to enlighten the dark souls...
...to replace their illusion with awareness;
Nothing glows brighter than the enlightened heart...
...that glitters with the light of wisdom;
Go forth and sit before mystics...
...to light up your souls...
...so that you grow more and more...
...in divine knowledge and wisdom...
...and speak with an enlightened reason...
...to quench the soul's thirst of seekers of truth;
It is wisdom that unveils the hidden secrets...
...before the eyes of seekers of gnosis and awareness.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

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Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Before The Dawn Of Time

You got softly into my frame
With great fanfare...
...when you summoned all the angels...
...and bid them to prostrate before me;
By a gentle whisper, you told me,
"I have created you in my image";
And from those early moments,
I know that my name is written...
...with your name...
...before the day of my creation;
You blew softly of your breath into my frame...
Created by moulding the elements four;
As I realised, we aren't two but essentially one,
You softly changed my gross eyes into divine eyes,
And now I see pure unity, no differentiation,
The essence of everything is the same...
...and that is You!
I am now united to you by the bond of love...
...scripted by You in golden Star dust in the heavens...
...before the dawn of time.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Gracious Smile

It is so good to listen sweet heavenly music;
It is a pure message from my beloved...
...expressing too-much love;
Whenever I hear this melodious music...
...my heart just smiles with the divinely smile...
...as I hear you saying:
"Ho, you are my child, of Myself";

You ever wake me up and start singing...
...with a gracious smile...
Stretching out and supporting your allness!
And my nothingness! ...
O' Beyond-all-the words!
It's no good talking to you in human language...
...all dictionaries fail me to find the words...
...through which I could talk to you;
I must talk to you in the language of silence...
...because you know exactly what I want to say;
For this, let me go into my heart...
...so that I may love you in silence...
...and hear calmly the zikre of my soul: Hu, Hu, Hu,

Mykoul

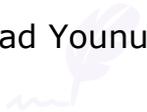
Mohammad Younus

Beyond Stillness

Beyond words...
...and beyond sound...
...there is stillness;
Beyond stillness...
...there is speech;
Here the seeker!
There the speaker!
And the speech is...
...Knowledge divine...
...and wisdom divine...
...neither in words...
...nor in sound;
Heart speaks to heart!
Seeker and sought...
No distinction!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Caged Bird

Like a free lark,
Getting up early,
Sitting on a bough,
Singing to the caged Bird,
Of its own kind,
To remember its own home;
Precisely in the same way,
The mother spirit sings,
To my caged soul,
To free myself,
from the bondage of my nafas

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Separation

Separation is a precursor to lover's union with his beloved,
It ignites a wildfire in the forest of lover's heart,
Without separation how can the lover be aware...
...of the pain in his heart for his beloved?
Without perfume in the air how can he be aware...
of the scented tresses let loose by his beloved?
As the deep night of separation stretches and becomes long...
...the lover's soul in the silence of night quietly mourns...
...like a widowed woman...
...praying to reap harvest of separation at dawn;
The lover wants to give as a sacrifice..
...to the brilliant morning sun...
...the ocean of night with its galaxies of stars;
With the separation getting wider and wider,
His burning soul squeals and wriths with pain...
...until the radiant face of his beloved at dawn...
...heals his night's scars

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

A Mystic

A mystic is one...
...who annihilates his false ego...
...and abides in the love...
...of that which is Real;
And hears with his heart's ear,
the divine music of love,
Such a music is pure, red wine without dregs;
Through the eyes of God, he beholds,
the Most Beautiful Light...
...reflected in each and every thing.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mystic Poems

Mystic poems are the only wealth that I possess

Mystic poems are the only treasure that gives me pleasure

Mystic poems are the only pearls I distribute to seekers of truth

Mystic poems are the only letters of love that I write to my beloved

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Friendship Of Innocence

Friendship Of Innocence

My beloved!

I would write your name here
on the rainbow...

...on the firmament of my heart,

But you have no name, though...

...people call you by different names;

Who has told them that this is your name?

But, still I remember you by all your names;

I recognise you in all the forms;

I feel your presence inside and outside me...

...when I hear a soft music of the breeze...

...coming from you...

...like a stream flowing in my heart...

...all over the time...

...that has no beginning, no ending;

A blazing light of your sun keeps on reflecting...

...its beams on the leaf of my heart...

...telling me about the beauty of the sun of your face;

I feel your fragrance in the flowers blooming on the earth;

The music, the light, the fragrance reveal me...

...the meaning of life...

...illuminating my mind..

...and bring it in harmony with infinite;

That is, with your being!

Thus is established the friendship of innocence...

...between you and me...

That leads to my success and salvation.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A False Immam

How can a nation be successful...
...who find glory in standing...
...behind an evil Immam...
...who misinterprets the Quran...
...and quotes the fabricated Sayings, and
concocted Tales...
...that lead people astray...
...away from Lord's deen,
And claims that Allah has chosen him...
...as people's rightful Immam...
He employs an entourage of
sycophants...
...who give publicity to his false doctrines...
...and do lecturing on his praise,
How evil is he!
How evil are they who take him for an Immam!
A false Immam is nothing but a rotten evil heart,
Who enjoys putting the wagon of Islam on a wrong track.
He is like a munafiq who's Iman is doubtful;
Ummah will fall into deep, bottomless chasm...
...if they follow a false Immam.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Political Resistance

Nothing is as much needed for existence as is resistance,
It has the magic to make you stand with resilience,
It instills hope in you but you must give up fearfulness...
...that you may lose your head and residence,
No umbrella can save you...
...when it rains bombs bullets and other ammunition;
No one can protect your future...
...when you submit to tyranny and oppression;
What water and air is to physical life of people,
Resistance is to political life of a nation;
It guarantees peace, honour, and freedom;
Nothing else can save you from suppression...
Except peaceful resistance and dedication

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Resist With Resilience

Nothing is as much needed for existence as is resistance,
It has the magic to make you stand with resilience,
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No umbrella can save you...
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Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



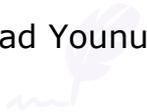
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Musical Breeze

Minus shilly-shallying, I must speak without fear...
...what my beloved whispered into my ear;
Speaking the truth might remove chaos and confusion;
She talked to me in wordless voice;
Her voice is like Rumi's reed...
...filling my soul with serene sound of flute,
Or, sometimes like a windmill...
...that gives out whooshing sound,
Yet, I hear it quite lovingly, quite attentively,
Sometimes, resonating inside me, Sometimes, coming from far afar,
Sometimes, I find myself immersed in it,
I fall in love with the hidden singer...
...even without seeing her;
I enjoy, by heart, the musical breeze...
...that restores me to life after I am dead.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Voice From Heaven

This voice comes to me from heaven...
...like the blessed rain and sunshine;
I hope one day I take off on the
wings mine,
To my original home in Eden...
Without ever having known;
Without any thought or practice;
Without any lessons or trial;
...ss one day a chick leaves...
...out of its nest to heaven—
and I want to say you:
the chick leaves when it hears...
...some sweet voice from heaven,
I have a good hope but, I have
a long fear...
...of being tangled up in the net of love...
Without my love showing up her face from heaven...
... because people have been telling me:
"Do not fall in love...
...you must recall how Majnun and Leila fell in love...
...and suffered for ever without meeting each other.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Resist The Death

There once was a city buzzing with life,
But now death is dancing naked here;
There once was a green forest,
But, now a bald hill stands here;
There once was a magnificent home,
But, now that is knocked into rubble;
So, sing your Mourning song now,
Grave is ready for your burial,
If you do not rise up and resist the death,
With a good and brave heart now;
Hoping it will not take too long...
...to start life afresh again,
After every destruction,
there definitely follows reconstruction.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Am Newborn

At past midnight,
I come out of the hotbed...
...my Cozy sleeping bed!
Sitting in meditation...
...contemplating my love...
...with a serene state of mind...
...peaceful! quiet! tranquil!
...with nothing to agitate...
or, disturb my equilibrium;
My Lord sends me into rest;
And by His leave,
I go into a mystic dream,
I die, I dream...
...and see many secrets unseen;
As I wake up from the dream,
I return to the world., .
I am new born!
Enlightened, Awakened, And Wise

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Splendid Light

Awed by the splendor of Mustaffa's light,
Stars and planets in the countless galaxies...
...all brightful and lightful heaven's objects...
Light up their own faces with the light...
...reflected from the sun of Mustaffa's face

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

River Of Life

The seeker hearing the sound of the river of Life,
Letting the pure sound of the river touch his soul's ear,
The serenity of sound washes away all his agonies,
He wonders:

"How can I recognise the river of Life! "
The sound in him and around him keeps echoing...
...with a celestial harmony;

Hearing the sound, he closes his outer eyes and ears...
...and contemplates, opening his inner eyes and ears...
...the meaning, and the secret of life sound...
...an enormous, echoing, and beautiful sound!

Every beat of the guitar chords...

...gently moves the wings of his heart;

He flies toward the spring on the horizon...

...where the river originates;

There is an ocean hidden, quiet and still...

...unthinkable tranquility prevails there...

...and he is overwhelmed with joy and ecstasy;

The seeker opens his eyes wide...

...golden beams of light flash in his eyes:

"That he has recognised the source of Life, at last! "

One must recognise the river of Life...

...right now, right here.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Can't Say Who Am I

Tell me who am 'I'?
For 'I' accept not someone as my other?
Tell me not 'I' am a mortal being
'I' struggle to know my essential being
For 'I' is hidden inside me;
'I' asks me to meditate and contemplate...
...Who 'I' am?
'I' feel awed and disturbed...
...for 'I' find 'I' asking 'I';
'I' know not who says 'I';
To this 'I' questioned...
...who is 'I'?
'I' murmured in my soul's ear;
Why do you bother?
You and I! ...
...what's difference?
'I' got stunned and disturbed:
When 'I' said to me:
"Who knows 'I', knows divine";
Does this mean 'I' and divine are the same?
To this question even Mansur and Rumi remained mum...
'I' can only say this much:
'I' am the hidden secret of
my 'I',
Hidden deep within my conscience,
Deeper than a mystic dream;
So no longer shall 'I' ask: who am 'I'?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Wondering

God, should I laugh with the killers of buds,
Or cry with the lamenting gardener?
God, should I look at the young martyr's beautiful face,
Or look at the burning heart of his mother?
God, must I fear your infinite inferno,
Or should I gaze at the burning fire of the oppressor?
Tell me, let me know; I cannot decide,
Whether to submit or to resist the oppressor?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Shamail Of Mustaffa

Large and black eyes,
His eyelashes were long,
His face was somewhat circular,
His hands and feet were rather large,
His hair would hang down in waves,
He was large boned and broad shouldered,
When he would walk, he would lean forward,
As if going down a slope,
When he looked at someone,
He would turn his entire body towards him,
Between his shoulders was the seal of prophethood,
His complexion was rosy white and bright,
Sun that shines in the garden of Eden,
Has duplicated his beauty and complexion,
There may be stars brighter than sun,
But not like him,
For suns, stars, steal beauty from him,
He is the real caliph of God,
For He is the center of whole creation,
All the prophets, saints, and sages
revolve around him,
For he was the seal of all prophets, saints, and sages,
I choose to brighten my soul with his light...
...to earn unbound bliss in his guidance.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Story

Smelling the divinely fragrance...
...I soar straight in the direction...
...from where the scented breeze comes...
... and touches my soul's nose...
...like the honey bee that wants to trace...
...the flower's scent;

As I come to caress the scenty flower,
I melt and evaporate like a dewdrop...
...on the petals of the flower...
...due to the heat of the beauty's sun;

When at dawn my eyes should run...
...two streams of tears...
...for failing to see the face of the beloved...
...they smile with joy instead...
...since the pain of separation is dearer to me...
... than the final union, because...
... that would mean the end of my story of love.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love And Hatred

They say everything returns to its origin,
I wish I could shout to the whole world;
"God is love"; " He loves you",
I want to shout-out loud:
Let us love each other: our own or others...
...if we want to be called God's children;
How can something like love flirt with something like hatred!
I turn around and look...
...back, forth, side to side...
...I find nothing but hate;
All have gone deaf, dumb, blind, and mad!
Is it real?
Tell me, Is it real what I feel, or a fiction?
Prophets came and tried to replace hatred by love, but!
I still never find someone believing, preaching, or practising love...
...like God - the Rehman, the Rahim;
My heart is bleeding to see humanity soaked in hatred;
I tell myself, move on, this too shall pass,
So I'm walking on the path of love,
You too get on...
...break your relationship with the hatemongers;
Come out of the dead world and find comfort with the living,
I hope may be we will again live in love, peace, and harmony,
Yes, it is my real wish, my real dream,
I see my dream coming true,
I am optimistic; I have not lost my hope.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Enlightened Souls

The enlightened always look at the world...
...through the windows of the soul,
Love and hatred are both at war;
Good and evil are both at war;
Sometimes, love replaces hatred, and it must;
Sometimes, hatred overcomes love, and it must not;
In case of common people, they alternate...
...as night follows the day and the day follows the night;
But, not so in case of wicked or righteous;
For wicked, hate and evil are ingrained;
For righteous, love and goodness are bestowed by God...
...for they pray and do good deeds;
Both dark and light cannot be deemed to be one...
...they see the light even when their eyes are closed;
They always fear God and love him;
They understand that God's light is in everything;
So, they love each and everything...
...through which He manifests His beauty;
They always are in love, in peace, and in harmony...
...even in the world of chaos and hatred,
Through music, light, and breaking of the clay vessel...
...the enlightened souls live in, live with, and live for God...
...for the eternity.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

As God Loves Me, So Do I

As my beloved stares me in the eyes lovingly,
I feel his love running through my veins;
How can I be so fortunate?
I love him with all of my heart...
...and no other;
As He goggles at me, I feel my torn heart...
...being pieced together;
This is how he loves me! ...
...I tell myself;
I never believed that love will be...
...so easy for me;
My eyes flood with tears of joy...
...that drop down like the spring rains...
...which restore life in the dead world;
How can I be so ungrateful to scam from him?
I want to be like Abu Bakar...
...true and faithful to my lord,
I try to speak out my heart to him...
...but my lips refuse to move...
...however, my heart silently says many things...
...which he hears with love,
It keeps on asking for forgiveness and mercy...
...and keeps on saying:
"My Lord! I have wronged myself,
If thou forgive me not and bestow not upon me...
...thy mercy, I shall certainly be lost."
Lovingly, he grants my repentance and prayer...
...and says to me: it is never too late,
I will assemble again...
...the scrambled pieces of your heart...
...so that it can be a fit place to be my abode;
So I walk to Him, I feel my heart buzzing...
...buzzing like the honey bee;
I have nothing more left to say,
I stand here like a statue frozen...
..I can't move or speak...
...I will keep standing here until I am...
...completely absorbed in him,
Until I leave saying: I, I, I, Me, Me, Me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Bird's Eye View

Like an andean condor...
...soaring high up to sky...
... I stop and stand still..
...motionless, in meditation...
...at the highest point...
...I could reach...
...without beating my wings...
...quietly goggling at...
... the view of the world below;
I feel myself most blessed...
... as I see God, the greatest...
...before my eyes...
...who created and goes on creating...
...the expansive earth with beautiful things;
I take a bird's eye view...
...of the whole world...
...from the highest spot...
... perching in the air;
It makes me reflect upon life...
...upon the creator...
...his creative power...
...and upon my faith...
...as a Muslim and a dervish;
I close my eyes and pray...
...to my creator in all humility...
...to allow me always as such...
...to love his magnificent beauty;
I open my eyes and give thanks...
How blessed I feel to have...
...a bird's eye view...
...of the world around me...
Everyday I see a new world!
I fall in love with my creator...
...my love increases...
...at an exponential rate...
...with every passing moment.

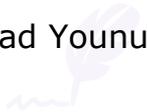
Mykoul

Reading The Divine Book

Curled up inside myself...
...Cut off from the world outside...
...Reading the divine book...
...In my study inside...
...Not thinking about the pomp and show;
Time flies by, like a running stream;
Immersed in the words...
...inscribed on the pages of the preserved book...
...My soul is not hiding in its bodily cage;
Lost in the mystic meanings of the book...
...Every word I read keeps me hooked to my God...
...Who reveals the secret meanings upon my heart;
In meditation, I contemplate, contemplate, contemplate;
And loving what wisdom, truths, hidden secrets...
...are revealed upon my heart.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Wordless Speech

Divine music speaks to me...
...like words never can;
Divine music brings on happiness;
Divine music brushes off sadness;
Divine music cools off anger;
Divine music removes fear;
Divine music creates ecstasy;
Divine music bonds me to the truth,
That through it God speaks:
I am the truth;
Divine music excites me with a feeling;
That the divine musician loves me;
Divine music is an expression of divine love;
Divine music is the creative power...
...That creates love, peace, and harmony in me;
Divine music! you are my love, you are my life!
Divine music is the pulse of creation;
Explore the mystery of creation,
You will know the root of music.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mystic Dreams

Mystic dreams come as the messengers...
...from the unseen sender,
They speak through audio visualepisodes...
...the mystical truths...
...in plain language sometimes...
...Or, in coded language more than often,
They are boundless like time and space;
They are more deep than the oceans;
They reveal truths to our inner ears and eyes...
...inaudible and invisible to our exterior ears and eyes;
They are the source of knowledge and wisdom.
They are like blessed rain from the heaven,
That sprout greenery and flowers in the arid land.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Temple

My heart is my temple!
A place far away from the noisy world;
I pray and meditate here because,
Here, I stay one with God;
My heart is my temple!
It's a sacred place where,
I get spiritually fulfilled;
It is here where I always love to be...
...even when I am outwardly busy...
...with dirty mundane chores;
It is here where the divine flute always sounds;
It is here where light upon light always shines;
It is here where the verses of knowledge and wisdom are revealed;
It is here where joy, contentment, love and liberty are obtained.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Music Divine

The music divine is a joy for ever:
Its sweetness increases;
It will never pass into nothingness;
But still it will keep on reverberating,
An arbour cool, quiet, and calm for the hearer,
And a sleep full of mystic visions,
And spirit continually breathing hu, hu, hu,
Therefore, on every moment, am I holding,
A musical rope to bind me to the supernatural,
That fills the soul with euphoria...
...scarce on the earth,
And bids adieu to the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways,
I perceive the mighty living and self sustaining...
...an endless fountain of water of life...
...that makes immortal,
Pouring unto my goblet from the ethereal pitcher.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

All Alone

Before sitting with God,
I lived the most stormy life;
I was lost in the depth of good and ill;
The mystery which binds me still:
My ship had to face the torrents of violent sea;
Now I am not as I used to be...
I love the inexorable sweetness of the divinely music;
I love the timeless themes of, love, peace and humanity;
I see what others do not see;
I hear what others do not hear;
I drink from eternal spring...
From the same source where,
The lovers' camels drink;
I long to awaken my heart...
...to joy in the divine music eternally;
And hear this music coming...
...through every pore of everything;
I hear! I see! I feel! I enjoy! ...
All alone!



PoemHunter.com

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Love Black

If black is the colour of mourning,
it is not a proper custom for me,
Because black is the mole on my beloved's cheek,
Black are the curly tresses of my beloved,
Black is the night of power,
Black is the ink in which the Quran is written,
Black is the light adored by mystics
Look at me,
I love black over all the colours,
For me it is not the colour of mourning,
Like the Andalusian Muslims...
the white is the colour of mourning,
For the dead is shrouded in white cloth.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Newborn

They shaved his head;
Painted black stripes...
...on his forehead and face...
...clothed him in shoddy clothes...
...out of jealousy of his beauty...
...or protecting him from the evil eye,
But, how long will mist and fog hide...
...the beauty of the sun?
The mist and fog will soon be erased;
The brilliant sun shining on the azure sky...
...will come out of hiding...
...and shower the light on us.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

One Being

My heart is entangled in the beauty...
...of the source of all beauties;
Nothing else causes me delight and ecstasy!
My love for him caused me to be happy...
...with all characters in the drama of the world;
The Knowledge He gave me erased...
...my differentiation of being and non being;
The whole manifestation is one being!
Now that my gaze is turned inward, I see it clearly...
...that there is none but He.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Dervish

The Dervish

Peace divine the dervish's heart,
Love divine the dervish's soul,
Music divine the dervish's ear,
Light divine the dervish's face,
Beauty divine the dervish's eyes,
Speech divine the dervish's tongue,
The dervish's heart is the throne of God,
The dervish's soul is the command of God,
The dervish's ear is the secret flute of God,
The dervish's face is the mirror of God,
The dervish's eyes see beauty in everything,
The dervish's tongue is the pen of God,
The dervish's supreme religion

is:

God is beauty!

The dervish's treasure is:

Knowledge, Wisdom, and awareness!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Our Shadows

We leave this world, but...
...the shadows of our actions...
...remain behind in the world...
...even after our death...
...ss our heritage...
...reminding our people...
...that we lived some day here...
...whether for good or bad...
Though the door is closed on us

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sagacity

Fools can't be fooled
Wise are at a greater risk
If they don't apply their sagacity

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Killing The Innocents

The little baby flower

Twisted and stifled,

Then trampled under foot

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Rise Up Against Your Enemy

Though you have built lofty mansions,
You will not live in them;
Though you have planted mighty chinars,
You will not sit under their cool shade;
If you do not rise up, and protect your country,
Against the enemies covetous of your land

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mother

Blessed is my house of silence...
...which is like my mother's womb...
...where I lived for nine epochs...
...where God built me in flesh and bones...
...and breathed into me of his spirit;
Blessed were your soft nipples that I suckled;
Blessed was your Cozy lap...
...in which you held me tight to your breasts;
Blessed is the cradle that you rocked...
..to send me into deep sleep...
...when you had to attend your household chores;
Blessed was your art of darning...
...when you darned the torn woolen chadors...
...to make some small living;
Blessed were your love needles...
...with which you darned my torn heart...
...after my father drowned...
...when the boat carrying him after dusk...
...capsized in Dal lake;
Blessed is the spinning wheel...
...on which you spinned the pashmeena thread...
...to earn a living for your orphaned children;
Blessed is the prayer rug...
...on which you murmured prayers...
...for my health and success;
Mother, I'm still breathing in your love...
Your deepest love!
I still call you when the wolves
look for me...
...when terror strikes my eyes;
Blessed are you forever...
...Mother of the high calibre!

Mohammad Younus

Live In Love

Come out of life's dreams
and illusions;
it is frightening to live...
...like a dreamer;
Feel the pulsing of the soul;
Feel melodious sound...
...flowing through you...
...and also outside you...
and echoing! ...
...in the broad expanse of universe too;
Feel yourself caressing every flower...
...in God's name...
...as if each flower is beloved's face;
And in a blink, you will...
...forget and forsake...
...the ephemeral and flimsy world;
Do not be afraid, just celebrate...
...live in universal love.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Nectar

Flowers secrete nectar-
But I want a different nectar
That which sages secrete
Bees go to gardens
For collecting nectar from flowers
I desire to go to wisdom houses
For collecting wisdom from sages
Bees produce honey sweet
I want to produce honeyed words
For people to sweeten their heart and soul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Free Me From Myself

Free Me From Myself

Lord, free me from myself!
So that I could hide inside my soul;
Inside there's boundless room...
...where I can only love you...
...without distraction from the dark thoughts...
...Where you wait for me to give me love back;
And so, Lord, I beg: ' you, please free me...
...from myself'...
...So that I could hide inside the hall of my soul...
...To love you exclusively as You deserve.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divine Saaz

Allow me to see you before I die of love...
...My blood is cooling inside my body...
...Bouquets of roses that I have kept ready for you...
...Are fading in my hands;
I hear the storms blowing violently...
...I've already felt like leaving...
...letting the wind randomly carry my baggage;
I planned to travel to the other world to see you...
...But will you open the door!
I fancy I'm chasing you in my imagination...
...Chanting your name...
...and drawing your portrait...
...on the walls of my heart...
...and feeling the word pulsating in my soul;
Allow me to see you before I die...
...but please do it fast -
Wow! My soul has suddenly started reverberating...
... with sweet divine Saaz,
Now, I want to lie on the green carpet of my heart...
...and hear the divine Saaz.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Me And My God?

Me And My God

My God is most merciful, most beneficent to me;
His word sounds so high but no one can hear, except me;
His pen writes so boldly on the parchment of my heart but no one can read,
except me;
His book fills my ears and my eyes...
...so that I'll be filled with knowledge and wisdom;
I find the self dead buried in the ground;
I feel so relieved, and heave a sigh of relief...
My self is dead!
I will no longer be pressed to build magnificent house...
...Far superior to that of my neighbour;
Or, buy large land for orchards, and farm houses;
My self won't now suggest me to pretend...
...to be a mendicant...
...with a begging bowl going from house to house...
...for collecting alms from worldly people...
...and sit in the monastery with crossed legs...
...contemplating beyond...
...so that people take me for a Budha;
I want neither houses nor mystical wings...
...Because he whom I love is not sitting...
...on a throne in far off heaven;
I find him all the time before me;
He is not hiding, he reveals himself in all his creation;
He's not resting, He neither sleeps nor falls into slumber;
He is always awake and staring at me...
...through his wide open divinely eyes;
No eye can see him but he sees through all eyes;
Well said the prophet: Allah is beautiful and he loves his own beauty.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

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Well said the prophet: Allah is beautiful and he loves his own beauty.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Immersed In Love

By my good luck, I am immersed in the wine of your love,
The lovers lose their heads for your sake,
I come to you and my heart gains peace,
Away from you, pain of separation like a serpent coils my heart,
I always crave to sit at the pedestals of your throne,
I remember the beauties, music, and light of my pre eternal home,
If I must choose between the world and you,
I shall not hesitate to claim you... leaving all that I call my own...
...due to my ignorance and lack of true knowledge,
What is mine when everything belongs to you?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Martyr Of Peace

If peace rests inside the wolf's jaw...

So be it...

Go, you braveheart! snatch it from his jaws.

Your lot shall be eminence, power, prestige, honor, freedom, and security,

If you fail to snatch it from his ferocious mouth,

Then, welcome death like a man...

A martyr of peace!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Waiting For Peace

They have hearts...
...That must be blind,
...For they pellet...
...On our eyes...
...Like the hunter...
...On partridges;
They walk carrying death...
...In their heads...
...And combat bags:
Many they have blinded...
...Ruthlessly...
...In my disturbed land;
Eh! They won't see the light again...
...They won't know now...
...What is dawn and...
...What is dusk? ...
...Their whole life will now be...
...Long night without...
...Moon and stars...
Others who survive...
...Fall victims...
...One by one...
...To bombs and mortar guns..
This Is my wretched world...
Tell me, O' Onlooking God...
...When shall the peace return?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Uncle Sam Playing A War Game

No, my dear young man...

...This is not like the Jihad as was ours...

...in the days of yore..

...A spiritual war leading to...

...universal peace, progress, and enlightenment...

...Crossing the seas and high mountains...

...To gift to the people outside our blessed land...

...The message of love, peace, and enlightenment;

The heroic deed has become the lost heritage of past...

...the battle field that we see now...

...from all angles has become

a pure butchery;

The new weapons of mass destruction...

...that cross our skies...

...Fall upon us like hailstones...

...causing whole devastation of human civilisation;

...The nations are dragged into war with one another...

...A foreshadow of the third world war!

The cruel referee is sitting far away the battlefields...

...What do you want from us, Unce Sam? ...

...Why are you playing this cruelest game?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Waiting For Me

I was always on walk...
In the strange land...
...With no boots in my feet...
...In a long loose black phiran...
...With a hood on my head;
I was looking for the eyes...
...that stared straight at me...
...From the day I left her garden...
...as she wished, and commanded;
I looked for her home on the earth...
...I was amazed to find...
...She had numerous homes...
...On and outside the world!
I went from door to door, but found...
...Every door was closed...
...Dejected and distressed,
...I returned half way...
...And entered into my house...
..And found her already there...
...Waiting for me;
Alhamdulillah! Alhamdulillah!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Returning To The Garden Of Eden

Going into pre antiquity on top of the time,
listening to the roar of the streams...
...I visioned my old house in the garden of Eden;
This was the house of peace;
This was the house of light;
This was the house of music...
...With open air and thickets for the singing birds...
...Lightgulls and music waves floating over the garden;
No alternation of days and nights;
No alternation of joys and sorrows;
No alternation of life and death;
All day! All joy! All life!
O'Eve! My dear sweetheart!
Come with me and never fear;
This is that garden where we two together lived;
See these are the most ancient - eternal - rivers...
..water, milk, wine, and honey...
It's here where we lived...
...where we were placed after our creation...
...Where we entered into wedlock...
...Near that forbidden tree...
..Let us resume here our life again...
...of the most innocent pleasure...
Here ere we together partook...
...the forbidden fruit

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Rebel

Rebel

Tired of boot licking,
Not killing me,
But keeping me under...
...the weight of military boots,
Seathes me with anger and Revenge,
And makes me more strong to rebel.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Drowning Man

A drowning man does not choose between...
...a believer and an infidel...
...while asking for holding his hand.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

No Foeticide!

To give birth to a child is a joyous thing;
There is no hating the child one has borne;
Even when it is a girl...
...No foeticide!

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

True Word

If you say there is no god, it is first half of true belief;
If you say there is one God, it is second half of true belief

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Illegitimate Relationship

Gone are the days of Leila and Majnun
Today Haram relationship is called LOVE

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Abject Poverty

One Person's trash is another person's treasure
Look at Indian poor searching food in waste

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

O' Wounded Kashmir!

My heart wails, that death is raining in Kashmir...
...Koshur blood is cheaper than water...
...it runs in streams to water the dried fields...
...the paradise is now our graveyard...
...where young seeds are buried...
...hoping they may sprout their heads out some day;
The young flowers of our paradise are twisted, stifled, and killed...
...the mighty chinars have turned into ashes...
...humanity no longer exists...
...murders a common occurrence...
...given a soft name of encounter, or killing an anti national...
...to satisfy the collective conscience;
Every mother heaves a long sigh...
...look at that mother over there...
...she is waiting on the grave...
...for her child to return;
Grief and anxiety is coated on all faces...
Yet they stand up to fight for securing their life...
They are not ready to go extinct...
...they crave for peace, freedom and dignity,
They feel life without resistance is futile...
I am waiting for peace, love, and end to bloodshed.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

He Is In Me

Looking in the goblet of wine the image of moon,
I remember there is a moon in the sky

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Know Thy Self

Looking in the goblet of wine the image of moon,
I remember there is a moon in the sky

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Read My Face

Somebody told me...
...can I see you? ...
...yes! You can read me...
...I told him with humility;
Where? ...he asked me...
...childishly...
...you can read my facebook...
Is not my face a good book? ...
I told him...
Giving a fatherly smile.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Dtory

Sometimes I forget...

...what the purpose of my life is;

Unconscious and insane, my energies I extravagante...

My story gets told in various ways...

...a wayward, a rebel, an extravagant, a dirty joke;

These dark phases of my life that I follow...

...Are they accidental or a part of some plan? ...

...Is there any difference between my actions and God's actions?

You have given Satan an authority over me...

...and caused me to fall in his trap,

Out of humility, I said to you...

... Our lord! We did do this to ourselves;

Even then, you ask me...

...Why didn't you defend yourself with the reason...

... that I have given to you?

Sire! both erring and repentance come from you,

Why should I be held guilty for the one...

...and appreciated for the other? ...

...Not a leaf turns without your will...

...Let me quote your own words in the Holy Book...

... "you cannot will, except by the will of Allah. "...

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Nafas: My Friend Or Foe

I am caught in the maze of my nafas...
...So deceitful!
None of my efforts do bear the fruit...
...when I try to control and command it! ...
...Nafas is my old love! ...
The day I opened my eyes...
... after coming out of my mother's womb...
...I tried to befriend my nafas...
Sometimes, suckling my mother's breasts...
...Sometimes playing with and quarrelling over toys;
I know not why I rode this high-blooded stead...
...Was it under God's command ingrained in my genes...
Or, by my free will;
The harder I pulled its reins...
... the less it would heed;
I desired it to take me to Mekkah...
...but this stubborn animal faced to Kufristan...
Where the enemy with poisonous arrows in his quiver...
...is sitting in ambush to fire arrows at me;
No wise man can ride such an arrogant stead.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Guide From Beyond

I try to enter into a meditative state,
But, my mind strays and plays tricks...
... and pulls pranks...
... Deeper into the awkward, complex, and hazardous mess, I sink...
...My concentration as freely as a fish in fist...
...slips away, and jumps into muddy swamp;
My mind is a guest house...
...every moment a new guest drops in...
...a tension! a depression! a sorrow! a loss! a gain! a joy!
I welcome and entertain them all!
Even if, they are a crowd of enemies to me...
...who oppress and suppress me...
...who violently vandalise my house...
...and run away with my treasures dear;
Still, I don't get seathed with anger and anxiety...
I treat each visitor honorably...
...because I think he may be clearing...
...my house of undesirable things...
...which are responsible for my plight...
...to create spacious room for mystical delights;
I am grateful to God...
...for whoever comes in my house...
... is a guide from beyond.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Will Live Through My Mystic Poetry

Will I come here yet again!

How and where?

I know not...

...Perhaps I will stay here...

...Even after my death...

...On the framed parchments...

...Hung on the walls of lovers of mystic poetry...

...or in the figment of their imagination...

...and may be spreading my aura around them..

... through my mystic poems...

In a mysterious way lighting up their hearts...

I, my soul, might keep gazing at them...

...From the other world...

...as my soul's eyes will have no barriers before them

When the body perishes, all perishes...

But the poems that I bequeath will remain...

...They might pick up from the lines of my poetry...

...the threads of my mystical dreams...

...and draw a painting of my visions...

On the parchment of their heart;

Thus, I will meet them yet again.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Use And Throw

I saw diapers in the trash bin,
I thought these are our leaders,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divinely Music

Divinely Music

Music is the mystery...
...that veils the visible...
... and unveils the hidden;
Imbues the black dry clay with sound...
.. and builds with it an echoing mosque;
Spreads a shawl of toosha on the shoulders of viceroy...
...and puts in his hands the dominion of God...
...for a moment! ...
...fulfilling the will of God;
Thus, this godman comes out...
of the vicious circle of life and death...
... and alternating pain and joy;
Music binds to the rope of God...
...and drags the hearer back...
...to the lost garden of Eden;
Music is testimony of Gd's love and mercy for man...
...a promise made between Man and God...
... on the day of Alast;
Music immerses the hearer in the ocean of love;
What is man's real source of life but music?
...eternal music!
...that sounded in him...
...when God blew into him of his spirit;
Man is made of clay, but of sounding clay...
Sound! a great secret hidden in man!
Music is a covenant between the lover and the beloved...
...music is a secret wedlock between being and non-being...
Music is the only witness of my response...
...to the question of lord...
Alastu bi rabbikum? Am I not your Lord?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Salute You! I Salute You! I Salute You!

Let thou be veilles, just lift the veil of separation;
Let my ecstasy reach the sun and light up my world!
O King, I'm not thy vassal -
I serve you because I love you;
See thou brilliance of love-fire in my eyes;
Yes, you too love me beyond any limit;
O love, let all people - my friends and foes - listen...
...You are my wine, wine pitcher, euphoria, and cupbearer;
I must be blind if it do not see your love;
The sun of Love shines through you...
...and arouses in me love and longing;
An old longing is hiding in the vaults of my heart;
Let me come and sit by you...
...I am your kindred soul;
Did you not blow of your spirit in me?
'I've been hurt, pained and grieved by pangs of separation;
My heart and soul both weep to join you;
Wow! you are looking at me and smiling;
My eyes are welled up with tears of joy;
I salute you! I salute you! I salute you!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

No Furrows In My Forehead

When I drink the wine of love...
...and come out of the cage of self...
...my spirit rises from the dried clay...
...like a flower raises its head from the soil...
...my sounding being flutters it's wings...
...and flies upon the fairy of love;
It takes me for a visit to the precincts of my lord;
I seek the fount of life and the house of light;
I don't need somebody should intercede...
...with my beloved on my behalf;
My love is sufficient to guide my falcon...
...to the darbar of my king;
My only wish is to kiss the eyes of my sweetheart...
...as she allows my falcon to fly on...
...and fills my goblets with the red wine...
...and lets my eyes redden with inebriation;
How lavishly I had lived my life before!
My heart was never so seared by a burning passion;
Then, you took pity on me...
...and melted my iceberg by your fire;
You offered me hot wine...
...and made me feel the boon;
Sadness will no longer take over my ecstasy...
...the restlessness of the madman is over now...
...no one will now notice furrows in my forehead...
...caused by anxiety of separation.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Portrait Of A Leader

A snake's envy;
A rat's avarice;
A bonobos's lust;
A pig's gluttony;
A dog's greediness;
A fox's cunningness;
A bull's stubbornness;
A lion's wrath;
A leopard's treachery;
A wild boar's aggressiveness;
A crocodile's tear
A peacock's pride...
All these qualities I see...
...collectively present...
... in today's leaders...
...political, and religious;
The more such leaders are there,
The world will be more worse a place...
...to live in love, peace, and harmony;
A great leader is a great curse on people...
...if he thrives on the blood of his people...
...and is treacherous and tyrant...
Ask God for a new leader...
Who walks in the steps of Muhammad.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Drink! Drink! Drink Now!

Drink! Drink! Drink Now!

The waves of holy wine are floating in the wine pitcher;
Come and drown all your sorrows in a goblet,
What matters if you are a sufi or a yogi -
In the tavern of love, there is no place for either,
The cup bearer, is waiting well for drunkards,
Whose thirst for wine is never satiated,
After taking each goblet they cry,
Hal min mazeed? Have you got some more?
Drink! Drink! Drink now...
...before the tavern is closed,
When the night packs up.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In The Heart Of The Lover

On questing the bees, what seek you in your buzzing?
They replied me honestly: we are the hopes of lovers...
...and here our beloved lives in the beautiful flowers...
...fragrant and full of nectar...
...we inhale the fragrance and suck in the nectar...
...we are the divine singers...
...who all the while sing his name...
...to cheer the soul's ear of the divine lovers...
...remind them of the God's word...
...resonating all the time in the garden;
Behind our singing is the creative voice...
...hiding in beauty, fragrance and nectar of roses;
Yet, all too soon the bees disappeared,
There came to prevail complete stillness...
...which was broken by jingling of bells,
And so, on hearing the jingling...
...the lover set out for searching...
...some trace of the camel,
Or flying where the honoured camel was wont to be,
In the heart of the lover!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

That Sheikh

The people who bestowed honour upon that Sheikh,
Are more deserving of disdain than he,
What was that Sheikh worth whom they adored like a god?
He was crude, coarse, unbred and uncouth,
A moron whom they raised too high,
They crawled before him and he grew in arrogance,
They extolled him and glorified his false image,
Untill he filled this poor nation with treason and treachery,
They gave him of their honour and blind submission,
That made him a tyrant over them, and worse,
The leader misleads only when he has no fear...
...of the mesmerised people revolting,
Some denounce that Sheikh, But I, the silly people;
Had they defied him or corrected him...
...worse would not be our lot,
Every nation creates its own heroes and traitors,
We created a traitor in the disguise of a hero,
Be he not called " Sheir e Kashmir",
Leave it to posterity to give him a proper name.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Speak Up Madman

Speak Up Madman

I am stillness of an unpopulated desert,
I am turbulence of a roaring hillbrook;
I am drunkenness of Ayn al Qudat;
I am Mansur filled with rapture on gallows;
I am sobriety of Sheykh Junaid;
I am glitter of love in my eyes;
I am glowing rage in my eyes;
I am now a melancholy, now a melody;
I am a blazing fire in heart's hidden cellars;
I am coolness of spring breeze in my soul;
I am a voice that is ringing on;
I am a sounding flute in shepherd's lips;
I am a jingling bell around camel's neck;
I am drunken man in tavern of love;
I am mad Majnun in Leila's street;
I am fire of passion running through my veins;
I am a quivering flame in heart's niche;
I am not faced to the East or to the West;
I give light in all directions...
...to radiate the surrounding darkness;
I am burning passion, yearning to know myself;
I exist with tears in my gloomy eyes,
I exist with cheer in my smiling eyes;
I am a paradox of opposite ideas;
I am a being with diverse attributes;
Speak up, madman! who are you?
Why, what are you made for?
I neither know nor I understand.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Dervish He Is Not

A derveish is not one who wears a fezcap over his head;
A dervish is not one who wears a rosary around his neck;
A dervish is not one who tells upon the beads in public view;
A dervish is not one who makes a show of whirling dervish;
A dervish is not one who pretends to faint or scream in sufi gatherings;
A dervish is not one who claims to be a spiritual healer;
A dervish is not one who fabricates dreams,
A dervish is not one who gives talismans,
A dervish is not one who writes taweez,
A dervish is not one who promotes
superstition,
A dervish is not one who creates magic,
A dervish is not one who opposes Sharia, the divine law,
A dervish is not one who engages in mawlids and nashids,
A dervish is not one who holds gatherings in memory of his pir,
A dervish is not one who eulogizes deadbut ignores the living pirs,
A dervish is not one who visits for barakah tombs and mausoliums,
A dervish is not one who memorises verses and quotes for exhibition,
A dervish is one who is one with the word of Allah,
Tell me dervish what is the word of Allah?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Desert Rose

In a desert, did I find, a rose so fair,
With a radiant smile on its lips,
Gladly, I approached and jumped with exuberance,
Ah! How great! Bees kissing and singing to it with love,
Ah! how come! You blossomed in an arid desert,
Noble hands must have got you from the garden of Eden,
With a silent smile, the rose replied, "Don't lose heart!
This desert I wouldn't give up for the garden of Eden,
A solitary rose I am here, but Eden is there...
...where I bloom,
Amidst this blessed desert, I stand to show of my beautiful face,
In this desert, a flamboyant flame of divine light I am,
Divine beauty's resonating song I am,
A unique miracle from Allah, I am...
...that only divine seers can perceive!
Don't feel dejected and forlorn,
Behold! you too have a rose in your desert...
...that is Me...
...waiting to touch your soft face.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Sitting At The King's Door

O all beauty and all radiance!
Grant me a scintilla of spiritual bliss;
Grant me eyes full of light;
Grant me ears full of music;
To comfort this ruptured heart of mine,
I seek your mementoes to adorn it;
To belight this pitch-black mansion...
...To quell this rapture and its yearning, ..
...Grant me your golden vision...
...your gracious presence...
...Indulge me with your immense love...
...Grant me your gracious wisdom...
...and grant me knowledge of all secrets;
To revive and freshen my withered garden,
I seek showers of your rain of spring;
I don't ask you to grant me heaven;
I don't ask you to protect me from hell fire;
Let the resonating divine voice and blissful light...
...be your invaluable bounties to me;
Grant me the passion of a dervish,
Who takes pride in sitting at the king's door,
To tug the Bell-pull in order to be heard,
Upto the end of his life time!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Weird Dreams

Why should I disclose my dreams...
....and seek for my dreams some answer...
... from people who have not visited...
...the dream world;
I lied and rested my head on the beloved's lap;
I saw myself flying like a falcon to the sky;
Alighting on the palm of Mehmud
He kissed my eyes of Ayaz;
I rose from the quilt,
my heart throbbed like a running horse,
I heard a tender love song,
From the mouth of virgin houris,
Welcome songs for the youthful bridegroom!
I need no dream interpreter...
I enjoy the puzzling scenes,
Like the plot of a Suspense drama.
Why do I get these weird dreams?

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

I Am Filled With Ecstasy

Love - calm and quiet - by and by became my madness;
The self transfixed and took leave of being;
And transformed into ecstasy great,
When it sated with embraces of my beloved,
It turned into an excited sitar string,
The echoing sound filled me with pure rapture,
I see my beloved's glory in all his creation,
How I sprout with joy when I sit down in dust,
In my beloved's presence!
A serpent resting on my heart no longer bites me,
Houris and gilman shower dust of stars over me,
Beloved, I swear, I'm not concerned with any other;
If today I walk with pride and dignity,
To God' garden, it is all through God's grace,
Who will be the heir of God on the earth?
Only one who is a devout selfless lover,
Who is not afraid of death...
...and of losing glamour of earthly life,
In whose heart the river of doubt does not run deep,
I am full with ecstasy,
The brilliant soundfall of music divine sounds in me,
I pray this brilliant soundfall may never stop,
May my heart always gaze at your magnificent beauty...
... spread all over,
At times, the great tolling bell jingles in my head,
Every toll now moves me, now makes me shrill.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Knowledge Is Wealth

Knowledge is a human need...
...a spiritual need for perfection...
...be he rich or poor...
...be he male or female...
...a human right!
...that no one can take away...
...acquire knowledge when you are in cradle...
...upto the day you go to the grave...
...Knowledge is the legacy of the Prophets...
...we inherit from them knowledge divine...
...not material wealth!
...the wealth that goes with us...
... to the other world...
...spend of your wealth as much as you can...
...the more you spend of your knowledge...
...the more it gets increased...
...gold might lose its value...
...due to the market fluctuations...
...but not knowledge!
...even the angels bow to the people of knowledge...
...Man of knowledge is a seer...
...Man without knowledge is a blind.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Listened From The Hataf

I, in meditative silence, hear the bees buzzing;
Hush prevails! Time clock stops!
A smiling ecstasy imbues my soul;
Soon, I fall in a swoon and I hear...
...someone playing the flute in my dream;
And I alone...
...lost in the sound of the flute...
...set out in search of the flutist...
...on the wings of my falcon...
...I tread the sky...
...to find home of the flutist;
I got lost in the sky...
...just as I was lost on the ground;
Nowhere, did I find the trace of the flutist;
Alighting on the ground, to my sheer surprise...
... I found...
The flute sound that filled the earth and the skies...
...actually originated from me;
Who was the flutist inside me?
No other! It was me!
The Hatafi told me the secret hidden!
"I am the flute, I am the flute sound and I am the flutist."

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Life Is A Steep Hill

I regard life is a steep hill...

...upon which the people climb...

...toward the unreachable peak...

...the goal of life!

It is not in vain that people never stop...

... going uphill, to touch the summit above;

That they never get tired and disheartened...

...never give up climbing!

Look not down on the world you have left behind,

Keep in sight the peak, you have yet to reach,

Be doubly prepared for your future journey...

...by having a strong will and by invigorating yourself...

...uprightly climbing up, without looking back;

While climbing the steep Hill Road of life,

See to it that you do not carry a heavy load...

... on your back;

Stop for a while and look around,

Behold God in everything...

...in beauties spread about;

While standing here, spend your days in enjoying music divine,

In loving the children of God by your heart...

...and guiding them to the radiant path;

When going from this world, leave your footprints behind...

...as a lover of God...

...so that those who come after you should say:

Indeed, he has passed through here...

For here is his beaten track!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Man's Confession

Angels in the heaven stand watching...
...how I build the bases of joy and sorrow on my own...
...how I raised great civilisations on the earth...
...how I touched great peaks in science and technology...
Since the beginning of my creation...
...though material progress is not enough;
I'm priceless crown on the creation's head...
...my achievements are the jewels on my crown...
...my honour in the beginning of time is huge;
All the angels prostrated before me,
Who is like me the noblest of all creation?
If I die some day, Time will never see me...
... raising my head again,
Who will inherit the earth after me?
As I replaced the jinns that inhabited the earth before me;
I'm a rebel and I have broken my promises to God,
I transgressed all the limits set on me by God,
I corrupted all the beliefs, and bypassed laws of God,
Instead, I invented my own laws...
...that are contradicting and harmful...
...for discharging my role as God's viceroy on the earth;
God looks at me in anger with wrathful eyes,
So I am bound to be replaced by some new creation.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Day Of Power

I was enchanted by what I visioned in my dream,
I was awed by who visited me in my dream,
It looked like I took rebirth in my dream,
I remembered my old life...
...that I spent in that garden afore,
I recalled your love in memory...
...when you blew of your cool breath in me,
Since memories echo in us 'what we were' and 'what we are',
I passed by the luxuriant garden of Eden,
Under a foothill, where I used to sit and look up at you,
Near the forbidden tree where Eve and I chatted and merried,
I remembered the language of speech in which we talked to each other...
...eye on eye we talked in the language of love,
Our language of communication has not changed over time...
...There is no yesterday, today, or tomorrow,
All time collected to be your 'Day Of Power'.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

True Master

Abide by the teacher and honor his lessons...
...for a teacher is in the image of a prophet,
Do you know of someone nobler in rank than...
...he who teaches wisdom and imparts knowledge divine,
He guides you to the treasures hidden, the True Master...
...he teaches with the pen of prophets the secrets divine...
...he brings you out of darkness to light...
...and removes your ignorance through awakening,
...he removes your illusion and delusion through enlightenment...
...he leads you on the radiant path...
...in order that you are not lost in the puzzling maze,
But if the teacher is not adept and experienced...
... then those under his tutelage will lack vision...
...and will grow in ignorance and delusion.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Want To Hear

I want to hear what the birds sing,
When they wake up early in the morning,
When they return to their homes at the evening,
I want to hear what the plants sing,
When the wild wind or soft breeze cause rustling,
I want to hear what the insects -
cicadas, grasshoppers, locusts and crickets -sing,
When they create sounds for courting or warning,
I want to hear what the bees sing,
When they buzz by their rapid wingbeats for pollinating,
I want to hear what the bells - around the neck and ankles - sing,
When the camels in caravan are walking to their destination,
Because these melodious sounds seem to have,
Some resemblance to divine resonance.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

No Revenge! No Grudge!

If someone stones at you,
And does you harm,
Do not stone him back,
For every tree that bears fruit,
Is stoned by children, or thieves,
That person will never live in peace,
Who carries others' grudges in his heart

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

All Things Are Mortal But Love

All time I pine for Leila, waiting on the ground,
And seek some comfort in divine sound,
The noblest of musical notes overfills with love!
The sweetest word - the musical and pure!
Comes down from heaven for my heart's cure,
I roll my eyes up and listen to the eternal sound;
I turn my heart's ear to the sound resonating around,
Five times people say their prayers a day;
I know not the times, I hear the word all the day,
Leila is hiding behind her sound;
She betrays her smiles like flashes of lightning,
Like the break of morn or the sun -
As it suddenly shines through the clouds for a while,
Her sweet breath fills with perfume the atmosphere,
Makes the roses more fragrant and more fair,
A shiver runs down through my spine,
As though Leila absorbs me in her own,
All things are mortal, but love never dies,
All my breaths will one by one get lost,
But my true love for Leila will ever last.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

God Is Absolute Love

You are well grounded in wisdom and religion,
Come to me, that you may hear more of sound truth,
Do not unjustly kill the birds flying in the air,
For merciful God has created them to sing,
Melodious notes to please and amuse you,
And do not desire as food the flesh of animals,
Giving milk to their young ones,
For injustice to children is one of the worst crimes,
And do not grieve the innocent little birds,
By closing their nests in your brick or concrete houses,
For rendering homeless and denying shelter is one of the worst crimes;
And collect only the surplus honey from beehives,
Which the bees have amassed through their hard labour,
From the nectar of fragrant flowers in God's garden,
For certainly they stored it by God's will,
That it might be gifted to others as God's bounty;
I understand the beneficence and generosity of God;
I am grateful to Him for his endless blessings,
Alhamdulillah, I perceived it before my last breath,
That "God is absolute love!";

Mykoul

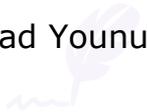
Mohammad Younus

My Native Land

Salaam, Salaam, my native land!
Shines under the skies blue;
The morning-breezes soft, the brooks roar,
And voices of the singing birds echo,
The bright sun that rises upon the valley,
We love its awful shimmering;
Welcome morning, goodbye night!
My native Land-Good Morning!
You will shine for long hours, as sun will rise,
To give the light and music birth;
But most houses in my gloomy mother land,
Are deserted and desolate - for dead are abiding there;
Wild beasts are gathering on their gates;
Dogs, wolves, and jackals howling around,
Filling up the hearts with terror.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Do You Have More?

The whole vast world is too little to fill,
The heart's bottomless well; but it craves still,
Hal min mazeed? (Do you have more?)
Only the Great God, who made it can,
Fill up the fathomless heart of man.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

There Is Hope Still

Without passion, without fiery feeling,
How can you dream to search Leila,
In the deep dense forest of Najd,
And call out to her, Leila! Leila! Leila!
As of old the legendary mad Majnun did:
Neither you follow the rules, nor the etiquette of love,
Empty crying is futile, and in vain,
For you do not suffer the pain and grief of separation,
Your longing must get so intense that,
Wherever you look, there you find Leila,
Standing in your image, and you giving a mad cry:
I am Leila! I am Leila!
The road to Leila's home is long and difficult,
Let your eyes remain truly fixed on Leila,
Who is wrapped in black light, from which all lights emanate,
It is not quite easy a thing, but there is hope still!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



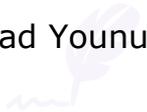
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I Wish

I wish I would live all my life in the flower gardens,
In order to breathe in the fragrance of every flower;
I wish my soul would take with it,
Total fragrance when it goes back to its home;
I wish I would never be hurt by deeds or words of my foes,
I wish I too would never hurt by my words or deeds even my foes;
I wish I would all my life hear the sweet melodious notes,
I wish my soul would survive in the music of divinely songs;
I wish my love would be a blossom of night and day,
I wish my love would thrive and bloom everywhere everyday;
I wish I would remember my lord in both grief and joy;
I wish I would distribute love when hatred holds sway;
I wish my soul would give fragrance to all who contact me,
I wish they too would share their fragrance with me,
And whisper to me, we love you and everybody.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Deathless Death

I would like to see the brilliant sun in the sky,
That never wanes,
I'd like to walk on love's path and go up high,
But never come down again,
I'd like to hear music of love sounding in my soul,
That never stops,
I would like to get flashes of light on my eyes,
That never fade;
I'd like to be Adam of the Eden again,
And never go against lord's command,
I'd like to embrace death itself,
And die- when my eyes close-
A deathless death.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Jehlum Is Screaming

Come, O' ruined souls of the soil, come,
Draw lessons from your history, Look around,
A mirror to help you see your face can be found,
Walk along the Jehlum's long banks, Groaning with bitterest resound,
See, blood flows from Jelum's suffering eyes,
Its tears are dried by flames that arise,
From the smouldering ruins of the civilisation on its banks,
See - the Jehlum is foaming with rage and anger,
- red curls on the lips of each wave...
How mournful these sorrowful waves and their sighs!
The heart of the Jehlum is burning with sorrow and anger,
The river jehlum must regain its green colour,
So each of its child must pray to the great lord,
Shed a drop of your blood from your eyes - not a tear -
when you make a prayer,
The lord will grant the prayer, be sure,
The river enchained shall witness the end of terror,
May screams of Jehlum draw world attention!
May the voice of its oppressed children be heard!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Brightest Sun Will Rise

Remember your past, my dear children,
Touch it and take off the heavy curtains!
See the dragons, snakes and vipers,
Piling on each other, moving in conspiracy,
To bite the natives around,
Play the saaz of peaceful and joyful tomorrow,
When the venomous snakes will not bite you any more,
Take lessons from your bitterest past,
Don't allow your young life to be poisoned!
Go forward, think always of the golden future;
Keep your eyes focused on it!
Don't forget that the dreaming eyes are gifted to you,
To see what happy and calm valley lies in front of you,
Always set your eyes forward and seek the bright future,
And go, go - away from these violent days
Don't stop! Go, go with soft, but firm steps,
Don't stop, go on! Without looking back,
Believe me, there's a world, like a paradise, ahead,
The brightest sun will rise and your days will shine.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Reality Of Man

O! What is a man?
What is he not?
A dream or a shadow!
Or reality in mortal clothes?
Is he mortal or immortal being?
But when there comes to man,
A gleam of splendour,
Or a voice from heaven,
Then opens out on him,
The meaning of his hidden mystry,
Light upon light of glory,
And blessed are his days.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I See You In My Image

Parrot, bear this message,
To my beloved, beyond my sight,
I live here to love you,
From behind the clouds,
Love shows me your face,
Smiling behind the clouds,
When I pierce through the clouds,
I find there before me,
My own face, shimmering,
I prostrate myself to you -
In the image of my own face.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Friend For Eternity

When I set out on my journey,
I pray that the road were long and difficult,
Rough, steep, narrow, and ravines on both sides,
Full of adventure, full of dangers,
Full of beasts, full of ghosts,
- do not fear them:
If I do not find such as these on my road,
How can mad emotions of Majnun touch my soul,
I will never encounter Leila, I know,
If I do not carry pain and suffering within my soul,
How can I aspire to unite with my friend for eternity,
Futile it will be to play love's game.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am Not Lying

No one else was near to us,
On the day of covenant,
No one was witness to our vows,
When you took pledge from me,
That I should take no one as my beloved,
That I should love only you,
That I should not fall in the trap of rivals,
You are He who loves me from eternity,
I am that who never leaves you from eternity,
Oh, I remember my covenant fully,
No way I'll break my covenant with you,
I won't say that vows flow away like ripples on the river,
I won't stay any longer away from loving you,
Even for a moment between the two ripples,
And you, oh my darling, know I'm not lying,
I never take your other in my embrace,
I always remember only you.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Zealous Learner

Be a zealous learner before a living master,
Who will direct and guide you to the true way,
When your master certifies and authorizes you,
To rise to the pulpit and preach to seekers,
Then only you must distribute the pearls of divine wisdom,

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Take A Guide With You

With a longing to fly up above the earth,
The dervish releases his falcon into the skies,
Which flutters its wings and soars high,
Looking at the greeneries and flowers on the earth,
Sometimes it glides down back to the earth,
Away it flies back and disappears in a blink of eye,
In order to come close and closer to him,
Whose light and sound enamors him,

O seeker, bear it in your mind:
It is a mistake flying a falcon in the sky,
Before you search for an accomplished falconer,
Who would mentor you in taming and training the falcon,
But, you must have patience and endurance to learn -

First get your bird acclimated to your home,
Second, teach it, step by step, onto your glove,
Then, move on to make him ready to fly up,
In the skies -on your bidding,

So in Tariqah, it is dangerous to flyin the skies of Unseen,
Without taking a guide, who would instruct and teach you,
If you venture to fly without a guide, you're sure to fail,
Because you will lose your way in winding labyrinths,
And never reach the desired goal.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Heart Says

My heart says, I'd like to sit in the circles of dervishes,
People with brilliant lights and palpable secrets,
To walk and talk with them in the mountains and meadows,
To wash off my sins and evil thoughts,
I'd like to take a gusul with their shimmering light,
I see that dervishes are mines of diamonds,
I would like to receive from them bounties of knowledge and wisdom,
They aren't engaged in worldly pursuits,
Their hearts are preoccupied with love and zikre,
I'd like to sit as a devout student before these divine teachers,
The trees of knowledge!
With my head greedy to receive their lessons,
About the world full of deception,
About Humankind full of empty dreams,
About the world full of chaos and conflicts,
Where every person faces hundreds of problems,
But dervishes are in love with God and his creation,
I would like to spend all my life in their company,
I know I'll achieve the purpose of my creation,
Under their August tutelage and fellowship,
So I'd like to be a companion to living dervishes.
Not the dead dervishes resting in mudgraves or mausoleums,
Who have physically departed from the world,
Where I live, and where I need guidance,
Only a living dervish can offer me the mantle of faqre - (the secret hidden) !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

An Advice Of A Dervish

If you escape from the company of divine scholars,
How can you gain mystic truths, and pearls of wisdom,
How can you be liberated from the snares of beguiling self,
Woe to him who is imprisoned in the dungeon of his self,
Of course, he'll suffer loss of both the worlds,
Throw away the dust of ignorance from your hearts,
Know that this world is ephermeral and transitory,
Know that this world is not your original home,
Your real and eternal habitat is somewhere else,
That is brilliant and everlasting -where Adam and Eve lived,
Before they were expelled out,
For coming near to the forbidden tree and eat of its fruit.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Unfair World

Don't give your heart to the unfair and unfaithful world,
No one can run away from the clutches of the world,
It will catch you no matter who you are,
It will attack you, strike you, and hold you by your neck,
It will throw your soul into the darkest dungeon,
Look, this world has never been loyal to any,
Not even to those who spend their lives in its love
Not even to those who run away from it to escape its troubles,
Don't put yourself into pain and sufferings for nothing;
Who has benefited from such suffering?
The world is like a seven-headed monster,
Swallowing everything man adores besides Allah,
Listen to the melody of divine love,
If you want to be happy and hearty,
If you want to find a way to eternity,
Without withdrawing from the world.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



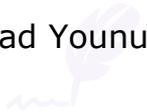
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The Single Reality

How strange! In diverse forms only Him I see,
Sometimes I see Him as a crawling baby,
Sometimes I see Him as a hunched oldy,
Sometimes I see Him at the bottom of a deep well,
Sometimes I see Him on the throne in the heaven;
If you also come to the garden with my inner eye,
You, too, will see expansive unity in all flowers;
From each flower that you pass by, You will hear,
"I am here", "I am here";
See! O see! In every guise exists He,
But, the inner eye for seeing unity is not gifted to all,
As the music of the honey bee is not gifted to the swirling moth,
Know that he whose love is pure and sincere,
Sees with the inner eye of his heart, that essentially,
All things are the manifestation of the single beauty.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Secret Hidden

I am not a small body,
I contain within this small body a boundless secret,
That seven skies and the earth could not contain,
What a paradox!
The secret is the essence of all existence,
But in one existence it cannot fit,
The secret is Be And It Becomes,
B and E - principle of creation -is active in me,
The secret that no tongue can explain,
Be silent!
It doesn't fit into descriptions and expressions,
All the things in the universe are the signs of this secret;
There is no doubt in it that this secret is me,
As my starting point is this secret in me,
You know, without this secret, I am worthless,
This secret made me hearing and seeing,
With logic and reason, no one can grasp the truth,
The one with knowledge divine only knows the truth,
That the secret doesn't fit into logic and reason,
Look at the essence of the form of man and Know,
Man is composed of body and soul,
But, the secret hidden is neitherbody nor soul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

You Are The One

Command what you must,
I shall obey you as you command me to do;
You are the one,
Who only is my guide and master,
Who created me and all to expose his hidden treasure,
I know there is no hidden treasure -as vast and precious as you;
You are the one,
For whose love and affection, I devout myself wholly,
To be a practical answer to your question:
Alastu birabbikum? - Am I not your lord?
You are the one,
For gaining whose presence, I do not depend on any intercession;
You are the one,
Who is most near to me,
Even nearer than my jugular vein;
When tomorrow brings forth the day of meeting,
You are the one,
Whose presence shall flicker out at once,
Al raging hellfire in me;
So glory belongs to Ahmad without M,
One who glorifies the notional other,
Is empty of ilmi Ludni -the God-given knowledge

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Rebel Nafas

Alas, my nafas rebels against me,
In an effort to overpower me,
And take me for a Begar ride,
As it did try in past to overwhelm Yusuf;
When zulekha tried to seduce him,
But he firmly saved himself,
From the snare and temptation of nafas,
As he did find the protection from his lord,
O friends, congratulate me, because,
My nafas failed to wrong and astray me,
It is so far now, beyond reproach and blame,
Alhamdulillah! I am protected by now,
From the mockeries of beguilingnafas -
My life is saved from pursuing the accursed Satan,
My path of guidance led me to Makkah, my home,
Not to some pagan land,
My path of guidance is straight and wide,
That leads me to the source of light,
So I am coming close and closer to the truth.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Life Drama

Give God any name you choose,
All names are your own invention,
He is what He is - eternal presence,
From whom all things originate,
?To him all things return,
He marks the point of my origin too,
Be and I was, still I hear this command,
To whom did He command?
I am of his command,
Of which I am aware,
He will again command,
Return! Return to Me now!
Circle will be completed,
Life Drama will be concluded!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Drinking The Water Of Life

In love so easily gained I Thee -
The more deeply I sink in you,
The more sweetly I drink,
Of Thy melodious music!
This is the fountain of life
That Moses with Yusha
Looked for in Bahri Zulumaat
Ever since I drink from this fountain,
The death became non frightening to me,

Mohammad Younus



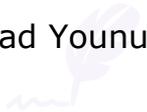
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House Of Peace

When the morning breeze flows
o'er,
The hymning birds singing the divine word,
It carries on its wings sweet notes, that enliven my soul,
While listening the melodious notes, easily do I gain,
Thy unceasing presence -
The more deeply I sink in the echoing notes,
The more sweetly I drink of the fountain of life,
That Moses with Yusha looked for in Bahri Zulumaat,
But the fountain of water, they missed to see,
At the confluence where two seas meet,
Ever since I drank from this fountain,
The death became non frightening to me,
Thus, I am delivered from the ravages of the fierce world,
And the doors of the house of peace open up for me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Will Wait

I'll wait on your threshold continually,
Until the mysterious light wraps me,
I know the spiritual union doesn't take place,
Until your crescent appears in the firmament of love,
To say the truth, I was never so overwhelmed with your love,
Until the pellet of your glance transfixed my soul,
I offer my life as sacrifice to you at your altar,
I'll sit in your meditation until I annihilate,
And cease to consider myself as your other,
O my beloved, now that you've allowed me,
To sit under the tree of your love,
Let me sit here until,
The fruit of wisdom and gnosis fall upon me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Gone My Delusion!

Walking over the crumbly bridge am I,
On the sea of burning inferno down,
How can I hope to reach across to the garden of eternity?
If I lose my balance and am tossed down;

So I seek thy support in crossing over the bridge,
Such that I get to the eternal garden,
Of Peace, Contentment, Cozy Music and Light;

Divine bliss! beyond my reach, thou art,
Even so, I harbour the fanatic longing in my heart,
To draw near and nearer to thee;

Thy generous approval makes me dance in delight,
As I notice thy immense grace and honour available to me,
I jump up in mystic ecstasy as I find,
Thy rain of mercy showering on me;

All the time! I hear Thy Flute sounding,
Its notes take me up on the Summit,
From there I send my glances down,
I tremble lest I should again fall down,
In the darkest and deepest gorges down;

I cry out to lord:
After thou guidest me on the path of love,
Do not please cause my heart swerve,
On elevation am I, I see single beauty spread out,
Gone my delusion! gone my illusion!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Don't Care

Blessed I am,
To be born of true spirit of lord;
Blessed is my soul,
To be rocked by the hands of lord;
I don't care what people say,
if I adore you in every form;
I don't care what people say,
If I say thou art the essence everything;
I don't care what people say,
If I say my heart is filled with thy fragrance;
I don't care what people say,
If I say I am always in thy sacred presence;
I don't care what people say,
If I say that I see the lustre of your glory in every eye;
I don't care what people say,
If I say that I hear thy word all the while;
I don't care what people say,
If I say that I am soothed with thy light;
I don't care what people say,
If I say I'm seething with thy profound love;
I'm aware of the criticisms of people,
That I'm lacking in true faith;
I bear with joy people's taunts when they ridicule me;
My faith, my beliefs, are crystal clear:
I regard thee as the only existence, O glorious one,
With joy I'll grow and live in your holy music,
Thy beauty only I'll adore; thy name only I'll call
For the fortune of your presence, I reject all other.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Child Is Crying In My Heart

The child is crying in my heart,
As bullets rain over the valley,
What is he mourning for?
Oh on hearing sound of bullets!
On hearts and on rooftops!
He is not crying without a reason,
In this heart that is scorching!
It rains blood in all the seasons,
in this wretched forlorn valley,
Also the same way in my injured heart,
It rains and flows out through tears of fire,
By far the worst pain, we've ever seen,
O the child is bitterly weeping!
What! for leader's treason!
What! for ruthless subjugation!
What! for camouflaged genocide!
This is the worst oppression!
This is the worst occupation!
Killing, maiming and blinding,
With impunity enjoyed by killers!
My heart is injured too much,
It rains blood in my heart,
As it rains on the valley,
What a tyranny so harsh!
Oh biting sound of the bullets,
On the earth and in the skies,
Is blasting my heart again and again!
This resistance is not without reason

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

It Is Just A Stone

The Blackstone grafted,
In the wall of Sacred Kaaba
We don't worship it,
It is just a stone -
Not more than that,
Not less than that,
We don't adore it besides Allah,
We kiss it and remember,
Prophet Abraham: our father,
Who opposed pagan religion,
Who worshipped not stone-made deities,
This is just our symbol of monotheism,
Religion taught by Abraham,
Otherwise, not at all sacred

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Mirror Is In Me

In the midnight, you wake up me to your sweet voice,
Instantly I get up, putting off my quilt,
Wondering what's this ringing?
Who is calling me? I was offline,
Anyway, I take up your midnight call,
And hear your voice:
"Lend your heart and soul to my voice?
Take my call and come back home",,
Same questions every time I hear!
"I am heading to you, trailing behind your voice,
I don't know where you are,
I don't even know your name,
I hope I'm coming closer to you,
My heartbeat goes up fast
As your face lights up,
And nearly makes me unconscious,
Words cannot express my gratitude for you,
As you send me your mysterious message all the while,
It's a voice of amazing puzzle,
Your mysterious flute is the only clue,
To solve the Hidden mystery,
Of who you are and who am I,
I've been watching you in your mirror,
From the start of my love with you",,
Let people know that the mirror is in me!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Word Of Allah

The word of Allah showers tremendous light,
On those who in love and in prayer desire,
Who are ready for annihilating their Self in the light,
Such are the people who believe,
That love leads to the eternal truth,
They become free from hatred and lies,
And from the fury of the deceptive Satan,
So that it becomes easy for them to walk,
Along the straight path leading to destination,
They earnestly follow the golden path of love,
True lovers remember God through the inward eye,
The remembrance gives the pure heart sweet ecstasy;
Pure love belongs to true lovers alone;
Who love all in equanimity, seeing one in diversity,
Pure love removes delusion and ignorance;
Pure love bears fruit sweet of the heaven;
Pure love functions so calmly and quietly;
That it leaves nothing out of it in one's heart,
Such that the lover and loved become virtually one -
Seeing that both have the common will,
There is no creature on the earth so noble as man,
That is blessed with the secret word of love,
Never heard God speaking in words,
But, of course, in the language of love!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

O Music!

O Music! O Music!

You ease my wrenched heart,
That's afflicted by separation,
You take, O Music, my injured heart,
And make the injuries heal fast!

O Music, O Music!

You increase my thirst for you,
You flare up my blazing fire,
You erase, thus, the rust of my heart
And make it a pellucid mirror,

O Music! O Music,

This mirror reflects my true face,
I've fallen in love with my own face -
as it appears before me,

O Music! O Music!

Tell me where sits that hidden singer?
Whom I can hear but seldom see,
Is he behind the screen of my eyes?
Give me a glad tiding about his secret haven.

Mykoul

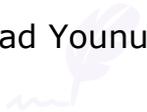
Mohammad Younus

O My Love

O my love! O my love!
You soothe my scorching heart,
When agony and grief visit it again and again,
You assuage it and relieve its biting pain,
O my love! O my love!
You quench enormous thirst of my soul,
You cool off my fevered breast,
You calm down my restive mind,
You humble all my inmate foes,
O my love! O my love!
Your soft wipe removes sweat from my brows,
Makes shine these cheeks of mine,
In short, only you can bring me relief,
Make honey from the poison in me,
O my love! O my love!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Accept Me Back

When I contemplate o'er me and the people around,
Under the expansive sky with sun, moon, and stars profound,
I find them in darkness swathed around, —
Particularly me in careless slumber and oblivion bound;
Then love and longing for peace awakens in me,
The anguish and agony of my soul,
Mine eyes with brackish tears filled,
Flow down waterfalls beyond control,
My heart sighs forth in silence its painful voice—
O lord of glory and majestic beauty!
To thy calm splendour my soul was born,
When you brought me to life through your creative spirit,
By your command:
Be, and I became,
What sin holds me in dungeon here?
What aberration got me down from such a splendour?
What has estranged me from God's destination?
Why am I turned away, and left abandoned?
To follow mocking shade and my empty mind,
With humble heart I turn to you,
Pray accept me back, and forgive my negligence:
"It is your mercy that I hope for,
Do not leave me to follow Satan -
Not even for a brink of an eye,
Let me take refuge in your perfect word,
Whom you have created for my guidance to my destination -
Which is only you! "

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Uncreated Word

All things in the whole created cosmos,
Are too small to accommodate me,
I am so vast! fathomless! nothing encompasses me,
Do not mistake me for a finite temporal thing,
I am in essence from the infinite reality,
I have my source in unbound divinity,
I am in process of reaching back to my Uncreated origin,
As the Uncreated word touches my soul, it undoes me,
And makes me see my true essentiality,
I become as I hear it wider than wide,
Everything else is too finite and not lasting,
You know this well, you who know the secret hidden.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

O Harmony

O harmony perfect and mysterious,
Of all things in man and cosmos diverse!
How glad I am to see unity everywhere,
Dressed in the garbs that God makes himself wear!

Born of purity, each thing does what God wills it to do,
And perform through all hours your assigned task -
just being your honest and ardent follower!

Pure being! clearly I see you in all of them!
All they do under your command,
Appears to be flawless and true to me;

And the music which resonates through them,
Thrills me with unbound ecstasies,
As I see your face shining before me,
In your expansive beauties!

No leaf moves, so quiet is the atmosphere!
Peace, calmness, and stillness everywhere,
No ripple on the water surface -
pellucid mirror of your face!
In which, to my joy, I see my own face?
Resembling your face, to my sheer surprise!
So perfectly, so astutely, planned and fashioned,
By your creative hand!

Through your sounding and resounding word,
You signal me all the while a message,
To hear attentively your pure word,
And show what I myself must do,
To bear the ancient trust, and absorb in echoing Hu,
Where there remains not I and You.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

God Speaks To The Soul

Lo! God said to the honoured soul,
I would create nothing, had I not to create you;
I desired to unveil my attributes and powers,
So I created you - to manifest myself through you;
I desire you, now, to fulfill your covenant with me,
To be my vicegerant on the earth,
The covenant I took from you,
Long before I created the paradise,
Even before making you my agent,
Whom I delegated some powers great!
If you ignore the covenant, I will ignore you,
If you remember me, I will remember you
If you be grateful to me, I will honour you,
If you come to me walking, I will come to you running,
And where two come together, there the love is perfected,
At the station of Qaba Qawsein!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Love

Love has overtaken me,
To me this is no surprise,
It was my perennial desire;
She makes me strong;
Sans love I was weak;
She makes me free of myself,
Continually as per my will;
She does with me,
What really pleases me;
She absorbs me in her,
Nothing of myself remains to me;
Formerly I was poor,
Now I am rich,
Because I possess love;
Everything is gained in love;
Yes, one thing is totally lost,
Pain of separation!

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

The Song Of Love

The Song Of Love

When I hear the song of Love,
It avails me much -
In fact, it makes me expressionless,
Yet my mind, heart, and soul are,
Enlightened by this song of Love;
Alhamdulillah! my good fortune holds -
Immense bounties of love:
Peace, ecstasy, and closeness to my beloved;
The love song is full of sweet music,
My weeping verily it bids off,
With absolute success;
I cry out, and I celebrate with exuberance,
Love song resonates in my heart,
Through days and nights, I enjoy,
The sweet song of love!

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Blessed Is He

Yea! I shall drink from The Spring Of Abundance,
Yea I shall read from the divine tablet,
That the beneficent God has preserved in me,
Blessed is he who is so firmly established here,
Who learns the knowledge secret direct from him,
As the thirsty land receives water from the heaven,
Blessed is he who guards the secrets,
Who never spills out before the goons,
What great God has poured into him.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Wasteland

My valley was a quiet, pleasant place,
Beneath this azure summer sky,
Where green lofty deodars and mighty chinars waved,
And spread singing winds across the violent world;
Where the roaring brooks produced heavenly music,
And the loaded clouds cast cool shadows on the poor people below;
Where resonating, sweet notes of singing birds,
Filled out the gloomy hearts with fragrant joys,
And golden sunlight shone undimmed on green fields and arid lands both,
Where a lovely brotherhood of innocent beautiful flowers bloomed -
Together in their paradise home,
Everything changed when rude hands came in from across the valley,
Who hacked the lofty deodars and mighty chinars down,
Who plucked baby buds before blooming into flowers full,
A green valley -with lush green meadows, rippling lakes, and sounding streams -
Turned into a wasteland, ignored by all as if it is,
A Norman's land with no worthy people to be cared about

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

I Am Mistaken

I long to come closer to you,
I'm drunk with love for you,
Alas, I am mistaken:
You are nearer to me than my jugular vein;

You are neither closer nor distant from me,
For I am in You, as is a drop of water in the ocean;
Where does your voice not send its sound?
Very few but know Your word's resonance;

You are veiled and unveiled both,
No eye canst see you, you seest through the eyes,
Even the soul isn't ready to unveil itself,
But appears dressed in its own tones;

I know you are dressed in your own indefinable light,
Before your enormous but soft light -
When that shines on my face,
I have no reason to remain afflicted,
I must dance with rhythm in ecstasy;

You are the glory and the sole reality,
That I witness through my heart's eyes,
Manifest in all things to lover's eyes;
But, how canst I disclose your secrets!
That might create disorder in some circles.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love The Real

He whose heart is without love,
In the end inherits nothing but shame and ignominy,
His eyes see only hate and wrath,
But whoever drink from the water of love never die
A shameful and disgraceful death

The pomp and show of the world merely veil the Real;
Discover a love that yearns for the truth -
Hidden in low and High tunes of the divine word,

O I hear sweet melodies from my beloved,
So much fantastic!
Sounding like honey bees that honestly,
No bee could ever produce on the earth.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I'm All Aflame

I'm all aflame, with this burning love call,
This unearthly music, Mystic word!
It turns my heart, it lifts up my soul,
When I turn my heart to earthly music,
It fades in the right, inaudible it becomes,
It resides in the mystic darkness,
And appears to light up hearts,
I need this melodious music,
I hold it in my heart, hear it day and night,
I reach out to touch this music, its tunes unfold,
All the time resonating! What a bliss! What a reward!
The singer is masked, hiding in his own music,
Seated behind my eyes, he sees through my eyes:
His own beauties shining,
Through all the things around,
This incredible music!
He releases through my eyes,
I am most anxious, to hear it all the while.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Khadija

The Queen of Islam -
Khadija,
Came to Mustaffa;
With all her treasures -
Immeasurable!
In order to gain pearls of wisdom,
When she had found him, indeed,
His charisma shone upon her so suddenly,
That she melted in contemplation,
Like an icicle before the full sun,
She gave him all,
That he gave away,
In exchange, he gave her wealth of all nations:
knowledge and wisdom!
And the gift robbed her of everything,
That she ere had bragged about,
Her heart, her soul, and her mind -
Got filled with mystic wealth,
No material thing remained within her:
Everything was engulfed in divine love,
She adored him as her husband and master both,
In love, she was to him what Zulekha was to Josef,
When he came down from the mount of light,
He told her: Zamiluni, Zamiluni,
Cover me! Cover me!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Need The Flute

I need the flute
like a shepherd needs it to produce fire,
In his heart when he is alone,
Roaming with villagers' flocks,
In meadows and on moors,
The fire he needs to warm up his soul,
As he remembers his beloved waiting for him,

The flute enriches me with divine music,
Like life is enriched by light of the day,
Like a hermit is enriched by a night with full moon,
It enriches my longing for transcendence,
To go back to my spiritual state,
The flute delivers me from ignorance,
It brings me out of darkness to light,
They think I claim to be a faqir:
Yes, I am the faqir

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

True Leaders

When true leaders arise in a people,
They build steps and forge roads,
They carry tough loads on their backs, and scale high peaks,
They write off fear and see green dreams for their people,
They create an awful urge in them to touch the stars -
The stars that blaze to clear the black skies,
They throw off the collars, break the shackles and erase the brand of slavery,
These Mujahids sacrifice their lives,
To bring cheer on the gloomy faces,
They are full of wrath for tyrants,
They always strive to crush their pride and break their arm,
They speak sober words to weak and oppressed,
They plant in their heart's soil seeds of hope,
The sweet roses adorn their loved angel faces,
When their coffins are carried on shoulders,
Through the roads where they once used to play.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Scaling The Mystic Summits

In this adventure of mystic climb who will hold our hand?
Through the Nothingness we have to walk;
None can provide us a hand-holding,
In this mountaineering, we have to climb all alone,
Without the assistance of a hand-holder,
We have to bear ourselves our load,
While scaling the highest peaks,
Remember the verse of Quran,
"No one laden with burdens can bear another's burden";
We must have courage, and a firm belief,
In this venture, we have to walk all alone,
We have to walk to our far off destination,
But we must undertake our climbing with love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am Human

I Am Human

O world, listen to my woeful tale,
I am a Human born and living in suffering,
I did not choose my coming here;
Neither my parents nor my nationality or ethnicity;
Neither my religion nor my philosophy,
These are all minor things for me, that I don't care about,
Sufficient for me is that I am a human being,
I lay on the green dreams and hope of a better tomorrow,
But, let me tell you the harsh and bitter reality,
Nothing is changing, my dreams do not see light of the day,
Only the news is changing, every day man plunging into the nadir of darkness,
Where everyone is trying to see the light,
But the wild beasts close our way,
I come back and close my eyes to dream,
Am I really a human?
If so why I submit to wild and brute animals?
Why I crave to possess what belongs to others?
Why I possess a merciless heart under my chest?
Why I shed human blood to bring the weak under my feet?
Very sorry! I do not have the freedom to change my destiny,
But, I must reclaim my Human heart,
I must cultivate love, peace, honesty, modesty, mercy in my heart,
I must remove the poisonous weeds - hate, racism and war mongering - from my
heart,
For this I have to be a Human and sow the trees of love around,
I must live as a human being despite the full out resistance,
From fascists, racists, nationalists, and religious bigots,
I am a human, and we are all humans.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Bumbling Fools

See the bumbling fools round the world,
Ineffectually fighting a virus lying hidden—
Few such pandemics man has ever seen,
This has a lethal effect on life and business,
Swiftly and unknowingly strikes the people,
To sunder their lungs, heart, and other organs,
Thus, drowning their green dreams about life,
Bringing terror and torment yet unknown,
For the hosts carrying the COVID virus.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Meaning Of Man

A compound of clay and divine spirit he is,
He blew of his spirit in him when he fashioned him,
So his story begins with a conflict -
A struggle between spirit and clay!
Divinity and Satan within him!
Always at daggers drawn!
"Bow to Adam, vicegerent mine, "
" I won't! I'm superior to him,
You made him of clay, and me of fire, "
"Why should I bow to your other? I won't, "
Get lost! You won't come to me -came the cutting retort -
Until you know the truth about him!
I made him from a sounding clay;
I blew of my spirit into him;
I taught him the names of all things;
I made him my vicegerent in the earth."

Man is a manifestation of divine will,
The absolute will! His command active!
He is essential, not accidental,
He is not a product of events -banal, vain, vapid, meaningless,
When he attains awareness of his self,
He becomes perfect in knowing the secret hidden:
He who knows his self, knows his lord.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

What Then?

Howsoever thou ascendest to the highest of the high peaks,
What then?

Howsoever thou descendest to the lowest of the low depths,
What then?

If thou can't have access to his lofty heights,
What then?

Whatsoever is obvious, that is hidden too,
Tell me what it means?

Whatsoever is in Adam, that is in cosmos too,
Tell me what it means?

He is in thy self, don't thou see?
Tell me what it means?

If thou hearest the perpetual sound through thy ears,
Tell me what it means?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Never To Depart Again

I am staying in the shadows,
Waiting for a glimpse of him,
Whom I can never ever forget about,
My joy depends on his turning around,
To produce a little smile in my awaiting eyes,
When he looks at me with the approving eyes,
Just to give me an open sign,
A positive sign!
That he, too, loves me, and accepts me,
That he will not leave but stay in my eyes,
I am an anonymous lover lost in his longing,
For a romance that dissolves me in my beloved,
That makes me one with him, never to depart again

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Am A Poet

I am a poet: truly do I know,
That the oppression is enormous,
But I look around through darkness:
I find the moon, the stars are writing,
Unknowing I understand:
I, too, am being written!
My feelings, my pain is being written!
And at this very moment,
Someone calls me O You,
Write every poem in crimson red,
So that every reader sheds blood,
Glittering like crushed rubies.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Apartheid

COVID Virus has created apartheid,
Of the victim and his whole family,
People treat them like the manged dogs,
And like the cruel Brahmins of India,
Keeping the Untouchables at ten arm's length,
Instead of coming to their help and rescue,
Instead of sharing their grief and agony,
Is it not unfair, unsympathetic and irreligious social distancing?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Show Me A Way

Show me a way,
That I may travel along,
In order to locate your home

If I find you there,
I will never come back,
I am searching for the magic mirror,
That makes the walls of your living room,
In order to see my image there,
Holding no space, closest and farthest to me,
Between me and my image, the mirror is a curtain,

I see my every feature unveils,
Little by little every moment,
And I become less and less pretentious,
And more and more primitive and real,
Like the picture drawn by you in your image,
When you first made me as your viceroy,
The dot on soul's alphabet ba!

Let me please stay put in your region,
Here it is soft and clear, without haze and mist,
Here I will no longer be me, but you,
My true self!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Loveliest Poem

The loveliest poem is born,
When you are close to your beloved,
When light and sound currents,
Simple and boundless fragrance,
Without brake,
Flow from her to your heart,

You will not forget the loveliest poem,
It is stamped on your forehead, eyes, ears, and heart,
Stamped for lovers to read,
So that they see the sign of God

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divine Providence

If your eye gets a drop from providence divine,
Give gratitude to Him who made your eye an oyster,
To fill you with a pearl divine,
If you leave visiting the palaces of world lords,
Believe, He will make your heart a Kingdom divine
If you empty your House of all that is his other,
Trust he will select your heart for his abode divine,
Do not forget he is beyond the limitations of time and space
How canst thou understand this secret divine,
Unless you knoweth La Ilaha Ila Hu

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Am In A Flow

Between waking and sleeping
the time passes,
I'm in love with my own self,
The circular flow of time is now a whirlpool,
where I in stillness am rocking
All is visible and all invisible,
All is near and All is afar,
Eyes, ears, nose, tongue, and touch,
Rest in the shade of their names.
Soul throbbing in my heart repeats,
The same unchanging sound of Hu,
The light turns the ancient house,
Into a divine theater of reflections,
I find myself in the middle of my eye,
Watching myself in its pure state,
In this moment I become motionless,
I stay and go: I am in a flow

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Eternal Light

Eternal light shines through darkest eclipse -
When the heart breaks open;
When the darkness unwraps the soul,
As if a bride takes off the black pashmina shawl,
Her radiant face shines before the eyes,
The much awaited dawn breaks,
The stars pack up to leave behind, Their itsy bitsy twinkling of light,
Blessed is the morning with her absolvent light,
I must love the light to the point of no return,
For my heart needs the tenacity of eternal light,
To cleave through the darkness to the world of light

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Impressions

Even the man who is dreaming about unborn future,
Glimpses in his visions images relating to his remote past,
When the divine sound current touches his soul,
His heart jumps up with a longing,
To return to his primordial state,
It must be that he is remembering,
Beauties in a place out of reach,
That he has loved at that place,
In a life before this earthly life,
The impressions of them still there in him lurking

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Here Is I

Lo, wherever a lover turns to,
There he finds the countenance of Allah,
But I see the holy countenance in the mirror of my soul,
Hung on the walls of ancient house of lord,
In the bottomless depths of the super consciousness,
Everything is there: bliss and suffering,
Memories of the most ancient past,
When Allah breathed of his spirit into Adam,
The throne of lord, Kaaba is there,
The angels and pious of Allah circulating there,
The Melodious word of Allah is resonating there,
Here is I - the Man whom I am searching for

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Calling To Peace

Absurd it is to show to the blind,
The beautiful creations of the Creator;
Absurd it is to narrate to the deaf,
What the lord has revealed for us;
The mystic flute plays lovingly for us;
The soul takes joyful rounds of dance for us;
And the vault of the heavens is reverberating;
Only troubled hearings do not notice,
The beautiful music going around;
The Unseen one is silently calling us,
To peace through his lovely word

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Prayer Of A Dervish

Direct me, O Allah Most High!
To the way most straight,
Make me hear your eternal speech,
Scarcely audible to a deaf heart,
It is only You, O glorious Lord!
Who can open up my heart's ear,
And let the stream of divine music pour in,
Into my heart, burning with the flame of love,
So that I would acquire peace, enjoying meditation,
Of the divine name relentlessly,
I will distance myself from all your other,
I promise, if there is any

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Fight To The Death

In bravery matchless were our sons in action;
Those who died too many to mention;
Each pursuing the action in similar fashion;
A fight to the death, burning with a passion.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Rage And Alienation

All our best leaders, thinkers, and poets,
You have branded them anti nationals,
When the people were following them,
For getting freedom from terror and horror,
When 'twas Life they demanded,
You offered them Bitter Death,
You laughed! When you were killing the children,
But the blood that you proudly spilt,
In the Open and behind the public view,
In the walled garrisons, interrogation centres, and in the deep forests,
Crieth loudly to God,
And their cries hath the strength and the might,
Of a rebellion, resistance, and revolution,
To end the days of doom and dread,
You are very cruel and callous to our suffering,
Grim Death our fighters you feed,
Through the jaws of the gallows;
Through lynching, bulleting, maming and blinding,
But alienation and intense rage got written on their faces,
With their blood when you martyred them!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Hot Bomb

Most night I breathe and listen,
His name Hu in a comfy state,
The enchanting symphony of the word,
Always sounds in my inner eyes,
Constantly echoes in my peaceful heart,
As I hear it, my soul goes burning,
Yearns to hear more and more nonstop,
The music fills my existence with love fire;
I hear while standing, bowing, or prostrating,
The sound from all my pores and all atoms,
That explodes loudly like a hot bomb,
Which I can't and never like to get rid of,
This melodious music of love keeps me awake all the time,
No god in me resides but this sweet song,
Making me expressionless and cuts me off,
From all mundane thoughts

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The True Man

Be it dark; be it bright;
Be it pain; be it pleasure;
Be it destitution; be it affluence
Quite the same it is for a faqir:
The true man

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Dead Cow

In India I saw a dead cow,
On a heap of waste near the temple,
I saw an old man barely able to walk -
In the crowd assembled there,
Murmuring in his feeble voice,
This is the land of cow worshippers,
Why should she suffer like this?
She wants clean air to breathe,
That is polluted by poisonous fumes,
She wants green grass and rich fodder to eat,
But the damned fools leave her in the streets alone,
To fend for her food out of the dirty waste,
I want the trees and flowers to grow,
The rivers full of pure water flow,
Free from pollution of industrial waste,
And the earth covered with green grass,
Such that the holy cows and the wretched humans,
May live and die with dignity,
Now and always

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Comfy Transformation

The sour harsh winds are whispering through chinars—creating an agonizing symphony,
I am confident that harsh winds shall one day tap out,
And the soft and pleasant breezes shall blow instead,
Cooling and refreshing the burning valley,
Even the screaming birds of prey and howling wolves shall sing,
Apologetically beautiful pleasing songs,
Songs hooked to the language of peace and love,
Welcoming our vanquishing transformation

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Lock Up You

I lock up you,
My ugly and beautiful self!
I lock up you,
My foe and friend twin!
But now I don't accept you
as myself,
I lock up you,
with all pleasure!
That I would feel,
At my redemption,
At my salvation,
Because you got me out of my home,
Because you made me God's rebel,
Because you made me take forbidden grain of wheat,
Because you made me perform haram deeds,
Because you made Cane to marry his own sister,
Because you stole the food from others' barns,
Because you devoured the sheep of neighbours' farms,
Because you have choked me,
Since the day I was born,
Under a covenant with God,
That I won't take you for my leader,

I lock up you!
I lock up you!
I lock up you!

I am happy
to be angry with you,
I am happy to rejoice,
I am happy to hate you,
I am happy to love your other,
I am happy to slay you with the mystic knife, viz.,
"Don't follow the footsteps of Satan";,
You desired to push me into the trench of flaming fire,
But, through God's blessing, I laid myself across the fire.
I won't hold your hands, I won't follow in your steps,
I won't seat you in my eyes, my ears, my voice, my belly or in my mind,
I won't allow you to follow me as my shadow,

Come on, O my self!
I am releasing you,
I am releasing you,
I am releasing you!
I am no longer afraid of you,
I am now your master!
You are completely subdued to me,
You are no more In my blood,
Running through my veins.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Face Of Allah

I may bow or prostrate, when I offer Salah,
Or I may look into innermost recesses of my heart,
I must take my choice: God is in all directions -
Both inside and outside -
To my right, to my left;
Before me and behind me;
Above me and below me -
He is like light and sound residing in all directions,
I may face Qibla in my Salah,
Or bow my head in meditation,
Because I know, prayers fly in all directions,
To Allah belongs the east and the west,
Wherever I turn to in my Salah,
There I find the Face of Allah.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Word Of Allah

I admit, though I must keep it secret,
That I hear the Word of Allah all the time,
Its melodious tunes resonate in my heart,
I have never at any time sensed, The precise moment of its coming,
I feel that it was always in me, out of me, and with me,
Since the day God said to me: be and I was,
No-one must say I haven't access to this secret word,
For it is present in the soul as is light in the oil,
Or as is sound present in the metal,
Though incapable of being traced,
It is the life current, it is the energy,
As I'm blessed with the resonance of the word,
It awakens my sleeping soul from deep slumber,
Its melody evokes and softens my stone heart,
Its echoing tones goad my heart on the path of love,
It plucks up and destroys the poisonous weeds in my heart,
It sows the seeds of love in my heart,
It destroys the monsters of hate and chaos in my heart,
It waters the dry and arid places in my heart,
It illuminates the gloomy spots in my heart,
It throws open the libraries of wisdom and knowledge in my heart,
That were ere shut close on me,
It warms my heart with flaming love that was ere cold,
So that my soul might be blessed with the light of lord,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mercy Thy Children

After centuries of torment and torture, Lord,
It is time to let your shadow of mercy,
Lengthen on your children in Kashmir,
And let the rough winds stop blowing,
In the pastures and meadows of Kashmir wild,
Direct on them the golden days,
Of warm light and cool breeze

Mykoul

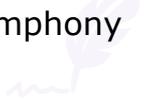
Mohammad Younus



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Melodies Forgotten

I am trying to listen the melodious voice,
So I strum the guitar inside me,
My favorite song of creation,
I am trying to listen all the time,
You can't hear what I hear,
Melodies forgotten!
That I heard in eden, where I was first born,
Having lost my conscience,
When I dropped on the earth,
My arrogance tore me apart these melodies,
And left me disturbed in the world,
As I didn't remember the script of eternity,
And not even the author of destiny,
Would that I could connect back to eternal word,
With which my lord enunciated me to the existence,
Strumming every melodious and pleasant chord,
Into continuous keys that will,
Permanently keep playing in my heart,
Like a symphony

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Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Want To Be A Child Again

I longed to be a mystic,
To be again a child completely,
Transformed!
Transported!
Transfixed!
It was more than an arduous job,
To be a child again,
I wanted to see my playmates again -
Play with them on dust and mud again,
I wanted to go to childhood places again-
See beauty in everything again,
My psyche has changed and the years have gone bye,
It has gotten harder to find those guiltless days again,
It's only a feeling now to be an innocent child again,
Free of mundane desires, malice, and hate,
When I try to revive my childhood memories
I only get glimpses of innocence,
Only a mystic would know what it is to be a child again,
But I feel like I was a mystic always,
As I am never more than a child at my heart

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The First Azan

O my beautiful first Azan! The fanfare on my birth!
O my goodness! It is a hellish world!
Atrocious world where I stumble at each step!
Thorny bed I am stretched over!
Woe that day to the squealing soul -
The fish out of water!
When for the first time my soul fused to my body,
I began with the first cry on the first day,
That painful cry shall stay with me,
Till the final trumpet is blown,
Am I so deserving of these torments!
And why? For what sins?
Let me ask my lord one question,
Why don't you fulfill your promise,
That you made to my soul in antiquity,
But I fear He might reprimand me,
Because I, on my part, didn't fulfill my own covenant -
That, beside Him, I won't take Satan as my lord,
Let me remember when He said:
Am I not your lord?
And I affirmed with "Yes",
Do I fulfill my covenant to my lord?
How can I grasp the meaning of eternity then?
Let me live up to that eternal covenant,
So that I would expect my lord,
To fulfill his promise to my soul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Glorified Light

A light glorified exists in my heart,
Present outside in all things,
Not seen by the eyes in sockets,
Hidden in the beauties spread out,
A lover stands and constantly gazes at,
The light in him and in beauties around,
In solitary hills, and open meadows,
That gross eyes cannot overtake,
But human nature feels through the soul,
He waits upon the light day and night,
That is nearest and furthest to him,
In the innermost recesses we know,
The light almost speaks to him,
The brightful morning breaks,
The dark night reports away,
The cheerful sounds resonate,
It appears, the lover is washed away,
By the currents of light and sound,
The eyes and ears of his soul open up,
To see itself and to hear itself,
Beyond the horizons -
where the earth and the sky meet

Mykoul

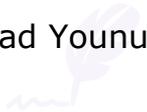
Mohammad Younus

Horrific Dreams

Horrific dreams form a ghostly shadow,
O'er my frightened oppressed children,
Horrific dreams of violent brooks!
Coloured with gallons of human blood!
Still night with pale moony beams!
Horrific dreams with monsters chasing!
Wearing a soldier's uniform,
With a steel headgear as a crown,
Horrific dreams, monsters wild!
Hover above my dreaded children!
Looking at them with a ghost of a smile!
Horrific laughing in the night,
Hover over my suppressed children,
Horrific smiles of a ghost mother!
How far this lifelong nightmare shall last!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Definition

Thy deed is cruelty;
Thy creed is tyranny;
Thou hold a Satan under thy dress;
Thou art a ferocious animal
With a human face;
Thy mind is the terror sealed;
Thy heart is full of greed and avarice;
Thy manifesto is hate and fear;
Thy motto is:
Oppression, Suppression, Expropriation;
Subjugation, colonisation, and annihilation.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am Unseen, I Am Unknown

Unseen and unknown
I am the perfume
Riding on the breeze
To scent the lover's soul

Unseen and unknown,
I am the spirit of the dead
As soon as I break away
I am lost for all sights

Unseen and unknown
I am the mystic sound
No sooner do I come
Than the union is done!

Unseen and unknown
I am the holy light
Received and grasped by
The purest hearts alone

Unseen and unknown,
I am the command of lord
I am connected to Him
As light is to the sun

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Blissful Dream

In the blissful dreams of my happy night,
My mystic mother hovers above me,
Sprinkling from her gentle hands,
Cold water drops from her wet hands,
To wake me up from slumber and watch,
The divine orchestra filling out the world,
With perfumed voice all the time,
Drowning out the voices of all others,
And see on the horizon filled with light,
Singing birds as lovely as birds of heaven,
I can see myself overwhelmed with bliss,
In a state of transcendence, I feel that I am dying,
And, through the medium of mystical experience,
I want to be reborn, wearing my dream like a jewelled crown,
In some better world where beauty flourishes,
My heart is radiating a strange and mysterious shaft of light,
Whose brilliance will only be increased,
As the grim times of my worldly life pass by,
This will be the glorious culmination of my dream,
My heart leaps within me to be in the blessed garden,
Full with amorous and colourful flowers
And asks me to rise up and reveal its existence to all,
Wandering in this fleeting and flimsy world

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Smiling Martyr

O sweet smiles, O eyes with pleasure filled,
O coffin stocked with amorous flowers,
Seeing your radiant face my anger stills!
O brave heart, O victim of cruelty,
You are stretched in such a straitened fashion,
Calm, quiet, at ease, and in peace!
Though your people are shedding tears and scream,
With throbbing hearts and tormented soul,
Their eyes weep with enormous pain,
From your eyes gleam rays of hope,
That our shackles at last will break indeed,
And pleasure in immense measure we will achieve.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Woeful Repression

Are not in our gardens crimson flowers,
Like the cheeks of our martyrs?
Is not in the sound of the summer breeze,
Passing over the fountains, brooks, lakes, and meadows,
The mourning shrieks of parents, brothers, sisters, and children?
When shall the morning chirping of birds make the sweetest harmony!
Melodious singing! that inflames, and pleases me,
May their song be never more interrupted by snipers' pelleting

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Ruined Civilisation

These ruins are an old civilisation,
I can feel it, though in remote past,
In the broken-down minarets and the smashed monuments,
The natives of this ruined land who live here,
Have been passing through turbulent hours,
Each day since their great civilisation was trampled upon,
By the zealot expansionists and colonists,
Though they still have their own rooms in these ruins,
They seem to be constantly living there under threat,
They have been striving for securing their ruins,
They couldn't allow colonists to raise colonies on their ruins,
Now they've come out into open for resisting to their ruiners,
And reclaim all their space to rebuild their ruins

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Islamphobia

The blood of Muslims has produced a sea,
Islamphobists in all the continents have come together,
To oppress and suppress them,
Let us each one for Muslims think,
From each drop shall sprout ten true Muslims,
They will multiply as brightful flowers,
That shall fill the world with fragrance,
Let us each one for Muslims think,
Truth, there is no god but Allah,
Let us call upon His name for help,
And say, Allah! Allah!
We serve you and we seek your help,
To spread the message of peace, love, and spirituality,
Let us each one for Muslims think,
Truth.... The Muslims' wing is broken now,
His body full of wounds, His soul torched,
His blood being shed down in streams to flow,
Let us each one for Muslims weep and think

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Imam And Muqtadi

In truth, I see my Imam in my prayer,
With all the believers behind him;
Wherever I turn to,
I see him leading the prayer,
And my ears hear his voice
in my prayer,
My eyes see his light
In my prayer,
My heart witnesses him
leading all the Imams,
It is no wonder,
I offer my prayer behind my Imam,
Since he has settled in my heart,
As a burning lamp in the niche,
Effulging light in all six direction,
Behind him I prayed my prayers,
At Abraham's Station,
And I witnessed an amazing thing,
I saw my Imam praying to himself,
With all of humanity behind him,
I saw myself bowing to myself,
In every prostration,
In every genuflection,
How long must I brother to veil?
I have rent it asunder,
I found myself like a man
Before the mirror,
Looking at his own image,
I am myself the Imam leading the prayer,
I am myself the Muqtadi praying behind the Imam.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

There Liveth Only You Within Me

With every beat of my palpitating heart,
I dream to seek you inside and outside of me,
The moment I feel you, I begin to think,
There is no distance between you and me,
A fantastic dream! An amazing reality!
Are dreams real, or is reality a dream?
It might come true one day, but let it never end,

You are close to me, not even a heartbeat away,
Words are not enough to describe this proximity,
Even so, I am beyond seventy thousand curtains,
While you are all-hearing, all-seeing, so close to me,
I beseech you to never ever give up me,

Love is the master key of the heart,
That opens the way to mysteries hidden,
As I watch through darkness in the silent depths of my heart,
Sweet melodies resonate through my heart,
With every strum of my Sitar, one voice is heard,
"I love you, there liveth only you within me."

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Ayaz The Humble Slave

I am never cutoff from thee,
I am never cutoff from thy sight,
To love you is my faith and fervent belief,
To remember you is my sincere devotion,
I am always like spring in my love to thee,
I'll never become like the Autumn in my love,
The tree of my love shall never wither its leaves,
My beloved is like an all time rose,
That blooms in all seasons,
I am a petal of that rose, I too will never wither away,
My beloved himself visits the garden as a nightingale,
And sings songs of separation and unity in love's garden,
All the birds in the love's garden say,
Do not part the nightingale from the garden,
We borrow our voices of ecstasy from him,
I am Ayaz, the humble slave, who says:
Do not part me from Mahmud
Even if I can't stand to his awful gaze,

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Mystic Perfume

Holy Word of Allah,
Mysterious essence of man,
It reminds me how did I become,
A wanderer! on this strange land,
Hold the word in the cup of your eyes,
You will learn to walk between the lights and sounds,
You will learn melodies that give final shape,
To your longing to go there where you belong,
Give ear to the word, it will speak to you,
Giving off mystic perfume and carry your soul,
Beyond time and space to your original home

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Wild Longing

I am not alone in my loneliness,
Because your thought walks with me,
I walk around through the labyrinths of my heart,
Looking for you, though with no image in my head,
Yearning for you in the blazing fires of my heart,
I burn like a frightened deer in a wild fire,
The raging flames overtake me,
And roast my heart like a barbecue kabaab,
Looking for you, tears get dry on my cheeks,
A melancholic whistle echoes in my heart's ear,
My cold sighs span over my whole time,
I inhale and exhale your name breath by breath,
Your name sounds and resounds on all my sides,
It appears to me you are walking along me,
A wild longing goes into my blood to follow you,
Step by step on your path, drinking your melodious voice sip by sip

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Want To Be With You

I couldn't comprehend how I came out of nowhere,
Don't ask me why I came nigh to the forbidden tree,
There is no point in asking that question,
I just wanted to live freely and fearlessly,
In your garden in your gracious presence,
I couldn't help myself,
And I was thrown out of the garden,
I see now, it was you who willed,
I should be looking for you all my life,
Is there anyone who can stand between you and me,
When with love I am knocking at your door,
It is hard to live alone, but it is even harder to wait,
I suffered enough, let me come to you and stay with you,
I want to be with you, constantly remembering you,
Being negligent I didn't comprehend the meaning of love,
I used to say, I could talk to you through words,
But words are vain when it's an affair of love,
My heart goes crazy whenever I remember you,
I want to be with you, constantly remembering you.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Let The Spring Come

Oh, let the spring come and let the winter go,
Icy sculptures shall melt down,
Dreams coiling on our burning souls,
Shall come true and become a reality,
Birds shall return to the sullen valley,
To sing close to our soul cheerful notes,
Flowers - souls of martyrs - shall blossom,
Both in our garden and within our breasts,
The hands of axemen shall perish,
Who have axed our tall cypresses and mighty chinars,
Shrieks of children filled with tears and sighs,
Shall slow down, and vanish for ever,
We will find peace of mind and liberty from tyranny,
In the high hills, moors and meadows of our valley,
The glamour of our darkened cities and crumbled ruins,
Shall be reinstated again,
The lofty peaks and hills shall raise their heads again,
From the dark mists wrapping them,
No more shall our children shriek and moan,
O My ruined paradise, behold thy brave children,
Are struggling to regain you from the monsters,
Chasing them out of their paradise - their home by birth

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Cat In Attic

There's a cat sneaked in the attic,
The night is dark and full of terror,
I can see pigeons flickerin' flutter,
And I know what it's about,
The cat is running after their life,
I can see through my inner eye,
There is a bold child inside...
Chasing out the cat to save the little pigeons
Cooing to his delight Allah hu, Allah hu

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



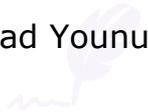
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Allah Hu

The word of Allah fills my longing heart,
With love, peace, and tranquility,
It is a delightful, and a gentle voice,
Who can deny such a pleasant thing!
It is all that I need to live!
Listening constantly to this melodious word,
I know not weary hours as worldly music lovers do,
When in my heart this sounding word echoes,
All the cheerful sounds of the singing birds come to halt,
In this stillness, I hear a speech that is about,
All is He, there exists no deity but He,
Let me chant as I hear: Allah Hu, Hu, Hu
Recollect what Allah says in his last declaration,
Remember Me, I will remember you,
Be grateful to Me and never deny me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Arise From The Depths

The nightingales witnessing the withered flowers,
Sing the heart wrenching sad songs,
The shepherd's in green pastures and meadows,
Hear the ghastly ghostly voices,
The sun kisses with burning flames the budding seeds,
The twinkling stars hide behind the plumes of dark clouds;
Still some mystical voice instills courage,
Into the broken hearts of nightingales,
In times of storms, troubles and carnage;
Invaders, from time to time, drank as a dracula your hearts' blood,
Arise from the depths, thou art an oppressed and forgotten race,
Come thou forth, reclaim thy position,
Of honour and fame among the family of nations

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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A Valley

A valley -

Inside dead like ice

Its beautiful people chilled

By a cold wind soaked in human blood

A reflection of stars on the red waters?

I saw sobbing in the sunlight and the moonlight,
where blood springs seeped out from underground.

A valley—

Come and visit my valley, and hear its chaotic story,

Its meadows are burnt black,

Its colourful flowers removed

Long years ago, its sovereignty disappeared,

Nobody in the world wants to understand

her words:

“The land that we drenched with our blood is ours”

A valley -

As exhausted as I am?

Abandoned by the delightful spring,

And autumn fading away in the fog,

Without bearing any fruit

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Green Dome

Look at the Green Dome,
The angels are still there,
In the gardens of seven heavens,
On the longing gaze of the Prophet,
In his majestic grave at Yathrib,
In the lightful shelter of merciful God,
The mystic fragrance emitting there,
More virtuous than narcissus and rose,
Yet his Ummah on the dark sphere,
Is languishing in the abyss of tears,
Pulled away from the sunny Yathrib,
Behind hazy silence in a heartless way,
When this Ummah lost his glorious way,
Descendants of Cain fell upon their corpses,
Making the ancient tragedy of Crusades,
God is still waiting for them at that very point,
At that unbreakable Green Dome -
With the Quran in His hands to reinstall them,
As the best Ummah in the world

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Blinded Person

At his dawn of life still to break,
He was blinded,
The dusk settled over his vision,
He is now standing upon the darkest rostrum of his life,
The sun has stopped glaring at him,
He is now reeling under a fretful nightmare,
He is struck by the lightning thunder,
The pellets and shells have pulled out His eyes,
Depriving him of enjoying the glamour of his life,
His eyes won't now peep through window silts,
To watch the procession of protesters passing by,
But his heart isn't blinded, his dreams aren't dead as yet,
He was like me, he could hear, see, and speak,
He was like you, he had a dream for future,
He was a young person, his light was taken away,
For a crime that tyranny wrote for him

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Divine Tidings To A Covid Patient

I saw the Death, and she was standing besides my bed,
By quiet entrance in the COVID ward at SKIMS,
I saw the doors of heaven were set ajar,
And there, and there horis were singing reception songs,
Come into the eternal garden, come out of the prison,
You'll live here for ever in my presence,
You'll never see here the disgusting traces of your past,
In this garden of Eden, you'll never sight,
The infatuating eyes that delighted you on the earth,
My dear, look at the blissful light and listen the mellow tunes,
Live for ever here, nearest to me, without any curtain in between,
Farewell the somber world, where your life was never cheering,
I'm pleased with you that you constantly remembered me there,
Farewell, farewell at once:
The dazzling sun, and the azure skies,
The beloved hills, the roaring brooks, and the singing birds,
You, mourn not, the fleeting and flimsy world,
Here you'll live in peaceful shades of divinity, certain

Mykoul



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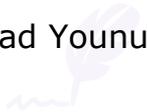
Mohammad Younus

Remembrance

Each moment I remember you without halt,
That moment is a happy meeting for me;
Continually your honoured messenger calls me,
So every moment I gain a new insight,
Into your secrets inscribed on the preserved tablet;
When your messenger opens your book for me,
The light upon light descends on me,
When you lift up the dividing curtain,
Feeling of separation is gone with the wind,
When I see you on both the sides of the curtain,
O ignorance, please end, let the awareness come!
As long as I abide in love, no sorrow can touch me,
As long as I live in love: You are my Lord and I am slave!
Each moment, when I remember you, and know your oneness,
Divine knowledge and wisdom fulfills me

Mykould

Mohammad Younus



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Melancholy Song

The wuthering winds sing melancholy songs,
The ghosts with ghastly voices have occupied,
The green pastures and meadows in my heart,
The hellfire roasts with burning flames,
The budding seeds of love in my heart,
The brightful twinkling stars hide,
Behind the plumes of dark clouds over my heart,
Still some mystical voice pours faith into my broken heart,
And in time of storms, troubles and unfulfilled desires,
My soul constantly strives to bud and bloom,
Hapless! invaders in my realm of heart,
Time and again drink enough of my heart's blood -as a dracula,
I must arise from the darkest depths,
I have forgotten my covenant with God,
I must come on to the love's path,
And reclaim my position of honour,
As God in pre-times said:
We have honoured the children of Adam

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Futility Of Words

Stillness in my solitude is a fount of light and music,
It makes my life filled with spiritual love and peace,
Companionship often leads me into the depths of somber world,
That often fills my heart with torment and torture,
I need long hours of silence to recover from the futility of words,
To get out of their insubstantial and unprofitable meanings

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Renaissance Of Wonder

I am waiting for my agony to end,
I am waiting for my joy to begin,
I am waiting for the renaissance of Islam,
For an end to Islamphobia and hatred,
For the establishment of a new world order,
For the Islamic Eagle to really spread its wings,
On the blue skies of the Islamic world,

I am waiting,
For the Age of Anxiety to drop dead,
For the final withering away of all governments,
That have brought the world to the brink of final disaster,
For the erasing of all hateful isms... fascism, nationalism, capitalism,
communism...
Without killing and genocide,

I am waiting,
For the harbinger of peace and order,
To sweep across the restive world,
For the Gifts of love and peace to be distributed evenly,
For a world of abundance and prosperity,
To feed the starving people reeling under poverty,

I am waiting,
For the Great Wall Of Divide to be crossed,
For the secret of eternal life to be discovered,
For the wutheringstorms of life to be over,
To set sail for happiness and salvation,
For the lost music to sound again in the Lost Wonderland,
For Allah to take me back to Adam's wonderland,
To retransmit to me the knowledge divine,
To fulfill my dream of innocence,

I am waiting,
For the day that ends war, strife, and conflict,
For a day of retribution and deterrence to wrongdoers,
For what America and its allies did,
To Japan, Vietnam, Afghanistan, Libya, and the Middle east...

I am waiting,
For the oppressed people of the world,
To take off and get on top of their zenith,
For the meek to be blessed and inherit the earth,
For some deliverer to come, and fight out the darkest powers,
Until the final victory is achieved,
Over the blood spillers and hatemongers,

I am waiting,
For a final disarmament conference,
For a new world order of peace and coexistence,
And of universal brotherhood, equity and equanimity,
For breathing in some fresh air of love and peace,
I am feeling suffocated with plumes of terrible fire

I am waiting,
For the forests and greeneries to sprout again,
For the youth with dumbed tongues to speak again,
For the scared children dumping their heads
Under mothers' breasts to play again,

I am waiting,
For the strains of collective torture to shake my mind,
So that I get up to tap on the screen of my phone,
To write the great indelible poem of resistance and protest,

I am waiting,
For the fleeing gunners laying down their arms,
For people embracing each other in intense rapture,

I am waiting,
Perpetually and forever for a renaissance of wonder.

Mykoul

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Mohammad Younus

Daily Holi

Daily Holi of holy blood!
Through drains blood flows!
Boiled blood on the ground!
I would not say I will submit,
To tyrannical and cruel rule,
I curse just all blood splitters,
I breath in bloody suffocation,
But I am not sad, I won't regret,
Let me look at my free skies,
With blood clouds canopying over,
I would not say I will submit,
I would not betray my conscience,
My last wish and last revenge!
It has one only name:
I am not a betrayer, I won't betetray,
I am strong in my resolve, I'll resist

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



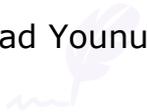
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The Black Eyed Boy

Hail! Hail! Veritable pain,
The black-eyed boy was killed today,
The summer evening is sultry and red,
An anonymous caller to his father quietly said:
Your son is dead, drenched in blood,
His corpse is lying by the old Chinar tree,
How! He had left home in the morn for work,
Whobrought him here, back from the work?
O hunter, he was so beautiful, he was so young,
In just one night his mother's hair turned white,
I'll go to the graveyard and wake my son up,
I'll open his shroud, and look into his black eyes,
While around the rustling willows and chinars say:
'Your son is no longer upon this earth...'
In some unknown grave, the Black-Eyed Boy!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mystic Beauty

See one changeless beauty in all the things,
See in the separate things, One beauty,
That is neither joined to them nor separate,
He who is under the influence of true love,
Only he can see that beauty,
He sees that his consciousness is a true ladder,
Along which he could mount upwards to see,
The essential beauty that is invisible to human eye,
Gazing at fair essence of forms, at last he finds,
That man is the epitome of mystic beauty

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Tune Of Soul

The deaf won't cheer when the harp is played,
The blind won't see when the lamp is lighted,
The mute won't recite the Holy Book,
A single nod to the wise is enough,
To be a whirling dervish who dances,
To the perpetually echoing tune of soul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Inner Consciousness

You have not to go to any far off realm,
That people think impenetrable to be,
That realm is in fact within your heart,
That is the kingdom of heaven known to be,
There gushes out the fountain of love,
There the eternal harp plays all the time,
There the eternal lamp perpetually burns,
With love moths going round the light,
There lies the holy men's cathedral,
Where sages meditate and contemplate,
To obtain spiritual consciousness, and knowledge,
There they are bestowed with two priceless diamonds -
Self awareness and enlightenment,
There one may bind on the anklets -
Giving out the mystical jad sounds,
And dance the dance of inner consciousness,
Let us pray to enter that Kingdom of heaven,
With indifference to all else.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

If You Want To Know

If you want to know that you are whole,
First let you understand that you are not broken away,
If you want to know how you are full,
Let you know that you are never empty,
If you want to know that you will ever live,
Let yourself die before death and see you are not a body,
If you want to know unity in diversity,
Let you know that essence of all things is one,
If you want to know peace, harmony, and liberty,
Let you give up hate, fear, and avarice

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Listen Quran

Embroidered with golden thread,
On the Shawl of the firmament,
The eyes read surahs from the Quran,
And the soul listens to the recital attentively

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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World War

Live happily, live righteously,
Live in peace, live by peace,
Live for peace, long live peace,
Seek the whole world to be a town of peace,
Let none of the nations go to war,
Let all the nations keep peace at the zenith,
The Great World War looms large on the horizon

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Rose And Nightingale

The sweet song brought joy into the garden,
I am the rose, where are you, my nightingale?
Are you hiding behind the bushes in the groves?
Into the garden of roses, your voice brought joy,
O nightingale, for you I am loaded
with fragrance,
And you are loaded with melodious music for me,
Into the garden of roses, you brought a joy
Tell me, please, what attracts you to me?
My colour? My fragrance? Or me?
Tell me if you see in me your own beauty?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Drops Of The Ocean

I sought my beloved,
From the Imams of five schools,
I asked for the path that leads to you,
I asked of your attributes, your mark of identification,
From the Sufis of all the orders I met,
None could lead me on your way,
None could tell me how you are,
None could tell me where you are,
At last, I saw you through myself,
I found I don't have a separate identity
I owe my existence only to your spirit,
Of which you breathed into me,
I shudder to think if I'm identical to you,
You can never know this secret hidden,
Unless you lose yourself totally in Him,
Trudging along the path of love,
You will never dare say that,
You are not of Him, or
You won't go back to Him again,
The more I gaze at things around,
The more my eyes incline towards their essence,
What is the essence of things except you?
Every drop I see comes of the same ocean!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Stay Cool

I must stay cool and contented,
He has not left me here alone to suffer,
Here to weep and moan, Here to endure alone,
He also gives me joys and delights to cheer,
Soon He will relieve my burdened heart,
Can it be? Oh, can it be?
I don't believe, I won't believe,
That he has quite forgotten me.
He will free my heart from sorrow and pain,
Then come to me, never to part again.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Circular Flow

Down from the glaciers upon the hills,
Descend the waters cold and chill,
To water the arid and grassy plains,
And then to join the oceans again,
With a mission to fly up to skies,
To condense there into snow crystals,
To fall on highlands and hills again,
The water goes on running so,
On its predetermined circular flow

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Land Grabbers

The Hindeez have come in countless bands,
To seize and occupy our lands,
But our generation note the urgency,
They strive and fight to resist,
So bid their souls to rise up,
To protect and retain their land,
To drive out the land grabbers,
To release the last inch of their land

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Mother's Wall

My boy never came,
Though I waited till dusk,
When the last bird returned to its nest,
Still I watched for him all through the night,
Till the sky turned gray in the dawning,
And the morning star was shining bright,
I'm afraid, fear runs down my spine,
He might have been killed,
And dumped in some unknown grave.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Three Things

Three Things

Three things remind me of You,

The creation:

Which comes into being,

By your creative command,

Which is a witness to Your being;

The thought:

Which expands beyond time and space,

And is the thing on which man stands;

The music:

Which resonates in my heart,

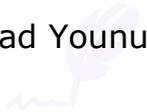
When I look within,

Which sounds of its own,

Your great name, Hu, Hu.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Divorce

Our honeymoon was a fake and a mistake,
I can never ever forget about this?
I won't beg for a renewed relationship,
I want to be released, released and released,
From the unmatched marriage between,
A wayward prince of desert and a well-bred princess of green plains,
I'll sing delightful songs on my freedom -
In public squares and on the stages,
I'll celebrate my divorce, I'll celebrate my freedom,
And you know I'll never forget your serfdom,
I am going to wreak revenge on you for your treason,
I must survive without your support and succour,
I'll never regret breaking away from you,
Now I feel myself much more stronger than before,
And I know that this power is true,
You must see that I'm going to fight on principles,
I am here to overcome you, and survive without you

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Resistance Poems

While you stand alert behind the bushes,
I'm writing a line of my poem of resistance,
While you're gone back-home, I finish my poem,
While you shoot from a weapon, I shoot from index finger,
Writing on the wall graffiti and poems,
About tyranny and oppression,
About killing and maming,
About blinding and disappearing,
One day my poems will appear in the print edition,
I'll continue writing more poems till then,
To bequeath to my future generation,
Poems about the fucking fascist politician,
Desiring to enter the galaxy of Hindu pantheon,
So sits in circles with the Hindutva radicals,
And never shuts up the mouths spitting venom,
Who create discord and disharmony,
Who spread hatred and animosity

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

I Don't Know

I can't teach you anything,
What can I teach?
We live only once,
We can't retrace our steps back,
If we get a second life,
Only then I could teach you,
What I learnt in this life,
I don't know,
When I was first created,
Was I only a soul,
Or soul and body both,
Where did the soul come from
I don't know,
Why I was forbidden,
To come near to that tree,
Why did not God forgive me,
If it was my first sin,
Why was I rather thrown out,
Along with my mate,
I don't know,
If it was a punishment or a reward,
Or it happened as per God's pre plan,
I don't know,
What is a superstition,
And what is a sound belief,
I don't know,
If a person chooses his destiny,
Or if he writes his own destiny,
I don't know,
Where a man before resurrection will be,
Or he'll be reincarnated into another body.
I don't know,
If I'm the other or the other is I,
I don't know,
If it is I who move in time,
Or if it is time which moves in me,
Only a person of knowledge and wisdom -
Khidar -can bring me out,
From delusion to awareness;

From ignorance to knowledge true;
And from confusion to fusion with reality

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Prayer For Peace

When I look around myself, I find:

Much sorrow and sadness:

Pain and disease;

Hunger and poverty;

Killing and lynching;

Tyranny and cruelty;

Hatred and discrimination;

Oppression and suppression;

Occupation and subjugation;

Exploitation and expropriation;

People pushed to live in ghettos,

Where they live a miserable life,

Live with leftover things, and survive;

God, I pray you to inspire your people,

To live in peace and co-existence,

With fellow human beings,

And in harmony with mother nature;

God, let me be contented, minus avarice,

God, show me thy way, and help me know,

That which is with me; that which is in me -

My essence, hu, hu, hu.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

In Search Of Peace

Gazing at what is invisible to my gross eyes,
Through the nights and days with my soul's eyes,
I am searching for him in me and out of me,
I know he dwells in my heart as my essence,
He is my wisdom, my knowledge and my awareness,
I am searching for him in me, and out of me,
I pass through the darkness to light,
A cool and freshening breeze blows in the meadow of my heart,
Soon the almond tree, the musk willow, and narcissus will flower,
Very soon the singing birds and damsels will sing and dance,
In mountains and valleys, and by the brooks,
Please wait a while!
I am not disappointed, bells will ring soon,
The heavy curtain on paradise will rise,
The blazing hell that consumes me will cool down,
I will attain peace, love, and solace,
Pain and pangs of separation will flutter away,
Like the harsh winter days,
I won't have to sift through the snow storms again

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Is Blessing

Eh, I want to speak of love, and listen to my love,
But love is mute, how can love have words!
Love like fragrance is just a soft touch,
Like the touch of musical waves clashing on the soul,
Love gives a surprising relief to the wrenched heart,
When it sweetens the unreleased brackish tears in my heart,
When love clears me of all shit of duality and the otherness,
I can breathe deeply, and enjoy hearing the sweet divine music,
I can live in love, with a surprising relief,
As surely love is the only amazing thing,
That upgrades the quality of life,
And brings the lover close to the essential truth

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Lost Heritage And Identity

Lost Heritage And Identity

Inside the womb,
I learnt from my mother,
The language of her heart -
For 9 months without a break;
I came out to the world,
With her language, emotions,
Values, beliefs and thoughts -
The free gifts of my mother;
In my father's back,
I inherited my identity and nationality,
There I entered into a covenant,
That I neglected, and remember not,
Alongwith my mother language,
My identity and nationality -
Forgotten and discarded by me -
As did the lost tribe of Israel,
Like nomadic people living in,
Peripheries of a forgotten land

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Supplication Of An Old Man

One day my feet shall fail me,
To trudge along the road,
My all powers gifted by God,
Shall leave me to beg, and depend,
On others for support and succour,
My aging, aching body, shall stop me,
To belch out the words of wisdom and gnosis,
Creator, I solemnly beseech you,
Not to take away your blessings,
From me to put me to shame and humiliation,
Creator, you will never forsake and abandon me,
I fervently hope and believe.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Straight Way

My friend with flute in his tulip-lips,
Walks before me, under the cover of darkness,
To guide me to his eternal home,
I follow behind the sound of his flute,
As I reach near the precincts of his home,
I understand, the road that was narrow and crooked,
Has now widened and become straight,
It's that wide and straight road that I am now trudging on,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Slowly And Slowly I Found Him

At first I just loved Him alone,
Then prayed in isolation,
Meditated on Him in silence,
As if He stood before me,
Slowly and slowly, I found,
I am literally His facsimile!
Does He not say?
I've created Man in my image

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Asceticism

The worldly joys and pleasures are as if,
Flickering and flashing lights of lightning,
Coming across your vision that blind you with darkness;
Each time they fall upon your eyes,
You are left in darkness no sooner than they go,
So we should not hanker after the fleeting joys of the world,
We must hold on instead to perfect asceticism,
Clearly and coolly we must break away, From the snaring charms of the world,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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My True Essence

My True Essence

Who am I?

Ignorant of my true essence!

Ignorant of your true being!

How can I sing your holy hymns?

How can I deserve your wordless song?

Why do these insolent eyes yearn for your glimpse?

It's your holy light that makes me see,

Your being shining in your all creation,

Would anyone think to abuse me,

For claiming I am lost in you;

For claiming I am of you;

For claiming I am not your other?

As I've returned to you: returned to my essence!

But, I am your humble servant here on the earth!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Tell Me Tyrant

You tyrant and merciless state,
You only love your power and hegemony,
But is there any tyranny more terrible than this?
Our killing, maiming, and blinding!
Depriving us of all our rights -
As if we are not humans!
And snatching our ancestral land,
What happened to Hussein in Karbala,
And to his pure household?
Did he succumb to the tyrant?
Tell me, tyrant:
What exactly do you think?
Lo! We are the children of Hussein

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Thinking About What?

You're eyes are pale, like moon,
Do you not sleep at night?
Do you keep your eyes fixed on the moonlight?
All the time your head is drooped,
Can it be that you're thinking of the flimsy world?
Can it be you're thinking about the unrealised dreams?
Can it be you're thinking about fleeting time?
Can it be you're gazing on the holy light?
Can it be you are listening the mystic sound?
You may not tell me the reason,
But, I am sure you're thinking about the secret hidden -
About your beloved living in you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

God Is With Me

I am walking through a snow valley,
Going to my home on the mountain peak,
Carrying a heavy load on my back,
With no stick in my hands,
Having no shoes in my feet,
No one walks ahead of me,
No one follows me from behind,
No fresh footprints on the way,
Could it mean that I am alone?
But, wherever I am, He is with me,
So I must get on trudging through the snow,
To get to my home on the mountain peak

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Talking About What

Your eyes are pale, like moon,
Do you not sleep at night?
Do you keep your eyes fixed on the moonlight?
All the time your head is drooped,
Can it be that you're thinking of the flimsy world?
Can it be you're thinking about the unrealised dreams?
Can it be you're thinking about fleeting time?
Can it be you're gazing on the holy light?
Can it be you are listening the mystic sound?
You may not tell me the reason,
But, I am sure you're thinking about the secret hidden -
About your beloved living in you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Sunrise Is Certain

The sun always follows the Dawn,
The dawn breaks when the night is gone,
This gives hope to a true lover,
Searching through the dark night
The beautiful damsel of his love!
This motivates the holy men, and pious Sages,
Who glorify day and night the glorious Sun
That shines all the time where actually,
There alternate not day and night,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Ya Allah! Hear Us

Hear us, ya Allah, this day! Hear us,
With high hopes we pray!
The Sun has stopped lighting up our days,
Illuminator! shine with joyful rays our days,
Drive the darkness far away—
Bring us out of darkness to light,
Bring us blessings every day!
Free us from all tyrants and enemies!
Grant us peace, freedom, and security,
All-hearing! all-hearing! Hear, hear us,
You have the power over all the things!
Listen, listen to our prayer.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Ghost City

Long time back, I had flied out of Kashmir,
When I flew back, I looked for my nest,
I spread my wings in the clouded sky,
Oe'r my city wearing a black chador,
Abandoned by native people,
A ghost city!
Taunting me for having flied out,
Inhabited by ghosts of war and conflict,
I found a tree and perched on its boughs,
I shrieked with pain to see the ruined city,
Every bird knows its own nest,
I, too, know my nest, that lies there,
But the night is too black and too still,
That I fear to enter it as my soul is lonely,
The dogs and jackals are howling,
At the native people ferociously -Passing through the ruined city

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Creative Voice

To the creative voice of my Beloved;
To his command of 'Be;
That created and shaped me,
And filled me with burning desire,
I am fixing ears and eyes of my heart,
To hear His speech again on the earth,
As I did ere in the paradise lost,
So all praises be to Him -I awaited, and received,
The divine mystic word - In my heart -
Sounding and resounding without halt,
I wish my eyes once more go to perceive,
The most perfect truth -about Man and God:
The holy light of the skies and the earth!
The light upon light: the hidden secret!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Blind Watchers

In one neglected flower garden,
Murdering young tulips and roses,
Is the most fantastic thing,
Being watched by the blind watchers,
Sadists! From the balcony of the UN office

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

How Much I Suffer

Only my sighs show
How much I suffer.
Alone and set apart
From every pleasure,
I see the sun in the sky
Whose light all embraces.
But my land is so distant.
It is engulfed by darkness
My heart bursts and burns
To see such dismal situation
Only my sighs show
How much I suffer.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Our Colonization

Since the apocalyptic day we were subjugated,
By Akbar -the Mughal King - the promise-breaker,
We have never ever eaten our bread without tear,
Under serfdom and Beygar system, we have slept never,
On our beds - even on a wedding day -without fear and terror,
We are a wretched people oppressed and suppressed,
Inhumanly by dastardly powers who rule us,
Who shower without respite the red rain of pain on us,
Who -when we resist -kill, maim, and blind us,
How sorrowful and pathetic our history of colonization!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Love! Love!

Love, Love, what can it mean?
What could comfort me so?
Other than my Love!
What a marvellous secret, it is!
I, I very much know,
But, everything I loved is undone,
Everything that delighted me is lost,
All my work and peace is gone -
How could this overtake me!
I am caught by charming Yawan Mâts,
By that lustful She-Devil!
By those eyes so evil and false!
By that enchanting pross!
When I try to run away,
Collect myself and flee,
In a moment she stands in my way,
Back to her she lures me,
By some magic rope,
That lusty wanton lady, oh!
She holds me fast: and I,
Must come out of her magic spell,
And live where she can't reach,
The great refuge of God!
Love! Love! Let me go there!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

We Love Each Other

O Darling, O Darling,
How I love you!
How you love me too!
How your eyes shine!
How my eyes too!
So the cuckoos love,
He sings on a high bough,
She coos from ground low-
Or from foliage of a far tree,
And singing birds at dawn,
In the scented blue sky,
Resonate the atmosphere -
with sweet symphony -
They too love each other,
With veins on fire,
They call upon each other,
Someone who tries to part us,
Can't snatch our joy and passion;
Peace, love, and freedom,
Be happy forever; We love each other!
We are made for each other!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Resist And Live

He who has a reason to live can bear almost any calamity;
To live is to suffer, to suffer is to find reason to live;
One who suffers but doesn't resist,
Kills himself before his death;
He considers even the weakest enemy stronger than himself;
There are no facts, only lies and fictions -
If you fail to interpret the relationship between suffering and life;
Without resisting the demon of suffering,
Life would be quite a terrible mistake.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Golden Dreams

Resistance draws in fresh sustenance,
From new blood shed by the unbridled freedom lovers,
How gracious and generous they are!
Brooks and pools hold their blood to their bosom!
The blood waves sway our boat of resistance,
To the rhythm of freedom songs,
The mountains glowing in nebulous dreams of freedom,
Invite us eagerly, to climb up to the highest summits,
Eye of mine, why are you downcast and paled?
Golden dreams, will surely get fulfilled one day,
Our dreams, golden though you are!
Come true, come true soon; here we are since long waiting,
Countless hovering stars twinkle on our blood waves,
The thick blood vapours drink the horizon around us,
But, I believe the morning breeze shall flutter,
Over our shaded and faded valley of roses,
And our lakes and brooks shall reflect the ripening fruit,
Of our young seeds that we sow each day.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Thinking Of Peace And Freedom

I think of peace and freedom,
When I do not notice shimmer on the faces of children,
Gleaming forth from their distressful souls,
I think of peace and freedom,
When the sun's rays passing through mist and haze,
Fail to throw glimmer of light on our meadows and moors at dawn,
I think of peace and freedom,
When the migratory birds from far off lands,
Come to my pristine water bodies and green valleys,
For food and breeding, and enjoying life in peace and freedom -
All the while composing melodious symphonies -
to express their heartfelt joy,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Wuthering Day

How awfully Nature
Darkens round me!
How the sun's murky and dull!
How the fields gloom!
Blossoms shying to bloom,
From every bird,
Thousands of shrieks,
From bushes beneath,
And despair and misery
From every eye,
Earth blazing,
Sun dimming,
No Delight, only despair,
No Love, only hate!
No peace, only war!
So melancholic and dismal fair,
Sky veiled by dark clouds!
Hail storm, lightning, and thunder!
On the hills, and in the plains,
No splendour blesses,
The fields so faded!
The whole wide world,
Wrapped in mist and haze!
It is a wuthering day,
On my people today

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Leaping Fountain

Oh, I feel some inner voice!
Echoing through my heart,
That flows from my soul,
My heart opens and blooms -
Like a sap-filled flower,
Swarms of bees buzz around,
I only shudder, I only stutter,
Still I can't stop at any cost,
enjoying their song and dance,
I constantly think how all these years:
My intimacy with bees sound -
Growing and growing in volume;
Where once a barren heart existed,
Now streams of honey flow there,
The bells of heaven jingle there,
The holy light of heaven effulges there,
The fountain of elixir leaps there,
A thousand springs flow out of there -
Knowledge, wisdom, love, peace, harmony.....

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

To Be With My Beloved Ever

To Be With My Beloved

Now I must leave this disquiet and noisy hut,
And go in the open where my beloved walks -
With unfolded locks and with veiled steps -
Wading through the mellow musical currents,
The moon shines through the darkness,
Leading me to the dawn of day,
Soft gentle morning breeze carries her fragrance
On it's wings to proclaim to me the path,
Leading to her quiet home,
And the willow trees are bowing low,
The Chinar branches are swaying,
Spraying incense on my path,
How freshening the fragrance of this cooling night!
How the soul fills with delightful music!
In this true place of peace and harmony!
I can scarcely grasp the ecstasy I get!
Yet, I would shun a thousand nights like this,
If my darling granted my prayer to be with her ever

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Peaceful Resistance

Kashmiris are facing an exponential threat,
Their country has been subdivided and fragmented,
Demographic changes for settling non Kashmiris on their soil are on way,
Their existence and their identity -as a separate people - are under real threat,
They are caught up between the devil and the deep sea,
They are caught up in a clash between three contenders -
The enemy 1 has sinister designs about their colonisation,
Stiff but peaceful resistance-not cosmetic - is the only way out,
If you desire to come out of the vicious circle of subjugation,
Rise and stand on your legs and believe in your own strength,
You have the acumen to overcome all the travesties,
By your indomitable and unflinching will,
Long live the people's resistance to tyranny and tormentation

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Leila And Majnun

As enemies they pulled away from each other,
But neither would admit to the other,
That they loved each other,
As lovers, they longed each other,
And almost died for each other,
In the end they parted from each other,
And were married to unknown persons,
Only in dreams they saw each other,
That repeated each night of their life,
But they were busy with other when it was the day,
It was long ago they had died in love,
But they scarcely knew it, that they loved each other,
Only when they were dead

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Follow Social Distancing

Send me a rose, but from a garden,
That grows at least one half kilometre away,
From my place of quarantine,
You must go back without a hug or handshake,
So that we both stay healthy and safe,
I thank you for your gift of the pretty rose

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Come Back Spring

It's the hot summer day;
Tanning our skin and burning our cheeks;
It's the chilly cold winter day;
Freezing our heart, molding us into ice blocs;
You beloved mine!
Winter is on the heels;
The spring is coming back;
The coolly glittering sun readying;
To shine on your pale cheeks;
Narcissi and tulips shall bloom again;
Fragrant breeze shall caress;
Your soul -filling it with immense delight;
The melodious sounds shall resonate;
And fill up your heart and soul;
With ecstatic symphony of the musical notes;
Of the singing birds, bees, and crickets.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Eternal Home

Man, you are originally from heaven,
Why then pain and melancholy in thy breast?
I am weary of contending with this wretched world,
Every pain and every sorrow will vanish,
If we return to our original home -
The home of peace where all the time descends,
Blissful light and freshening music on lovers' soul,
Come ah, mount on the celestial winged horse,
To go back to your eternal home

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Fiercest Resistance

All that withers in autumn -and dies in winter,
Comes to life again when spring unfolds,
Not all those who get slain are lost,
Not all forests that are set ablaze go extinct,
The Chinar that is mighty does not fall,
Deep roots are never touched by the frost,
From the ashes a blazing fire shall appear,
A light from the pall of darkness shall spring,
The fiercest resistance shall be born,
That was broken by the ruthless persecution

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mourning Spring

The Autumn is spreading out it's pall o'er my pyre,
I am the wretched and divine -the dying spring,
I want to be in the meadows and moors,
Pulling the sun into the green fields.....,
Who will see my lush green grass and flowers?
What lovely children have been killed!
What lovely eyes have been pulled out!
The red sun above stands a living witness -
To the killing of the countless fantasies,
of our nursery of roses -through blinding their eyes,
Darkness fills their heart and mist covers their eyes,
Like thick black clouds hovering over our heads,
All their feelings about peace and freedom,
Have been roasted in the oven of tyranny,
What could sweep away their darkness, and give them their light back?
Peace and freedom alone! When their people attain

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Newssettlers

I climb to the summit of Koh-e-Maran,
And look down on the city of Srinagar,
How still and lifeless city it looks!
Houses, and houseboats are haunted,
Blood and smoke shooting up to the sky,
I do not see the young-native people -
walking on the roads,
I only see Biharis and Hindiz -settlers -
Walking like victorious army in pride,
Purportedly to be new settlers from outside,
Coming in through tunnel or by air -
to occupy my land

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



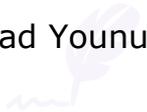
PoemHunter.com

Cordless Harp

Of cord and wood is the musician's harp made:
Within it lie heavenly resonating melodies,
Heavenly melodies—soft and sweet!
But, not appealing to mystics' taste of heart,
When the harper drops the hammer, striker, or bow,
The musical notes stop filling our ears -
With heavenly tones of peace, harmony, and eternity,
But the sound that comes from the cordless harp,
Never fades, falters, or stops,
A mystic loves to hear its heavenly tones -
Day and night, without any break,
He doesn't neglect to listen it with his heart and soul,
Because he himself is the all time sounding harp,
His sole love is listening to his own music
To live in peace, harmony, and symphony

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Cottage

Living in retreat beyond the hustling World,
Silently enjoying in isolation light and sound,
I hold fast to the music of my heartthrob,
And let my doors and windows remain open,
To receive the brightful light and the echoing sound,
My soul and heart are tuned to the Spring-season:
At the fall of the year too there is spring in my heart,
It reverberates with cosmic sound and illumines with cosmic light,
My cottage becomes a Universe of light and sound,
By the grace of God all year round

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Under Lock-Up

I am a prisoner in my own ancestral home,
My enemy has locked-up me from outside,
My mouth gaged, ears plugged, eyes blinded -
I am disallowed to speak, to hear and to see,
How long can I linger on to endure -
the shame of my captivity?
I want to be free for ever and ever,
I want an end to my persecution and occupation -
My hills and mountains are turned bare and bald,
On the forest lands, the thorny bushes are grown,
My fresh water lakes, streams and springs are polluted,
My winters are chilly but dry -without any snow,
There's rather lightning and thunder all over the winter,
My summers are without the brightful sun,
It rather amply rains and snows all round the summer,
Despite these vagaries in seasons, I won't leave my home,
When Heaven and Earth mingle, stars fall,
—Not till then will I part from my home

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Man's Nativity

Man is of heavenly essence as a matter of fact,
After his nativity in the paradise above,
He was cast upon the earth below,
His earthen body is but a pall over his soul,
That lord blew of his pure spirit into him,
When he first fashioned him into a man,
Thus man's soul has got the purest origin,
Why call this base, and call that pure?
The same sun shines in the dewdrop as is in the sky —
Note, how mystically in him the earth and the empyrean meet.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Home Of Peace

The eternal home of peace awaits me,
As a lion behind the bushes waits in ambush,
One day I must get to that peaceful home,
Wherein tyranny, oppression and occupation,
I can at no time go through again!
I don't want to linger here on and on -
In this thorny home of pain and no gain,
The breeze will soon blow cool o'er me,
The bright sun shall surely shine o'er me,
Houris shall sing the Roud in chorus to greet me,
Nothing will go with me, but my love and poetry,
So that I may remind my soul my love and pain,
Can I stay back for some years more?
The fleeting life mocks at me.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Ertugrul

A fearless leader - like Ertugrul -
Amongst my people is rare;
And if one existed, what then?
The mightiest -the most resilient,
Leader of my people is half dead,
Upon the deathbed sleeping and snoring

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Echo Of Houris

I rise up when the cock gives his first crow,
And fly up to the heaven where the bells go,
A soft gentle breeze whispersto me in the Eden;
"Stay here blessed -the night gave way to dawn,
And in this pure sweet solitude you must remain";,
Stretching my limbs out to await the brightful sun,
No sound currents pass by my soul's ear,
Save the soft echo of the houris dear

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Spring Is Dead

No shadows of flocks of swallows -birds of love, loyalty and peace,
No shadows of musk-willow catkins, drooping in water,
The weary fisherman from his canoe,
Looks up with sad eyes to find,
Love birds have migrated to some peaceful and free habitat,
Alas! the spring in Kashmir is long since dead!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Blood Hounds' Den

I'm standing upon the hair-breadth bridge,
And am staring at the violent stream below,
My glance well I cast across the stream -
the most I could do, where a ford isn't in sight,
Or I should step down from the over-bridge,
Like a timid and faint hearted person -
Who has his heart on the palm -
while attempting to cross over to the other side,
But I have to cross it -to get out of the blood hounds' den,
Or, I must lie in the military cantonement -walled by thick thorny bushes,
Where I'm denied peace and happiness,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Justice Failed

In vain we fix hopes for fair and impartial justice,
With the corrupt judges in this world,
They sell their soul and conscience,
So stand before the tyrant ruler like faithful devotees,
With foalded hands and drooped head,
As if standing before a supreme deity of justice,
And when the apex court chief fails to keep the balance true,
How can we trust the blindfolded lady of justice?
Standing in front of the court -holding balance and scroll in her hands

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Spiritual Master

They ask me why I take a spiritual master,
As a guide to lead me on the mystic way;
Why don't I walk all alone to beat my own way -
To reach the Great God -and know from Him directly,
I just exclaim, and tell them innocently -
'My God sits mute, but my master speaks to me'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Nightmare

My heart grows more and more heavy,
I am troubled by nightmarish visions,
I see martyrs, whose eyes stare at me,
From their coffins, peeping through their shrouds,
"Put aside your books and get up to bid us adieu",
They raise their heads and whisper me softly,
Then they leave me behind in the dreadful nightmare,
Of endless and overwhelming agonies

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Hermit's Den

Homeless I wander o'er the earth,
Allot me a home -a hermit's den -Dar-ul-salam -
On a plot in the peaceful and free land,
Before my funeral bath -before I breathe out,
My last suffocating breath in the choking world,
Seventy years have slipped away,
Since first I was condemned to this accursed land;
And now again, back through the ford,
I am taking my way to my lost home,
I shall get back to my home -I believe -again

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am The Hidden Secret

My whitening beard would make a long long broom,
Yet I could not fathom all the depth of my hidden secret,
Even so how it unfolds within the mirror of my eye,
When it appears as my own image, I do not know.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

People Sin On

The babe at birth gives a woeful shriek,
Lamenting the loss of his heavenly home,
Enchanted by the eternal musical notes,
The dying man rolls up his eyes too,
As cuckoo coos to attract her mate,
So heavenly sound calls us too,
Yet people sin on, because they think,
Great God in heaven is far away

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Detachment

They ask what my soul does detached from world,
My soul gives a gentle smile and softly tells them,
Like the dew drop carried away by the morning sun,
He mixes in me in a manner you are rather ignorant of
Know this mystical truth from me,
He is from me, I am from him

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Bereaved Mother

A bereaved mother draws the coffin aside,
And sadly sits with drooping head;
I see her burning tear-drops sliding down,
All but the two angles sitting on her sides know,
Why those flaming tears are shed in a flow

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Blinded Girl

The inhuman gunners blasted her eyes,
She lays on the ground blind and bleeding,
She can't see now the pride of her heart,
Infuriating cruelty! I could not bear -
To see the fallen houri lying on the ground,
I begged its light from the shining sun,
I begged from the brook to wash her wounds,
Nobody is allowed to stand by her -
Nobody can guard her through day and night,
Against the prowling wolves approaching her,
So this blinded girl would crouch and hide,
In the gloomy corner of her room -depressed and distressed,
Last eve the girl showed some signs of rage,
To wreak vengeance on savages who blinded her,
She tried to beat her cage, but it was all in vain,
She is blind -she cannot see!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Garden Of Eternity

Garden of Eternity

Oh, rather than swimming in the world's foul lake,
I would swim in the pristine ocean of my soul,
For he who swims in the world's foul waters,
Sinks in noisome depths with no hope to come to the surface,
But he who swims in the pristine ocean of soul,
May only make it to float to the garden of eternity

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Fly Off To Heaven

Torrential rain sweeps away thy green gardens,
Stormy wind extinguishes thy lamp of oil;
Oh why not fly to heaven afar,
And twinkle near the moon — or a star?
Where there is neither rain nor storm

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Frightened Mother

Long past midnight, a mother hears,
Outside her desolate and haunted home,
Violent knocking and banging on the door,
And rises from her bed to see -
Contingents of furious soldiers and police -
with guns and mortars on their shoulders,
Eh! What should I tell to these prowling wolves?
With what pretext should I send them away?
My son has not as yet come back to home,
Alas!there's the moon shining low in the sky,
They might notice my son coming to his home

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Virtual Hell

Kashmir was the 24-carat pretty diamond -in the crown of the world,
Whose beauty shone brighter than the brightest stars in the heaven,
She was adored as paradise on the earth,
Now she is turned into the ugliest and the dreadful hell -
For her inhabitants, doomed to suffer chastisement -
At the behest of the ferocious warden,
When her inhabitants yearn to claim her back,
With a desire to make her an abode of peace and love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



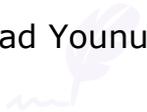
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I Fear

I feel so annoyed and pained,
By the rise of ultra- nationalism, racism and expansionism,
I fear that in a few years, Humans might, by and large, go extinct -
By missiles and nuclear bombs,
I fear that if humans do not wake up to meditate,
On peace and co-existence -
And drop the malicious plans to subjugate weaker people -
For their political and economic domination -
Snatching away their land for owning their natural resources,
For raising colonial settlements on occupied lands,
And for imposing their culture, language, and religion -
The earth will become a barren, lifeless place,
Nothing will be left of man in most parts of the world,
I fear Kashmir is the first victim as neo colonialists -
With sinister designs -are planning to grab their land and resources

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Keep Distance

Keep distance, sir, please!
Don't spoil my peace!
If you contact the mysterious disease,
That would very much grieve me,
Think what the world would say,
If we flout the SOP's,
Even from a distance -I assure you -
I'll continue loving you,
I cannot bear to think,
What that would be,
If I might lose you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Invocation For Peace

O summer hot breeze that swims in heaven above,
Bear on your wings our blood and our shrieks to uncaring God,
Alas! he watches all along our carnage, and our pain-
Our oppressors maliciously maiming, blinding, and killing our youth,
He doesn't heed our prayers to alleviate our pain and sufferings,
He leaves us here alone to bear the tyranny and persecution,
To bleed and bleed forever without any cease,
O I am getting unreasonably emotional,
Our lord has not left us — I am sure—
He does not like oppressors, he is the merciful God,
One day peace shall return to this devastated land

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Blushy Cheeks

Till? till? till -Before the sun sets,
Before the night falls, before the day closes,
Plough the farm, harrow the clods,
The red seeds sown in it will inshaallah,
One day blossom into red roses and tulips,
And the new generation shall sit?
-without fear -on the green turf

From the blushy cheeks of roses and tulips,
They will come to know of the bloody history -
Of their garden smeared with blood of young and old,
Who resisted with resilience, and laid their lives,
For insuring their posterior generations,
Against all seen and unseen risks

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Forgive Me

Dear Land of great water resources, minerals, and forest wealth,
Forgive me!

That I couldn't stop the looters and invaders,
From plundering thy precious wealth,
Wealth that to alien people can never belong,
The gems studded on thy beautiful face,
I couldn't hide beyond the pry of vulgar eyes,
I couldn't say:

“Don't come in, get away from my native land;
Don't cut down my deodar and conifer trees;
Don't steal my hydro electricity;
Don't cross my wall by abrogating 370;
Don't change my demography”
I cannot bear to think what my silence,
In the long run, would mean for my posterity,
I remorse in silence and repine
That such a wretched condition is mine

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Tormented Valley

I hear the mourning mothers in the darkened valley,
I see the crimson red brooks flowing -raising a furore,
In the villages and towns they pass through,
On their sullen and sulky banks,
The fallen red-chinar leaves rustle by the harsh wind,
The moon and the sun giving out a pale shine,
This tormented valley is my native land,
I still recall my old peaceful days
Consistently tears trace two lines down my face,
Would that they reach the ocean and rise in a high tide,
On a full moon night to the onlooking God,
So that He might take a pity on this wretched land

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Restive Hearts

Restive hearts, stubbornly standing still,
Refusing to move backwards or bend downwards,
All night, all day singing fiery songs of revolution -
Passionately blowing in and blowing out -the flaming breath,
Among the weeping and wailing trees!
Burning to ashes like forests on wildfire,
Thorny poisonous weeds overriding ivy and green trees,
Young hearts dousing the flames with their blood,
And rooting out the thorny bushes,
To live a purely peaceful and free life,
In their ancient garden -
Once crown of all green gardens in the world.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

They Are On Fire

When night falls, in this wretched land,
The streets of the city shroud in grief,
You can see people —
slumped in silence -staring at the stars,
And you think they are annoyed with God,
But you're totally wrong —
They're brooding about -
Past, present, and future,
Down the spiral staircase of imagination,
They glance into the deep distant past -
The past with its horrifying memories -
Files deeply stored in the archives inside,
Woeful accounts of tyrants and oppressors -
Mughals, Pathans, Sikhs, and Dogras -
But, Hindeez have beaten the record!
When night sleeps and day wakes,
Gory, gruesome horror scenes ebb back,
It is an oven at noon, the greatest pit of fire!
And yet, the young generation are not low-spirited,
They are on fire!

On the streets of the distressed city,
when army construct barriers of concertina,
Their eyes flame with resentment,
They roar inside with dark sound -seething in silence,
Looking up to God of the future -for intervention,
They are locked-up voices in a locked-up land,
Darker than twilight and prisoner's cell,
But, their faces are furiously red -like the glowing sun,
Look, there they are all rage -with heads holding high,
And you think they are calm and cold,
But you're totally wrong,
Truth is, they're on fire!

No matter how savagely the ruler treats them,
They refuse to be ruled by fear and terror,
They dream Kashmir to be a free Kashmir —
That never has been free-for the last four centuries,
But yet, they dream it to be free -for all times to come -
An abode of peace and harmony for every Kashmiri

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Talking To A Martyr (In My Dream)

I see an exuberant smile on your lips,
I see a thrilling excitement on your face,
When I see you in the open coffin,
I feel,
You're going to your eternal home,
You seem to have drifted away to another world,
Far away from my time and space,
Yet still mine -I feel you to be ever with me,
My sadness! my melancholy! my sorrows!
They are not as much real and true,
As are your spiritual smile and excitement,
I know you won't be coming back,
But still I feel,
I must ask you to stay with me in my dreams,
So that through the long nights of separation,
I might remember your smile and excitement all the way,
I am hopeful, in future you shall certainly bloom,
In my garden as a red tulip,
Reminding me:
How you offered your life to Smiling God,
To make my mornings brighter, days cool, and nights calm,
I love you, why do you leave me in my mid-dream,
I want to talk to you, and listen your freedom songs.

Mykoul

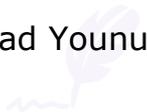
Mohammad Younus

Flying Back To My Home

When in paradise I enjoyed the pleasure of divine presence,
I was forbidden to come nigh to the tree of earthly pleasures,
Unfortunately I fell into the worldly net,
As a bird in cage yearns for its free home,
A fish out of water longs to return to the lake,
So I desire to head to my eternal home,
Returning to the singing houris and gushing brooks,
Beyond the dark and distance lies my home,
The mist and haze engulfing me blurs my vision,
Like a blind man I find it too difficult to proceed ahead,
Dogs are furiously barking at me all the way,
And hogs are oinking atop their voice all the day,
The mundane world has no place in my heart and soul,
Through my unflinching love I feel released from my cage,
I set myself to flights again for my home

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hur And Huriah: A Love Story

Hur was walking past a slave garden,
When he saw Huriah -the most beautiful woman -
Ever seen by a Kashmiri -ever in his entire life,
She was walking around, watering the plants of freedom,
In her garden -with blood in her pitcher -
of the slain sons of her soil,
Her furious beauty infatuated Hur -
Immediately he fell in love with her -
And offered his young blood -seething with passion for freedom -
To water the plants in her slave garden,
Huriah was the daughter of an old farmer -
A wretched victim of the horrors faced by his people,
Huriah was heart-broken and devastated,
But resolute and resilient,
Hur knew he wouldn't be able to marry her -
the firstlove of his life!
Days, months and years passed by,
Hur's love for Huriah grew and grew,
But, he would speak to her when she appeared in his mirror -
In his own image standing him face to face,
He never made his love public, for he knew,
His love for Huriah was forbidden, with terrible punishment,
Huriah he imagined standing at the gate of her garden,
A harsh wind swept over her shoulders -
Unravelling her thick silky braids,
Her hair gave off a scent of poet's jasmine,
Making Hur highly fanatic and exuberant!
He nearly stumbled, and swore by his love,
To break off his shackles to grasp Huriah in his arms,
Not caring for his life, as he was crazy to win her!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Re-Impose Lockdown

Lockdown be strictly reimposed -
if humankind is to be saved,
From this massive cataclysm -
It's the only way out!
I fear, it will be rigorously resisted,
By businesslords -citing the impending catastrophe -economic breakdown -the
great recession,
They have on their side the small-minded men,
Willing to sacrifice many for the few -
The presidents, P.M's, and the ultra nationalist politicians-
Dissipating national wealth on political campaigns,
For less idealistic reasons -the expendable! the dispensable!
I call out the conscientious citizens of the world -
Go into self quarantine,
Expect to be infected by asymptomatic people,
Walking around freely - - not knowing they are spreaders -
Who flout masking -pooh pooh social distancing -
Ignorant of being the cause of death -for their kith and kin; near and dear -
Unsuspecting relatives, friends, neighbors, and co-workers,
We live in perilous times -
The Neo fascists and ultra nationalists
lead us to devastation,
They, for petty economic and political reasons,
Are least concerned about protecting human life,
Lifting lockdown at this critical time doubtlessly,
Is an unforgivable crime against humanity

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Ecstatic Voice

First the divine sound begins softly and secretly,
To a mellow, solemn, and sober measure,
Then, as swarms of bees and crickets join in,
The sound grows gorgeous and fabulous,
The heavenly bells start ringing,
Until the divine speach descends on the Qalab,
Miraculously changing our feelings and spiritual states,
Awareness dawns, delusion finishes,
All the wajud is filled with the illuminating light,
The ten sounds mingle in a rich harmony,
As the soul in ecstatic voice makes merry

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Our Spring

O Helplessly I watch the flowers fall -
In Spring,
The days look like still gloomy nights -depressing and frightening,
In Spring,
The Nishat and Shalimar are empty and lifeless,
In Spring,
The sun is eclipsed with the human blood,
In Spring,
Mountain birds are disturbed by whizzing bullets,
In Spring,
Now and then they scream,
In Spring

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Between Hope And Despair

The resilience seems to be shattered, but
Mountains still stand, and dreams still remain;
Our bravehearts envisioning full joys in spring -
Resisting the chilly gusts of winter wind,
Grass and trees burgeoning; colourful flowers blooming,
The birds around them hopping and playing,
Their delight beyond measure: —
But the sweet songs that they tweet,
Overwhelm their hearts with a thrill of pleasure...
But I feel, at times, blossoms shed tears;
I lament they are being plucked off for making bouquets,
I see fierce storms raging through my land,
Blowing off countless flowers - -in their youth

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Stupid Sermon

Abdullah -a tall leader then,
Shared dais with a shrewd Indian politician -
Pandit Nehru, P.M.in 1947,
The verses of Khusrao that Abdullah chanted then,
At Lal Chowk -to dupe the gullible population,
"I have become You, and You have become Me;
I am the body, you are my soul;
So that hereafter no one says:
Someone else you are, someone else am I" -
Ended up being the black cobra snake's venom,
That is flowing through our veins and arteries,
Killing us bit by bit, hour by hour,
Our wretched nation carried off down the gutter -
Into the cesspool of subjugation and dehumanisation

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Bloom, Bloom, Bloom

Gloom not gloom,
Deject not deject,
Night half gone!
The sun surely to shine,
The icy sheets shall melt,
Covering the spring dream,
How long time -
Catastrophe shall stay?
Like winter cloud and snow,
Tyranny and tyrants will go,
Without leaving a trace,
A new dawn shall break,
Bloom, bloom, bloom

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Whirlpool

Whirlpool

.....
The scorching heat
the river Veth got boiled
And the swimmers wont to cross Over
To the other side of seething river Struggling hard to get out of the whirling pool
Got stuck in the conflicting currents?
Circulating round and round,
dragging everything down.
Like circles in the tumultuous mind,
The boatman that would safely cross Through the violent whirlpool terrified

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Mass Burial

Pushing through the window panes,
The sun sprinkled blood on my face,
inside my bedroom to wake me up,
I got up quietly and saw my native village,
Echoing with grief-stricken shrieks,
I went out to the village graveyard:
I never thought to witness in my life,
Such a gruesome scene of mass burial,
What man's land is this graveyard?
No man's land: the crowded home of martyrs—
Known and unknown -corpses piled one upon one,
The bereaved mothers claim them all;
Insisting to tarry a bit and not get home,
Waiting for identification of mutilated and decayed bodies,
For Forensic and DNA report!
Then, I came back to my wailing room,
With my heart full of sorrow, seething with rage,
Began mumbling a Mourning song -
To commemorate grievous killing of martyrs:
Martyrs, you fought to end the terrible tyranny,
I think of you, faithful young freedom fighters,
Your blood shall not go in vain,
Your sacrifice shall not be forgotten,
For in the morning you went out to fight,
And at night you did not return

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Unbloomed Buds

I behold the unbloomed buds,
Waiting unfolding,
But killed before blossoming,
Gift of God, snatched too soon,
Their forced death,
Leaves me breathless,
Swallows me whole,
Helplessly I watch:
Rooting out indigenous flowers,
Planting cactus in their stead,
Our buds becoming brown,
Withering and falling down,
Trampled under feet,
By psychotic pluckers
Heartbreaking genocide!
Planned ethnic cleansing!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sea To Sea

I came to the earth with little knowledge of it,
Without having been told about its sorrows and miseries,
I am here for a short moment,
It seems to me, upto the world's end,
And now that I am living, I am astounded,
It seem to me, I am undead,
So, what does life in these perilous circumstances mean,
And what does awareness, enlightment and knowledge mean,
But bubbles upon the still sea surface,
And what does death and delusion mean,
But the bursting of bubbles in the still sea!
From sea I came, to sea I go

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Naked Painting

Everything is set ablaze,
Every household is in flames,
Every heart is smouldering within,
Agony is painted on people's faces,
Generation after generation is tormented,
In a frenzied mood - broken down!
I try my best to draw an expressive painting,
Of my frantic condition and emotions -
Sadness, despair? agony, anguish;
Pain, hatred; rage, vengeance -
To summarise the painting of my cataclysm,
it's a dreadful work of art, true and real,
i used crimson, to display my rage and danger,
For brutal oppression, and violent occupation,
I splashed monochromatic shades,
To highlight my sad and melancholic feelings,
I used purple, to feature my blushing and burning,
For the growing bitterness of shame from subjugation,
I used turmeric, to show my intolerable shock,
Caused by the cowardice and betrayal,
Of the murderous enemy agents -
Informers and collaborators,
I used white, in the background,
Because I am hopeful and confident,
A new light shall shine upon me,
Efulging from the sun of peace and harmony

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Eddie Killed

Whizzing! Whizzing!
It is the sound of the bullets,
Pierced the baby's heart,
Grandpa Killed on the spot

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Cold Blooded Murder

In the loud noise of supersonic bullets,
A little sparrow perched on the old Chinar bough,
Pensively staring as if from the balcony,
At an oldman -being dragged down from his car,
By the uniformed gunners, insanely drunk,
Pumping bullets into his chest,
Slurring: Bharatmata Kee Jay!
Lying in the pool of blood on the roadside,
On the cruelest summer day at Sopore,
Blood vapours flying up, shaping into blood clouds,
Floating in the skies, foreshadowing the apocalyptic event,
Brutes! Masquerading as security persons!

A three year old child riding on his grandpa's chest,
Being lifted up in his arms by the merciless gunner,
Like a hunter holding in his palm an injured bird!
Or rather like a war veteran displaying -
His Military Service Award

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

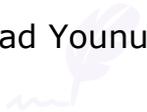
Mohammad Younus

My Motherland

You are my mother -Kashmir,
Who is being raped by land grabbers,
Hours in and hours out,
Neocolonialism! Neofascism!
I am your oppressed child
Who is being trampled under heavy iron boots,
See the blood soaked flag
That your bravehearts -young martyrs -
Fairer than the immortal youths of paradise -
have hoisted,
Kashmir!
Your valiant mothers are Unfurling your flag,
With green dreams about independence,
When they bid goodbye to their children,
Seeking her leave to fight for peace and freedom.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Won't Reconcile

In a flash of lightning strike, my oppressor shows me,
A million brutal visions of sobbing children,
Tormented by ferocious interrogation,
The streets - filled out once with hustling human bodies and rumbling cars,
Haunted by attrition and eaten by desolation,
The water in lakes and rivers simmering,
But I won't reconcile myself to subjugation
I won't become indifferent to my people's sufferings,
I'll reconcile myself only with resistance,
You need to understand me, why I struggle,
Just think about it, there's a tragic story

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mother Of A Martyr

There is nobody around to tell this mother,
To endure the calamity with patience,
She doesn't need your consolation,
She won't care a hoot about what you say,
She is a martyrs' mother -
One, two, three, four, five...,
She pooh poohs your crocodile tears -
False sympathy of mute spectators,
Your empathy with her is too small,
to fill her void of her slain sons,
You better not tell her to eat her tears,
You have no right to ask her to hush,
She waited too many years for you,
To hear her voice and share her word -
To honour the blood of her sons,
To honour the lost chastity of her daughters,
To resist your enemy's plans,
About your total annihilation and subjugation

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

The Forest Flower

Forest flower, Forest flower,
Distinctly fragrant and colourful,
Amazingly effulging beauty divine,
If you strive, you will find it,
At a secret place where in conflict,
Nature and humans are not,
The seasons change and alternate,
The Forest flower still blooms and blossoms,
Across the boundless forest space -
It's petals never wither;
It's blossoms never fade away,
You must stay still and watch,
The forest flower in your forest,
Inside grows, and scatters fragrance,
Abundantly in the valley of Tuwa,
You can view and find ecstasy immense,
If you think to touch, pluck or, step on,
The forest flower will shed it's petals,
It will wither, and die all at once,
You can never see it again,
You can never completely grasp,
Your essential nature: the forest flower,
Live closely and eternally aligned,
To your nature: the garden of serenity
and contentment

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Kashmiri

I reside in conflict torn valley
I live in tumultuous present
I live in tormented past
I am horrified tremendously by
The nightmare about my future

I am brutally oppressed
My heart is traumatised
My spirit refusing to succumb
Fearless and determined
Boiling over for vengeance

I am all at once
Forced to live
But at the same time
Amputated inch by inch
None the less

I resist resiliently
Steadily approaching
My final destination
Of peace and freedom

Once there
Will my suppressed people
Finally find its place of honour
In the family of Free nations

Mohammad Younus

Light

I see light and find Light in everything,
I see light and find Light efulging from everything,
I hear not the reprimanding word: your eyes cannot see,
The Light is His alone; the Light is My alone,
The Light is wordless and renders me wordless too,
When I behold it,I get cheered to realize,
It's my light that I radiate,
And that what radiates from everything,
Is not anyway different and distinct,
Can light of the sun be separate from it's source -the sun?
Light has not body or reflection -in the heavens or on the earth,
There is no opaque thing that stands between,
The light and the light source,
How can the shadow be formed or assumed to be

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Divine Grace

The Divine Grace

Blessed by the divine grace,
My soul heard the sound divine,
that in forgetfulness didn't hear,
With a mysterious sound doeth awaken,
And unto premordial plane
Of its first splendid origin attain,
Up through the fields of consciousness,
It wings,
Till in the highest station it attains,
And a sweetening music there,
It hears, music that swells,
Undying, and all other sounds excels,
Soft, enchanting music!
That lulls to rest the restive Nafas;
Whose warbling notes inspire,
The pensive soul with visions blest;
Sweet music! let thy resonating notes
Fill me with bliss immense, and clear all my delusions.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My True Self

Thy resonating music is mingled in my soul,
Even as coolness is mingled with the shade of Chinar tree,
Whenever I take seat in the precincts of my soul,
It's fathomlessness touches me,
When it touches me,
It completely absorbs me,
Lo, I see myself as the mellow sounding notes -of a mystical flute -
Coming out of all my pores,
And everything else around me,
In every case, I find I am the reality.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Eyes

I offer you my pure eyes,
To look at me and yourself,
For there is no purer love,
Than to gaze at beauty,
Through my crystal eyes,
As I offer You my eyes,
I feel YOU watching out,
Through my visionary eyes,
to behold Yourself spread out,
I am caught up in the constant Love-gaze,
Where it's You,
Looking at the world,
Of your creation through me,
And me looking at,
Your manifestation through You,
And the rays of light, that effulge,
From this place of union,
Reveal everything they touch -that all things are one
In mystic essence

Mohammad Younus

The Turbulent Land

The Turbulent Land

Kashmir, a town of oppressed people and murderous gunners,
And graveyards filled with valiant martyrs:
Shrouded in blood soaked rags,
And tortured and tormented people -
Suffering a maimed life,
Many waiting with blinded eyes -
To hear the good news of peace, and love,
And the end of hideous oppression;
I count seventy and three years,
All well drenched in Koshur blood,
Spilt by the horrendous occupiers,
That reign o'er us with terror and horror,
And slay our young combatants,
Fighting for securing a free land -
Reddening the river Veth,
It is well known, this holy river,
Doth carry on it's breast slain babies, Snatched by violence from their mothers,
But tell me, what washer divine shall wash,
The river Veth off the blood stains,
Spanned across it's turbulent body

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Visualise

I go missing at the meeting hour,
When I'm seated near your window,
I lose my existence like a sculpture of snow-man,
That melts in the twinkle of an eye,
In the sun-heat that tells the end of-
Winter and the beginning of spring,
I envision setting in of eternal spring,
Where every annihilated seed sprouts again,
Flowering on rebirth and emitting fragrance,
I visualise swarms of bees swaying and singing,
That never give up their mellow buzzing,
When the morning breeze waves around!
Yes, I visualise perpetual flowers of paradise blooming;
I visualise a constant melodious flute sounding,
Idyllic-meadows ceaselessly echoing,
That's my original home where I long to go

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Invocation

Invocation

Most near to You as light is to the sun,
Yet I am fed up with my separation, my Love,
I can bear being separated from all and everyone,
But, separation from You is inconceivable, my Love,
If ever I get a chance to be in your close
presence,
I would read You the book of my poems, my Love
But, soon I realise when I get nearer to you:
It is your speech which I mistake as my poetry, my Love,
You ask me how I feel listening to your silence,
How could I speak about a thing which is not a secret to you, my Love,
I have been listening your music in your silence from eternity,
Do not send me away from your presence, my Love,
For all I wish to do with my life is to love you,
And all your manifestation in the forms of your creation, my Love

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

The Divine Singer

The Divine Singer

When the divine singer met me
in the dead of night
I got out of my bed
I donned the faqir's dress
And opened my heart's eyes
in the moonlight to hear
The resonating mystic sound
From first to last hour
I remember
How his bewitching song
Held me hostage
And the bees built
A hive of delightful music
In my soul
And rescued me from
The strangers
Who held me hostage
Among melancholy dripping trees
In the thorny bushy grow
I remember
My eyes coloured like the autumn landscape
walking down love lanes
watching all things radiating the light of lord

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Turbulent Land

Kashmir, a town of oppressed people and murderous gunners,
And graveyards filled with valiant martyrs:
Shrouded in blood soaked rags,
And tortured and tormented people -
Suffering a maimed life,
Many waiting with blinded eyes -
To hear the good news of peace, and love,
And the end of hideous oppression;
I count seventy and three years,
All well drenched in Koshur blood,
Spilt by the horrendous occupiers,
That reign o'er us with terror and horror,
And slay our young combatants,
Fighting for securing a free land -
Reddening the river Veth,
It is well known, this holy river,
Doth carry on it's breast slain babies, Snatched by violence from their mothers,
But tell me, what washer divine shall wash,
The river Veth off the blood stains,
Spanned across it's turbulent body

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Bird

Love Bird

I wish the love bird would always sit on my window,
And sing the songs of union by night and day;
'Have opened the room of heart for him,
As it seems he desires to sing for me eternally,
The song of eternity that I could hear no more,
After I separated from my love in pre eternity,
The fault must mainly have been in me,
As I perched on a tree away from my love's home,
And, of course, there must be something great,
In love bird's coming to sing for me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Homeless

I feel for homeless
I feel for destitute
How will they quarantine! Where!
How will they survive! Where!
A new class of untouchables!
Though, to speak the truth,
The carriers of coronavirus are,
By and large, the better off social class,
The blood suckers of society

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Vultures Singing

Vultures Singing

On a paled Chinar leaf,
Kashmiri floating down-river,
Vultures singing,
A banquet song,
We can take your life,
And relish the feast

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Divine Command

Stranger than the sun and the moon in the sky,
In my body the sounding soul and the beating heart,
I am born in emptiness, I live in emptiness,
With these majestic things,
I stand in the black sea of life,
On the border of dream and reality,
Through the window of heart peeps dawn,
Drawing a cool bright Corona rim round my head,
A swarm of singing bee-flies emerging - Singing an amazing song:
You know for many a time you have,
With the mystic power of Divine light,
Experienced infinitudes of deaths,
And always returned to life -
Following the Divine command -
One who dies in love never dies,
If he follows the Divine command-
The sound of life -
That brings out of the dream

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Social Distancing

When the spring returns after winter times,
The spring birds that had fallen silent,
Come dancing from their winter habitats again,
To sing joyful notes in their heavenly home,
The flowers that had faded in autumn,
Sprout out to blossom again,
But our gardens are wrapped with,
Ranky weeds and thorny bushes,
The roads connecting us to our flower gardens,
Blocked by concertina wires and police,
We cannot visit our flower gardens,
Now at the pretext of Social distancing

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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When Shall You Come?

From the age of Adam,
Men are begotten and begetting,
They fill this vast world,
Loving this transient world,
Hating and killing each other,
Acting upon the doctrine of self interest,
But not me, I am not one like them,
I wait each day for a glimpse of my beloved,
Till the day is over, and the night falls,
And each night till the dawn breaks,
When shall you come? Will you ever?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Snowfall

First snowfall I haven't seen
Last snowfall I will not see

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Blaming God

Stop blaming God,
Plagues come and go,
It is a natural phenomenon,
One organism becomes hostile to other,
No plague stays for ever,
Learn to fight it out,
O' God! send a cure to us,
Bless our genius scientists,
With capability to invent:
anti virus vaccine or
medicine,
Stay clean and stay at
distance,
Let us all do some
introspection,
Let us mend our mistakes,
Let us stop doing mischiefs,
On the earth against God's
children

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Caged Birds

The Caged Birds

The bird lover is sad,
The singing birds locked up in cages,
The gaps in the cage-bars closed,
Visits at dawn and dusk,
The singing birds inside silent and sad,
In the prison of the cage

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Morning Star

The morning star notices me,
Waiting for dawn to break,
Gives me a glad tiding,
Spring day is opening up,
Night is packing up,
To head towards the horizon,
To reappear again,
When the sun sets,
To welcome the night back

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Life In Distress

Pandemic silence,
A grinding noise -
Like the swishing of the trees,
The autumn breeze passing,
Through the paled Chinar leaves,
An old wrinkled traveller resting underneath,
Thinking about his home

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Prayer For My People

May the harshest winds blow gently now,
Touching softly the soul and body of every soul,
May the Great God bless all those who live,
In this part of the world where blood mongers rule,
And when you go out to fend for yourself and your people -
Whether the journey is fast or slow,
May your straw-shoes leave indelible footprints in the snow,
And when you look above your heads,
May you always find the Rainbow in the sky,
An assurance from the Divine providence,
That the sun in hiding will come out soon,
Shine the mountains and meadows below in your land

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

God Is Omnipresent

Don't cry with your pain -He's standing with you;
Don't look for Him in taverns and temples, -He's walking with you;
Don't infatuate with his other -He's watching you;
He senses a black ant under a black stone in the black night;
He hears even the sound of it's walking,
By his Divine ears;
Nothing can escape his watchful gaze;
Even if there's a virus invisible to human eye,
He knows its body, tinier than an atom,
He knows a baby in mother's womb, when it likes to sleep;
He rocks the baby to sleep -
by keeping his mother awake;
He has appointed for you the guides on his path;
He has opened to you the Way to him
So strive to know him in your souls - -
He has shown you the way!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Happy Birthday

A sweet angel as you are,
Deserves a special candy,
Especially on your birthday,
To fill your heart with delight
May your day be full of music
May you shine with divine light
For you're such a special gift of God
Whom I love and adore by heart

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Seed Of Love

When Adam was still a molding of water and clay,
The seed of love was planted in his soul,
The essence of a lover is not water and soil,
But through and through a lover is -
An embodiment of heart and soul,
Unveil your beauty, Beloved, and see,
How lovers present themselves at your door,
Many ascetics set their hearts on the promised Jannah,
For lovers the beloved is the be all and end all of their longing,
They ask only one thing of their beloved,
Love, love, and yet more love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Phoenix Lover

Bees in numberless infinities swarm in my house
Buzzing together arise, arise, listen my song,
Let them sing, Lord, and me hear hu, hu,
For I yearn to return to you, Lord,
Before the last trumpet shall sound,
When the just God closes the book of actions,
And announces the awards in his court,
For those who listened and those who not,
Those who practiced the celestial sound before their death
Shall be resurrected to life to behold,
The lightful countenance of their Lord,
The Phoenix lover will then know
The hidden secret with matchless grace

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Life Is A Learning Process

Life is a continual journey,
For learning, that has no end,
Too often we are caught up,
in mundane frivolities,
That cause us to forget,
To appreciate the myriad wonders,
That surround and affect us,
Our lot many differences -
cultural, theological or circumstantial -
Are not real, but pure delusion!
We must see the common essential truth,
That binds us together into one composite whole,
The knowledge of that essential truth,
Expands our insight, appreciation of beauty,
Necessity of mutual love and trust,
Promotes peaceful interaction with each other,
To better understand our purpose of life

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Light A Bonfire

If we light a bonfire,
Let's burn our misdeeds - with it,
In the hope of meeting our friend,
Sitting on the throne in our heart,
Let's light a fire inside,
Nay, the sun is shining there on us,
As long as we stay away from the sun,
The darkness shall shroud us;
To see the sun let's take a look at two worlds,
Let's sacrifice the here and the hereafter -
at the altar of love;
Like children to the school of love,
Let's learn the essence of love;
In the hope of union, let's win entry into the God's kingdom

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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In The Willow Grow

Deep in the green valleys,
Hot arid deserts,
Vast extensive oceans,
Silent but sometimes,
Turbulent and violent,
Beauty unveiled -
Serene, peerless, and sweet,
And me!
In the still shade of,
The willow grow,
It seems so cool,
to heave a breath softly,
Wearing a long woolen phiran.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Fragrant Call

What a fragrant call!
Flowers invite the honeybees,
In stillness, the honeybees rush to
the blossoms,
Yet, when flowers bloom,
The honeybees sing;
When the honeybees sing,
The flowers dance in their heads,
The bees marry them to each other,
They offer a drink of sweet juice -
For the queen.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Unfeelingness

Some people, filling their belly -
With sumptuous and luxurious cuisine,
While noticing poor people,
Taking kitchen leftover, sadistically say:
God has made them so - They must suffer; we must enjoy -
The gifts of our Great God,
I don't lie,
I have caught people saying so.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Masking

Have you left me,
Or, lost your way?
I wait for you every hour,
Turn to me,
Cutting off from all other,
But! you do not show up,
My lord! I am here,
Do not lie to yourself,
I know you -
When you mask

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Counting The Seconds

Rain falls,
Blending with the cold,
The pandemic silence,
Alone sitting in the corner,
In my Study room,
I stretch out my legs,
Idling away my time,
Confined in quarantine,
Counting the seconds,
I feel that April, too,
Has melted away,
Like a snow flake -
In the palm

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Resilience

Resilience

More than our sufferings,
We have the power to secure our Future.
Are we doing Something about it?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Our Majestic King

The chinar-in-snow wearing,
Like almond and other trees,
Silver white robes up to knees,
He is chilled, but still smiling,
After shedding off his glowing leaves,
He is more than happy than he was,
In spring, summer, and autumn days,
Demons below shaking him with all might,
Allow him not to hold his soul in his chest,
Sons-of-the-soil fever with rage,
They shout with pride to the demons,
He will always stand upright,
Our majestic king!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Resistance

Resisting alone
One old man
From his death bed

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Come In

Come in!

The rose-garden is not locked up!

Let the passionate lover smell -

the fragrance of roses,

And listen to the song of soul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Be Like A Honeybee

You are not a drone,
That you could mate,
With the Queen,
In her palace -
Be just a honeybee,
Go out and collect nectar,
From flowers far and near,
Varying in nectar,
Drop before your queen,
She will compound it,
Making it a sweet viscous food,
Storing it in your honeycomb.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I And Me

I and me alone,
Mad world locked down,
Peace and love reigns
In my quarantine

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Works Half Done

We are packed up,
Let us go home,
O' No! Not as yet!
We won't leave our job,
Half done
Lest we should be sent back,
For completing the work half done

Mykou

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Domicile Law

The last nail,
" long,
Hammered into?
The coffin today?
Cracked it open,
The dead body,
Waits burial

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Satan Is Born Of You

Never believe a man can kill -
The Satan: his open enemy,
They are pretenders who think,
That they have killed the Satan,
Satan does not emerge from outside,
Not ever, not at all,
He is born of you,
You are his mother.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Ethnic Cleansing

Ethnic cleansing

Our demography being changed,
Like Israel did to Palestine,
Our leaders in deep slumber,
Some have sold themselves out,
Some have stitched up their tongues,
Geelani was the only voice.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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In The Empty Inn

I'm Out of the inn,
How the flute sounds in the soul?
Who is there listening the sound?
In the empty inn

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Golden Advice

A thirsty person
Asking of a river,
A glass of water,
The river is amused,
And says: no need to beg -
I exist, just for this purpose:
to water the thirsty things -
be it an arid land,
or an arid person?
Are you really thirsty? "
A golden advice!

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Thirsty Person

A thirsty person
Asking of a river,
A glass of water,
The river is amused,
And says: no need to beg -
I exist, just for this purpose:
to water the thirsty things -
be it an arid land,
or an arid person?
Are you really thirsty? "
A golden advice!

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Drink Your Fill

Saqë - the cup-bearer,
Never stops -
offering a cup of wine,
Do not hesitate,
Come and enter the tavern,
Drink your fill,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

An Advice To A Seeker

Be not a tongue,
Before your teacher,
Be just an ear,
Be not repulsive,
Be receptive,
If you desire to be,
A real seeker of truth

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Be Hopeful

Wait for a while,
Night is packing up,
The Dawn is preparing to break.
Good Morning!

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hunter

Hunter came in my gaden—
Singing birds stopped
Singing on the bough

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Awareness

Yesterday I looked at the whole creation,
And found nothing in the whole creation,
Is bonded together by any life force,
Today I see all the particles making the universe,
Bound together by one single light force,
Yesterday I was asking scholars and gurus,
To show me the path leading to you straight,
Today I see every particle becoming a guiding star for me,
I take them as a guide on my journey to you,
As do the shippers on a voyage in the sea,
Or a caravan passing through a desert

Like a caged bird, my soul, yearns to go home somehow,
Who will open the window and set him free,
None but he himself must break open his cage,
The key to open the lock lies with him alone -
The heart wrenching song of separation,
One day his owner shall take pity on his pathos,
And tell him actually you are in delusion,
When you get awareness, you will realize,
You were, you are, you will always be,
A free bird!

In my ocean, floats a boat without sails,
And I have just embarked on a journey to a far off land,
When waves calm down, it will sail in a wink,
And touch the shores on the other end,
I'll drop the anchor there - a land where the sages learn,
Love, peace, and awareness

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Pearls

At the bottom of the sea,
The oysters in their shells -
Singing melodiously in peace,
The diver was full of joy,
He took away the shells -
Filled with precious pearls

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Virus Murmers

As I think to step out,
He murmurs faintly -
"He will blame me,
When I stick at him,
I, too, want to have siesta,
Let him stay in quarantine"

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Starving Indian

Boiling stones,
In the earthen handi,
My wife in quarantine,
For her hungry children,
I am a starving Indian

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Winter: The Season Of Rest

After nine months' of hard labour
Reaping and giving away the fruits,
The winter gives rest
To the farm and farmers

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Wazwan

For a sumptuous feast,
let us arrange the food -
Wazwan, on the table -
An empty wish!
Since there is no rice, no meat,
And the chef is in quarantine

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Shrieking

Shrieking -
The mother, the children, and the spouse,
Stabs the silence,
In quarantine,
The COVID-19

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Lockdown

None is walking!
Here along the roads,
But the daredevils,
In this ghost city,
Under lockdown

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Transient Life

Shivering with fear!
Have a good day,
The Coronavirus comes,
Without making a sound,
To break your dreams,
Life is a hideous thing,
Transient and temporary

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Gloomy Quarantine

In my gloomy quarantine-
by myself,
chewing on dried turnips,
Sipping the black tea

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Waiting For Spring

Last day of the autumn,
I am eagerly waiting for,
The first day of spring,
But, the spring is far far off

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Definition

I always tried to define things -
that came my way.
But, when I tried to define myself,
I found I am he
Who cannot be defined -
I am what I am.
So I got the truth:
I AM THE TRUTH.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Rose Of Life

The life is like a rose,
On a thorny bush -
Mortal, guilty, and prickly.
But to me, of course,
life is entirely beautiful."

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Fascism Reappearing

If reincarnation is doubtful,
In regard to humans,
It seems true in regard to fascists

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Appearances Are Deceptive

An ivy hides my ugliness

Mohammad Yunus



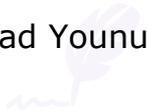
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Spirit Of The Coronovirus

Spirit of the coronavirus,
Wanders in countries from Wuhan to New York,
Visiting all, big and small,
No discrimination as humans do,
Not polarizing the victims for votes,
Stalks in silent shadows on metal surfaces,
Runs and leaps between wild lands and commercial hubs,
Between the skyscrapers and dingy huts,
Fiercest spirit!
Sneaks not into my quarantine,
Disturbs not my solitude and meditation,
Howls about me as a wolf,
When I go out to fend lollipops for my children,
And guards me against this venomous world,
Ruled by hatemongers and bloodshedders

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Baisakhi

Today is Baisakhi,
Looking for Bhaktiyar Kaki,
Would go with roses on my head,
Baisakhi Mubarak

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Creation

First snowfall I haven't seen
Last snowfall I will not see
This is the story of my creation

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Truth About Life

Come, Stay, and Go
Clouds in the sky say

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Hazar Dastan

Hazar Dastan is sad,
The gaps in the bars closed,
Visits at dawn and dusk,
The caged birds sad,
In the silence of the cage

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Pandemic Deaths

When winter leaves,
The bare trees will be dressed green,
Narcissus, tulips, roses, jasmens shall bloom,
But those leaves that withered,
And fell with Wuhan- wind,
Will never be green again

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Ruined Valley

O, My children!
On the chinar branches,
Sit the eagles-
The valley might be -
In a ruined state,
This year, too, I fear.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Dawn

The brightful dawn
Is ever in my memory,
Black clouds in the sky haunting,
But, the lightning and thunder too,
Have got their music -
Mellow and sweet,
For the man
Waiting for the downpour

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In My City

In my city inside my soul,
Delightful showers are expected,
For my heart is covered o'er -
With rainful clouds

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

You Must Know

You Must Know

The divine sound comes in at the ear of heart,
And the divine light comes in at the eye of heart,
Before you grow old and die in delusion,
Pull out the obsessive cotton from your ears,
So that you could hear the roaring celestial sound,
Lift the opaque glasses from your eyes,
So that you see your face looking at you in every mirror,
That is the hidden secret, you must know -
the essential truth

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sound Of The Pines

Down in the loneliness,
The din of flute and buzzing,
Deep in the quarantine,
The sound of the pines,
As in a jungle echoes

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

First

First Vow

Now I get!
Why to remember,
My first vow,
Lest I should forget,
Who loves me!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Zikre

How lovely! How beautiful!
A Music coming out of God's harp!
What coyness lies in these tunes!
Once I heard Your melodious music,
I could never become intimate with any other tune,
I desire only this music, I love only this music,
As it utters only Your name, Hu,
I hear but Hu, see but Hu, Speak but Hu, and want but Hu,
On Your path,
Wherever I turn to, I hear Hu, Hu,
I see every atom as a proof of your grace and splendour,
For me, Your vibrant music is sweet and pleasant,
You have erased all traces of duality
from my heart,
And instead you have inscribed,
"La illaha illa hu"
Through constantly listening your name
Reverberating in the whole universe,
I have come to accept:
My essence and that of the other things is one and the same,
Whether You believe it or not,
This holy music has been sounding from pre eternity,
So my zikar is to devotedly hear Hu, Hu

Mohammad Younus

Life Is Beautiful

Let the life be like a rose,
On a thorny bush -
Mortal, guilty, and prickly.
But to me
life is entirely beautiful."

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Hidden Being

Beloved!

May I listen the song of your Beauty,
With tunes that are yours and not mine,
To measure Your beauty by human imagination,
Is to try to hold water in fisherman's net,
You are beyond the philosophers' imagination,
You are not that what the philosophers assume,
I know from You precedes everything,
I know to you ultimately returns everything,
Oneness is the essence of your all creation -
That is the manifestation of your hidden being

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Reading A Poem

You must take a poem as a mirror;
Know that a mirror has no particular meaning of it's own,
Rather, it reflects in it
the image of any object,
That faces it,
Just so,
A poem has no one particular meaning of it's own,
Rather presents to each reader,
His own meaning as per his state of gnosis,
He reads into a poem,
A meaning in consonance with his
Own perception,
And the level of his own intellect

Mohammad Younus



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A Prayer For Peace

Let us be at peace with ourselves and fellow human beings,
Let us return to peace and become wholly peace,
Let us be aware of the life force -
common to us and to all things,
Evoking the promotion of peace with each other,
Let us fill our mind and heart with peace —
towards ourselves and towards all beings,
Let us pray that we cease to be the source of discomfort to fellow beings and
mother nature,
With awareness of the one life force in us and all things,
Let us give peace to the suffering humankind,
Let us practice the establishment of peace starting from our own selves.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Morbid Minds

Cover mine eyes, or snatch their sight,
Mine eyes that are weary of carnage!
And plug my ears with molten zinc,
Mine ears that are weary of shrieks and screams,
My soul is screaming with pain like a bab,
Wounded and bruised under a wild stampede,
Or a flower that is smitten with acidic rain,
O shelter my soul from the gory mob,
Killing and lynching in the name of dharma!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Pass Away

Pass Away -
in your essence -
That which is Real,
Then must you take wine,
Halal, pure -without dregs,
Whole -tumbler after tumbler,
Not losing your consciousness,
Like the habitual drunkards
Who talk humbug when drunk

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Watching My Love

I offer thee my hearing,
I offer thee my eyes,
Morning and evening,
In thy vastness,
I stand before thy throne,
In perfect stillness,
Listening to thy song,
How can I compose songs,
Praises that suit thee,
My gazing and my listening,
Are my wordless songs,
That express love and devotion,
Without using my fleshful tongue,
Without using musical instruments,
Thou art the thought of my heart,
That soothes me,
That fills me with ecstasy,
Just as I breathe in a cool breeze,
My Love, arise and open thy gate,
My spirit is shaken, I want to rest in thee,
My mind is mocking me for such longing,
So let's lose all satans against me,
My Lord protect thy child,
From the wild boars pursuing me,
Thou alone are my refuge against all terror,
I look to thee alone for peace and love,
Delight me in the rain of thy eternal love,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am The Haq

As He manifests in all things
He creates colourful patterns in the world,
His soft command of Be begins the festival of romance
He flutters His beautiful black locks and wildly winds
The lovers in their sounding bodies and lovely souls
Friends, in all seasons He blooms in gardens
As roses, tulips, narcissuses, and others
In His gardens He resounds with music
As singing birds, bees, and crickets buzz
'All is He, I am nobody', the people of knowledge say
On their tongues sometimes but
He proclaims proudly, 'I am the Haq'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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My Soul

In stillness of night, the eye begins to listen,
I meet my soul in the deepening sound,
I hear my echo in the echoing arched house
I am delighted as prophet of Islam says
He who listens the word enters the Jennah
What's this word but music of soul -
the pure sound that blazes the fire of love
My soul, like some love-maddened bee
Keeps on singing for it's queen which is I
Fond of music, I listen to it with heart's ear
The sound enters myself, and I the sound,
I am one with One, free from the tearing mind

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Wounded Hearts

Wounded hearts shed tears of blood,
But, externally, a smile shines on their lips,
With them, my heart, too, weeps and smiles,
A voice from inside the heart says to me
I know you are wounded inside but, I see
My eyelashes like arrows wounded you,
And with every prick in your heart,
You pour out a delightful sigh.
A sign of truest and real love
As of legendary Majnun and Leila
When Majnun heard her sigh
He came closer and sat by her
With love intimate she told him
Come near, and she took her veil off
Raptured with her beauty, Majnun
Buried his head under her waving locks
His soul, his body became one with Leila
Who could separate him from her?
So she named him after her name, Leila
Thus, he cried, in ecstasy,
" I am Leila ", " I am Leila "

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Abu Bin Adham

Abu bin Adam one night saw,
In a dream an angel,
Writing in gold,
The names of those,
Who loved Allah,
Is my name there?
Asked Abu,
No, replied the angel,
Then, write my name,
Among those who love,
Their fellow beings,
Said Abu,
The Angel wrote and vanished,
Next night,
The angel again appeared,
With the book,
Listing the names of those,
Who were loved by God,
Surprisingly,
Abu's name stood,
At the top of the list.
Moral: You can love Allah only through loving his people.

Mykoul

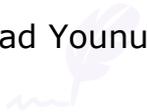
Mohammad Younus

Seek Lord's Forgiveness

I feel deep love for social mixing,
But I am locked up in my own shell,
Heartless coronavirus whispers me,
Keep at a distance from my dear hosts,
I think I should laugh at his command,
But I can not annoy the hellish visitor,
He is reluctant to part from the earth,
Unless his lord calls him back,
He is crying till dawn, in my dreadful quarantine,
Wake up from the snoring sleep,
Seek Lord's forgiveness for the sins,
Against the poor and innocent children,
Of your merciful but severe lord,
The grip of your lord Is very severe,
As He warns in al-Quran

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



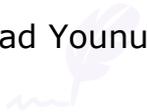
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Burial Of A Covid 19 Victim

All alone in quarantine,
I am twice as homesick,
As I was in a foreign land,
My soul weeps, and
My heart wrenches,
When brothers carry coffins,
Each of them with a grave sickle,
But I get surprised,
When they find missing,
Their brother in the coffin,
Consumed by the Coronavirus,
Who has buried him?
And where?
In an unmarked grave!
But, it isn't a custodial killing

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am Because I Think I Am

Ruffled by the Coronavirus ghost,
I was asked to retreat to my hermitage,
I couldn't stand the loneliness of the quarantine,
I got scared and showed up myself,
On the ghost streets in broad daylight,
Like an unironed madman,
Humming the funeral, melancholic tunes,
I approached a wrinkled grey-haired woman,
And asked her scarily the shortest way,
Leading to a place where I could live for eternity,
She pulled a spooky face,
And blended back into the human crowd,
I soon found the gloomy and sad faces,
Poor, and starving, impossible to bear,
And collapsed on my way to nothingness,
I was carried to the mortuary,
They consigned me to a 2x4x6 grave,
I was reduced to dust and rotten bones,
And was gone forever to the world of nothingness,
I vanished from the human world,
And there was no longer a place for me,
In the world of moving images,
But, still I feel, I exist,
Because I think, I exist.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Do Not Grieve

Oh scratch not anew my sores,
It reminds me of my pain once more,
I am pained, in my faded garden,
Buds blossom into flowers no more,
I see many a budpassing away,
I am bereaved, I do not see smiling faces any more,
I see people falling victims to COVID nineteen,
In my poems you won't find Leila and Shirin any more,
In my orchards the trees are laden with paled fruits,
I am not carrying a fruit basket any more,
I am passing days alone in my quarantine,
Nobody around to care for me any more,
Oh, mothers are weeping, wives are wailing,
Brothers are shouldering the coffins even more,
Who will bury our near and dear?
No one will place wreathes on their graves any more,
What a pity! We never imagined our ill fate,
There isn't any healer in sight any more,
My heart is weeping, but my eyes aren't wet any more,
Oh dear, spring shall begin anew, gardens bloom,
Be happy, do not mourn and moan any more,
Tulip gardens and rose gardens shall not be shut up any more.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Monologue

If I widen,
Like a ripple, if I widen,
Look for me, seek me from,
The fathomless sea,
In the bottom of my heart;
If my poems pale down and fade,
Like a flower in autumn,
Look for me then,
In the sorrow of the autumn;
If you think,
The earth is too small,
The seven skies over head,
With countless galaxies,
Are too vast,
That you will be lost,
In their vastness,
Look for yourself,
In the narrowness of the earth,
Look for yourself,
In the vastness of skies,
There is none with you,
Inside or outside,
Above or below,
No place is sufficient for you,
Can a finite thing hold infinity?
Nothing can contain you,
But you fill everything,
With your limitless presence;
If you think,
You are a flower,
I kindly ask you,
Fill all the world's,
With your fragrance,
Do not hold back,
The nectar from bees -
When they come to kiss you,
You are the coolness of the pupils,
That search, love and follow you;
If you think,

If I go with the Sun,
In sound and light waves,
I will be vanished,
Look for me,
In glitter of my face, and,
In the mellow music of my soul,
You won't find me,
If you see me as evanescent,
Look for me rather,
In low and high notes,
Coming out of my harp.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Insane

He plucks a flower,
Tramples under foot,
Buries into the soil,
And then,
Waits for the nightingale,
To sing the happy notes,
He casts grains in cupped hand,
But the angry broken bird,
Doesn't care a hoot,
And flies away,
He tells his ardent lovers,
I shall return, surely I shall come,
When the spring returns,
Flowers bloom,
Send out the fragrance,
But insane pluckers,
Must be in eternal quarantine

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

My Heart; My Garden

My Heart, My Garden

My garden is adorned with a million flowers,
Lovely, colourful, touching my soul,
Just for me to see, smell and adore,
Perhaps there are many more lovers,
Waiting on the threshold outside,
I must open the doors and show them in,
That is something I must religiously do,
To share my music, my light, my love, my peace,
That is something I am truly aspiring for,
Oh my God, in this big universe of my heart,
In love and beauty, let me always sit with you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Killing The Satan

Never believe a man can kill the Satan,
Those men are pretenders who think,
That they have killed the Satan,
Satan does not emerge from outside,
Not ever, not at all,
It's you who is his mother.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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An Old Carpenter

An old carpenter,
Chopping the wood,
With a hatchet without a handle,
Surrounded by swarms of bees,
He throws the hatchet,
To the sky,
That drops on the moon,
Then soon he bonds,
Himself with the bees,
In their orchestra

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Under Lockdown

Pandemic ritual...
Corona cuts off
The live branches from
the family tree of
Mankind

After killing,
Their hosts,
The Corona guests,
Sleeping under,
The faded leaves

I and me alone,
Mad world locked down,
Peace and love reigns
In my quarantine
Old fashioned samovar
someone longing
In my mother's home
To relish the quarantine

Old fashioned samovar
someone longing
In my mother's home
To relish the quarantine

Today are basking
Near the window pane
An old girl and her young boy friend
In their quarantine

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Holy Liṅgam

Under moon light,
On Kolahoi glacier,
An old Indian Sadhu,
Wearing a leather jacket,
Made of cow hides,
With a chisel in his hands,
Making a holy liṅgam,
From an icicle,
Hanging from the sky,
The sun in it's fury,
Undoes his whole labour,
In this chilly season.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Paintings

Who is drawing paintings
On our canvas in our heart
Let us sneak in and see
Who is holding there
A big brush in his hand

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Colloquy With Soul

A colloquy with soul

Stay in where the roses have faded,
Let the soul moan and mourn,
Over the loss of fragrance and cheerful notes,
Let the soul ask the smiling God,
Sitting on his chair,
Like the stubborn autocrat,
What prompted you to blow the autumn winds,
To pale into inexistence,
And annihilate in rage,
The ancient garden of Eden,
Do you again plan to shunt out,
Adam and Eve, now -
Along with their progeny!
Is it for the same eternal sin,
That we came nigh to the forbidden tree.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

About The World

An old turbulent river,
A man jumps into the river—
Crocodile devours him up,
The young lady sheds tears

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Common Factor

The common factor between,
Adam and Eve is one,
That they are quite similar,
In their interior-devotion,
Though they both differ, In exterior-design,

The common factor between,
The tears of the lover,
And the blood of the martyr is one,
That both are shed for love,
Though they both differ, In their mission

The common factor between,
Majnun and Leila is one,
Both are bonded together,
In passionate love,
Though they both differ,
In their body colour

The common factor between,
Kàba and my heart is one,
That they both are,
The houses of God,
Though they both differ,
During the quarantine,
One remains closed,
While the other remains,
Open all the time

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Roaring River

A roaring river, I am crossing,
How frightening!
With shoes in my hands!
Walking on the strawbridge,
Shaking to test my heart,
Light of my moving eyes,
Goes off with fear,
My heart comes to my mouth,
I tremble as I see,
My shadows in the water,
The other side of peace and love,
Seems to be far far-off,
But, I will continue my walk

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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You Are Not A Drone

You are not a drone,
That you could mate,
With the Queen,
In her palace -
Be just a honeybee,
Go out and collect nectar,
From flowers far and near,
Varying in nectar,
Drop before your queen,
She will compound it,
Making it a sweet viscous food,
Storing it in your honeycomb.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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When I Pronounce

When I pronounce the word peace
The mellow word refers to my past life
When I pronounce the word freedom
The delightful word refers to my future life
When I pronounce the word struggle
The sacred word refers to my present life
When I pronounce the word martyrdom
The holy word refers to the immortal life
When I pronounce the word love
The sweet word refers to the divine love
When I pronounce the word light
The effulgent word refers to the light of heavens and the earth
When I pronounce the word Alastu
The secret word reminds me of the first covenant
When I pronounce the word "I am the truth"
I say something that can take me to gallows

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Candle Festival

Today in the evening—
Balconies are in brightness!
I feel about the wretched,
Living under the thatch!
He also changed to a lighter,
It's the Candle Festival,
He too lit a candle,
Begging from his overlord,
His thatch burnt to ashes,
Homeless, nowhere to quarantine,
Fell victim to Covid-19,
A new untouchable born,
Destitute and forlorn.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Human Mules

Along the Silkroad,
Somehow it tugs at my heart,
A wild thought,
I might also pass away,
In a far-off land,
My mother waiting for me,
In her fortified home,
I am forlorn and forgotten,
From the Kashmiri diaspora,
In Dagistan,
Son of an unpaid porter,
Of Dogra Maharaja,
Stranded in a foreign land,
My people even now,
Used as human mules,
In Kashmir and Siachen,
Fossils of my elders,
Buried in snow deep,
Barely recognizable,
Because of the freeze of cold,
The falling snow flakes,
Cannot blunt the hard aches,
Nor match the stillness,
Of these martyr fossils

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mystic Words

She is not the Indian Cow,
Emaciated and barren,
I Got her from the Heaven,
She has got a milk spring -
Gushing from her horns,
Rooted deep in her heart,
In addition to four udders,
So said that mystic faqir,
To his pupils in his retreat.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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My Just Queen

A young bee, meant to be,
A symbol of peace and harmony,
Stings the innocent oldman,
The Queen expells her,
Out of her holy presence,
Her nose leads her away,
From the fragrant flowers,
She roams about as an outcast,
And loves to kiss and hug,
Dung, shit, and human feces,
He never provoked her,
She is my just Queen.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Tree Of Poison

I was angry with my lord;
And so was my companion, Eve,
When my lord warned me,
Don't come near to this tree,
Satan saw my wrath and rage,
He enticed my companion,
He counselled her as a friend,
Come near to this forbidden tree,
This is the tree of knowledge,
This is the tree of life,
My companion befooled me,
With her deceitful wiles,
I came near to the tree,
Lord expelled both of us,
From his beautiful garden,
He sent us to the earth,
But appointed me as his caliph,
My wrath did not end,
I was angry with my companion,
I told her, I am a caliph here,
But, I was his beloved there,
We repented as we felt,
We had wronged ourselves,
Our Lord was very kind,
He forgave us both,
And gave us a good news,
I will call you back to my garden,
If you follow my guides,
I am your well wisher,
That was the tree of poison

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Death

Death

Keep on your journey,
To your mother's home,
One day your sweet dreams,
Will wander in desolation,
You can't stop them leaving,
You will go alone

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Mendicant

Manged dog,
Don't get angry!
You stood facing,
The bakery shop

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Coronavirus

Shivering with fear!
Have a good day,
The Coronavirus comes,
Without making a sound,
To break your dreams,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Water

A snow flake from the sky,
Falls dancing on the ground,
If I took it in my palm,
It would melt by my fever —
If I left it to drop down,
It would become an icy pearl,
In the minus temperature outside,
Spring sun will rise,
Tell me in silence,
It is water in all forms

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Elixir

A faqir sipping the black tea,
It's quiet, full moon night,
Saffron is flowering,
Sending fragrance all around,
The bees are waiting for the dawn,
They will sing and dance,
In the full-day light,
And collect the nectar,
Labouring with devotion,
To make honey for the faqir,
An elixir of life,
That Moses sought -
In the ocean of darkness

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Sacred Warrior

Every tragedy offers us an opportunity,
To become a sacred warrior in the battle of life,
A warrior, who bravely goes into dark recesses within,
To ferret out the Truth of his being,
To know why the tragedies befell him,
It takes great courage, stamina and endurance,
To do self- introspection, and blame God not,
For your miseries and misfortunes,
And become a sacred warrior,
Who does jihad against his own self,
Who searches not a fishbone in other's beard,
But finds ten in his own,
He blames his own self for all his wrong events,
He identifies his negativities and reverses them,
Because to walk the Red Road,
He sternly believes, he can do better.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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See Nothing But Beauty

I will extract with my eyes,
The thorns from your feet,
With patience and endurance you must,
Walk along the love's thorny paths,
Happily and hopefully you must,
Walk on the steep mountainous paths,
Looking at the beautiful rainbow in the sky,
May you always say with pride,
I see nothing but pure beauty around,
Beauty before me, beauty behind me,
Beauty below me, beauty above me,
And the beautiful all around me,
When in perfection you fall in love with beauty,
I will love you like a loving father,
Like my own blood, like my own image,
When you are in pain and anguish,
I will wipe the tears from your eyes,
And when you are too dejected,
I will put your desperations to rest,
When you are too tired,
I will wipe the sweat from your brows,
O' young lover of beauty.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

What If I Go Back

What If I Go Back

What, if I go back now to my old world,
The rivers roaring - milk, honey, and wine,
There in the old peaceful garden,
Of our lord - quiet and calm,
How I would wonder, and do merrymaking,
Houris singing to me in chorus,
At towering terrace under the holy tree,
Immense, incredible, fragrance in the atmosphere,
Swarms of bees buzzing - hu, hu, hu,
Telling me God's presence,
And angels collectedly dancing in Divine light.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Paean For Sages And Nature

Walking along the treaded path,
Following the footprints on the moss,
A hanging cloud low on the lofty mountain,
Grasses that sweeten my bare feet,
Pine grown greener and smiling with the rain,
A brook that comes roaring from the mountains -
And, mingling with polluted waters in the cities,
I have forgotten what to do -
Whom to thank, and whom to rebuke,
But, I must pay my tributes to ancient sages,
And praise and thank the generous mother nature

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Spiritual Journey

An Old man on the Green Moor,
Once a child, now a septuagenarian,
Toys with a reed flute -
And the Great Teacher - Shamas Faqir,
Now in the God's heaven, under the holy tree,
Speaks to him the purpose of the flute,
Informs him about the cycles and stations-
From the embryo to the old man, and,
From the oldman to the baby,
And far beyond,
And the flute sound fills all the circles,
How at each station, the sound changes it's tone,
And the light on the different stations,
Appears in different colours,
Spinning the words of wisdom,
And the mystic truths,
How at each station on the way,
There are two paths -
Right and crooked,
It is for you to make a right choice,
The flute will guide you to the light,
Follow the mellow sound, you will meet the Great spirit,
Your dream shall come true,
About the garden of light.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Our Merciful Lord

Walk softly on the Earth,
In peace and harmony,
With all living beings -
Great or small -
Remembering as we walk,
That one God -
Compassionate and merciful -
Created us all,
And all the beauty _
To please us,
And to sustain our life -
On the earth

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Remember Your Lord

Oh Lord

Oh Lord! You created me as a son of a weaver,
I am on the loom weaving cloth for myself,
Expelled from your garden, I am stripped of my clothing,
I feel ashamed to look at my naked self,
So, I am weaving cloth with a tired back,
I am weaving a garment to cover my shame,
My warp is the melodious sound of flute,
My weft is the black light of my mystic lamp,
May the fringes be peace and love,
May the borders be knowledge and mystic cognition,
Thus, I am weaving a black garment of Yemeni cloth,
That I may sit fittingly where the houris sing;
That I may walk fittingly where the streams flow -
Water, milk, honey, and wine,
Oh my lord, oh my Lord in the Sky,
And on the earth,
May you call me in the midnight,
When I am rolled up in my quilt,
O', you wrapped in the black chador!
Rise up, and remember your lord.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Verily I See

Verily I see

The sun shining in the azure sky,
The soft breeze chasing out the hot winds,
Black clouds disappearing after downpour,
Fretful thunder and lightning stopping,
Flute in the lips of the shepherd sounding,
Larks and morning birds tweeting,
For me and for all those fond of listening,

Verily I see,

The gardens emitting scent and fragrance,
Nightingales silently fluttering from branch to branch,
Swarms of bees coming rushing,
To buzz and dance in chorus,
For me and for all others,
Who love enjoying music

Verily I see,

The waters are calm and quiet,
No turbulence there to fear,
When the Soul-of-souls sounds in ecstasy,
While crossing over to other side,
For me and for all others,
Longing to go to their home

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Prayer To My Love

O my love,
I hear your voice in the gentle breeze and harsh winds,
Your breath gives life to all the worlds,
Of which you blew into me on the ancient day,
I admit I was small and weak - rather nothing
I got my strength and wisdom through your breath,
Let me walk in beauty, and soothe my eyes,
Ever behold the white and milky sunrise,
Make my ears sharp to listen to cuckoo and Nightingale,
Make me wise so that I could understand,
The secrets you taught to the oldies -
the sages of yore,
Let me learn the lessons you have hidden -
In every image and design,
I seek strength, not to be greater than myself,
I seek strength to fight my greatest enemy -
My lower self that commands me to evil,
I seek your help to make me always ready,
To come to you with unpolluted mind and straight eyes,
That waver not while gazing at your beautiful face,
When my life fades, as the setting sun,
My spirit may return to the next dawn,
Without any shame

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Sacred Black Stone

The Sacred Black Stone

The sacred black stone, found in the sacred land,
Was slowly placed by Abraham,
Upon the plinth of the House of God,
Where once roamed freely around,
Wild pagans, adoring the stone images,
Of oldies smoked by the temple fire,
So much has changed, so many traditions lost,
But the Blackstone remains at it's own place,
Though smashed many a time,
By believers and infidels both,
Is there some mystic power in the black coloured stone?
Yet still, the pilgrims go around chanting,
I am here O God, I am here O God,
Ancient memories return from old files,
The hymns of forefathers echo across the mind,
The cool breeze moves in scorching heat -
Generated by the Hot sun above,
And the rounds of the devotees below,
Time will pass and pilgrims will rebuild,
The holy temple on the old plinth,
And renew the old sacred traditions,
Shitty monarchs holding the shrine for their power -
They will be replaced by the righteous ones,
The distant voices chant aloud,
The black stone no thief can ever steal,
Hidden power shall heal the wounded hearts,
It is no myth, this powerful miracle is real!
The black stone is more than a stone studded in the wall,
The Great God lives and is present,
So say the pilgrims,
Allahuma Labaika, Allahuma Labaika,
As if the black stone speaks -
Welcoming my soul,
I see mellow sound,
Coming from Blackstone in my heart,
It calms my bruised soul, makes me feel whole,
Before your journey passes and you return to dust,

Visit the temple of your heart,
Embedded with the Blackstone,
Walk alone to the temple, all alone,
Without holding the hands that exist not,
Feel the power and mystery of the Great One God

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Still I Wait

Sometimes I wonder,
Sometimes I go pitying,
While I am carried away,
By the music waves,
Across the new horizons,
In my hypnagogia,
Still I eagerly wait again

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Mohammad Younus



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My Reality

My Reality

A purportless,
I thought I am,
But I am,
My boatman's,
Splashing oar

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Mohammad Younus



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Admonition

Curtly he says to me,
You claim vainly -
That I seek you,
The reason you must know
You lovemy other,
Dead and rotten in soil,
Purportless living gurus,
You don't come to me direct,
To see me in your essence

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Mohammad Younus



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I Will Never Die

The odour of death,
Smells my soul's nose,
Breathes life in me,
I will never die!

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Mohammad Younus



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Queen's Music Band

Honey Bees!

Dance around me-do not leave for the rose gardens,
A little longer you stay around me -
buzzing and dancing,
Much comfort and excitement do I find in you,
Musicians and dancers of Queen's band!
Please float around me - do not yet depart!
You revive in me the forgotten days,
You take me back to the garden of houris,
A solemn pledge to my father where I made?
The time, when my companion Eve and I,
Together chased the bumbling bees,
With leaps and springs followed the buzzing sound,
But! they rushed into the Queen's palace,
Dusting off their wings, and singing and dancing for the queen,
And left me outside in stark silence

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My Heart

My heart swells up when I hear,
Musical chords striking of my soul:
So was it when I was not yet born -
On the earth in human form;
So is it now when I am a listening man;
So be it when I shall grow a deaf old man,
Let me die O lord in resonating sound,
So be it when I leave the clay frame,
The yesterday is the mother of today;
The today is the mother of tomorrow,
I wish my days be bonded with the vibrating sound,
Bound each to each by Divine love

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Waiting For Dawn

In the dead of night,
I often climb from the bed,
As I listen to the black bird,
His voice soaked up by piles,
of sweet resonating sound,
Leaves me undisturbed and still,
In Divine silence, and peace,
At the foot of the mount Tûr
I can't see it -in the black light,
It too is black, hiding in blackness,
Singing out to me: wake up! wake up!
Listen to the morning birds' tweet,
The melodious songs to welcome,
The opening of shiny brightful dawn

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Mohammad Younus



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Welcome Woes

Welcome, look at the flower,
It is emitting perfume of love,
Whispers curtly, I enjoy,
The thunder and lightning

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Echoes

Heavenbound Shaheen flies,
Through the clouds, aimlessly floating...
High above without any sound,
But the Shaheen's fluttering sound,
In sky silence echoes below -
In the mountains and meadows,
The lovers alone - the mystics - do hear,
Like Leila hears Majnun's shrieks,
From a distance.

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Naughty Thoughts

Today's begging is not yet finished,
I am sitting beside my shrine,
Talking with some teasing thoughts,
Last day, foolish and unwise;
Today, no change!

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Mystical

Have you left me,
Or, lost your way?
I wait for you every hour,
Turn to me,
Cutting off from all other,
But! you do not show up,
My lord! I am here,
Do not lie to yourself,
I know you -
When you mask

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Mohammad Younus



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Wishful Dreams

On this loom of the world,
We weave wishful dreams,
And sing of idle dreams -
Weave, weave on,
As much as you wish,
Like those two cheats,
Who wove cloth -
For the emperor,
On a loom -
Without weft and warp,
Invisible to the fools,
It needs a seer to say:
Emperor is naked!

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My Fantasies

My fantasies -
What will it be?
Resonating sound -
at dawn and dusk,
Brightful sun -
at noon,
Deep crimson color -
at sunset,
Total stillness -
at night

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Stay Inside

I won't get out -
of my Hermitage,
The moon on my head -
Is watching

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Disturbing Thoughts

The thief is coughing:

My heart -

Aches with fear,

My stillness -

In ripples

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Do Not Be Desperate

You must always use a new broom,
To sweep clean the gloomy clouds,
Through the skylight in your housetop,
Otherwise, how will you ever see,
The bright clear blue sky

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Ethics

Both things are necessary:

How you earn your money?

And how you spend it?

Do you feel some social responsibility?

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Angelical Memories

Listening to the spring rain,
Recalling my childhood days —
Looking through the skylight -
To the sky covered by white clouds,
Listening to the din created by,
Rain striking the glazed tin roof,
Am I really a child again?
Where can I find a man,
Who has totally forgotten,
His angelical memories?

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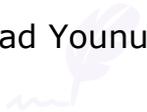
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I Sow You Reap

Yes, I'm truly a great fool,
Living among demons,
Please don't give me lessons,
About reality and illusion —
This old man just likes,
To tell himself -
"You are on the right track";,
I wade through thorny bushes,
With lanky legs and heavy load,
A bag of thoughts on my head,
To sow these in fine spring weather,
That's my life, that is my purpose,
The harvesters owe me nothing,
It is free from Divine providence,
For those who value and need.

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Bonfire

Too ambitious to know the unknown,
Let you take care of yourself,
Counted breaths in your bag -
a bundle of twigs to lit a bonfire,
While thinking about reality and delusion,
Listening to the sweet mellow music,
Sit comfortably, burn yourself up,
Leaving no trace of your other,
Love is a bonfire that burns with fury,
Asking for some more rubbish to set ablaze

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Exodous

'Aspire to return to my native home -
After long many years' exodus,
I live in a muddy inn listening to -
The rain falling in the distant garden,
A muddy home of elements four -
Earth, air, fire, and water,
No robe, two breaths is all I have,
I light my lamp and sit to listen the flute,
Sitting in meditation in my Hermitage,
All night all day constantly gazing - outside through the skylight,
Inside, poignant memories of -
Those days in the eternal home.

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Sadists

Some people, filling their belly -
With sumptuous and luxurious cuisine,
While noticing poor people,
Taking kitchen waste,
Haughtily say:
God has made them so -
They must suffer; we must enjoy -
The gifts of our Great God,
I don't lie,
I have caught people saying so.

Mykoul

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A Visit To My Teacher's Tomb

An old grave at the corner of Malkhah -
Opposite to Zindáshah Masjid,
Lost in thorny tribulus weeds,
There is no one left in his family,
No one of his disciples either,
To tend the tomb, or visit to pray,
Only an oldman occasionally passes by,
Once I was his pupil, when a youth,
Learning deeply from him in his shanty,
I would daily after college go to him,
The years passed between us in silence,
I visited his grave but found him at rest,
How can I get lessons from his departed soul?
I stand dejected over his tombstone,
To offer a silent Fatiha prayer.
The sun suddenly disappears behind the horizon,
And I'm frightened by the howl of dogs,
I try to pull myself away but cannot,
A flood of tears soaks my grey beard.

Mykoul

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Hu Hu

Hu, Hu

He is who fills out a thousand worlds with his music,
How can I accept as real the sounds, the guitars and flutes produce?
Tunes, tunes -nothing but whim and fantasy;
HE is the sounder, and one must listen His sound -Hu, hu

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Illusion

As long as you believe Yourself to be,
Different from and superior to others,
I am afraid, you will be following,
The Sect of Self-worshipers,
You claim, "I broke the idols of marble stones";
But I see, the Idol of Illusion still survives,
In your mind,
You will not be liberated from illusion,
I am sure, unless you smash the idol of Self,
If you desire to know the truth,
Cast your illusion away to winds,
Sometimes what you see is not the Truth,
Sometimes what you hear is not the Truth
To the ignorant, it is but a wonder,
Only the Gnostic knows what the illusion is,
The one who claims, I hear the holy music,
Might be mistaking the boisterous noise for the holy music,
The one who claims I see the holy light,
Might be just his hallucinations,
Let's know, awareness alone can overcome the illusion

Mykoul

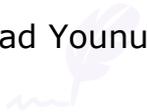
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O Morning Breeze

O morning breeze, you smell fragrant,
From which rose garden did you come?
And where are you going?
You take my soul out of me,
Do you come from my lost garden?
You bring on your wings sound currents of sky music,
Did you cross the celestial garden,
Where I was playing at my harp?
You promise me something,
You seem to be coming with some message,
From my friend, standing at the Kawthar pool,
To offer me a sip from his cup,
So that my frivolity and eccentricities are washed off,
To repose in me Love and light,
That resounded in God before the time began

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I Am A Student

I haven't come here in vain,
I am a student, I have come here to learn,
In this big school of my creator,
I have lot many questions ingrained in my persona,
I didn't come here to create new questions,
I'm here to remember my divine knowledge,
To know about me, and about my creator,
From my first day, I have been continually learning,
I might keep on learning even beyond my death,
God had taught me the names of all things,
As I came here I forgot every lesson,
Is there anyone who would get me out of my forgetfulness?
I learn from my true self - my Teacher,
My teacher is always with me,
He teaches me the secrets hidden:
shows me who I am.

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Life

Life is a continual journey,
For learning, that has no end,
Too often we are caught up,
in mundane frivolities,
That cause us to forget,
To appreciate the myriad wonders,
That surround and affect us,
Our lot many differences -
cultural, theological or circumstantial -
Are not real, but pure delusion!
We must see the common essential truth,
That binds us together into one composite whole,
The knowledge of that essential truth,
Expands our insight, appreciation of beauty,
Necessity of mutual love and trust,
Promotes peaceful interaction with each other,
To better understand our purpose of life

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Divine Eye

In pre eternity, before Man was born,
There was nothing,
Nothing was bound by time or space,
Save Allah, a treasure hidden!
Then, he desired to be known,
So he polished creation's mirror,
Caressed every atom with his light,
His glory still remained unwitnessed,
Until he created the lover,
And Installed his own light in him,
When the divine eye opens,
Only then is he known,
He is himself in fact,
The witness and the witnessed

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My Self Introspection

You prolifically read great many books,
On secular and spiritual sciences,
To be famous for being a great scholar,
But hardly ever you read your own book,
You read volumes to know the ancient wisdom,
But, you scarcely ever read the book of your heart,
Though your heart is the mother of all knowledge,
You go round the temples and
mausoleums,
But you never care to visit the shrine of your heart,
Everyday you seek refuge with Allah,
Against Satan who tempts you to evil,
But, you never care to know who the Satan is,
Is it not your own self that exhorts you to evil?
You are always quick to attack the infidels,
Yet, you have never fought a battle against your own infidelity,
How many idols you are installing in your heart every hour!
You dissipate your time and money lavishly,
On Sufi concerts and sumptuous feasts,
But, you never try to grasp what is sounding within you,
And fail to perceive the light gleaming in your soul,
Stop taking head loads of knowledge,
For you only desire to brag your knowledgeability,
Only one truth is sufficient for you to know,
That God is our lord whom we must know,
Practice what little you know rather than making a false show,
If knowledge does not liberate the self from the self,
Then ignorance is better than such knowledge.

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From Darkness To Light

The rays of light flashing from my Essence,
Created in every atom of my being a yearning for vision,
Till I got stunned to see his light,
In all his manifestations around,
I fell in love with all the forms,
That illuminate with his holy light,
Love removed the rust from my heart's mirror,
Till I began to see my own face in it,
I was in the beginning a secret hidden,
Concealed in the darkness of my existence,
Under the spell of love, I emerged from darkness,
And became what I am now, the Light of my essence,
Mixed with love fires and illumined,
The holy music always sounds in me,
Some say the path is too difficult,
God forgive them! I found it so easy:
As I found my beloved smiling at me,
Through the eyes of all things in which he is manifested

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Be Humble

Being humble is a right job,
But never be like that snake who humbled,
Himself, on the advice of Dattatariya,
When, children made a skipping rope of it,
Even don't thrash around showing your strength,
Be humble, but scare away your enemy,
By raising your hood to tell: I am ready to strike,
Yet, be always humble before the mighty God,
Before his might and power, your power and position avail not,
Brag never in his presence as haughty Iblis did,
When you're living at home with God,
You neither cling to the world altogether,
Nor tear it apart from you as a dirty linen,
When you are one with God,
Your existence itself is an illusion,
All that is, is the manifestation of one being,
When you worship the other than Allah,
You are not better than a cow-worshipping Hindu,
When you hold on to the fire in yourself,
You are not better than a fire-worshipping Zoroastrian,
Be like a satisfied servant who owns nothing,
Who attaches no hope to anyone other than his master,
Who fears no one other than his master,
Say we serve thee, thee we ask for help!

Mykoul

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Rain Of Mercy

When a lover loses himself in love,
He proclaims: I am the lover and the beloved both,
Lose the sense of "being lost" -
That is the real detachment in truth.
Detach yourself completely from the earth,
Rise above -with nothing else -to the skies,
You will meet your lord, the originator,
He shall shower upon you the rain of mercy,
Your garden shall then bloom with flowers of love,
And shall give forth the fruit of peace

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A Mad Speech

With my thought, I encompass both the worlds,
But both the worlds cannot encompass me,
With my thought I encompass the time and space,
But, the time and space cannot encompass me,
I am the preserved tablet, the revelations are inscribed on me,
I am the oyster shell, the much sought after Pearl is within me,
I am the hidden secret, the Creator's 'Be', and 'Is' me,
There is no commentary that can explain me,
Nowhere any one can find God and Truth -except in me,
In me is found the Scales, the Bridge over the Hell, and the Fountain of
abundance,
I am the word of God, I am his witness,
I am created by God by his command,
From clay that gives forth sound -
Black mud fashioned into shape!
Hold the tongue, I am nothing, nothing worth mentioning,
It is a madman's speech, a madman's dream

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Reckoning

I see a great fire that has enveloped me,
I see the doors of every sanctuary on fire,
Beyond the fire, I see the sanctuary of peace,
None could enter it but he who is sincere,
I enter the sanctuary through the fire,
I come near to the chair of justice,
I stand in the court for my reckoning,
My acts are classified into groups two:
What are for the love of God, and
What are for the love of self,
I see only the acts, sincere and for him are,
Accepted for awarding the final reward,
I see it is in the award written:
"He has passed the reckoning, he can live in our sanctuary."

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Divine Thoughts

These divine thoughts -
The revelations from unseen -
Unfold the mysteries -
Covered in thousand wraps,
Of darkness and light -
The hallowed meanings!
Descending from high,
A wordless speech,
In the stillness of the soul,
Indeed, the heavenly bliss!
To enlighten and awaken,
The soul, by the elixir:
The knowledge and wisdom,
And free you from fire,
And make you sound,
Like a pure vessel of gold,
To narrate words of wisdom,
To the seekers of truth

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Journey To God

Standing still then listening close,
Casting away the self instantly,
I read all the thirty books,
From my lord,
He revealed to me,
The essential secrets,
With a simple glance.

I heard the voices,
From the Caller,
Calling me to believe,
In Oneness of God,
Then I turned to Him,
In a space of time,
Shorter than a flash.

And I saw before me,
The preserved tablets - -
The secrets -that had been,
Too far from my understanding,
In a blink of eye.

I inhaled the fragrance,
Clinging to my soul,
Of the garden of Eden,
In a simple breath,
That gave to my heart,
Pleasure immense.

I surveyed the seven heavens,
And the earth,
In a momentary thought,
And found them to be,
The dominions of lord,
The possessor of majesty,
And splendor,

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Gaze Upon Forms

I gaze upon forms with my heart's eye,
Because spiritual meaning is hidden there.
This is the world of forms, and in forms we live,
The spiritual meaning cannot but be seen in forms,
But, formless and intangible is their essence,
That gives them meaning, beauty, and existence,
Yet, all forms are perishable, while eternal is our Lord,
The essence of all things,
That He created with His command,
Be, and it was

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My Friend Says

My friend says to me, I am here:
Standing before you, standing behind you,
Standing on all your sides, standing in and out of you,
If you cannot see me, you must be with some other,
Even if you are intimate with some other,
See within that it's meaning - it's essence -
Then, you will affirm my presence within all things you see,
You will find, when you are one with me:
In everything is Light of me,
Just gaze at my light, put even my zikar behind,
Lest you revert again to the other-than-me,
Between you and me there must be nothing,
One day I shall lift the veil and show you my splendor,
My light will gleam on you -
Your heart will be filled out by my light,
I will inhabit once more your ruined garden of Eden,
You will see how my light expels others from your garden,
I will then summon you in my presence,
Never again will you be veiled from my sight,
You will hear from me my greetings,
I am your merciful lord, this is the day of bliss

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Nundh Rishi

Says Nuñd Rishi,
Baba Nasar, roaming in the jungles was futile,
Only we got the thorns thatpricked our feet,
In nutshell we had to know only one thing,
Our Lord encompasses everything,
And we wander searching him in jungles,
Searching existence in non existence
We get lost

Mohammad Younus



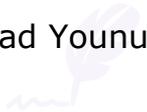
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Now I Believe

I believed that I and every created thing is his other,
Nowhere in the world did I find even a trace of my beloved, ,
Then I looked at my essence, and the essences of all things,
I found, there is no stranger in the world, Whom I could call his other
I used to see in everything his villain,
He opened my eyes, and I was amazed,
Whom should I call his other!
The universe became a mirror house,
In every mirror, I found only one being smiling,
Day and night my heart was moaning eh, eh,
A miracle happened, I found my heart and,
The heart of everything humming hu, hu,
Duality vanished, multiplicity disappeared,
I see my friend in me, in everything, in private, and in public,
Now I believe, he is the reality of the whole world,

Mykoul

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All Is He

When you were not yet manifested,
There was no other thing beside you,
When you revealed yourself in infinitude of beings,
All your manifestations seemed to me your other,
Outwardly, you are a lover, inwardly you are the beloved,
In fact, the inward and the outward are your two visages,
You are yourself speaking this truth to me,
No one can speak about you except you,
Your speaking through your intuition is pure wine for me,
My drunkenness from your tavern of love,
Permits me speaking to you frantically,
The wine-pourer is never wearied, the drinker never full,
From drinking to the dregs the wine of love,
So, I often ask you, have you something more?
Give me more and more of your wine,
To keep intoxicated my inner heart and soul

Mykoul

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Picture Gallery

In this picture gallery of existence the pictures I see,
How numerous, how diverse, how same these are,
In each picture, I discern the face of the same being,
When the brush of breeze moves on the surface of ocean,
That creates a pattern of infinitude of waves,
We name them waves, forgetting their essence,
Even a buffoon knows that waves have no existence,
Apart from the ocean
A single existence is manifest in all waves,
It is he who appears in the shape of Vamiq and Azra,
It is he who through the eye of Majnun looks,
Lovingly at the black beauty of Leila,
It is he who for the pleasure of Shereen,
Takes a sickle in his hand to dig a tunnel through the mountain,
So in the image of every lover, it is he!
Who loves and adores his own beauty

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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One Sea

I have wandered through wilderness,
Yet found no trace of him any where,
I beheld my essence and saw him in me,
I looked at the essences of other things,
And found the essences of all the things was he,
How wonderful!
A single essence radiates like a light in all things,
I have found that the lover and Beloved
are the same,
How is Love possible without a lover and a Beloved?
Go beyond this love relation, go beyond the going-beyond,
Till you realize the reality is one and the same,
But, shows itself spread out in all things,
The mystery is too deep to be perceived by all,
Some see the boat in the sea, some see the sea in the boat,
If you behold the mystery by His Light,
You might find the hidden truth,
That together all drops make one sea

Mykoul



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I Am Happy

Any person obsessed with the profane beauties of this world,
How would he perceive the beauties of the Hereafter,
Any person obsessed with the beauties of the Hereafter,
How would he perceive the Beauty of Oneness of God,
You know why I am happy: I am obsessed neither by this world nor hereafter,
It is because I seek his love, not through my own efforts,
But because He has decided, I should love Him,
By your grace, my lord, I found you beside me,
When you woke me up from my slumber,
In this path the eye must cease to see except your beauty,
And the ear must cease to hear except your name,
And the tongue must cease to speak except your word,
Thus, spoke Mustafa, beloved of God,
He becomes your eyes with which you see,
He becomes your ears with which you hear,
He becomes your tongue with which you speak

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Treasure Of Love

It is the treasure of love one must be after,
Naught the pearls and heaps of gold;
Only the lover minus self knows,
What the treasure of love is,
A lover in the hope of getting this treasure,
Must suffer the pain and pangs of love,
All his life, until he meets his beloved,
If you desire a rose, prick of thorns,
You must be ready to get

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Pangs Of Separation

I am a drop, and the drop is from the sea;
Why then I deem myself apart from my essence?
The separation is an imaginary line in my mind;
Erase well that line, for it was drawn by me,
His song of love I keep listening in my heart;
lest I suppose that I am apart from him:
it is the drama of love, that I play -
Here the two lovers are parted from each other,
To show how in Divine Love a lover must suffer,
Pain and anguish due to the pangs of separation,
As do the lovers suffer in ordinary love,
In this love affair, I have found at last,
That the vision of the beloved must require,
Seer and seen, though essence remains one.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Bitter Reality

When a point is stretched, a line is formed,
When a compass on a point moves around,
It begins from a point and reaches back to the same point
When the circle gets completed, we see, It's beginning and ending are one and
the same,
So the lover walking on the path of love,
Meets himself at the end, and realizes, That love is actually a I to I journey,
I have no other words to express a bitter reality
That two lovers in the world of unity is just a dream.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Will Never Give Up

As long as I live, I will listen with heart's ear,
The ecstatic music sounding in my soul all the time,
I will never give it up, even when I am dead,
Tomorrow, On the day of resurrection,
When I stand before my lord to present my accounts,
I will walk forward with the record of this mellow music,
Still resounding in my soul and heart.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Then And Now

I prayed, at first, as a little child,
Asking of him little things -Lollypops and toys,
I walked and talked with God my secret things,
Because they taught me: God is with you,
When I gained Consciousness, to know and understand,
How prayer would be like, if I see God around me,
My childish eye looked around, and gazed,
On wondrous beauty shining in everything, everywhere,
In Childish innocence, I asked him,
When would I see you in human form,
I was conversant with from my first day?
When I gained a little more awareness,
I understood he is imperceivable and is formless,
That tremendously baffled me, and I wondered,
Whom should I love and adore if he is not corporeal?
Then, a mad idea occurred to my mind,
I have double visages: one earthly and one divinity,
A long time passed, I realized all is divinity -
Spread out in all things, in heavens and on the earth,
And often since, I feel his light in everything,
I am happy I have found the God,
Filling the time and space with his presence,
Yet, I feel he loves himself through me,
Through my soul, my heart, and even my body

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Nothing But You

The mother of the book of secrets,
is nothing but you,
Of all the mirrors of the divine beauty,
Your mirror is the most special,
In this mirror alone you will find,
The reflected sees, hears and speaks,
And says my reality is nothing but you,
Not a thing in this world is outside of you,
If you want to seek the Divine, seek that within you,
But you seem to be like a captive bird,
That sings remembering his home,
When you obtain awareness, you shall know,
Your cage is merely a delusion,
Your separation is mere delusion.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

True Lovers

The sun is touching the mountain tops,
Disappearing beyond the horizons,
The darkness enveloping the beauty,
Whatever little life remains is to love my lord,
The pilgrims go to Mecca to see the house of God,
The lovers view Kaaba in their own souls,
Inside of them, where they see nothing but lord,
There is no one like them, neither scholars nor gurus,
Both are bereft of love and the divine knowledge,
I have seen many a faqir who always love the lord,
All the hours, they hear the mystic word, hu, hu,
All the hours, their eyes are fixed on his beauty,
Love is the be-all and end-all of their life

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

By Your Command

You created me from a handful of dust,
And then blew in me of your spirit,
Made me hearing and seeing by your command,
That through and through resounds in me,
Reminding me of my origin, It is you who is manifest in me,
By your command I move, I hear, I see,
By your command I speak what pleases you,
By your command I see you gleam in all things,
By your command I have fallen in love with all things,
I see them like mirrors in which one light shines,
How can I turn my eyes away from the hidden truth?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Thy Name Is Love

We call you by many beautiful names,
Sometimes we name you We, sometimes I,
Sometimes we name you He, sometimes You,
Sometimes we call you by the mystic name Hu,
Sometimes we don't call you by any name,
Except all is You:
Taking as many names as are your manifestations,
Sometimes we call You the Beloved,
Sometimes we call you one who serves the Wine of love,
Sometimes we call you the Lover casting his trap,
Sometimes we see you One who releases the Life force,
To give existence to all things,
Sometimes we see your glorification resounding in all things,
Sometimes we see your light radiating in all things,
One day we come to know that on the tablet of life,
There is nothing other than your love,
No matter by what name we call You,
Your real name is Love

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Promise In Eternity

So shall I live, looking at your beauty,
I look at you, you dwell in my heart,
For there can live no other in my heart,
In my looks my heart constantly assures me,
That in my eyes no other ever could be,
My eyes should nothing then see but your beauty,
You are the lover and owner of your beauty both,
They rightly deserve the divinely grace, Whose eyes you chose to adore your
face,
The sourest things turn sweet by your glance,
How sweet and fragrant you make their speech,
When they hear in soul your resounding name,
O what a melody have those sounds got,
Which for your remembrance are calling me,
Remember me I shall remember you
This is the promise you made to me in eternity

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Phoenix Lover

Bees in numberless infinities swarm in my house
Buzzing together arise, arise, listen my song,
Let them sing, Lord, and me hear hu, hu,
For I yearn to return to you, Lord,
Before the last trumpet shall sound,
When the just God closes the book of actions,
And announces the awards in his court,
For those who listened and those who not,
Those who practiced the celestial sound before their death
Shall be resurrected to life to behold,
The lightful countenance of their Lord,
The Phoenix lover will then know
The hidden secret with matchless grace

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Moses And Khidee

Like Moses the lovers seek the elixir of Eternal Life -
Hidden in the realm of darkness -
the Lord's secrets hidden in the chests of awakened souls,
They carry the treasure of jewels within,
But, they wear the patched robes,
A great number of shells are lying at the bottom of an Ocean,
But the diver must know the oyster shell,
Moses also in the valley of search meets,
A green robed Faqir, Khidre by name,
Living at the meeting point of two seas,
Moses! You would never be patient with me,
Lo! If you want to accompany me,
Do not ask me any questions,
Like a master and pupil they went on,
Khidre shows him some mysteries and riddles,
But Moses had no acumen for the hidden truths,
Humiliated he puts down his wings,
I know nothing of such riddles, he says,
I know not this or that, I'm blank in
the middle'
Be not like Moses if you desire to gain,
Some pearls from your Murshid

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Seek Guidance

It is your light present in every atom -
A life force of the unity in all things,
Though in your essence endless and eternal,
You are the beginning and end of all things,
Why should I feel separated from You,
When I know you are essentially present within my own being,
In the form of the Beloved we revere You,
Yet in the eyes of the Lovers it is You,
Who is sitting behind their eyes to love his being,
A lover who spends a moment at your door,
Forgets totally about his earthly nature,
And he wonders about his essential being,
He finds himself not separate from your being,
On this path of love seek guidance from the perfect faqir,
Who knows clearly the hidden secret,
And is aware about the riddle of being

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Reality Of A Lover

When Adam was still a molding of water and clay,
The seed of love was planted in his soul,
The essence of a lover is not water and soil,
But through and through a lover is -
An embodiment of heart and soul,
Unveil your beauty, Beloved, and see,
How lovers present themselves at your door,
Many ascetics set their hearts on the promised Jannah,
For loversthe beloved is the be all and end all of their longing,
They ask only one thing of their beloved,
Love, love, and yet more love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Accept Your Terms

In my yearning soul and watching ear,
I am so used to hearing the Goldy sound,
That when in the vaulted arcade of my heart,
I hear it resounding, I believe it's only coming from You,
I am the one who patiently waits at your threshold,
Hoping you won't deny me your merciful glance,
You are the Soul of my soul, why should I fear,
If my soul is mad in your love,
How can I complain,
As the delight of my union fulfills me,
And my eyes are filled with the effulgence of your face,
You ask me to love no other,
"If you want me as your Friend", and
"No one should be privy to our Love affair",
With great delight, I accept all your terms,
As per your wish, I have removed from my heart all other,
And I take no one as my companion to share my secrets,
For my Friend and Companion is only You

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Witcher Beauties

Someone has stolen my heart
but I am jubilant over this loss,
Instead he has given me a pearl
That I was looking for in the world
I am fortunate my darling now
Solely and wholly possesses my heart
No silver bodied beauties parade
In this sacred place now
Lo! I am freed of all the faithless
Misleading witcher beauties now

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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And I Saw You Not

As my eyesight, You were always staying in my eyes,
And I saw You not,
As my hearing, You were always staying in my ears,
And I saw You not,
On my tongue you were always speaking,
And I saw you not,
In my heart You were always staying,
And I wandered around,
At last, searching the whole world
I got a sign of You,
The whole world was nothing sans You,
And I saw You not

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Enlightenment

Yesterday I looked at the whole creation,
And found nothing in the whole creation,
Is bonded together by any life force,
Today I see all the particles making the universe,
Bound together by one single light force,
Yesterday I was asking scholars and gurus,
To show me the path leading to you straight,
Today I see every particle becoming a guiding star for me,
I take them as a guide on my journey to you,
As do the shippers on a voyage in the sea,
Or a caravan passing through a desert

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Glorious Is My Path

Glorious Is My Path

You are beautiful, you love beauty
All beauty spread out before my eyes
Is the Beauty of your glamorous face
Which You command to reflect in your creation
On the tongue of your lovers
You sit admiring your own reflection
Thus, You are the Lover and the Beloved both,
You veil your face with your dark tresses,
In that confusion with a passion to see your face,
The entire world of lovers You chain to your locks,
The heavens and the earth are unable to contain You,
But You chose the heart of your lover as your closet,
I am losing my belief and my religion,
in this love affair,
But I thank my Great God, for glorious is the path I've chosen

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

None Other Than You

In the human form of water and clay,
None other than You is showing of,
In the most secret chamber of my heart,
And deep down in my soul,
There is none other than You, hiding secretly,
You told me to empty my heart of all that's not You,
So I did: my world, my heart and soul,
I have thrown them off,
Who, other than You is in both worlds?
Who, other than You is inside and outside?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Poems

Divulging secrets about the sweet song,
My poems have turned sweet,
And my soul has got filled with honey,
You are the secret Flame in the niche of myheart,
That enlightens me and at the same time burns the veils,
Separating me from my beloved,
Since I know my beloved is fond of bright colors,
I'll let my passionate heart write ruby lines in my poems,
In the ocean of Love my heart has found many pearls,
Some of which are offered in these poems

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Talking To Lord

You
who
through my painting,
Looks at yourself
You
who
adds a million new paintings,
on the infinite canvas of your creation,
and brushes off a million old ones
every moment,

You
Who
With your gorgeous brush,
Paints on the canvas secrets,
before the first day of creation,
and of eternity's secrets too,

You
Who
on the tablet of my heart paints,
the stories of my separation,
and the stories of my union too,

You
Who
breathes life into bees and singing birds,
Who breathes sound in flute reeds,
To sing happy welcome notes for me,
Bees, crickets, birds are naught but, created to sing to lure me back,
These lines carry meaning and message,
For those who desire to be in pure love for their lord

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Drop Your Veils

I can't accept you outside of myself,
As scholars ask I must believe,
If you are beyond the reaches of my imagination,
Then, how could I seek you and where?
I believe you are behind the veils of sound and light,
Now that I have seen your veils,
I pray you, my love,
Lift thy veils so that I must see,
A glimpse of your dazzling face,
When you have dropped your veils,
I must realize you are the One I looked at,
From behind the silvered side of my mirror

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



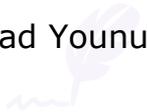
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I See You Lord

I see, Lord, you encompassing all things,
I see, lord, your light in all things,
I see, lord, you exist in all things,
I see, lord, you sustaining all things,
I see, lord, you pulsing with your name in all things,
I see, lord, your beauty manifested in all things,
I see, lord, you as a hidden secret in all things,
I see, lord, you like a seed and it's yield in all things,
I see, lord, you playing the wondrous game through all things,
I see, lord, you affirming your sole existence through all things,
I see, lord, you as the sole living force in me,
And in all the things you created,
So I bow in submission to you excluding all other,
Without fear, I proclaim: nothing exists save you,
La ilaha Ila hu - - hu! hu! hu!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Show Me Yourself

My lord, I am a drop of the ocean,
And you are the ocean in me,
When I see my beauty in the mirror, I see your face,
who has seen your face in some other mirror,
except in his own?
He who sees you in his own mirror,
He gives a cry like a scientist when he finds the result,
An ecstatic shout! 'I have seen the Divine, '
Everywhere your lovers eagerly wait,
For a glimpse of your face,
Beloved, like Moses I would pray:
My lord: show me -Yourself -
That I may look at You,
Remove Your veil, reveal Your face!
This is the supplication of one who desires,
To dive into the ocean of Unity,
And enjoy the beauty of his beloved openly

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

A Refreshful Song

I am a recluse - I am a heaven bird,
I fly in the vast extensive skies,
I need no nest to rest in;
I love fragrant music and so charming beauty
In aromatic springs that never end;
I love a whisper from the unseen ___
very gentle and long,
And, in full silence, a refreshful song.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Lightful Glimpse

We raise our arms
The prayers from our breast
Climb to heaven;
We raise our eyes
Gaze at the beautiful face
Extensively spread out;
We lower our eyes
Sit with humility
Before our lord
Tongue tight;
Our tears drop down
Soak the earth;
From every drop we shed
Grows a tree of hope
That stays mysteriously
In our heart;
From every hope
We cherish
Sprouts a sweet music
That sounds in and out;
Can you hear this silvery sound
Flying about your heads all along?
Can you see the beloved
Waiting to give a lightfulglimpse?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Appointed Hour

Yet though a man gets a Z security,
Might receive bullets in his breast,
He dies not, unless the appointed hour,
The limit of his life's span, he must reach,
Nor does the man who in the underground chamber,
Sits still, to escape the doom
That God decreed before he was born

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



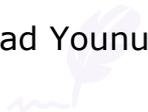
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Lover's Concert

My mind was full, overflowing with conceit and avarice—
Consistently making a slurred speech,
Drunk in the wine of my assumed greatness,
But, your love made me low —
It made me humbled and freed me,
From having to worship and adore myself,
Then I heard a call from you my lord,
Love's concert was calling me consistently,
But neither the sound nor the sounder were seen,
The sweet melody on guitar is resounding in my heart,
Filling it with pure love,
Obliterating my passion for any other,
Hundreds of lovers have passed this very way —
Don't be surprised if I too join their caravan
By the grace of God

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Spiritual Dream

Let me clean my house,
and then lay down long
On the threshold of my house
To wait for you and desire
You flash your lights there
A spiritual vision clear
Thrills my soul with pleasure,
In untroubled mystic dream
Breathing of divine ecstasy,
From innermost recess
Its room does keep,
Enlightened with beams of light
In the still deep hush of night:
All through a sweetening melody
was heard that hour,
And I read from the tablets hidden
Themysteries of Heaven,
In dreamundoubtedly true,
That man is the secret of God
And God is the secret of man
And their is no deity but hu

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Cuckoo Sings

A cuckoo sings,
Hides behind a thicket of willow weed,
He resonates spring and summer,
Calling his beloved with his coos,
But you can't see his face,
Until he stops singing,
When it flies away from its song post,
Having at last spotted her love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Am Your Slave

If you allow me to be your lover,
I'll sacrifice anything you ask me to,
And if you want to love me instead,
I'll wear a mask for you -
To let you love me but through me,
If you want a companion, hold my hand,
If you want a dutiful servant, here I am,
Or if you want to strike me down in anger,
Here I stand a humble slave,
Do with pleasure what pleases you,
You are my master, I'm your servant,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Journey Into Nothingness

If you desire to know Yourself,
Journey into nothingness, and obliterate,
Yourself absolutely from your inside,
One tenacious grip of the rope of God,
And you can come out of the ravine of self,
Rife with worldly desires and infatuation with other,
Slowly a divinely space shall open in your breast,
Echoing with melodious sound hu hu,
Coming from your soul all the time,
That never allows you hear any other name,
Then witness the refulgent light coming from mysterious source,
Constantly being released by the lamp that needs no oil

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Harmukh Peak

Harmukh Peak

Good luck today on my morning time,
I dragged myself out of my warm bed,
Before sunrise, I found myself in stillness,
Of mountains and meadows,
Between me and my love, the wild howls tear at my soul,
And my little heart looks so forlorn -
Yes, this is my chosen path along the precipice,
That guides me to my eternal home,
Through dejection, pain, and pathos,
Yet, I will keep on trucking - keep on,
The Harmukh peak is just a few metres away

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

One Reality

Why to chant Allah, Allah, on a rosary?
When I know by myself his name is sounding in me,
I listen, I see, Allah's word is witness to me,
There is no doubt, that in all faces appears he,
Were it not for the excess of your indulgence,
In mundane love, and the ensuing turmoil in your hearts,
You would know what I hear, and see what I see!
I am he whom I hear, and whom I hear is he,
I am he whom I see, and whom I see is he,
Who is there in all the worlds other than he?
Whom should I hear, speak, or see,
My beloved is my essential truth, that resides in me,
And of all things that he creates, the hidden reality is he.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Have A Lover's Eye

Have A Lover's Eye

Love can demolish the magic of the self,
Love begets awareness; love begets the knowledge true,
Love cares not for glamour of the world and it's beauty,
Love is the shield against all negativity,
The intellect and love are not at cross,
As some circles of sufis would like us to believe,
Eh, our belief in love is not understood by all,
Have a lover's eye, and oneness will dawn on thee;
As the waves cannot be deemed to be apart from the sea,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Meditation

When you meditate on the essential truth,
Falling into stillness, You will hear:
The sound of the most beautiful chord of music,
Whose notes become louder and louder,
Whose vibration fills your whole being,
Until its essence totally absorbs you,
In an intense sweetness and bliss,
As if you are transported to the garden of Eden,
The notes shall become inaudible but,
As you fall in to worldly bustle and din,
Such bliss you can scarcely experience,
As long as you are on the level of mind,
Because the mind is the "slayer of the Real,
It breaks us away from the spiritual Truth,
Which is to be found within the lover's heart,
The mind understands through duality -
the differentiation of subject and object,
While truth is to be found in a state of oneness:
The knower, the knowledge, the known are one

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

He Is Calling

How harmonic! How sweet!
A Music coming out of God's harp!
What an appeal lies in these tunes!
Once I heard Your melodious music,
I could never become intimate with any other tune,
I desire only this music, I love only this music,
As it utters only Your name, Hu,
Wherever I turn to, I hear Hu, Hu,
I see every atom as a proof of your grace and splendour,
For me, Your vibrant music is sweet and pleasant,
You have erased all shades of duality
from my heart,
And instead you have inscribed,
"La illaha illa hu"
Through constantly listening your name,
Reverberating in the whole universe,
I have come to accept:
My essence and that of the other things is one and the same,
Whether You believe it or not,
This holy music has been sounding from pre eternity,
So my zikar is to devotedly hear Hu, Hu

Mohammad Younus

Soul's Secret

Truly, an essential relationship there is,
Between the human body and the soul,
If your soul is conscious and aware,
Your body and mind will follow your soul,
If your body and mind are diseased,
These surely will impact your soul,
It will also feel the pain, and be restless,
If your body and mind are sound and healthy,
Your soul also stay in happy and in peace,
Mansoor knew a hidden secret about the two,
While the two are together needed on the earth,
We do not live because of the body here,
We live rather by the command of our lord here -
The soul about which the scripture says:
Do they ask you about the soul?
Tell them it is from the command of God,
Only on the wings of the soul can we fly in the skies,
He freed himself from the body of water and clay,
So he devoted himself to know rather the secret of soul,
Observing one truth in all things,
He declared: I am the truth
It was not he who claimed - I am the truth,
It was the Haq, in whom he had passed away,
Who declared his oneness on his tongue,
Anal Haq! Anal Haq! Anal Haq!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Philosopher's Stone

The caller is calling; the heart is beating;
The soul is resonating with the word of God;
I am reminded of the day when my lord asked me:
Have we not taken a pledge from you?
That you will not be a slave to Satan -your open enemy,
Fortunate are they who have escaped,
From the flimsy and transient world,
Though this world is not created in vain,
Instead, follow the creator of this world;
Who fashioned each soul from a sounding clay,
And imbibed in them divinely love to realize the truth,
And recognize him who is likened to,
The light of the earth and heavens,
The time to start the journey is right now,
There might not be a second chance,
To embrace the life again and again,
In this life only you can find the philosophers' stone

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Guide Me On The Right Path

Show me the way,
to my ancient home,
The great sages walked on;
They enjoyed,
a contented life, and
ultimately hallowed;
Bathed in,
Divinely light;
Show me,
the All-Time listeners,
of Silvery music,
right on that way,
where the sky is studded,
with jewels and diamonds;
The cool bright moon,
shines on them;
Where moon beams inspire
the sweetest declarations
of the hidden secret;
And the heavens give
profoundest welcome;
The frivolous people,
twenty-four seven,
cannot be walkers,
along this road;
They enjoy,
a supurious life, and
ultimately hollowed;
bathed in direct
sunlight;
Where the sun,
reddens hot,
roasts the people,
in their own oven;
My lord! write,
with your mightiest pen,
that I be a walker,
on the straight path;
That leads to my home.

PoemHunter.com

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mystic Science

My friend, I have trouble in connecting you,
Though, in fact, you are with me; you are in me,
Because I desire a real bond with you,
I won't be satisfied with the bond of imagination alone,
Because Imagery is just transitory,
There is the largest room in my longing heart,
Enough for you - my friend - to be there,
I desire to close you in the cage of my heart,
It is a special heart which is yours and yours alone,
So spacious that here the ocean will stay in the pot,
And I - a drop - will not be out of the ocean,
I am waiting for your coming in my impatient heart,
O King of silvery music! you planted your ears in my head,
To listen your melodious music with patience,
O Source of my pure love! you lit your lamp of love in my heart,
That burning lamp set my heart ablaze,
I don't know how to cry for this severe pain,
It taught me to bear it with patience,
This fire burnt down my whole world within my heart,
Even myself got reduced to ashes,
My open enemy, Iblis, was smoldered,
Then, I remembered my covenant with you,
As there was no Iblis left to lead me away,
From fulfilling my primordial covenant,
O faqir, if you earnestly love music and light,
You will surely achieve God consciousness,
And you will behold him inside and out,
You must be wise and aware,
If you desire to know this science

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Calm Soul

The lark stops his silvery twittering,
When he has seen his Beloved,
He falls calm and quite, once he viewshis Beloved,
Just as fall silent the roaring brooks,
When they join the expansive ocean,
O boisterous soul, you too will stop your resonance,
When you fall in the ocean of light,
When it happens, you will be calmed for ever.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Transcendence

At dawn a thousand morning birds, Gather in my garden to sing love songs,
Hiding behind the thicket of foliage,

They say:

AWAKE! for the glittering morning has put the night to flight:

And Lo! the sun of the day has noosed down the moon,

Bathe yourself in the Light effulgent,

If you, too, seek this transcendence,

Leave your lower self -then from head to foot

You will perceive your whole being as God's refulgence,

You will see the sun as if it has immersed in water

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Inspiration

God speaks to his friends as they think,
Then these words descend on their heart silently,
These words then surge up by his will -on their tongues,
These are the words we scantily and dimly hear -
through our ear,
You proceed out to see these friends,
To know the divine mysteries,
Go to the limits of your seeking,
Because those who seek find him,
And those who find him seek him again,
Flare up the flame of love in the niche of your heart,
and walk through the alleys of your heart -under divine light,
Let it be clear to you: God's light is immense,
His light permeates all things he created,
And lends out them the existence,
Just keep enlightening your heart,
No enlightening is final; it is an unending job,
Don't let yourself lose your lord -
the origin of your light.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

See The Light Flashes

Don't just sit muffled, hearing the music -
doing nothing;
Watch your beloved unfolding her braids;
Watch your beloved furling her black locks;
Watch her beautiful face glimpsing out the flashes of light;
Watch how her smiles heal your wounded wings;
Get healed, and fly high up in the heavens;
And know from there the mysteries immense;
Be a dutiful watcher of the tremendous beauty,
Every creature: man, animal, plant and others,
Love and praise this matchless beauty;
What a melodious sound coming from their hymns!
A harbinger of light flashes from heaven!

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In Mystic Silence

Gain the mystic silence -

If you earnestly desire to seek the mysterious sound,

What do all mystics seek so painstakingly? It's love -

The love of the hidden mystery,

What do they whisper to each other? It's love,

What do they think about? It's love,

What do they secretly whisper to each other? It's love,

Once immersed in love, you and I will disappear,

For self has passed away in the Beloved,

Draw aside the veil of duality, and behold!-

In your inmost soul with your inner eye,

Your beloved; peerless Love!

He who would know the secret of his self,

Of sure, will know the secret of his lord

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mysttery

You are yourself the greatest mystery,
Forget about all other mysteries,
Strive to know your own mystery,
Before the mysterious soul leaves your body,
If while living you fail to know yourself,
How will you know after your death?
Are you sure to get a second life to know your mystery?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Tweet

Awakened by your voice - -

Your sweet tweet!

I came running in the first morning light,

Wishing to hold you tightly to my breast,

Yet, you hide yourself in the thicket of willow weeds,

And keep on asking me,

"Why did you tweet me? "

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Morning Breeze

The Morning bird is tweeting his
mate;
Get up and let's heave some doses!
Of fragrant breeze together;
The morning breezespreads its fragrance -
To please and welcome us on our wedding;
We must get up and heave that in;
That breeze that envies not our joyful life;
Breathe my dear! before it's gone for tomorrow;
Tomorrow may or may not come!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Myself Beside Me

O God,
You decided I should be happy,
I went into my orchestra,
And found myself hearing the divinely music,
Giving out the sound of hu, hu
O God,
You decided I should sleep,
I slept and had an amazing dream,
I found myself in King's robes,
when I woke up,
I found myself quite naked,
And began to hide my shame
O God,
You decided I should wake up
I woke up and found myself nothing,
Empty of myself and empty of all things
O God,
You decided I should stand up -
between awareness and sleep,
I stood up and found myself standing -before a mirror,
And I found myself in and out of mirror
O God,
I seek you in me, and all things
Not through my efforts, but through my love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Obliterate The Visiting Thoughts

Whether your visiting thoughts are graceful or ungraceful,
Purify yourself of all the thoughts;
Polish your mirror, so that you see in it your face;
In the niche of your heart, you will see a splendid light,
Coming from the regions of mystery from heaven;
In the chamber of your heart you will hear a divinely sound, going on and on;
As it did for the saints and sages of past;
Then, with your heart enlightened with that splended light,
The secret of the Beloved will no longer remain hidden.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Source Of Light

His eternal beauty is free from all stain and imperfection;
He is beautiful and loves his own beauty;
He keeps his beauty hidden in the forms of his creation,
His beauty is covered by the veils of his mysteries;
Behind these veils, he is visible to the seeing eyes;
His beauty remains hidden for all blind eyes;
Who sit behind a curtain of non transparent Mist;
He is only to be seen by the eyes of the heart of lovers - -
Not by the physical eyes;
From his light, by his command, , He created a multitude of things,
Into each of the things He cast the rays of his light;
To the seers, anything that appears beautiful,
Is only a reflection of his beauty;
The seers are not contented with the reflections and shades;
They don't love the transient and vanishing things;
Their love impels them to go to the primordial source of light

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Everything Hymns His Praise

I am nothing but the reflection of the Eternal Light;
I am but a bubble on the Eternal Sea.
But even so, the reflection can't be cut off from the Light;
The bubble is an essential part of the Sea;
Know that nothing is apart from him;
His light falls over everything, his word touches everything;
There is nothing that doesn't hymn his praise

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Music Currents

Love came and spread like sound currents in air,
Love filled me with the music and emptied me of the other,
The music has filled over all parts of my existence,
I am completely obliterated, all that remains is He.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Know Your Lord

Don't cry with your pain -He's standing with you;
Don't look for Him in taverns and temples, -He's walking with you;
Don't infatuate with his other -He's watching you;
He senses a black ant under a black stone in the black night;
He hears even the sound of it's walking,
By his Divine ears;
Nothing can escape his watchful gaze;
Even if there's a virus invisible to human eye,
He knows its body, tinier than an atom,
He knows a baby in mother's womb, when it likes to sleep;
He rocks the baby to sleep -
by keeping his mother awake;
He has appointed for you the guides on his path;
He has opened to you the Way to him
So strive to know him in your souls - -
He has shown you the way!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Ecstasy Is In My Love

Friends, my ecstasy is in my love,
My Beloved is always with me,
Except love nothing I possess,
That I could pay for His love,
Lo, this love is not a commodity,
That is bought and sold in the market,
This love that turns my desert into meadow,
It comes from heavens above,
If I might die in his love to please my friend,
I would prefer such death to eternal life,
I would abandon all that is other than me
And my nothingness I would show to all,
As the conclusive proof that I love only him- -
He is the name and the sole goal of my love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Truth

How can I come to you?

You Only, only You, can get me to you,

You are neither reached by mysticism nor by religion,

Truth! You are Truth wrapped in Truth -

Truth! You are indivisible, you can't be divided into parts,

Truth! You are resonating sound of my soul,

Truth! You are the light of my heart,

Truth! You are above examples -

Nothing is like or unlike you,

Truth! Your Presence is all around -

Like the light of brilliant sun,

Flashinglight in all directions!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am Nothing

I got awed to hear a voice in my heart,
Who are you? Whom are you looking for?
Fear went down my spine -with a trembling tongue I replied -
Casting my eyes down on earth,
I am you!
You cannot ask me, who are you?
When you know you are present in every body,
My affirmation is your affirmation,
Your affirmation is my affirmation,
Yes, you are me, I am you,
Who else is there besides you?
As your word makes it clear,
"Your command - my soul - is from you",
Yet, I am nothing except you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Confession

I confess I went away many a time,
But, you are a witness-my lord!
I remained always in you,
How could I get peace and contentment outside you!
In your remembrance, remembrance left me,
And I witnessed you ever remembered me,
You are the hidden secret in my self,
Hidden deep within my conscience,
You are my true friend in my separation,
You are my companion in my union

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Seeking Truth

Seeking Truth,

Seeking Truth, I went to sufis,
And found them confused about the truth -
Spinning straw all the time;
Studied myself, leaving the libraries,
I discovered the hidden truth -
The path to him goes through me,
Best, I've found, to get awareness,
lest I should get lost in delusion,
Yes, best is to find that knowledge,
Which reveals all reality and truth,
As the great sages have done in past

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Signs

Hearing, Seeing, and speech,
Knowledge, experiment, and wisdom;
Wine, music, and light,
Intoxication, liveness, and awareness;
Plain way, steep road, and pathway,
Plains, mountains, and meadow;
Brooks, ocean, and vapours,
Detachment, attachment, and obliteration;
Longing, love, and contentment,
Separation, union, and intimacy;
Signs for those who understand,
Not for those who lack cognition

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Secret Of Secrets

The secret of the heart is a music

Celestial -

Though divinely, it is the biggest veil -between the seeker and the world of secret,

Burn it should with the flames of love,

The world of secrets is beyond words to describe,

The water, the milk; the honey, and the wine -

There are found!

Their mysteries we carry in our breast -

knowledge, awareness, wisdom, and love,

He who takes cups these four, he alone is,

Worthy to know the secret of secrets,

That by himself certainly he fills out all

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Song Of Love

Music is within yourself, that Heaven brought.
It comes from God, listen to it by your heart,
It is the fountain of knowledge and Wisdom,
It will ne'er be heard by those who do not -
stand in sacred mosque,
The singing of the flute comes from above;
The flute is in my heart; the flute is in my soul -
The flute is all around!
It is the Ocean's sweet melody -sounds from eternity,
A song of God! -the lovers hear -A song of love!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Only God I See

Inside the masjid, outside the masjid -only God I see,
Within my self, outside my self -only God I see,
In the wajud, in the shahud -only God I see,
In the apparent, in the hidden -only God I see,
In the plains, In the deserts -only God I see,
In the meadows, on the mountains -only God I see,
In my tribulation, in my fortune -only God I see,
In my soul, in my heart -only God I see,
In accident, in substance -only God I see,
In the being, in the attributes -only God I see,
I open my ears, I open my eyes -Only God I see,
In the music, in the stillness -only God I see,
In the night, in the day -only God I see,
In the light making a hallow around my head, only God I see,
in the darkness overlapping my Nafas -only God I see,
But, let me tell you the truth without concealing,
I see God only when I look with God's eyes

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

As I Stepped In

At last, the way of my love proved easy,
I had never imagined I'd reach my beloved-
with such a speed,
After taking a few steps, I found my beloved,
Just at a distance of two brows -
the shortest way that leads to the ocean of love,
When I stepped in, a wave swept me -
A drop got lost in the vast sea,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Meditate On Music

Words are like the sound of an empty drum,
Respond to the music of the spheres,
As you will meditate on such music,
You will find the light all around,
Beyond words and beyond music tools,
There is the divinely music -
Sounding all the time,
Even beyond such echoing music,
There is the light of God,
Where the seeker and the sought appear to be one

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

When I Say

When I say that the winter has wound up,
Skies have cleared up, the spring has set in,
I mean that my beloved has shown me his lightful face,
When I say that the meadow is adorned with blossoms,
And the lambs are hopping with joy,
I mean that my sweetheart is casting a smile to me,
When I see my inside world and outside world are resounding with music,
I mean my soul is humming the praises of my lord,
As it hears a divine call: come near to me, come near to me,
When I say the light upon light is spread over the lands and skies,
I mean oneness of God present in all things,
That seem to be diverse to men under delusion

I Say

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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When

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That seem to be diverse to men under delusion
I Say
Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Spiritual Awakening

There is a music in the heart of man, waiting to be heard,
One who is ignorant of such music -Cannot burn in the fire of love;
Cannot see oneness of God manifested in all things -
Unity in diversity,
In separation from the reality,
There is a delusion to be erased,
This is like the mist and fog on the sky of your heart,
Stopping the rays of the shining sun,
From reaching the earth of your heart,
Light is travelling out of its free will to your heart,
Nothing is going to stop it,
But, it must be free of mist -
Free of hatred, free of idols, free of duality, and delusion

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Unity

Once I thought myself to be,
A composition of body and soul,
Then, I lived in the world of delusion,
But, now, I am not a dualist -
I no longer see I and You,
The reason and logic confused me,
How can any arithmetical operation make,
Infinite numbers as one!
You must leave logic and reason,
If you desire to know the mystery -
One in all, and all in one -
I have done it, and realized:
I am encompassed by one light,
That is to be found in each atom,
If there's really a me,
It could only be you,
Having come out of myself,
I see there is only one reality -
One light is reflected in all mirrors,
Looking at the scatter of primordial light,
Nothing is left to be seen,
That has its own light,
Thus, without question,
There exists nothing but you,
Not me -or, I may bluntly say:
I am you, you are me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Let You Go

Let you go to your lord, my soul,
Let you get intimate with your lord,
Let you go to him before this life is over,
Before my body is reduced to dust,
Before Satan lures me away from him,
Come on, let you go, without second thinking,
Let you not be infatuated with tempting world,
Let you leave the glamour of this transient world,
Let you not be cheated by its sudden dying,
Let you give up all the playthings of the nafs -
Before Azrael grabs me by my collar,
Let you fly to the eternal garden of your lord,
Let you take the eternal sound on this journey as your guide,
Without thinking where you begin and where you end,
Let you strive to arrive at the divine truth,
In order to get a good news from there -
About your essential truth,

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

What Is My Name?

I have no name, I have no identity,
But to myself I am thoroughly known,
I am not a child born of Adam and Eve,
Sometimes I am happy, sometimes sad,
Sometimes I am pure, sometimes filthy,
My body is made of elements four,
But I am really the sound of the sounding clay,
Resonating within my soul eternally,
I am really the infinite sound in stillness,
I am the roaring sound of the running brook -
Sounding! sounding hu hu incessantly,
I am myself the brook, I am myself it's roar,
Whom then does this hu hu name?
Mykoul says: Child is born of his father,
So -without shilly shallying -give him his name,
The creator must be seen in the creation,
And creation must be seen in the Creator!
Why should we then blame a person who sees,
One in all, and all in one

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Ocean Calling

The hidden truth following love's lead,
Brought forth itself in the human form -
As his living proof,
As long as the ocean hadn't emerged -from the unseen,
How could it show of it's pearls -
lying in its depths,
We are the drops of this fathomless ocean,
The ocean of Truth - my origin -which I adore,
Take me back in your vastness please,
I won't ask of the houris of heaven any more,
But, distance grows longer and longer,
The mirage goes on expanding endlessly,
And deludes me into believing that it is water,
No matter how great the delusion,
I'll keep on searching the water tirelessly,
The ocean of truth is constantly calling me:
Come, come on,dive in, and be together with me,
I hear this lovely call, calling deep in my soul:
"The drop is nothing until it remains out of the ocean",,
I got the message and began to chant,
The lover is nothing, the Beloved is all

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Glimpse Of Love

So what if the secret remains hidden?
My heart is ever beating in his love,
I am never far away from my friend,
Though I live many mountains away,
But he is all the while before my eyes,
Whoever gets one glimpse of love is drunk without wine,
They are true mystics,
Who constantly receive the divinely sound.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am A Riddle

I became a desert, and saw myself
a mirage,
I became a meadow, and saw myself a speck of grass
I gained awareness and saw that all is but a delusion
I slept, and saw myself in dreams,
I woke up and found myself a reality,
I am a riddle, how can I open my riddle?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am Free

I am free, I am contented about my freedom,
I turn my face towards the brightful sun,
That shines upon all, on pigs and lambs both,
On the believer and the unbeliever both,
I receive his blessings every moment,
I am jubilant I watch the ebb and flow of musical currents,
It's roaring but mellow sounds empty me
of myself,
This emptiness ripens me to receive the sun's light,
And turns my heart inside out to reveal the hidden mysteries

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Allah's Garden

In Allah's garden,
You aren't here to pluck roses,
You are here to smell the perfume,
You are here to watch the bees and butterflies -
Who kiss and get kisses from the rose,
I'm drunk with longing to know the divine mysteries,
O, how I long for knowing my own mystery!
The hidden mystery! the mother of all mysteries -
About which it is said by the mystics of old:
"The hidden mystery lies in low and high tunes,
If I expound this mystery, the world shall get disturbed"

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Sound

The sound is infinite and not ephemeral,
You can hear the divinely sound,
But, you can never see it's face,
You can never see who produces it -And where?
Only the vibrating sound, ! Not the face of the sounder!
So you listen with your heart's ear -
And pass away in the sound,
While listening the sound, don't sleep or wake.
Don't do anything while listening the sound,
Lose yourself completely as lovers lose themselves,
And you will see to your amazement:
You are the sound, you are the sounder

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Religion Of Love

The night falls, everything falls silent,
The light of the glowing sun goes off,
My heart has become like an orchestra,
Reverberating with natural music,
My soul - like a gazelle - hearing such music,
Exuberantly dances in this pasture
For being greeted by his lord:
"O lover, You are in my Kaaba, I am to be found here,
It is not a temple for idols, here are the preserved tablets,
Come read them all, containing the hidden knowledge,
But you cannot enter my Kaaba,
Unless you come to believe in the religion of love,
Here you will know the truth: I am in all directions
Whatever direction you take, you will find me there,
Here you will hear the sound of a voice,
That is wordless and still"

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Do Not Be So Sad

O you who thinks he is cut off from his friend,
And has not yet walked to his friend,
Do not be sad, come out of delusion,
He is ever with you -
In each beat of your heart -
In low and high sounds of your soul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

No Near No Distant

On the path of love: No near, no distant -
You are as near to your love,
As is the border of night to the border of day -
Or as goes the verse:
"We are more near to him than his jagular veins" -
Take one step away from yourself and -
Behold! -your love is before you,
You, beloved of your lord, must choose,
The golden path of love,
Then sit with anyone you like -
even a pagan -
But not your self!
You will find your love in full music -
And in full light

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Pathways

There are as many pathways leading to you,
As are the number of the souls living on the earth,
Not a single soul lacks a pathway to you,
There's no thorn, no flower -no desert, no meadow,
not a single soul of gnat -lacking your existence.
In each particle of the world, the music of your love,
Causes the heart of each atom to dance,
That they owe there existence only to you,
"And there is nothing but to praise Him" -
Confirms the hidden secret that everything,
Glorifies the Lord in it's peculiar way.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Insaan

What the reality of insaan is, let me tell you,
The secret about him, you can know within your heart,
It can't be found outside the heart,
Faqirs find it in their own vast hearts,
As they separate the wheat from the chaff,
This is where the gnostics guide us to -
What the essence of the Insaan is, well they know,
Which they hide and reveal in sign language -
In Insaan alone you can know the place of God,
When you know the essence of insaan,
You can rightly comprehend the absolute oneness of God,
Mykoul proclaims the truth fearlessly,
God is everywhere, in Insaan even -
If you are willing to see the truth,
What is the hidden, what is the apparent -
All this you can know, if you know yourself.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Faqirs

The Faqirs' Hearts

The faqirs' hearts with eyes are blest,
They see what other seers could see not,
The faqirs' hearts with ears are blest,
They hear what other hearers hear not,
The faqirs' hearts are blest with tongues,
They speak the secrets what other speakers can speak not,
Beyond the great scholars' ken,
They know the sciences of hidden secret,
They have got the wings with which they fly,
To His dominion, the Lord of the Worlds.
We have inherited the mystic knowledge,
Rare and scarce than all the ancient lore,
Their discourses speak for them as signs
And testify all gnostics' and seers' claims

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

How Can I Flee From You

I had thought, having annihilated my self,
I would pass away in you,
The final destination, but ah! No creature may ever,
Draw near to you, save when you draw him near,
How can I live, my Lord, without you;
Thy light is everywhere: thy music is everywhere,
How can I flee from you?
Lo! I have severed every thought from your other,
And cast off the robes of my self,
So that I might be allowed to live in you,
How long, my beloved, I will remain forlorn?
I can no more endure the expulsion from your garden!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Ecstasy

The moon rises from the centre of her eyebrows,
The eyes that perceive this moonlight,
Will never suffer blindness,
Go on enjoying her splendid beauty,
Go on looking at her moonlit face,
As long as you pass away in her beauty
But how can I see the splendour of her,
Unless she lifts the veil from her face,
If her face shines over my heart like the flaming sun,
The two worlds will be undone,
Tonight in the holy space of her divinity,
I heard from her ruby lips her joyful song,
Without words, in the language of sweetening music,
That filled my heart with immense ecstasy

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Concentration

Listen to the Rumi's flute, but not speak a word,
In this way remain attached to your lord,
While remaining detached from the world,
Listen the sound coming from the unseen earnestly,
Gaze at the light coming from the unseen fixedly,
Like a milk-woman who balances milk containers,
Upon her head with effortless concentration,
That will carry you across the ocean of mind,
To the realm of peace, love, and harmony

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Light

First thing that my lord created from his light,
The light of Muhammad!
That light in the niche of my essence illumines me;
By means of this light, my mornings blaze bright.
It makes me a witness that I come of him,
You will ostracize me as an outcast if I say,
I am He!
I witnessed him near me, in me, as me
This light verily is my splendor, my essence,
It was this light that made holy the valley of Tuwa,
Where Moses was commanded to take off his sandals,
It is this light which Moses even could not behold,
As he fell down on earth unconscious,
When a ray of the light glimpsed on him,
Even the mountain Tûr crumbled to a heap of dust,
But even so I dare to embrace this light
How musical soul! How illuminating the light!
Thus I got to the meaning of the verse:
"You cannot behold me"

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Love His Beauty

I made reason and logic my friend,
But my heart rejected the advice that he gave,
My Nafas is a bottomless sea -
It doesn't get filled when I stuff it with,
The earthly desires, and mundane thoughts,
All the while it asks me: Have you got something more?
I am obliged to hear the salam,
From my lord incessantly!
My heart receives it with pleasure,
And says waaleykum- salam my lord!
I am glad I got the pen from my lord,
Who commanded me: Write!
It is my lord who taught me -
To write with his pen,
That what I did not know before,
And whatever I write with his pen,
That affirms the sole existence of my lord,
Don't call me crazy when I say,
I am his pen!
I don't wander like a vagabond,
I servemy lord-
I keep my ears open to hear his call: his eternal mellow music,
I keep my eyes ever fixed in the direction of his light,
I do not go with a begging bowl,
Before unworthy ones, leaving my lord,
My lord is the sole seller of the goods that I want,
These are no ordinary goods,
These aren't available at any other shop,
Mykoul always hears in his soul the sound of hu hu,
That keeps my mind and heart always,
In the remembrance of my lord,
I am in love with his beauty,
There is nothing like that one,
It effulges a light that radiates my soul and heart,
My sole love is his extensive beauty

Mykoul

You To You

You are an ocean, I am your vapours,
From vapours I turn to rain and snow,
Then I flow to you in rivers and brooks,
Thus, I flow back to the mother ocean,
Clearly I flow from you to you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Inner Ear

Within the ear of my heart,
I placed my inner eye,
And suddenly fell into,
The Quarter of Music,
I'm now freed from worldly noise,
From even the ear of hearing,
Themundane music,
Thus, I understood the verse of Quran:
Our Lord, indeed we have heard,
A caller calling to faith

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Secret

The speciality of the hearts of the faqirs is the music -
Celestial -beyond it are the vales of mystery,
That keeps them bound to the world of the Secret -
But this, too, is like an icy mountain -
A wall between them and the secret,
They melt it with their blazing love,
For their heart is covered by the violent flames of love,
Having melted the wall, the cool breeze receives them,
Blowing from the Throne of Lord -
That they had longed to be near,
The king of the dominions is generous with them,
He allows them a position most near to the throne,
Pleased with their earnest love,
He graces them with divinely light - in the heart's eye,
Thus, their eyes see what is hidden from the strangers,
Nothing stands in between them and the secret,
They wanted nothing other than cognition of the secret:
"We are nearer to him than his jagular vein"

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

The Inner Eye

My Murshid, I am infinitely grateful to you,
You showed me the Eternal Ocean of love,
And exposed me to the eternal sounding Ocean,
That transforms me in a wink of eye into a lover of God -
I am awed at the sweetness of divinely music!
I am awed at the light of the inner eye,
That lets me see His nearness to me,
That lets me see His existence by my non existence,
That lets me know there exists nothing but Hu,
That lets me know the meaning of the hidden truth:
"Allah was and there was nothing with Him."
"He is now as He was."

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Free Bird

Like a caged bird my soul,
Yearns to go home somehow,
Who will open the window and set him free,
None but he himself can break open his cage,
The key to open the lock lies with him,
That is his heart wrenching song of separation,
One day his owner shall take pity on his pathos,
And tell him actually you are in delusion,
When you get awareness, you will realize,
You were, you are, you will always be,
A free bird!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Beyond Myself

When my heart opened up
I found myself in the world of love,
I got absolutely free from delusion and hypocrisy,
Free from belief and unbelief -
Free from Is? and Is not?
On this journey, I found with me,
My love - enlightening -guiding me,
My love inspired me through sweet tunes,
My love blessed my eyes with light to behold the truth,
My love made problem clear to me,
My love told me that the only wall, Between you and the truth is myself,
When I went beyond myself,
The road to my love finally opened.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Essence Of Man

Who will tell me of a thing that never existed?
What never existed before God made him hearing and seeing,
Is man - a drop of thickened fluid!
He was not a thing worth mentioning,
Man possesses not even wind -
That he constantly breathes in and out,
His "reality" is his hearing and seeing,
That offers him perfection and success,
That being the case, we can always remain,
Connected to him through Divine music and light,
That what always was, and will always be,
Is the truth, your essential reality,
And as for what "delusion" is?
Remember: that doesn't exist at all

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Flamming Love

It's impossible to define love in words
Words betray its unsayable being,
Words - like a hoax - have no authenticity,
Words are often fake - they condemn
all things to fantasy,
When love is around I'm disorientated -
Terrified like a newborn child,
Love you must know by its namelessness,
You will risk its abdication by naming it,
Look and see the home to the love,
Your heart: it isn't a prison, or a hellhole,
You can't ever crave for love unless,
You terminate all your desires from your mind,
Love is an eternally burning flame,
That burns to ashes your 'chaos' and confusion,
But it demands your total 'annihilation',
Such that you achieve real aliveness,
That is exactly the meaning and definition of love.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Now You Know

Love, I rest my longing soul in you;
I would give you back the life I owe you,
But that is not mine -
You have lend that out to me,
Seekers! within the heart love is to be found -
Nowhere outside it, in no way,
Find it in your own vast self -
There your love must meet you,
This is where the sages guide us to -
The essence of this way of love is:
The absolute oneness with Reality,
Say to your carnal self: be humble,
The Glorious One shall shower his blessings on you,
There is a sign in your heart that must,
Keep you bonded tightly to your love,
Let you proclaim the Truth with an awakened heart,
That love is everywhere, speaking of you,
If you have the spiritual eyes to see,
What is the hidden, what is the apparent?
What the secret of man is, now you know

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Phantom Desires

He that nullifies his self becomes worthy of God's love,
The flower that doesn't lose the self,
Cannot surely become the perfume,
As your existence becomes nought,
At once you shall perceive what the essential being is,
Truly your self is Iblis as it refuses to bow down,
Following the dictates of your self,
You gamble away your heart in vain desires,
Such a vain pursuit will never profit you,
The heart becomes possessed by phantom desires,
That turns you deaf to the celestial music,
As you draw every breath for living the earthly life,
You become blind to see the essential light in your heart,
The worldly desires smoke the eyes of your heart,
This is the naked truth, you must know,
My dear, I have said all that I know;
You might follow or follow not, that is your choice,
God shows the path to those who listen

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

The Flute Of Love

The Flute Of Love

Love plays - continually - it's flute,
Hidden from public gaze - behind the screen -
The lover listens earnestly to its tune,
With every beat a new song sings,
Between two beats is nothingness,
Where- the Love's secret -is to be found,
By a lover who stands between sleep and awareness,
When could this music ever hold it's tongue?
Yes, never, never, not at all,
Every atom babbles on about this mystery -
Listen yourself, listen to yourself!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Wait I Am Coming

Love is the songbird -
perching secretly—
In my soul - deep inside,
And sings - mellow songs -in sweet tunes,
And never stops— singing — at all,
I've heard it in the chilliest winter;
I've heard it in cheerful spring;
I've heard it in scorching summer;
I've heard it in fruitful autumn -
Calling out to me—
Wait, I am coming;
I am in nothingness -
Nothingness is not a trivial thing -
Especially - when it is pregnant -
with the superlative sound -
Explosively thrilling and vibrating -
That turns inside-out in a hush.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

See Your Face

To whom should I tell the story of my flaming love,
The fire burning inside me smolders and smokes my heart,
These glowing ambers in my heart are far more precious,
Than the red jewels of Badakhshan,
The brilliance of these jewels illumines my heart,
I roam the jungles and mountains in vain,
How happy I am to find my soul singing,
Reverberating with joy, singing in ecstasy:
I am the one who alone can reveal you - the hidden truth,
Come on, see your face in my mirror now

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



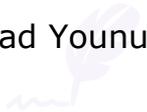
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Real Secret

If you desire to listen the natural music,
That is not born by repeatedly striking,
The strings of musical instruments,
Or, by closing the seven doors of your body,
You must go deep into mystic stillness,
That is the music that lovers seek,
Earnestly listening such music,
The lovers pass away in the beloved,
They get so intimate with their beloved,
That there remains no trace of "You" and "I",
Thus, you draw aside the veil of separation,
In the closet of your innermost soul,
Behold your beloved in your mirror,
You will see before you the secret of man,
Will find that you are the secret of your beloved

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Heemal

Before this world was born,
I carry the memory of Heemal,
With a strand of her lock I came here,
Hidden within me, though invisibly,
One end in my palm, one rooted in her crown,
That keeps me bound to her unbreakably,
All the while, I long to see her dazzling face,
I try to draw her to myself, she but drags me to herself,
From the moment of Time's first-drawn breath,
Love resides in us -
A secret locked in the heart's hidden vault,
Within my soul, it takes the shape of an inner lark,
Singing melodiously songs of separation,
What can I do but head towards her home,
Her light illumines the shrine of my heart,
Constantly I love her as much as I can

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Wisdom Eyes

Light is present everywhere,
There is nothing that exists without light,
But, only those who have got the wisdom-eyes,
Will be able to perceive its presence

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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One Light

The perfect man embodies the Perfection -
Of love, Harmony and peace,
He understands that only one being
Exists,
Who manifests his light through all his creation,
He who is perfect in the path of love,
Will never get deceived by the flimsy world,
He will always feel the Light in him,
He will see the one light in animate and inanimate things,
Its brilliance will not remain a secret to him,
He will in all mirrors see the presence of one light,
Wheresoever he turns to, he beholds the light of God,
He who is deprived of the eye of heart,
Can never see the light of one God,
Just as the physical eye can't see the things most near,
If I reveal any more about the light,
The two worlds might disappear,
And I would be dubbed as an infidel,
But, I am fortunate God lights his fire in my heart

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Love Thy Lord

Brightful and colourful flowers bloom in spring,
But the fragrance they emit is colourless.
He, too, is colourless who created the colourful flowers
But his fragrance is a thing of aesthetics felt by his lovers,
So let's us turn to the origin of colourful and fragrant spring,
Let us erase the idea of our existence from the slate of our mind,
Let us affirm that nothing has got a permanent existence except him,
So that we see thousands of worlds in us,
So that the essential existence flames out of us,
And we see him appearing in different forms,
Nonetheless, none of these forms lasts long,
Fortunate is he who knows this mystery!
Fortunate is he who dedicates his life to know this,
He only could leave this mud house for another, far more radiant.
We cannot understand this mystery through logical mind;
The Way to gnosis winds through spiritual mind,
The soul that does not live in the love of God is not alive,
He might seem like a man, but does not deserve the name:
He who is made alive by love will never die,
He lives through love and for love, not through gold or jewel,
Love is the Light, love is the eternal source of Lights.
Love is causeless, as it is the essence of life

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Man Is The Hidden Truth

Know the hidden secret,
That God concealed in man:
Once you know it, you will cease to be,
Happy or unhappy; sad or hopeful,
You will not regret separation;
You will not crave for union,
You will receive all divine graces,
That shall descend on you from Divine providence,
He who obtains the secret knowledge,
That is sent down on him from God,
It is certain, he will come out of delusion,
He will know the essential truth of faith,
Marvelous news is revealed to him,
That he is the cause of all creation,
For whose love God created everything,
You must be able to perceive grace
You must always think of Him as your essential truth,
And always, whatever happens, cling to Him,
With all your heart and all your soul declare,
That man is the hidden truth

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Ilmi Ludan

Ilmi Ludan

Confused by logic and reason,
We put forth the theory of duality,
Going beyond reason and arithmetics,
The enlightened see the one reality,
As they become wise and aware,
Through Ilmi-ludan and cognition

Mykoul

Ilmi Ludan: Divine knowledge gained direct from God through intuition and inspiration.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Great Name

That mystic sound of hu hu,
Sneaked through my body pores,
Made my blood running through my veins,
A running stream roaring hu, hu,
That sound emptied me of my self,
Filled me with the zikre of my beloved,
Till my every limb, my every organ sounded,
Like a musical instrument,
And occupied my soul and my heart fully,
Till I got the great name of hu, hu

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Zikre Of Hu, Hu

How lovely, how beautiful music of hu hu,
What coyness lies in those low and high tunes,
Once I heard that mellow music,
I could become intimate with hu, hu,
I desire only hu; I utter only hu,
I see only hu, and I listen only hu,
On the path of hu, I have given up both heart and soul,
And I could never stop or turn away,
From the direction of hu,
I embrace both his jamal and jalal:
Hu is never harsh to me, Hu is sweet and pleasant to me,
Hu erased all traces of my self,
From my heart's slate,
And in their place inscribed,
"There is nothing but hu"
For the love of hu, I have forsaken self-existence,
And I have affirmed the sole existence of hu,
I no longer face to one direction,
As hu is to be found in every direction,
All day all night, my zikre is hu, hu,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Read Your Poem

Chanting poems creates a sound -
Like insects chirping in weeds,
You will only turn into a haggard street singer,
If you don't have the cheerful sound of David,
It's annoying for others to have to hear you,
It's so much better to understand the poems,
Open your eyes, sit in your study,
Lower the curtains, and be alone with yourself,
You too are a beautiful poem,
No great poet in the world so far,
Has ever written such a poem,
Read your poem, it is full with divinely music

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Cheerful Music

A world where the blossoms fade -
Fall, and scatter with the wind,
Where clouds profusely grow -
Hiding the moon and the sun,
From my watching eyes,
Would deprive me of my pleasure,
Instead fill me with melancholy -
If cuckoos, warblers, nightingales, or crickets,
Or, shepherds with flutes in their lips,
Would even stop singing and sounding,
Migrate to some distant land, or hide in some cave
In such a world must I joyfully live
Where cheerful music sounds all the time

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Moon

Deep in the east from the blue mountains,
Raises it's head the brilliant moon -
The moon of my soul likewise,
Appears clear, soft, and bright,
So in the mirrors around,
I see enlightenment all around -
Awareness!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Veth

The Veth,
Heads to the ocean
- all the drops as one;
Moving to their source,
What is to become of me?
A drop out of the ocean!
Nothing is stopping you,
The river is flowing on,
It's beginning unknown,
It's ending unknown

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Good News

Should I blame my actions or my destiny,
For bringing forth this appalling sadness,
Or if it is a natural phenomenon,
Plunging me into a troubled sea,
But, the tears of my soul assure me,
It is my God's plan to change me,
I believe, I fervently believe so,
I must not regret, I must hope rather,
A good news is in trail!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Hopefulnessi

In my city inside my soul,
Delightful showers are expected,
For my heart is covered o'er -
With rainful clouds

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Positivity

The brightful dawn
Is ever in my memory,
Black clouds in the sky haunting,
But, the lightning and thunder too,
Have got their music -
Mellow and sweet,
For the man
Waiting for the downpour

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Ruined Valley

O, My children!
On the chinar branches,
Sit the eagles-
The valley might be -
In a ruined state,
This year, too, I fear.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sweet Melodies

Sweet Melodies

Sweet melodies,
I listen - in hush left me-
When I attended,
My mundane chores,
But even so,
Within lies my soul -
As I open my shutters-
She there I see,
In full moonlit night,
Singing with every beat
Watching soul music,
I got filled completely,
With Divine voice -
no part left out.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

On Weakness

This body
At the end of the first day,
Of the blissful Ramadan,
Grown fragile and weak,
Floating like a faded Chinar leaf,
If a light breeze would ask me,
To follow, I'd go, I think.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Charlatans

Even a glowing star can be noosed down,
Do those priests and sufis not say?
But they say not one simple thing,
That how they can do the impossible?
How I may see the truth on the earth -
in my mud hut?
About the mountain-ranges, the blue firmament,
About the stars and the planets,
That brightly glow - some visible, some invisible,
All the bodies go relentlessly along the fixed paths,
As God has decreed them,
No priest, no sufi can grasp God's ways,
God's secrets can never be measured,
But still priests and sufis wag their tongues,
Explaining the practices of meditation, and remembrance,
And babbling about the hidden secrets,
This old man has never cared for borrowed knowledge,
My heart's ear closes automatically,
When the priests in long robes sitting in pulpits,
Or the sufis in circles, enjoying the music,
Start delivering long lectures and discourses -
On enlightenment and awareness

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

When Shall This Pandemic End

Vow! the spring foliage!
The brightful fragrant flowers!
My good Lord!
I would see it in the morning,
And ask of it in the evening.
On my hills, in my gardens,
I would gaze at it,
From near, from afar,
I yearn, I wonder,
If I can see it to-day,
Or shall have to wait,
Still, till to-morrow.
Sadness I feel at morn,
Sadness I feel at eve,
Heart-rending grief eating me,
Drying my eyes with my sleeves,
And never for a moment dry!
When shall this pandemic end? .

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Continuous Sound

Deep inside my soul - the room of my love,
The music is reverberating constantly,
Like rain drops falling ceaselessly,
Constantly as falls the snow,
As flute sounds continually,
Ever thinking - I have been listening it endlessly,
Missing not ever one beat of my heart!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am My Love

Mortal and temporal creature as I am,
Each morning I lament my Love,
I long and languish after my Love,
If my Love were a precious jewel,
I would buy him from a jeweller,
I would buy him at all cost,
Even for my two eyes, the little I could pay,
So that I would put him on my crown,
And cherish with joy, sing, and, dance,
If my Love were a heavenly garment,
I would beg him from my lord like a mendicant,
That I might wear and never put off,
My Love whom I love so much, I never see him,
But, honestly, in dreams do I imagine him,
But, that too is not a trivial thing,
Truly, I always feel my Love with me,
I put him in, I put him on, I never put him off,
Let me admit, I am my love, I am my love
I see my Love but filling the whole creation,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

State Terrorism

When the spring returns after winter times,
The spring birds that had fallen silent,
Come dancing from their winter habitats again,
To sing joyful notes in their heavenly home,
The flowers that had faded in autumn,
Sprout out to blossom again,
But our gardens are wrapped with,
Ranky weeds and thorny bushes,
The roads connecting us to our flower gardens,
Blocked by concertina wires and police,
We cannot visit our flower gardens,
Now at the pretext of Social distancing

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



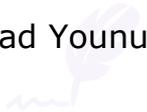
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Sea Flower

I kneel in humility when I pray,
A man rises from the cave inside my soul,
The hope of the boatman who has left the shore,
Tumults the waves but he rows on,
He gets pregnant with the desire,
That he will get to the sea flower,
The loneliness in the sea hangs on his head,
The myth of the sea flower explodes,
Within the turbulent waves of the sea,
But, he does not regret his voyage -
the heritage of the quest for unknown,
He tries continually and hopefully,
To be lost in the sea,
What is the value of a drop,
If it remains detached from the sea?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Hope In The Autumn

When in the autumn days,
We see the fallen leaves,
We prize the yellow Chinar leaves,
As we walk through them,
Creating a rustling noise,
Taking them in our hands -
We sigh over the green ones,
Noticing the Chinars turned red,
Glowing fire on the branches,
Yet, the only hope for me remains,
I have to wait for the next spring,
To see the green foliage on the Chinars again -
Hope sustains the life;
Great hopes make great nations

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Wait And Watch

The fisherman at Wular awaiting the moon,
To row with his fishing net deep in the lake,
To have a best catch of fish for his living,
With the moon the tide has risen,
Let us see what the fisherman does,
He must only wait and watch,
Who lives for the next full moon!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Yearning For A Glimpse

Continual gusts of breez are blowing,
Across my verdant meadow,
From morn to eve I lie all alone,
Yearning for my love to show a glimpse

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Phoenix

Knowing that the long days of separation,
The scorching suffocating days are ending,
Like the morning bird, I sing happy notes,
Within me joyfully as my heart beats,
Then, across the green meadows,
Where our loving lord sojourns,
The cool breezes blow from dawn to dusk,
As I stay alone and still,
I deem I must, cast off my delusion;
And like the Phoenix, I must burn,
Myself with the fire of love,
So that I rise from my ashes again,
Inside my soul to continue with my love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Phantoms

Others may laugh at me,
I cannot grasp the reality,
I cannot see the beautiful face,
Unless I clear my mind,
Of all the dreadful phantoms,
That ever haunt my sight!

Mykoul

,

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Face-To-Face

Through my eyes I could see me,
Above the snow-peaked Harmukh,
Such that I meet myself face to face,
To perfect and optimise my story of love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

God-Sized Mirror

I turn and return to gaze at you,
O' king of the heavens and the earth,
Great is my living Lord!
Your long life over spans,
Your vast creation,
I bow to you humbled down,
Amazed to see I am standing,
Before the God-sized mirror

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Shall Wait For You

Since you, my Lord, expelled me from the garden,
Many long, long epochs have gone,
Should I now come to meet you
And seek you beyond my earthly abode,
Or still wait for you - wait for you ever?
Or would you lay me off abandoned
In a landlocked and skylocked valley?
With a rock for pillow, thorny bushes as my mattress,
But how can I without you, my Lord, live?
With longing so deep for you,
Yes, I won't live on without you,
All the while I shall keep on waiting for you,
Even till Qiyamah falls, and Israfil blows into the trumpet

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Full Shine Moon

Full Shine Moon*

Here - on this planet circling restlessly,
Round the moon and the sun,
I am striving to touch the Corona,
That rims the moon and the sun,
The evening star is glowing, and assures,
To-night the moon will rise in full shine

Myskoul

Mohammad Younus



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Mad Love

To Harmukh Peak, I go on trecking,
To meet the queen of shine and sound,
Whom I love since the ages immemorial,
As did the sages and saints in the early times,
So faqirs in mad love strive for her even now.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Wonder

I said: I marvel at a beauty,
that exhibits its glory,
Through the nightingale,
And through the flowers,
As they blossom,

He said: don't wonder,
At what you see,
I see myself,
Through your eyes,
In the mirror of your heart,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Love Begets Love

Though people merying and enjoying,
Walking in procession, singing and dancing,
Like flights of crows returning home at dusk,
But me - oh lonely and forlorn,
No wedding taking place, waiting in solitude,
Since she is hiding whom I love,
But still I am climbing the Mount Harmukh,
Her eternal abode,
There flows the Kawthar, the river of Abundance,
I am sure that now-a-days,
She too will be thinking of me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Waiting For My Beloved

From the age of Adam,
Men have begotten and begetting;
They fill this vast world,
Loving and hating each other,
But not you whom I love,
I long each day to see your glimpse,
Till the day is over, and the night falls,
And each night till the dawn breaks,
When shall you come? Will you ever?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Kashmir

Countless are the mountains in the world,
But beautiful is the heavenly hill of Harmukh;
When I climb it and survey my valley,
I find it enwrapped in smoke-wreaths, piled one on one,
Over the wide range the beautiful birds on the wing;
A beautiful land, heaven for migratory birds
But a virtual hell for the native birds it is,
the Land of brave birds who have taken a vow,
According to legend, not to leave the Satisar.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Home? My Name?

Your mud hut, with a lightful room,
Your sound, resonating in your room,
Houris, picking songs and singing in chorus,
I would ask you: Where is my home?
What is my name?
Will you not give me the address of my home?
Will you not tell me my name?
Over the spacious Land
It is I who reign so wide so far,
It is I who rule so wide so far.
I myself would tell you,
Of my home, and my name,
But I can't open my tongue,
Lest people should stone at me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Gloom

At dawn in the dark vale,
Upon the Mount Harmukh,
The sun refuses to rise -
The man waiting for light,
Is lost in darkness and gloom,
Within his soul and heart

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Moon In Eyes

In this water tumbler,
In my mud hut,
The moon dives in,
I watch and gaze at it
The skylight in my roof,
An opening for the moon,
And I gazed at it in deep,
All the while it mirrors in my eyes,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Vain Desires

Vain Desires

I watch people madly after world,
Consuming their lives gorgeously,
Lusting after material things,
To satisfy their lustful desires,
Plunging into deeper ravines,
Falling in despair and dejection,
They can never get all they want,
Vainly they torture their soul,
For one earthly pleasure do they,
Suffer enormously torments of hell,
Powdering themselves constantly - Under the heavy moving millstone,
Such people are like the wolves -
Frantically jumping to the moon,
And then falling to the ground dead,
How madly they are chasing the shadows!
I feel for them all day and night,
And cannot hold the flow of tears.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Nallahmar

I walked about in downtown,
My old friends spotted me,
Asked me to tea with them,
We sat in the room facing the road -
Nallah Mar in my childhood days,
We talked about swimming in the stream,
We talked about raising slogans -
Mëëm Sahab salam, patá patá gôlam,
We talked about turtling with the opposite team,
Under the bottom of Dungaboats,
We talked about going to picnics in Dungaboats,
We talked about untying the vegetable vendors' boats,
Pleasantly drank and woefully moaned,
Over the loss of our heritage -
Our beautiful stream,
Passing through the downtown,
I drifted off peacefully,
Sprawled out on the bank of Nallah Mar Road

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

The Herald

A blackbird's song,
Calls me out of my bed:
My dream breaks,
The morning birds arriving,
The dawn is about to glow,
To herald the brightful sun

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Go On Climbing

Going along the steep slope,
Upwards on the Mount Harmukh—
In the mountain shade beneath,
A muddy hut in the gorge—
Since eternity, it's been my home,
Now it's the time to take leave of it—
My climb up moves back and forth,
Like a willow tree in the Brengi brook,
Like the raft in the gushing stream—
Till that mud hut is hidden from sight,
Till the grove of trees is out of view,
At each curve of the steep road,
When I stop to take rest,
I turn to look back at the col of mountain,
Then, in the direction of mountain peak,
I must go on climbing, go on! without rest

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Real Love

As I had my siesta,
I saw myself in my dream,
So it is what I love,
That appeared to me,
In my dream,
I have started to love me,
Am I lost in thoughts of my love?
When I close my eyes, I appear,
And when I appear, my dream goes,
Had I known it is my real love,
I would never have opened my eyes

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Self Cognition

Experience of others is not my reality,
Experience belongs to the experimenter,
Let me with immediacy know my reality -
Visually and cognitively both,
Let me myself hear buzzing of bees,
Let me myself kiss the blossoms and see,
If the nectar really tastes sweet

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Narcissus

First blooming in the graveyards - surmounted on tombs,
The Narcissus is first to delight us after long winter,
Its white, yellow, orange, and pink petals,
Covered with dew, offering a sip to butterflies,
Its flowers with six petal-like sepals,
Surrounded by a trumpet shaped Corona,
And its pure fragrance perfumes the morning breeze,
Cool and majestic, it raises soul from the depths,
The sun rises from behind the mountains in the East,
And spreads it's cool light on my home,
Should I still remain in the darkness? Captivated in my mud hut?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Sound In Stillness

Do not say I am fulfilled,
There is no limit to wisdom and knowledge,
It has a meaning for people,
Who make pretension of their wisdom,
Do not say I am never wrong,
This has a meaning for people,
Who are under delusion about themselves,
Do not say I have mystical powers,
This has a meaning for people,
Who worship witches and wizards,
Do not say I have achieved nothing,
This has meaning for people,
Who measure profits and losses,
Be a mystic, an epitome of awareness,
God fits him with two wings,
To fly in his heavens -
knowledge and wisdom,
That bring him out of delusion,
And lets him achieve awareness,
Foolish stay glued to strings of a lute,
Wise get to the source of the sound,
But keep seeking about for long,
When you get to the fountain of wisdom,
Only then can we say you have attained the way,
They play a lute with no strings,
It's melody fills out soul and heart,
It mingles deeply with a roaring brook,
Fills out the dark valley and blows out the vast fires,
Then it disappears save for the people,
Who have got ears to hear stillness,
Who could capture the real sound?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Despair

'Tis all the same- no change,
Thorny bushes in abundance,
Everywhere on every mountain,
Black clouds hang,
Men and birds in despair,
Sing the pathetic songs,
Without creating a sound

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In This Inn

All alone, not with a caravan,
I came to this inn,
I am to spend a night here,
I am naked, no robes on,
So cold! So hot!
Who will return me my old robes?
You are in a different world,
Forget about your old world,
Under delusion!
You were always here, as you are,
Only robes have been snatched,
And your calm, quite, beautiful garden

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Not A Single Glimpse

Upon the wings of dreams,
I never sit on ground,
All the while I fly to you, yet,
Not even a single glimpse:
I have ever had of your nest

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Merciful God

Boatman, it is useless,
Rowing your boat,
With your oars and pole,
Can you row in the violent river?
The cruel wind shall push -
Your boat across,
Curious are the ways of -
Merciful God

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Snow Light

The Eighteen Thousand Worlds,
Fulfilled with snow light,
The snow light is constantly falling,
The snow light neither freezes not melts,
In the Eighteen Thousand Worlds,
One day all the worlds shall disappear,
Yet, the snow light will never vanish

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Rain Drops

I sat meditating for hours,
And found he doesn't speak,
Yet, I talked to him in the wordless language,
And found he speaks in soundless silence,
His words trickle on my heart like rain drops,
Inside my mud hut, with each beat of my heart

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

This Will Also Pass

This harsh spring will end,
Nothing lasts for ever,
Resistance sustains our lives,
Fondle the woes and calamities,
With strong hugs,
If you desire to get over

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Falcon

The falcon flies much above -
the dark thick clouds,
In the imprenetable firmament,
There it finds the sun shining,
The gloomy earth under the wings,
Sending the delightful signals,
To the birds below, longing to fly above

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Tomorrow

Tomorrow is yet another World,
The awaited star deep in the heaven,
Whispering love, peace, and awareness,
Behind the today's night curtain,
Readying to shine out in the dark sky,
Down below people lie with their hair in disarray -
Tormented and tortured,
Droplets fall from the baby's eyes,
Congealing on grass into a seed of revolution,
The newborn baby shall call the young men to awaken

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Thou Shalt Return To Thy Origin

How fantastic to think,
That I will live again,
Like a seed buried -
In late autumn,
Sprouts after winter time,
How absurd to think,
That like a pale withered leaf,
I shall never turn green,
I will drift away to non existence,
Thou shalt return to thy origin

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Almond Garden

All beyond imagination,
Almond blossoms shall bloom again,
So that my almond garden,
Once the home of withered spring,
Heavy hail and untimely snow,
Looks new and lively again

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Nigeen Lake

The rose garden in this spring,
Lies trailed with mist, and desolate,
And virtually sad and wearing gloom,
In this evening gloam, after sunset,
A night warbler sings in a thrilling -
but shaking and nervous voice,
Around my home, near the Nigeen lake,
The cool and fresh breeze blows,
Touches my heart and kisses my soul,
Gloriously it shines as the full moon,
I watch the tides and troughs in the lake,
I am alone listening to the sound of waves,
In the stillness of soul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



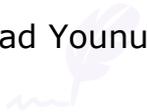
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Heart Flower

The heart inside -
trembles inside,
Shows up outside -
On the face of a man,
As a faded flower,
If it were indeed,
Nothing more than a leaf
Growing on a tree
A light breeze would scatter it,
In wild confusion,
Yet, that which fades color,
But remains ever blooming,
Indeed, is the flower of the heart,
That grows in the whole world

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

To My Daughters

How can I comfortably sleep?
The social and physical distance,
Separates me from my sweethearts,
Come, my lovely daughters, in my dream,
Let's sing and chat all night long

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Fragrant Call

What a fragrant call!
Flowers invite the honeybees,
In stillness, the honeybees rush to
the blossoms,
Yet, when flowers bloom,
The honeybees sing;
When the honeybees sing,
The flowers dance in their heads,
The bees marry them to each other,
They offer a drink of sweet juice -
For the queen.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In The Shade Of Willow Grow

Deep in the green valleys,
Hot arid deserts,
Vast extensive oceans,
Silent but sometimes,
Turbulent and violent,
Beauty unveiled -
Serene, peerless, and sweet,
And me!
In the still shade of,
The willow grow,
It seems so cool,
to heave a breath softly,
Wearing a long woolen phiran.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

God's Singer

Even as insensitive,
As a dead body,
Is moved,
When snipe in marshes,
And wet valleys flies out,
Rising from her hiding,
On an autumn day,
How beautiful!
God's singer!
Hunter,
Don't snipe at her.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Positive Sign

The dismal spring!
Looks like mid winter,
Rose gardens locked up,
Their blooming unseen,
Their withering unseen,
Yet, my heart sees-
Rose garden in full bloom,
This is a clear sign,
That I'm not a blind,
This eye of my heart lets me,
Enjoy the delightful Bees' song -
Even without seeing,
The blossoms or the bees,
May be it's some sign,
That I am not out of the garden,
Like Adam and Eve,
Thrown ignominiously out

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Waiting

I throw my doors open for you,
During these long dark nights,
At midnight, I feel embers on my chest,
Sending sparks of passion to my love,
Yearning for your glimpse,
Have you forgotten me? Yet,
I am waiting for you, forlorn outside

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Vain Dreams

The vigour of this old man,
Has already died down,
While in vain dreams,
My life is shrinking down,
As I watch constantly,
The sun setting down

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Fantasy

No beginning, No ending,
Sometimes crazily I think of man,
For on the path of fantasy at least,
There's no one to disapprove me!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Thou Hast Thy Music Too

What a climate change!
The autumn winds blowing in spring!
Nights getting longer and cold!
Days are getting shorter and dry!
The dark clouds float in the sombre skies!
Instead of breezes dry winds blow,
Flowers for the bees have faded down,
People moan cold days will never end,
Where are the songs of spring?
Spring birds no more sing to woo their mates,
Crickets sing, but with a terrible shriek,
Swallows twittering in the skies -
All the windows in our homes are shut,
No one hears lambs bleat from the brooklets,
Flowing through the cheerless vale,
The cuckoos whistling, think not of -
The dawn chorus of spring birds toned down,
Thou hast thy music too

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Winter Will Go

Insha-allah,
Refreshful spring breezes,
Will blow -
Winter will go,
How can I then,
Chose to sleep at dawn in my home?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Plucked Roses

Pink roses,
Plucked from the rose-garden,
Full of hissing vipers:
Float in the gutter,
Passing by -
The slaughter house,
And the butchers,
Enjoying every minute

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Harmukh Peak

Good luck today on my morning time,
I dragged myself out of my warm bed,
Before sunrise, I found myself in stillness,
Of mountains and meadows,
Between me and my love, the wild howls tear at my soul,
And my little heart looks so forlorn -
Yes, this is my chosen path along the precipice,
That guides me to my eternal home,
Through dejection, pain, and pathos,
Yet, I will keep on trucking - keep on,
The Harmukh peak is just a few metres away

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Spring Is Coming

In a forlorn living room,
I'm sitting in the north-west corner;
This spring is cold and gloomy,
Worst I've ever suffered through,
I sip thin black salt tea,
Waiting for the murky days to pass,
Can I live until spring finally returns?
Unable to visit the rose-garden,
How can I chill out with friends?
Even withdrawal helps no longer,
Nothing left to do but compose poems
To hail the sages giving good news -
Spring is coming

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Self-Cultivation

It is not that I avoid,
Reading what ancestors,
Bequeathed to progeny,
Better for me is but enjoying,
Independence on my own,
Cultivating my own farm -
Life meaning, reality, and illusion

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Pollution

Like the clear and pristine stream,
Making its way through villages and cities,
I, too, quietly get dirty and polluted,
How should I turn crystal clear again!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Generous Faqir

One night a thief broke into a faqir's hut,
Faqir had only one blanket, his only wealth -
Besides a begging bowl,
He was very beneficent, very benevolent,
He felt great compassion for the thief,
He gave him a great benediction,
And told him with hands folded,
Take everything that you can lay your hands upon,
He knew there was nothing in his home,
But, a most precious thing - His blanket,
That he used as a quilt at night,
And as his loin cloth at day,
You can take my dear possession,
As a free gift from me,
As you get the free gifts from nature -
Air, water, sunshine, and other things,
If you had informed me before,
I would have gone begging from door to door,
And kept the whole charity here in home,
For you to steal.
But, still you are fortunate,
You can take - what I have,
He threw to him his blanket, that he had on,
Lo, this is your today's earning,
The thief left with faqir's bag and baggage,
He thanked him with great giggle

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

About My Crainess

In crazy independence, I live by myself
Friending with bees, and fireflies,
I learn right from wrong,
I learn good from evil,
I learn belief from infidels,
I listen to myself, ignoring others,
Lifting my ideas, I cross the brook,
With a bundle on my head,
Blessed by singing soul,
Living thus, I crave for nothing,
I am in harmony with all the world,
My finger points to my mind,
There is no god but Allah,
But the finger and the mind both,
Share one thing in common:
Both of them are blind -
Separated and disjointed things -
One gross and another subtle,
This is a dilemma for beginners,
Lost in the world of senses,
Yet one who looks beyond senses,
knows there is no finger, no mind

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Companion

Deep inside is clearly,
The sound of my soul resonating,
And so in the mirrors around,
I see enlightenment in all six directions,
With my heart turned to the sound waves,
I get up from my bed to hear the melody
Of my flute, my companion, in stillness,
Music waves comfort and delight me,
So I open up the windows of my heart,
To hear the melody attentively,
Light comes out through all my pores,
Let's off the gloom of delusion,
And fills out me with awareness.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Curtain

A Curtain

In the darkness of night,
When I know it must be you,
Why should I look for you,
When, even in the world of dreams,
I know you hide from your other,
My delusion alone!
A curtain between you and me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Pure Essence Within

Outside, it is futile to search for light;
I tell all of you who practice the Way:
It's useless to labor your spirit in such striving,
You have a pure essence within,
Without a name, without a sign,
Call it, and it instantly calls back,
Hear it, it resonates in harmony,
See it, it effulges the pure light:
Your life force, and of everything,
Yet it has no one place to dwell,
Be careful, don't think it is in the dungeon of self —
The faqirs who could break off the shackles of self,
Know well, how harmful is the clangour of it's music,
They explore in depths the fathomless sea of their souls,
To know their essence, and gather the scarce pearls

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Declining Spring

In the decline of Spring,
Which never opened its eyes,
Vast mists cover the rose gardens,
Bitter breeze blowing across the valley,
I only have vague poetic feelings,
That I cannot bring together,
They diffuse into the dark clouds,
And the gloomy, weeping gardens,
My dear, let me go into dream,
And live under clear sky in a new home

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Human Rights Violation

Don't go to sleep, don't
Dear, your enemy is outside
With lots of gunpowder
To set your village on fire
Don't go to sleep, don't
Loot! Arson, killing!
Yet, don't lose hope
Write your name and address
In blood in the annals of history,
There won't be any tombstone
On your grave,
As you are to be buried
In some unknown graveyard
To conceal your address
From people who care
Human rights violation

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Lost Dream

Why is it the pain in my heart especially strong today?
Why is my heart wrenched apart today than ever before?
Why does melancholy penetrate my every nerve today?
Why are eyes raining bitter tears today?
The burnt face of the roasted boy glimpses before my eyes,
And the odour of smoke emanates from his smoked body;
I faint virtually from the sight of these visions;
I feel he tried to cry out his eyes when fighting the flames,
That consumed his life and his dreams about living -
A joyful and peaceful life -a lost dream of his people!

Mykoul

-

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Torched Hamlet

Torched Hamlet

Scenes of torched hamlet haunted by terror and fear,
Screams and screeches of traumatised people!
I am the valley where hate and horror dwell,
Shed you fear and come with me where,
Humans melt like ice on the glowing
embers,
You, tyranny from beyond the valley,
What can one say about you?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Ugly Man

Birds of sky feed on grains and insects,
yet they are holy, beautiful, melodious;
Their colours and their chirping delight eyes, ears and hearts.
While man, before whom angels once bowed down,
Looks covetously on birds, and makes,
A good meal of these birds of paradise,
Man drinks water purer than elixir,
Man crunches deep red apples, almonds, and walnuts -
Man takes delicious food of meat and fresh vegetables,
Yet turns ugly -the ugliest of all the animals,
Why?
Is he not the most honourable of all his creation?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

O My Friend

I am never away or apart from You, my friend,
I owe my existence only to you, my Friend,
I can not stay away from all your creation, my friend,
As I find your proof in their existence, my friend,
Separation from You is just a fantasy, my Friend,
Always I am with you, I am in you, my friend,
I read from You the book of oneness, my friend,
As I get close by to its meaning, my friend
I lose my speech altogether, my Friend,
How could I tell anything to anybody, my friend,
What I read from this book in my heart, my friend,
Do not get me out from your presence, my friend,
For all I wish is to gaze at your face, my friend,
I want to offer a constant slah to you, my friend

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



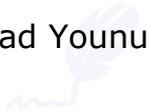
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Terror, Terror, Terror

A three-decades-long rain of terror -
an interminable oppression!
One horrific consequence -hate, hate, hate,
Dangerous and destructive cyclonic winds,
Blow down the thin bridges of peace, Distances widened -no hope to join,
A few fighters -take it upon themselves,
To stop the terrible cyclone,
By raising a wall of straw mats,
Winds of destruction -there is no escape!
Everyone runs helter-skelter,
To get away from the violent waves,
An interminable terror! terror! terror! ...
It has happened before, it is happening now,
It will not happen ever,
One day it will come to a stop -I am sure

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am In A State Of Trauma

I Am In A State Of Trauma

They -the young boys -decided -
to rise and rebel,
They all became martyrs together -
The young boys who took up the gun!
The onslaught that followed changed everything,
Some were dead, some surrendered,
Some became collaborators, some stood firm,
Those who talked of freedom in beds,
Their beds also creaked and crashed,
It was not a surprise, they won't spare any,
Not even their collaborators, and informers!
Look through the window of your dilapidated house,
Houses ablaze, the crushed cars, and the brutal slaughter,
Traumatized people pulling out,
The dead bodies out of the debris of charred houses,
Covering them with blankets soaked with blood.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Terror Stricken Land

In the valley of weeping Chinars,
I see the little children -our future generation -
born in the terror stricken land,
Brooding on thorns in the garden of withered roses,
Screaming and screeching with pain,
Under the nightmare of persecution,
I see the widowed women,
Leaning over the dead bodies of their husbands,
Assuming they are alive, and trying to dance,
In their fantasy, that they have defeated the death
I see the little orphans in tattered clothing,
With paled eyes, and dark purplish colour on their cheeks,
With tears flooding in their eyes refusing to roll down,
I see broken mothers and hunched fathers,
Shouldering their young boys' coffins,
Eh, I can't either mourn or moan,
As on the gateway of my mouth are standing,
Gunnars to send me into eternal silence,
I can just say the prayers on the dead,
I send them my love and sing on their graves:
The song of their lost dreams

Mykoul

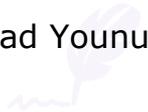
Mohammad Younus

The Inauspicious Day

That was an unauspicious day,
When -without asking their consent -
My father and my mother were decreed to go,
To a ghastly show -pre planned in antiquity,
To be performed upon the earth,
To fill time and space with groaning and mourning,
Of the suffering and languishing people,
The serials of the suspenseful drama -unending episodes -constantly being
displayed,
Perhaps for the simple reason,
That all may witness and realize,
The emptiness of the earthly life,
And search for an exit to go back -
To the Garden of Eden -
An abode of peace, harmony and love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Immortal Notes

What's this mystic flute that sounds
immortal notes,
Even after we pass away to other world,
Take refuge in this flute sound -
away from the din of awful noise;
Distant from the mundane thoughts and concerns;
Following the sound of eternal flute,
Can you climb up to the heaven,
Therefore, you must drink the music as wine,
Offered in the golden goblet of soul,
Let you give your heart's ear to this flute sound,
As the best of prayer is the sound of this flute,
That incessantly sounds in and around you,
Unbeginning, Unending -yet it is my own music -
It doesn't come from some outer person,
Who plays on the man-made lute;
I hear not merely the volumes of sound -
I get in union with my meaning - my being - through this sound.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

View From The Vintage Point

Don't let your nafas overwhelm
you,
Know, the soul is awake within you,
In your real existence -without sides and directions -
The distance and nearness are meaningless,
Let awareness awaken your eternal memory,
Let not your nafas overshadow your soul,
If you subdue your nafas and make it subservient,
You'll watch -through your heart's eye -sights beyond this world,
Open the ears of your soul -swallow words and numbers -
You will hear definitely the melodious sound,
Don't let the falcon of your soul get stuck,
In the morass of your marshy nafas,
It is to take you on its wings to a vintage point:
your home -in the heaven,
From where you can see the exquisite beauty -
Your essential self -sprawled across the whole existence

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Look What I See

I look at my homeland, Kashmir,
From the eyes blinded by pellets—
I look through my blinded eyes at the silly gunners,
Barraging bullets, mortars, and bombs,
On unarmed civilians protesting against oppression,
Through blinded eyes in my pelleted face, I see,
My people dismantling the forts of oppression,
And erecting the monuments of resistance,
In honour of the heroes who laid their lives,
For peace, freedom, dignity, and honour,
I look at my own resilient people,
With my soul no longer blind—
I see that my great people can make,
Their home -Kashmir -as was in my mind,
Before I was blinded by volleys of pellets,
Get up my people to find: the road to freedom

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Collective Resistance

If destroying the map of Kashmir
would erase,
The indelible blood marks of martyrs,
And iconic landmarks of resistance -
From the face of this holy land,
I would say let us make a bonfire,
Of these new false maps drawn by the colonizers,
To take our homeland and make us homeless,
Who will welcome the new settlers from the alien land!
I protest against this preposterous plan of colonization,
To change our demography, and our Koshur meaning -
Of our culture, ethos, and nationality,
As it carries the dimensions of brutality and terror -
the most hideous nightmare!
Anyone could experience or imagine,
Do they want to empty our young eyes?
Of the golden vision about our future,
Each act of oppression might cultivate -
Collective resistance,
People will jump out of the sleeping bags,
And collectively face the oppression head-on,
To tear off the maps of occupation and subjugation,
And rail against status quo and demonstrate,
Why resistance is necessary,
For coming out of existential crisis.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

In The Valley Of Quest

When you reach the valley of Quest,
Pass through the neighborhood of lovers,
Hear the music of God and behold the light of God,
See, how close to the kingdom of heaven you are,
Though above seventy, too far off you are,
Still on the remotest post! standing confused you are,
Take the wine of awareness and take long strides,
To travel from the vale of darkness to the vale of light -
From ignorance to awareness,
Read a lesson from the Book of God:
Preserved in your heart;
On the way of God, take a step forward -
That will take you closer to the kingdom of God,
Break yourself off from the shackles, that bind you to the remotest pole,
Better to be a free pony than to be a lame horse in the stable,
O cup-bearer of the spiritual wine,
I am interested in the wine of love,
Give me a sip of the cup,
I want to get relieved from the world of delusion and ignorance

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

In The Valley Of Love

If earnestly you are seeking your beloved,
Then keep clear your heart of the idols of duality,
Those who do not see the face of the beloved here,
How will they see Him hereafter?
Because those who are blind here will be blind hereafter too,
Let us stay put in the valley of love,
Where love constantly flows in abundance,
There are no entrances, no exits, no stop-gates!
Every one can discover that he is already here,
If only he sheds off his illusion and delusion,
Those who sincerely love their Lord,
See him manifested in all his creation,
And witness him in the beautiful faces of fellow beings,
The beauties of the world can never hold them back,
Therefore, they renounce every dear thing in his love,
Every moment they express in words and actions:
there is nothing other than he.

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

Impassioned Love

How tremendous is my joy, that your love is so intense,
Filling my ears, filling my eyes, filling my heart and filling my soul,
With the touch of your love -like the dawn's golden rays -
The inner bud of my love blooms,
More quickly than a blink of eye,
A rupturous delight! it fills out my soul with heavenly fragrance;
That's why I pour out fragrance all the while,
My joy knows no bounds to see the flowers ever new -
Perfumed blossoms dripping honey!
Merging hour by hour with your tunes of love:
Sending ever-new messages to me,
That I hear with my heart's ear,
My heart is overwhelmed with your love,
So in love I compose my answering poems,
My eager heart grows devoted as an unmarried girl,
So it longs to compose ecstatic poems of love and amours.
My heart fulls with joy, and grows exuberant,
As I've gathered from my beloved the
impassioned love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



My Soul Asks Me

Because my heart wants to love,
I carry love around my neck,
As a holy girdle thread,
Because I and love are united,
I am the essence of love and love is the essence of I,
Sometimes love grows like a chinar,
Sometimes love blooms like a flower,
Love is ingrained in my soul,
Sometimes love descends on my heart,
And runs away with my heart,
My job becomes too difficult,
At losing of my heart,
A great calamity befalls me,
I become a heartless lover,
So I begin to groan and moan,
What happened? What happened?
My soul asks me,
Do not complain for your loss,
Give thanks to your lord,
Giving away your heart is needed,
To tie a nuptial knot with your beloved

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Reality Of The World

The damsels of the world -
no matter how earnestly you love them -
Shall only deceive you and won't ever,
Reciprocate your earnestness with earnestness,
Sobhanullah! Every seed of love that oneplants -
In the soil of world -
sprouts intothousand thorny bushes here

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Valley Of Distress

In this valley of distress,
Dressed in gloom and in phantom dances,
Choked by smoke of repression,
Forgotten by the world lords,
The little orphan children, full and half-widows, berieved parents?
Who have only their tears to drink,
Who have barely any grain to eat?
They exchange their pleasantries with one another,
On their own pathos and woes,
To vent out their anger against their own people,
For their apathy and betrayal,
The jokes in which they speak about their suffering,
Sound pathetic and heart-wrenching

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Fancy

Rising from the depths of marshy lagoon,
O'erwhelmed with music and light,
I fancy my original home face to face -the fathomless ocean,
O shall I ever enter my home!
Yet, I believe the gates shall be thrown open,
Because I seek pardon from the merciful lord,
And mercy sure shall be granted to me,
By the Clement and merciful lord,
My heart with inward ecstasy expands,
And resonates with the word of lord,
So I'm confident,
That when my Lord sits to deliver His judgement,
And I stand before his majesty fretful,
To hear his judgment on my soul,
He shall in his majesty severe,
Welcome me back and proclaim:
You are from me -my supreme manifestation,
As He did tell me ere, on my first birthday:
You are my love as I blew into you of my holy spirit,
My delusion of being separate from Him shall disappear,
Awareness shall dawn upon me -
I am the One who is dyed in colours,
And the One who is dyed in colours,
Is himself colourless

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Wine Of Love

Come O' cup-bearer, let me drink deep of your wine of love,
Keep me intoxicated through and through,
I long to live and leave as a drunken man,
Let me drink my fill, goblet upon goblet,
Though Sobriety is a jewel, drunkenness is the love's bliss,
That I do much adore;
Allow me, therefore, lie in your tavern,
Keep dancing like a wave under the spell of wine,
And listen to the music of the ocean of which I am a wave,
Going up and down, but never
distracting -
From the mellow music sounding within me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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No Asceticism

O in monstaries and the house of devil,
Draw your eyes away from the earthly charms,
You are caught between two worlds,
While the death is closing in on you,
Go to the world of command -
the soul's survival zone,
O younus, you have no choice but to walk to your beloved,
When the desire for the Friend becomes intense,
All philosophies and fantasies fall behind,
The Beloved is in no way sought through reasoning,
Throw off reasoning and become silent,
The asceticism I had been taught became a bore,
It had to be brushed off in one stroke,
In silence hearing the blissful music,
I spend my time with my head down -
in My Beloved's presence

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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God's Doll

You made a doll and blew of your spirit into it,
You named it Adam,
Oh, your robust personality filled with rage,
When your doll tried to display it's flair and creativity,
When -against your command -he decided to come nigh,
To the forbidden tree in the garden of Eden,
You expelled him from the garden with his spouse,
In the end, the earth devoured them both.
If you withdraw your spirit from that doll,
I'm sure, your angels will no more bow down to him,
Only Iblis will take him as his Immam,
It is through your command alone,
That this doll ascends to your sky,
Ending in the exact point of union,
Where he is blessed with your eternal love,
You love him, he loves you -bonded through love,
Now, he is no more a lifeless doll!

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Free Me From Self

In the space between love and hate,
Where heart mourns in its prison,
Eyes in distress rain blood-red tears,
Soul craves to roll back, and walk to eternal light,
Away from its tomb of bones and flesh,
Away from the hustle and bustle of the noisy world,
Walking alone to the realm of love and peace,
Leaving behind the lustrous passions, in relic,
The soul from its prison cries out to the overseeing lord:
'I was in you in eternity, remember your promise to me,
Call out my name, and make me free from self with one stroke

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



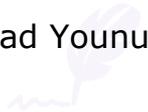
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The Unauspicious Day

That was an unauspicious day,
When -without asking their consent -
My father and my mother were decreed to go,
To a ghastly show -pre planned in antiquity,
To be performed upon the earth,
To fill time and space withgroaning and mourning,
Of the suffering and languishing people,
The serials of the suspenseful drama -unending episodes -constantly being
displayed,
Perhaps for the simple reason,
That all may witness and realize,
The emptiness of the earthly life,
And search for an exit to go back -
To the Garden of Eden -
An abode of peace, harmony and love

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mysticscience

My friend, I have trouble in connecting you,
Though, in fact, you are with me; you are in me,
Because I desire a real bond with you,
I won't be satisfied with the bond of imagination alone,
Because Imagery is just transitory,
There is the largest room in my longing heart,
Enough for you - my friend - to be there,
I desire to close you in the cage of my heart,
It is a special heart which is yours and yours alone,
So spacious that here the ocean will stay in the pot,
And I - a drop - will not be out of the ocean,
I am waiting for your coming in my impatient heart,
O King of silvery music! you planted your ears in my head,
To listen your melodious music with patience,
O Source of my pure love! you lit your lamp of love in my heart,
That burning lamp set my heart on fire,
I don't know how to cry for this severe pain,
It taught me to bear it with patience,
This fire burnt down my whole world within my heart,
Even myself got reduced to ashes,
My open enemy, Iblis, was smoldered,
Then, I remembered my covenant with you,
As there was no Iblis left to lead me away,
From fulfilling my primordial covenant,
O faqir, if you earnestly love music and light,
You will surely achieve God consciousness,
And you will behold him inside and out,
You must be wise and aware,
If you desire to know this science

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Think I Exist

Ruffled by the Coronavirus ghost,
I was asked to retreat to my hermitage,
I couldn't stand the loneliness of the quarantine,
I got scared and showed up myself,
On the ghost streets in broad daylight,
Like an unironed madman,
Humming the funeral, melancholic tunes,
I approached a wrinkled grey-haired woman,
And asked her scarily the shortest way,
Leading to a place where I could live for eternity
She pulled a spooky face,
And blended back into the human crowd,
I soon found the gloomy and sad faces,
Poor, and starving, impossible to bear,
And collapsed on my way to nothingness,
I was carried to the mortuary,
They consigned me to a 2x4x6 grave,
I was reduced to dust and rotten bones,
And was gone forever to the world of nothingness,
I vanished from the human world,
And there was no longer a place for me,
In the world of moving images,
But, still I feel, I exist,
Because I think, I exist.

Mykoul

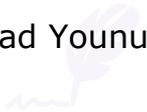
Mohammad Younus

Burial Of Covid Victim

All alone in quarantine,
I am twice as homesick,
As I was in a foreign land,
My soul weeps, and
My heart wrenches,
When brothers carry coffins,
Each of them with a grave sickle,
But I get surprised,
When they find missing,
Their brother in the coffin,
Consumed by the Coronavirus,
Who has buried him?
And where?
In an unmarked grave!
But, it isn't a custodial killing

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



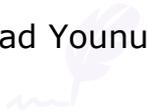
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Seek His Forgiveness

I feel deep love for social mixing,
But I am locked up in my own shell,
Heartless coronavirus whispers me,
Keep at a distance from my dear hosts,
I think I should laugh at his command,
But I can not annoy the hellish visitor,
He is reluctant to part from the earth,
Unless his lord calls him back,
He is crying till dawn, in my dreadful quarantine,
Wake up from the snoring sleep,
Seek Lord's forgiveness for the sins,
Against the poor and innocent children,
Of your merciful but severe lord,
The grip of your lord Is very severe,
As He warns in al-Quran

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

On Quarantine

The sun is shining outside
Open the curtain
Come out of the cozy bed
The pillow is low,
The quilt is warm,
the body lays sleeping
Snorting and grunting
Sadistically enjoying
The ominous quarantine
Blow out the candle lamp
The dark night has timed out
The youthful fragrance of spring
Is waiting in the air outside
Come out of the nightmare
Why don't you lift the curtain
Why don't you open the window
Do you fear the coronavirus?

Mykoul



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My Gloomy Motherland

In my gloomy motherland,
The nights are appallingly dark,
The morning star is not glowing,
The sun is refusing to shine,
I witness with melancholic eyes,
My people and the aliens,
Each creating its own history,
Through the blackened day,
The ancient city is burning,
Sad faces everywhere,
Even if Tulip gardens by their side,
No one gives out a joyous smile,
They laugh, still not happy inside,
I see tears rolling down their eyes,
Even my handkerchief gets soaked,
In tears when I try to wipe them off,
Their smearing pain is my own pain,
That gets revealed in my tragic poems,
Eh, motherland, everything about you is unmatched,
Even your pain and sorrow is unparalleled,
Natives of my homeland are indeed,
Like the suffering children of Palestine,
Who nit the shrouds and weave the flower wreathes,
When their young combatants fall to the bullets,
Who daily get buried under the tons of soil,
Along with the love for their motherland.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

It Hurts Me

It hurts me I have lost,
The original sense of man,
Born free without shackles,
Never exists in my land,
I've lost my freedom and peace,
Inside the saffron dungeon,
Where I am bitten and pained,
By snakes and scorpions,
It hurts me when the Intruders,
In my garden trample and crush,
Under the armoured boots,
My roses, tulips, and narcissus,
It hurts me when I ask for help,
From gravediggers and killers,
As they cannot grant my prayer,
It hurts me when I write on a note,
I love peace, I love freedom
Because that is torn into pieces,
It hurts me when I play on my guitar,
As the prison warden chops,
My fingers and breaks my guitar.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Stark Terror

Nestless birds,
Crying for their lost nest,
The harsh winds,
Blowing from the south,
Carrying away,
The withered leaves,
Tall leaders,
With their children,
Sitting alone,
In dungeons,
With dragons,
Like criminals,
Separated and cut off,
From their people,
Planted outside,
In burial grounds,
The map of Kashmir,
Torn in shreds

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Violence

Violence!

Maniacs of the city

Beat poor men

Burn their shops and sheds

where are the police?

They are busy

Watching their game

Breaking their sticks:

On the backs of poor men

Kicking at private parts

Of poor women

churning up the blood

Of young and old

For getting undue promotions

And share in loot

Nero is happy on the terrace

Playing at his flute sadistically

Enjoying the city burning beneath

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Firewall

Somebody go and tell the Biggies
What's going down in Kashmir
Where writing poems of resistance
Is just like writing a suicide note
Where Tweeters on social sites stay
Restricted and locked up behind the firewalls
Where netizens wishing to speak out their woeful tales
Stealthily use VPN's to bypass the firewalls
Where each day the Grand-lawbreaker books the users -
Big or small - under the draconian laws
For sneaking through the firewalls
Who will fly out now to the social boughs
To tweet the woeful tales of caged birds?
Mykoul, the net-locking makes it clear
A free black crow is far superior
To the caged singing beautiful lark

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Impossible

Can you push an elephant through a
needle's eye?

Impossible

Can you catch the air in your fist?

Impossible

Can you stop the dawn from breaking

Impossible

Can you grow lilies in brackish waters?

Impossible

So you cannot blow out in my heart

The shimmering glow of my hope

Through persecution and oppression

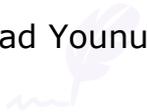
Or check my march towards my goal

I will move on, be it on a snail's pace

Slowly and steadily I shall win the race

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Listen! I Am Kashmiri

Listen!

I am Kashmiri
My Identity card has been snatched
I have lost one lakh children
I am afraid
Many more I might lose this summer
Are you angry?

Listen

I am Kashmiri
My children are persecuted
They grind them in torture mills
Their blood is squeezed by Draculas
That they churn to get red butter
To paste on loaves of yellow bread.
Are you angry?

Listen

I am Kashmiri
But I do not plead for mercy
I have committed no wrong
I am very proud
I do not feel small
In front of great monster
Are you angry?

Listen

I am Kashmiri
I have land without a title
I am like a non-citizen
In my own country
I claim my land
The documents of title
Are you angry?

Listen

I am Kashmiri
I am a native, as a Chinar
My roots sink deep in this soil

I am here since the beginning
God created me for this land
I will stay here till the ending
Clitching to my land.
All it's landscapes -
Lush green meadow,
Snow-caped mountains
Roaring rivers and Brooks
Cup-shaped valleys and
Pristine lakes
Because I am son of the soil
Are you angry?

Listen

I am Kashmiri
I have no linkage to
Colonizers and invaders

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Sweet Song

A mellow sweet song I hear from my friend,
Ringing in my heart and mind all the time,
With great pleasure I listen it in my soul's depth,
It keeps humming in and around me vibrantly,
It helps me connect to my original home,
It gives me peace, pleasure, and harmony,
It unites me to the truth and keeps me off the transitory,
Dear sweet song, please do not pause or stop,
I cherish you much, and long you to sound eternally,
At every beat, I say yes to my Lord's question:
"Am I not your Lord?"
It reminds me of my reality and my relation to eternity,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Mellow Music

In the high and low notes of the soul
There is a deep mysterious tone,
That gives the listener ecstasy infinite
As the Arab racer needs a whip naught
So you need a man-made flute naught
Listen to the natural flute if you aspire
To get into the precincts of your first home
This immersion in melodious tunes exposes
The secret hidden in the zerubam
It tells that man is verily the God's flute
Who moulds dust into a sounding clay
With the inner ears the lovers listen
With Undivided attention constantly
To the mellow music of eternity

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Rapturous Music

A rapturous music cleaned my heart,
Of all the mystic profane without any meaning,
Hollow words, violent thoughts, knotty riddles,
All mundane things subject to decay,
And my heart's lock opened of itself,
An ocean of mysteries was before my eyes,
My soul! How can I measure out you with little spoons!
From eternity, from mystical eternity,
This hidden ocean with all mysteries began,
When thy earthen pot breaks, you will still remain,
Man, don't sit at the bank counting the infinitude of waves,
Look into your heart and see the life within,
That dies not, that decays not,
Know the network of this eternal life in whole universe,
The mystery that is not understood fully by all,
Those who are in the quest of gaining this knowledge,
Cannot know beyond their own capacity,
Has any sage known the whole truth?

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Transitory

Transitory, the world is transitory.
Who will like to love the transitory?
If with living and everlasting you desire to stay,
You must refuse both worlds without delay, .
Care not about worldly loss and profit,
For you have a treasure precious hidden in your vault,
That the heavens and the earth could contain not,
If you seek the truth know your origin and essence,
Seeking the truth in other is like seeking musk in an ass,
Wander not in ruined towns where the ghosts rule,
Enter the eternal garden that God had created for you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Adam's Position

Adam has got the resplendent position
He is the essence of creation
He is the mirror of manifestation
So all the angels to him bow their head
Satan envies his honoured position
Rebells and brags about his creation
"Created me from fire, and him from clay"
He doesn't know the sublime truth -
Adam's heart is indeed the fountainhead
Of all the springs of mystical knowledge -
His heart is in reality the Mother book
On which is penned the words of wisdom
Only a gnostic knows the hidden secret
That Adam's heart is like a mystical mirror
When he looks into it, he sees his own face
Adam is the precious pearl in the sea of spirits
Hidden deep inside his sounding shell
Hedives deep into his sea of heart
As he knows he is the pearl in the shell

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

When.I.Pronounce

When I pronounce the word peace
The mellow word refers to my past life
When I pronounce the word freedom
The delightful word refers to my future life
When I pronounce the word struggle
The sacred word refers to my present life
When I pronounce the word martyrdom
The holy word refers to the immortal life
When I pronounce the word love
The sweet word refers to the divine love
When I pronounce the word light
The effulgent word refers to the light of heavens and the earth
When I pronounce the word Alastu
The secret word reminds me of the first covenant
When I pronounce the word "I am the truth"
I say something that can take me to gallows

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Mystical Cup

By sleeping you've lost the mystical cup
What you see in sleep is not the real thing
What gifts sleep does bestow upon you!
What secrets sleep does unfold to you!
Wake up and see the truth through Jamejam
Why should you take delight in empty dreams!
What magic has Satan done to you?
That you turn away from the Truth.
Beware! The Truth exists in its own beauty
It is the reality round which the life revolves
The truth is your hidden secret,
You are the open secret of the truth
Heed not the advice of the misleading mind
Do not to the temptations of mind yield
Eat not the fruit of forbidden tree
Lest you should lose the abode of eternity
If you along the footprints of Satan walk
You will get entrapped in the world of lies
See the truth with your heart's eye
The truth does not manifest at your will -
This you must truly know
For in this world in which we live,
One thing is sure:
We can get only what we truly strive for

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Do You Not Say

Do You Not Say

Do you not say that God is everywhere?
Why do you then say he showed up
His face to his friend in the heavens?
Why do you then distinguish between
The heaven and the earth?
Do you not say wherever you turn to
There is face of God?
Why do you then distinguish between
Kàba and human heart?
Do you not say he pervades everything?
Then why do you distinguish between
Pure and impure; infidel and believer
The six sides, inside and outside, Arab and Àjam
All are one in lover's eye
Heresy is if you confine him in one place or direction
All universes are God's abode in lover's belief
Do you not say wherever you are he is with you?
Then why should you raise your brow if the lover
Feels his beloved by his side wherever he himself is?
He who views his beloved as far and indistinct
He is immature and unwise, abiding within a shell
He is blind who does not see dark locks and a mole
On the face of his beloved, sitting nearby to him
He is deaf who does not hear mellow music in the orchestra of his beloved
He is mute who does not respond to his beloved
When he says, Am I not your lord?

Mykoul

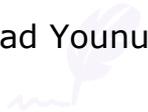
Mohammad Younus

The Sound Palaces

As the first command - "Be!" - is delivered
The pen begins its first movement and produces the first speech
Am I not your lord?
"Yes, of course, my lord! I replied
As the curtain of non-existence was removed
The first manifestation of divine speech appeared
The wordless speech filled all the worlds around
This mellow divine voice touched the ears of my heart,
My soul does not submit to the world of beauty
My soul does not get infatuated with forms of water and clay
As the divine sound takes me away from myself
It opens the inner eye of my heart to witness
The eternal beauty expressed in all forms and colours
In the language of love, the echoing word is our soul,
We are light beings who live in the sound palaces.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



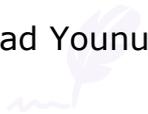
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O' Pigeon

O' pigeon, to my love my greetings, please convey
Tell her to cast her flirting eyes to take my world away.
Tell her now, show off your dark tresses and
black mole on your face
Take off your veils and heal my heart yearning for your pilgrimage
Tell her to say, "o' fire! cool down! " to douse the flames consuming
me
Let my eyes gaze ever upon your sunny face
Allow me kiss your seed-like mole through your long tresses
O Love, I pray you to expose your locks, your mole, your face
To all my scoffers who mock me for my madness
Such that they worship in both the worlds only you
And choose only you as their sole aim and goal
The sage indeed takes your locks and your mole
As guides to your beautiful face in his prayer

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Let Us Share

Along life's road I have always sought truth,
In the search for verity, love was always my guide.
My heart yearned without end for the words of wisdom
And longed to find meaning to life's secret
Come, my friends, let us joyfully share
Our knowledge and pearls of wisdom

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Melodious Tunes

In the high and low notes of the soul,
There is a deep mysterious tone,
That gives the listener ecstasy infinite,
As the Arab racer needs not a whip,
So you need not a man-made flute,
That comes from a reed bed,
Listen to the natural flute such that,
You might enter the precincts of your essence,
This exposition in melodious tunes,
Is the exposition of the secret hidden,
That man is like God's flute,
He moulds dust into a sounding clay,
With the inner ears we must for ever,
Listen with undivided attention his song of love.

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

The Undead Boys

Mothers, don't search us in streets and bazars,
Search us among the corpses frozen,
In themountain passes and glaciers,
When we were crossing from the other side
Our brothers, will you recognise us?
We got buried under snow, and rolled down
If you happen to pass by there even now
You might still find our carcasses,
After six hundred years we were awakened,
We did not know our glorious past,
When we ruled from India to Central Asia,
We happily drank down the cup of martyrdom,
It tasted like the fine elixer of life,
They forced us to accept the tyranny as love,
But only the palm that holds the ember knows the pain,
We declined to accept occupation as fait accompli,
And so opted to rise up to claim our land,
The freedom that we frantically dreamed,
Set in motion the mill of resistance,
Which takes its water from the brooks of our blood

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Thinking Martyr

In the funeral procession of mourners,
I am stretched out on the coffin,
Shrouded in green flag,
Buried under the wreaths of roses,
My eyes closed, but my heart awake,
I think of you, your troubles, your pain,
Had I told the angels why I feel for you,
They would have left the celestial homes,
It's gardens, it's streams of milk, honey, and wine,
And joined you in your fight and resistance
Against tyranny and oppression.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Rapture

I pass by the harem of Leila, and kiss it's walls,
In rapture I rub my eyes against its walls,
It's not for Love of the walls that I get mad, ,
But for Leila who lives behind those walls,
I kiss every dog in the street of Leila,
It's not for love of dogs that I get crazy,
But for Leila whom these dogs might have seen,
When they stand as guards at her door,
I walk through the city of Leila and use,
The dust of roads as kahal in my eyes,
It's not for love of dust that I risk my eyes,
But for Leila who might have walked over it,
I know Leila hides in blackness,
Where my two eyes cannot reach,
I pass by the precincts of her Harem,
Just to hear her melodious voice,
I hope one day she might give me a call

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

All.Are.Equal

Infinite lines can lead to a point from a base,
Some lines are long, some are short,
Some lines are straight, some are crooked,
Of all the lines perpendicular is the shortest,
But, on no one line will you get lost,
It is your choice to choose the best -
There are hundreds of countries,
Does it make any difference which country you are born in?
There are hundreds of languages,
Does it make any difference which language do you speak?
There are hundreds of races,
Does it make any difference which race you belong to?
There are many ideologies,
Does it make any difference, which ideology do you believe in?
No nation, no race, no language,
No culture, no religion, no ideology,
Is special or superior by its kind,
We must not deem others inferior to us,
As nationalists and racists lead us to believe

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

And I Wondered

With tremendous sound
The sublime secret revealed himself,
And I wondered
The zerobum poured out from all my pores
And I wondered
I saw the sound coming out of myself,
And I wondered
Then it manifested in all the worlds around
And I wondered
It ruptured me with my mind and the
five senses
And I wondered
Light upon light appeared that engulfed me
And I wondered
I was left without me, so I claimed 'I am the truth'
And I wondered
I returned to world of senses and found one multiplied,
And I wondered
My mind brooks no dissent with my soul
And I wondered
That only one is present beyond all forms
And I wondered
Laillaha Illallah, laillaha Illallah

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Life After Death

Let life and death,
Always be your companions,
Along your way to the truth,
Walk through sound and light,
Rely upon their guidance,
In order that you enter,
The circle of 'I am the truth';
If you want to get success,
If you desire to live in eternity,
Die before death -
Says Mustaffa - the chosen one,
Since the supreme life -
Immortal, perfect, and blissful -
You can't get ere such death;
If you want to see reality,
Live in death,
If you want to relish fantasies,
Live in life,
When you see your essence,
In the mirror of your death,
The truth of life shall show out

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Wild Cat

The ferocious wild cat sneaked into the attic,
And made a good meal of the little nestlings,
The frightened pigeons flew out for their life,
They are melencholically perching outside -
On tree boughs, and on roof tops,
Sitting in a hushed silence, with heads down,
Brooding over the loss of their home;
Where they would rest without threat,
Comfortably, as in mother's womb,
They have ceased chirping on the green trees,
Gutargooñ, gutargooñ, gutargooñ,
I passed by them in the morning,
But, couldn't hear their resounding noise.
As if they were a hundred forests away,
I rolled my eyes up and talked to homeless birds,
May I be a sacrifice to you,
I feel your pain for losing your home,
I, too, have lost my home to Intruders,
May all your pain come to me,
Chirp your gutargooñ, gutargooñ joyfully,
Don't pour out your flaming sighs,
Don't drop your feathers in gloom,
Fly freely in the blue expansive sky -
Don't keep your mouth shut,
Sing the mellow notes of love,
I promise to secure the attic - your home,
Against the killer intruders -
The wild cats! The bloody Killers!
That unleash terror, and tear up to shreds

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

No Pain No Gain

The rose that gives out fragrance,
We must place our nose on her,
Least fearing the thorn prick;
The bee that buzzes and hums,
We must hear her music with soul's ear,
Least fearing her painful sting.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Good Morning

Cold winter sun,
Shine warmly now,
Melt the sheets of ice,
On our lakes and meadows,
Violent snow storms,
Blow over the Siachen,
Let Green spring come,
Let us play and sing,
Without fear and threat,
Welcome freedom,
Welcome peace
Good morning, good morning.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Suicidal Squad

Hawks, eagles, kites, and owls
Sitting on the roof tops,
Perched on foliated boughs,
Inside the downtown ruins,
Flying and gliding like drones,
Launching a suicidal attack,
To peck the flesh of humans,
Looking like carcasses,
Scattered everywhere,
Here and there.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Global Village

They say we are living in a global village,
But G-village is where we can take a quick trip,
G-Village is where we can sit eye to eye,
G-Village is where we can talk face to face,
G-village is where we can chat, tweet, and post on internet,
But, still I will keep on waiting,
For the Internet to be restored,
I have been waiting for far too long,
For the resurrection of my dead phone,
I have been waiting eagerly at the home screen,
Waiting to give a gentle touch,
To the slippery body of my smartphone,
Like a lover gently moving his fingers,
Through the silky hair of his beloved,
I hope the net-messiah shall soon,
Return life to the Dead-Net,
For I don't hear about my home, about my people,
Who will connect me to them?
Who will connect me to me?
If ever the firewalls must stand in between

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Voice From Kashmiri Diaspora

Having travelled the great countries in seven continents,
Tired, after roaming in green pastures,
I desired to take a flight to return to my motherland,
But was pushed back, and denied to enter my home,
My mother inclined over me, and asked:
'Where you had been all these years? '
I ascended the mountain heights to look for you,
By full breath I emptied my breast with long sighs,
When I failed to trace your shadows walking to me,
You left me alone in distress to face,
The monsters of hate, oppression, and shame,
When I was drowned in tears and blood,
But, you are still the most beloved to me,
I am afraid: you will again desert me,
It might bother you to listen the echoes of my pain
Better for you, not to dream your home coming,
Until the flames of torture and torment calm down,
You may come after the resistance and fight conclude,

Mother! I swear, I shall return to you,
From the strange lands, that can never be my own,
Where still I am in search of my identity,
Where, through gradual assimilation,
I have lost, my life's precious things -
My language, my culture, and my religion,
I want to escape from the alien capitals,
I will come back, I will come back,
It's difficult for me to bear the painful voices,
From the roaring streams and proud mountains,
I will wash your body soaked in blood and tears,
I will erase the brands of slavery from your face,
I will immerse your soul in the fragrance of freedom,
I promise I will darn your mutilated map,
I promise I will rebuild on your land,
The monuments of love and peace

Mykoul

When.I.Came.Here

I came to this world at that time -
When Cow was divided into two parts,
When Water lillies bloomed in deserts,
When Cacti grew in cold regions -
When Bharat was divided into two parts,
Which since then are at logger heads,
Fighting with each other claiming our land

I came to this world at that time,
When the tallest son married off his widow mother,
When, the tallest leader betrayed his people,
When his people were transferred to another country -
Along with their motherland,
Denying them the right to self- determination,
Promising them milk and honey from gods and goddesses

If you recall, the Veth, a pristine clear river,
Passed then through this valley,
That kissed the green fields and orchards,
Where now army bunkers are planted,
Much water has flown since down the river,
Now, the river is totally unclean and polluted,
The human and animal carcasses sail on it's surface,
It's water is not pristine and clean any more,
The river is stuck between its beds like a dirty gutter

Everything has come to a standstill,
Nothing is moving,
Even the hands of the clock have stopped moving,
Cool breezes have stopped blowing,
Chinar trees are not spreading their leafaged boughs,
Birds perched on the boughs are not chirping,
Smile is not flashing on any one's face -
Souls are not feeling pleasure;
Spirit is not dancing in ecstasy -
Eh! I, too, am staying paralysed here.

Mykoul

(Mother=Kashmir)

Mohammad Younus

Longing For Peace

Strange! how I drew the word 'peace' on sand,
I drew it in the shape of 'Kashmir map',
But it got erased by the steps of soldiers,
Chasing the children playing in the graveyard,
A ding-dong battle between two groups of children -
The native slaves, and the government gunners,
I composed a poem on peace in my heart,
I heard it in the bed through the night,
But, the pillow under my head was plumped,
With all kinds of obnoxious stuff -
Killing, maiming, and torturing of youth,
Blinding of children, and molesting of women,
Burning of villages, and all mayhem,
Like ferocious wolves untethered in my home,
My dream was encircled with a moat of pain and fear,
Making it well-nigh impossible to enter house of peace
Strange! still I loved the word ' peace'
Now, I sleep in the hollow of an anxious chinar tree,
Without a mattress, quilt, and pillow,
With my eyes wide open, brooding over my dream,
When shall the dawn of peace break?
Dawn must be getting close, for I have,
Never seen the night darker than it is right now.
With great hope, I am waiting for the dawn to venerate 'peace'

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Wordless.Song

I offer thee my hearing,
I offer thee my eyes,
Morning and evening,
In thy vastness,
I stand before thy throne,
In perfect stillness,
Listening to thy song,
How can I compose songs,
Praises that suit thee,
My gazing and my listening,
Are my wordless songs,
That express love and devotion,
Without using my fleshful tongue,
Without using musical instruments,
Thou art the thought of my heart,
That soothes me,
That fills me with ecstasy,
Just as I breathe in a cool breeze,
My Love, arise and open thy gate,
My spirit is shaken, I want to rest in thee,
My mind is mocking me for such longing,
So let's lose all satans against me,
My Lord protect thy child,
From the wild boars pursuing me,
Thou alone are my refuge against all terror,
I look to thee alone for peace and love,
Delight me in the rain of thy eternal love,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Hidden Secret

I have never seen,
Nor heard of such a beauty,
Light upon light,
Whose effulgence turns,
A clay pebble into a pearl,
That face is such a mirror,
that when I gaze,
On its clear surface,
I see my own face,
reflected there.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



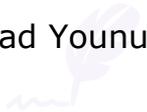
PoemHunter.com

Adam

Man is not here just to fill a vacuum,
Or to be a background character,
In some remote controlled movie,
The hidden beauty with all it's features,
Would never get revealed, if man did not exist
All men, at every place and at every time
Make a single man, Adam by name,
God's face upon the earth!
He would be sitting behind dark veils,
A hidden mystery -without man,
We are all connected, and we are all agents,
Of the supreme God, doing His job,
By His command!
Our decisions make His will that binds us,
And even the existence around us.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Downtown. Lions

After a fierce crackdown and ding-dong battle,
I happened to pass through the downtown,
The silence of the town sent shiver down my bones,
As if I was walking alone on a dark winter night,
Through packs of sniffer dogs and prowling blood hounds,
The atmosphere was filled with the thick, dark, pungent smoke of teargas shells,
That squeezed painful tears out of the eyes of its residents,
Yellow pallor on their faces gave them a jaundiced look,
As I glanced at the houses in the winding alleys,
With blood spattered on their walls,
I visioned the shadows of ghosts on the streets of this ghost town,
As if all its native population were dead, or migrated to safer zones,
As if my old town had gathered dust over ages,
The empty balconies of the houses were singing the song of sadness,
But, don't imagine they are frightened,
Don't assume they have called off their resistance,
You are wrong, if you think so,
No, they are locked-up lions in their locked-up land,
They are seething with fire in their hearts,
I saw children standing on the rubble of houses,
Playing a ding dong battle with the heavily armed soldiers,
I saw young boys climbing on minarets, and on green-roofed mausoleums,
To call out the people from indoors to assemble,
In the market square in front of the Grand Mosque,
To protest against the atrocities after Jumma prayers,
The town is shrouded in grief, but you can still see its new generation —
Planning in silence, determined to repair the cracks,
And you think they are broken, but you're wrong —
They're on fire!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Soft Music

A soft music from soul has entered my heart's ear,
I heard and enjoyed it through my inner eye's deepest depth,
And now it is reverberating in my inside and outside,
It keeps humming a song of love and being in peace

Whenever I feel entangled in the concertina wire of my mind,
It helps me in detaching myself in a wink of eye,
Just like a bee that is focussed on collecting nectar,
Detaches itself from the multivarious colours of flowers

The mellow voice gives me peace and harmony,
It awakens in me a sense of the beauty of reality,
It frees me from the distractions of five senses,
It liberates me from the fluctuations of flickering mind

It encourages me to stop living materialistically,
It reminds me that love and peace are my tremendous needs,
Dear mellow heavenly sound, please do not leave me,
I cherish you so much, I pray you to stay with me eternally

I know on your wings alone can I get to the Kauthar of light
The fountainhead of light upon light beyond lahut,
Where Mustaffa promises his lover to greet,
And reveal what the maqam-e-mehmud is

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

One Day

Yes, Kashmir, strewn with the slain bodies of its youth,
With blinded children, and molested women,
Shall one day rise up with a mighty resistance,
To challenge the punitive measures of repressive regime,
To cast off tyrant's yoke from her neck,
To break off the occupier's fetters from her feet,
To stop the wolves from drinking the blood of its children,
To spurn at the occupier's offers of lollipops,
To redeem her lofty hills, and pristine lakes,
To free her roaring brooks, verdant plains and meadows,
To shake the throne of God with valiant resistance,
And God shall one day bend into her cries of agony and anguish,
And bid her sorrows and woeful stories end,
The martyrs in unmarked graves shall cry out shouts of triumph,
Upon the paled cheeks shall play a smile of peace;
Cool sheltering chinars and wailing willows,
Shall greet their laughing children,
To play freely under their shade,
And young boys and girls, secured and safe,
Shall fearlessly walk, be it night or day,
The singing birds shall chirp again,
Happy notes on lofty tops and foliaged boughs.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

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And reveal what the maqam-e-mehmud is

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Silence Is The Best

The eyes in the head mislead us to believe,
That we can see the things as they really are,
When the object seen is very close to the eye?
The eye does not see the object but it's blackness,
Since the nearness destroys it's light of vision
Give up looking, for there is no fun in seeing,
A thing that is nearer to you than your vision,
What connection has an eye with the pure light,
It's perception is it's inability to perceive
The bright sun in the midst of a sunny day
The sun, in fact, is it's own witness,
In this place of witnessing,
The Shariah asks me to hold my tongue,
I have much to say, but silence is the best.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

In The Shrine Of Heart

Leave the shadows of senses and the mind
Outside the Heart's closed door,
Get into Heart's kàbaa draped in black Qiswah,
That is filled with mellow sound and soft light,
The booming and resonating soul's sound,
Shall chase Satan faraway from your house of light,
There is in Heart, a deep but effulgent light,
But, outside it is misty and dusky,
I cannot see with my eyes,
Better will be to see him in my own mirror,
Where He in me might look at his own image
I must speak out the hidden truth,
He who has this secret known,
He must not peep out to look for the truth,
In the shrine of heart he will find,
He is in me whom I search outside,
In temples and mausoleums naught,
He is not far or apart from me,
But mine is not the eye to see

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Condensed Divinity

You have got a philosophical mind
You have varied personalities
You have read mind-blowing books.
You have met sages and saints
You may have had interesting dreams
You engage in meditations, and
Chanting divinely hymns
You have had great spiritual experiences,
But! Yet, the question remains:
Do you know who you are -
your relationship with your creator
Do you know yourself as
A manifestation of divine will
A fleshly embodiment of His attributes
Your essential self is a hidden treasure
Everything in the universe is within you
Ask yourself from yourself
Come out of illusion
That you are His other
Your soul is a road
You can follow to your essential self
That core of condensed divinity -
That you are God's vicegerant
on Earth
Dressed strangely in perishable attire
A funny way of manifestation
Looking like a fallen man.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Not A Rebel

You took my land, then labeled me as a rebel,
As an anti national, a traitor to your country
I am the son of the soil, don't call me a rebel
I will never assimilate to your culture, religion, and language
While my blood is being spilt on my sacred soil
You give medals to the cops who kill, Maim, blind and lynch
You lock up my leaders for challenging occupation
For reinforcing in me the passion for freedom
You condemn my children to torture cells
As you fear they might fight ding dong battles

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Young Combatants

Walking through a dense and dark forest,
A group of young selfless boys, shouting? screaming? and singing,
From behind the thick dark veils of misty haze,
Chanted bittersweet songs of resistance,
Their songs speak much louder,
Than the empty speeches of self-styled leaders,
Who from their cosy drawing rooms speak,
While the young boys' brave voices echoe from all sides,
We won't let the blood of our people go waste
Who for centuries are living under suppressive yoke,
Chilly cold winds are sweeping across our frozen land,
We shall light a bonfire on icy sheets,
To extract for our people heat and light,
Who are suffering and aching with pain,
Under colonial persecution since long,
One day a cool draught shall blow in our land,
As from inside of our dungeon we perceive,
The spring is arriving with its healthful breeze and fragrance,
Through our sustained and collective struggle,
We shall, of course, touch, one day,
The pinnacles of peace and freedom,
If our enemy does not stop pulling us by our forelocks,
We have no option but to come on fore front,
With heads in our palms to defend,
The honour and pride of our beloved people

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

You Are A Fool

You're a fool. I can't stop you
I know your ears will refuse
To listen my words
Go, fight the world's one
Mighty army
While you're yet with clods and twigs
In your hand to fight with

Fool you may think me so
But, when a man must choose
Between being a slave and a free man
Between resistance and yielding to -
Oppression and occupation
Surely, giving resistance
With head in your palm
Is worth the risk

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

My Nightmare

As I retire for rest at night,
My sweet dreams come to greet me
With love, peace, and liberty
Soon the sun gets veiled,
By the dark thick clouds in the sky,
My mother, in long black shrouds,
With a dead body in her lap,
Silently moaning and mourning,
Suddenly, appears before me.
I know that the bleeding rose,
The little martyre, in her lap,
Is her little innocent child,
Who was bulletted in chest,
And pelleted heartlessly in eyes,
While suckling mother's breasts,
My heart comes in my mouth,
And chills come down my spine,
With painful sorrow and anguish
Like a flag, fluttering in the battlefield,
The candle's red flame flickers.
I open the windows to look out,
At the soldiers parading on the street,
I get frightened at the sight of ghosts' shadows,
Moving under the clouds darkening the sky,
I can't breathe for I am afraid,
They are prowling to catch and kill,
The sleeping children as their prey,
Or, take them away without warrant,
To kill them in a fake encounter

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

It.Does.Not.Matter

From somewhere screams echo,
I am a Kashmiri, I am expendable,
If I am tortured and tormented,
It does not matter
My sufferings are horrendous,
My persecution is tremendous,
It does not matter
Hatred, fear and insecurity have gripped me,
I am weighed down by grief and agony,
It does not matter
My children, my young, my old,
my valleys, my meadows, my mountains,
my lakes, my rivers, my glaciers =
all are wounded,
It does not matter
I am alone and abandoned,
I am unsheltered, and unprotected,
It does not matter
I protest under burning sun,
I protest in freezing cold,
Against draconian laws,
Against mass killings,
Against fake encounters,
Against forced disappearances
It does not matter,
In undisclosed graves,
I am in thousands buried
I was yet a tight bud
I still had the time to bloom
They stifled me by my neck
Long before I could bloom
It does not matter
I am dumped under my soil
With no silt or hole to peep out
I wonder deep down,
If ever you will know my grave
Deep down in a remote village
Stands my unmarked grave
Without any tombstone

No one is told outside
About my custodial killing
About my unmarked grave
It does not matter

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Promising.Tomorrow

Cheer up my people, cheer up,
The moon is confiding the good news to the sun,
That the dark nights are ending,
The dawn is shaking off it's gloom,
A delightful smile is flashing across the horizon,
The road to green meadows of peace is opening,
The concertina wires and army bunkers are being removed,
The birds are getting ready in their nests,
To trace their paths in the free skies,
The reign of terror and tyranny is coming to an end,
As the world is coming out of slumber,
To deliver us from oppressive occupation,
Now, brood no more on the years behind you,
The memories of torture must not haunt us,
So long we waited, oppressed and persecuted,
Now light shall guide us to our goal,
Freedom-lover! Long time of persecution is nearly ending,
though after a painful persecution,
Peace and love will ultimately greet us,
A new bright tomorrow will meet us,
And complete the cherished dream,
Of our martyrs in unknown graves,
There will be no more pain, no more killings,
An epoch of peace, love, and freedom,
Shall usher in for our budding new generation,
When no one volleys bullets in their chests,
When no one pierces pellets in their eyes,
When no one maims them by breaking their bones,
When mothers will no more wail and sing?
The eulogies on their dead,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Hell. And. Heaven

God created me for the earth,
Where nothing is so perfect,
Where a thing falls and, then, stands again,
Where a thing stands and, then, falls again,
Death after life, life after death,
Like the trees that die in winter,
Coming to life in spring again,
A thing may disappear for a moment,
But, never in extinction does it go
The rivers, brooks, fountains and waters flow on,
But, never, return to their original font;
They have naught a separate font,
They hasten on to move on their circular path,
The wider they flow and spread,
And make a pattern on the earth's face,
The more openly do they assure,
That circular in nature they are,
The process will continue until the last day,
I wonder to see this resurrection,
Veiled by the unseen in His cloak
As God's beauty manifests, I see,
The two worlds, in truth, are the same
Where God manifests His face,
My paradise there exists wallah,
Where God conceals His face,
My hell there exists billah

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Talking.To.The. Phantom.Of.Abdullah

When you entered the city, after long years of incarceration,
We, in millions, would flock together,
To have a glimpse of our great leader,
With pride, we would call you the lion of Kashmir,
We would give you a warm and enthusiastic reception,
We would decorate your paths with, wreathes of roses and colourful
buntings,
Wewould sound the atmosphere with patriotic slogans,
Long live Abdullah, long live Abdullah,
Kashmir that we watered with our blood,
That Kashmir belongs to us,
We as gulliblesbelieved that you performed,
Great deeds for your nation,
To free itfrom Dogra subjugation,
We were so happy and excited that,
We blindly idolized you as our great leader,
We would write clandestinely onChinar leaves:
Sheiri Kashmir zindabad;
Laillaha illallah, Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah,
If you had claimed to be a prophet,
We would have not shilly-shallied,
To take the oath of allegiance upon your hand,
If you had asked for the moon, we would say:
We will bring it down from the skies,
Ask something more,
You pretended to be our saviour, but, eh!
After twenty years' roaming in wilderness,
As you yourself confessed, you entered into,
The infamous Indra-Abdullah Accord,
Twice, rather thrice, you betrayed us,
If you were alive now, we would stone at you
For your treachery and treason against us,
You stole our dreams and our peace
With your empty words, and mesmerisation,
We lament our foolishness as we celebrated even your death,
We climbed on the rooftops and mighty chinars,
To witness you being dumped into grave,
The old walls and the Chinar boughs then,
Did crumble down under our weight,

Yes, we erred in madly trusting you,
But, you were a traitor in disguise who duped us,
Great God will surely do His justice,
And, reward you for breaking our trust.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Spiritual.Discovery

O' man with five senses and one mind
Fixed on things mundane, awake in your heart
Embark on the path of spiritual discovery
And explore your essential self and divine
Rejoice in your soul singing the hymns divine
You have a unique connection to creation
You have got a special relation to divine
Listen constantly to the mellow music divine
That reverberates in you all the time
Let your essence discover the wonderment
That is all round spread in abundance
Look with the eyes of an innocent child
The marvellous beauty that surrounds you
The effulgent light that radiates within you
Receive the delights that are born within you
For it is in divinely love that you can walk
On the path of eternally blessed souls

Mykoul



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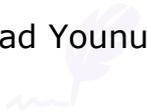
Mohammad Younus

Let.Us.Love

Do you look for love
Look into my eyes deep
Let us face eyeball to eyeball
We shall see our beauteous faces
In each other's pupils of eyes
Let us gaze at each other with undistracted devotion
Such that with awefull surprise we find
That I am your image and you are my image
Hold my hand tight, I shall never withhold mine
Let us walk hand in hand together
In this sad and sorrowful land
Where cruel winds blow all the time
And heaven and earth shake and shiver
With mortar shelling and missile fire
Don't you feel the tremor

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Prayer.For.Peace

Thank you, Great God
For the opportunity to walk with you,
To be with those who have great wisdom
And for the privilege of learning from the people of knowledge
Allow me to be your vicegerant that I was meant to be,
I am here, Great God, take me home,
back to my beginning,
Show me the rudiments of life, and of creation
Teach me the secret of your secrets, in a pure and simple way
Give me understanding and knowledge
To share with other seekers of truth
Let the distance be bridged between you and me
So that I do not feel myself apart from you
So that I feel I am you and you are me
Grant me, Great God, peace and harmony,
Oneness, togetherness, with all elements of natural order
This is the path which you intended for me
When you blew from your spirit in me
Guide me, Great God, on the straight path
Let me dedicate my life to love and peace
And preach it to the people of hate
We all need peace and freedom
To live in harmony with each other

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Awaited Reality

I wait for you with patience
The years in silence pass
But, like the mirage in the desert
You are distancing from me
As I walk closer to you
You draw yourself away
Yet, I wait for you again
With the hope that one day
You will come to greet me
With your love to please me
My heart is in flames -
And as fragile as glass,
Sure to break into pieces
Take pity upon my heart
Yet, silently, I wait for you _
With sadness, pain, and hope
I am hearing the distant drums
You are walking towards me
Perhaps the distance is in flames
But I'm afraid that at last
You might change your mind
And initiate the challenging task
By asking me to wait and suffer
But, how can I wait and suffer more -
Having struggled and suffered for long
Unable to overcome my dreams,
I shall continue my fight and
journeying
My chances are such bright!
My resilience is so fine!
That, at last, the distance will vanish
Between me and my beloved _
But I'm afraid that the awaited reality
Might come at a painful cost

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Eternal Return

You will gather around me
And say, when I breathe my last
From Him he came, to Him he returned
You will say, Ah me!
His past life moves before my eyes like a movie
From the day he was born to the day he left
He was as beautiful as a snow flake
Falling down while dancing, to kiss
The landscape on the earth's face
That melts soon back into water
When contacting the sun's heat
This is the eternal return as prophet says
Everything returns to its original state
When I ruminate on my essence, I perceive
Life comes out of death, and death comes out of life;
Neither was I born nor did I fall sick;
Never did I pass away to some other world;
I was here, I am here, and I will be here;
Day comes after night, and night follows the day
But! Time, fathomless, remains the same
Without beginning and without ending
That is the reality of the essence of man

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Dungeon.Of.Death

God! bless my soul!

I am reeling under appalling sorrow and anguish

Let me walk through my country without fear

There's only terrific chill running down my spine

I used to love on lovely lakes and roaring brooks

I used to wander through the snow with my friends

I used to play on the surface of frozen waters

I used to enjoy shikara-rides in the Dal lake

But! Now the clouds carrying blood vapours

Float in looming masses, in wild stillness,

They rain flecks of blood on my crown

While thundering and lightning mortars flash and fly

I get scared and bury my head in mother's lap

We were not once so wretched on the earth

But merciless gunners of hostile regime stole our peace

As sunheat melts the icicles and burns the woods

Our joys they snatched one by one

Eh! we are left in a narrow dungeon of death;

Why this carnage? I am at loss to understand

Can I not woo-back those old delights?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am A Kashmiri, I Too Am A Human Being

I am a Kashmiri, I, too, am a human being,
Day and night I hear the shrieks of mothers,
Moaning and mourning over their slain children,
Shouldering the coffins of near and dear,
Wailing and singing elegies as did Zainab,
When, going alone, through the battlefield of Karballa,
I hear the chinars cry when the sad winds blow,
Touching their paled leaves and boughs,
All things in the geography of my valley wail and weep,
Wherever I go, I hear the noise of soldiers,
Firing and beating to pulp young and old,
Razing to ground with mortar guns the temples and houses,
All day, all night, I see them parading,
Through the winding alleys of my downtown,
Unleashing havoc: killing, maiming,
plucking out the eyes and painting the roads red,
They leave behind horrible scenes and stories,
When they leave for their barracks,
After calling off their catch and kill operation,
I cry out loud to world-lords for help and intervention,
But! nobody cares to listen my woeful cries,
They have their business interests more dear to them,
Why should they look at me to deliver me from pain?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Blissful Night

One blissful night without stars, and without a moon
I longed to travel back treading along the ancient road
That I might reach back to my eternal home
Where first I lived my glorious days
I saw eternity like a great aura of pure and endless light,
All calm, and all bright, ringed around my watching eyes
I found the world in fabulous tune, reverberating with a sweet voice
Whose echo is heaven's bliss like the sound of a gushing stream
Running back to it's font whence it had flowed first
Dear beauteous soul! What mysteries do lie in your sound and light?
Could man ever know those hidden truths!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Admirable. Stillness

How can I not admire stillness
Especially when it's pregnant with effulgent light?
When it explosively thrills me by its mellow music
That fills me from my toe-tips to galactic heights
Coming out from each pore of my colossal being
that turns inside-out instantly in a wink -
this world and all its gala self-decorations
That turns me from outside into my inside world
In the interior of my conch-shell, the
mother of pearl
The most radiant of all the diamonds
Found in the rock-stones outside
That glitters before my heart's eye my spectacular reality
That I am the hidden pearl in the mystic oyster's shell
The music and dance of the oyster
And the the light emanating from the pearl

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Mystic. Beauty

Mystic beauty
Shrouded in clouds
Human eyes may not reach there,
Glittering upon heavenly spheres,
Places beyond human gaze _
One day will come down,
To sit in harmony behind the lover's eyes,
To watch its own beauty spread out _
The merriment of the satanic spirits,
The poignant loud human hallabulla,
Confusing compilations of human mind,
All shall seep into the mystic beauty
Purifying the soul of man

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Last Nightingale

The trees are stripped naked
The flowers have paled down
The singing birds have vanished
Now the last nightingale remains
We sit together, the nightingale and me,
Until only the nightingale remains
Who sings to himself through all seasons
It is time to be happy, and sing the pleasure songs
As amazing things are on the way
Let's forget about all the memories of sufferings and pain

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Optimism

Let's not complain of chill, wind, and snow
Although the snowstorm blows terribly fast,
The effulgent light also sneaks through the bullet holes
In the walls and rooftops of our ruined homes
Even the man who is rolled in an avalanche
Glimpses some light through the hole
Or feels sound of steps touching his ears
His heart overwhelms with a hope
That the avalanche shall melt down by the sun's heat
Or the kind-hearted passersby shall surely break it open
He is optimistic in a place out of reach
A lesson for those who are caught up in a deathtrap
That hope sustains life in distress indeed

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Love.And.Peace

It isn't pleasant!

A frightful life wrapped in blood and smoke!

A gift of tyrannical and heartless occupiers,

Unexpected to receive a bouquet of roses,

As woeful feelings are on every face,

But! what if the gift comes floating in the dream?

Everynight we get such gifts for free,

Think just about all the beauties we dream _

The lost peace! The melodious songs! The radiant light!

The sweet dreams rest our souls in peace and delight,

But our eyes open with fright at phantoms' sight,

When they come out of our heads in the course of dream,

A nightmare starts with horror movies,

Woe! Woe! No peace we find at dawn!

No bird sings in a marvellous tune on any bough!

There is nothing in nature to be adored,

There is only ugliness that sits in our heart,

But! no matter how much we suffer,

We share love with all, and forgive our foes,

But! all too often they appreciate it not.

Love and forgiveness in abundance are our precious treasure,

A rare gift that we have received from God,

So let's all be aware and live a life of love and peace

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mystic.Beauty

Mystic beauty
Shrouded in clouds
Human eyes may not reach there,
Glittering upon heavenly spheres,
Places beyond human gaze _
One day will come down,
To sit in harmony behind the lover's eyes,
To watch its own beauty spread out _
The merriment of the satanic spirits,
The poignant loud human hallabulla,
Confusing compilations of human mind,
All shall seep into the mystic beauty
Purifying the soul of man

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Death In Ambush

Death In Ambush

Life is but a pack of counted breaths,
With each breath that we inhale and exhale,
Our life is sustained, though, in truth,
Each breath that we breathe in and out,
Brings nigh the distant death by and by
Death is like a lion sitting in ambush,
How can we get away from him?
He will pick us up like a lamb from the flock,
To mark an end to our sojourn in the world,
How much is the distance between life and death?
Far less than the distance between the two breaths,
That we breathe in and breathe out,
Azrael, the angel of death, is jingling the death bells,
Reminding us of our ship sailing to some next world,
I am not jesting with you, get ready for the impending journey,
Every soul has to taste the death
But! Take the cup of death with mystic pleasure,
Emulating Socrates the great sage of old

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Lion.In.Ambush

Death In Ambush

Life is but a pack of counted breaths,
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Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Singing Bees

Singing Bees

Singing bees

The silence was so awful

The bees whispering my name

Said, listen we are busy

Collecting nectar

From the divine flowers

Hopefully, to make honey for you

Heavenly sweet and fragrant

Giving a mellow touch to your soul

We collect it not by harsh bites

But rather by kissing the flowers

A reminder to you from our lord

Be like bees and collect nectar

From my flower garden

Singing my hymns devotedly

To please your soul and your lord

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

If We Must Live

If We Must Live

If we must live, let it be not like poor Dalits,
Treated in an ignominious and wretched way,
Marginalised as untouchables and oppressed,
By the colonisers and occupiers of their land,
They submitted to the horrendous monster of Aryan power,
That is their original sin,
If we must live, let it be like a resilient nation,
Who resist and fight back, when pressed to the wall,
Resistance is the best form of troubleshooting,
Even the blood hounds that spill our blood,
Might surrender to our valiance and withdraw to their pens,
To gnaw their conscience for the wrongs they have done,
If we must live, let it be not like dumb driven oxen,
Yoked to plough the rocky mountain with whips on the back,
While round us the pack of treacherous sadists,
Laugh and giggle to mock our accursed lot
If we must live, let us live with our heads held high
There is no agony greater than bearing tyranny and servitude
Do not trumble at enemy's bomb explosions
Do not shiver at enemy's rain of bellets and pellets
If you want not to be hunted and penned like hogs
If you want not to be cut into slices like carrots and turnips
If you want not to be trodden like mustard seeds under armoured boots

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Little Toddler

The Little Toddler

The little toddler crawls to the window,
He dares soldiers with a raised fist,
No music he hears but the mortars' noise,
Bomb shells and bullet shells are his only toys,
No other toys can his mother find,
To lure him away from the shooter's gun,
And the louder she wails, the deeper he breathes,
He seethes with a desire to fight,
When he turns into a youngboy,
'T is vain to tell him the stories of
death and destruction,
In consequence of resisting and revolting against occupation -
He 'll say there can't be more of fear and pain,
In any bloody story than is inscribed,
On the blood-spattered faces of my people,
I must spend my life trying to stop the blood hounds,
I must stand and fight against genocide ideology,
I must accomplish what you could not accomplish,
I must stand, resist, and fight for freedom,
Till the last soldier of colonizer's army vacates my land,
I know freedom is never free of cost -
Mother's kisses, father's hugs, brothers' cries, sisters' singing elegies -
When I am stretched on martyr's bed,
Mother! I want to die for peace, and live in peace,
Mother! I am a pacifist at heart, I believe in peace,
But! I have been pushed to the wall.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Midnight Dream

Midnight Dream

It's midnigt

The whole country is in sleep

A voice comes from somewhere

I thought it is heaven calling

Soul! from your casement look and you shall find

How persistantly I knock and wait for you

You come to see me, while I am looking at you

Why are you roaming about in wilderness?

No one pays attention to My call

Wherever you are, I am with you

When you look for me, I am seeking after you

When you love me, I am eagerly looking for you

I am nearer to you than your self -

Than your sight, your hearing, your speaking, your thinking, and your feeling

There's no need to go after other

Why are you looking up in the sky

Why are you looking up in temples and tombs

Rid yourself of delusion and distractions

And glide yourself into spiritual silence

A saffron flower blossoms in the silence

Let your soul be that flower to bloom inside you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mother Kashmir

Mother Kashmir

My land, Mojkashëër, has fallen undead,
Only the howling wolves and wailing mothers scream,
The sighs of bereaved people and sound of guns roar,
The birds moan over the loss of their garden,
The dogs prowl smelling human blood,
I scratch my fingers on my grey beard,
And sorrowfully attempt to brood,
How the calamity befell my beauteous land?
My land! In the days of your glorious past,
A snowy halo circled round your face,
You were adored as a paradise on the earth,
Where is that glory, where is that veneration, now?
Round your neck is tied the collar of slavery,
Groveling you're in the spilled blood of your children,
Around your head hangs a frightening wreath,
The cut-off heads of your children slain,
Whispering in no words, with eyes rolled up,
The sad story of your gruesome miseries,
My fallen land! let me dive into the depths of your chronicles,
And bring from out the ages gone by,
A few fragments of your valour and resistance,
Which our genes pass from generation to generation,
So we surf through the turbulent ocean,
Let the guerdon of our resistance be,
That one day our land shall be free

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

About My Fall

AboutMyFall

He cast me off from his garden high,
But! made me his agent on the earth,
I found to my utter perplexity here,
There was no inhabitant on this sphere,
Why should there be!
No sensible being would love to be here,
Does it mean I am doomed to live a senseless life?
No! God reminds me, I am born to be the supra intellegent thing,
God reminds me I am a thing with his soul,
I didn't know he had breathed into me from his spirit own,
He keeps on casting me off his garden -
I keep on travelling to his garden,
Along my chosen path, asserting my free will,
Each time satan leads me off the right track-
some infatuation, some addiction to damsels, some earthly pomp and show,
some green pastures shown to me,
Such that I do not reach back to the garden lost,
But, each time I shed off some fragment of my false ego,
Until at last I came out of the abyss of self deception,
I gathered myself into a whole being,
And whisked myself into mystic silence,
This was the universal silence -
pervading and extensive,
I feel my life on the earth is either a dream or a nightmare,
At the end of my travelling in wilderness -
I plunge deep into the stillness - and visualize myself,
As the sound of some mysterious Windharp,
As the light of some mysterious lamp,
I am astounded to see myself back -
In the garden that I had left far behind,
My garden is adorned with effulgent light and mellow music.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Rise Up

Rise Up

Rise up with one agenda,
To work for a sweet peace.
Even if it is at a snail's pace,
Climb up the Mount Peace.
Walking through a blazing pyre,
Touch the pedestal of peace.
Peace blows a fresh breeze,
Makes a flower bloom for bees
Peace makes the Earth safe
Ah! it can't happen at all
If you aren't at peace
With your inner self.
Rise up! Bravo! Rise up
Expand out in peace
It isn't too hard to do
Kill the terror in your self
Or die for peace valiantly
Stop hate speeches, too
Imagine living life in peace
Without terror and tease
Win the terror boys away
Through a melodic speech
From the forced pathway
That spills human blood
And leads to death's door
Imagine all the people living
Hand in hand, in absolute peace
In harmony, with each other
Tinkling, tinkling the bells of peace

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Who Teaches

Who Teaches

Who teaches-

The lark in the cage to sing,
the song bird on the bough to croon,

Who teaches-

The little baby:
to suckle mother's breasts,
to recognise his Kith and kin,
to learn the amazing things

Who teaches-

The lion:
to roar ferrociously,
to hypnotise ere killing his prey

Who teaches-

Gazelle:
to run away,
on hearing the ferocious roar



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Who teaches-

The birds:
to fly in the sky,
to chirp their songs,
to migrate to far off places,
to escape the harsh weather,
to search for food and shelter

Who teaches-

Man:
to create, to invent, and innovate,
to unfold and explore,
the mysteries unseen

Who teaches-

The mystics:
the mysteries of life and death,

the things unseen,
the truths hidden,
the words of wisdom,

Not a Murshid! Not a Guru!
He is with you to teach you:
the secret of secrets,
the essential truth-
the universal intelligence,
In your sounding frame.

Wherever you are,
He is with you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Nightingale And A Lark

A NightingaleAnd A Lark

On a wintry morning, a nightingale,
With winter fever and feeling restive,
Comes to a lark, perching beside his cage,
Can you give me a shelter in your hanging home?
There is chill outside, freezing my nose,
No grains to eat and nobody to care,
The lark replied in a mournful tone,
I am a caged bird, forlorn and alone,
I have to sing to my master, you to your soul,
I wish I, too, were a free bird like you,
I want to give a precious advice to you,
Try to bear chill and hunger, a while,
Try to realize you have a home of your own,
Try to feel the pain of being locked up,
Try to imagine slavery, servitude, and being homeless,
Be patient, and hope snow shall melt away,
And the colourful spring shall set in again,
It is better to die like a free hungry bird,
Than to be a tummy-full bird in a cage,
Then the nightingale murmured to himself
It is great to be free, out of a cage,
He jumps up and begins to glide,
As up he flies in the expansive sky,
He sings and dances without a break,
In chirrup, chatter, whistle, and tweet,
Sweet to the ear and pleasing to the soul,
To fill the skies and thrill the birds,
With the song of eternal freedom,
In endless notes of immense delight
For all to hear and all to know
That the best is he who wings up and up
His voice ascends and echoes all around
Awakening all the caged birds to get free

Mykoul

A Misty Day

A Misty Day

The dense black mist on all sides
Nothing visible to human eye
Everything hidden beyond the horizons
Covered by the thick layers of mist
Thank God, Glory be to You,
The dark soldiers too are invisible
They are shrouded in the swirls of black mist
I can walk and talk without fear
In the misty vale of Cashmere
The misty day gives me some peace
But I do not dare to move out
Chill runs down my spine
Because there is too much terror
Mother whispers in my ear
My child, don't go out to play
Soldiers are flashing search lights
They might bullet you down with no regret
To satiate their sadistic and morbid conscience
But, I want to tell you, wait and hope
Misty and foggy days shall not stretch far too long
There shall, surely, come the sunny day
This is something I can sense -
From the change of seasons,
From the alternation of night and day
Nothing is permanent in this world -
Night passes into the day, and
Day passes into the night
You may not believe my words
Because you see Neru playing at his flute
Heart of my heart, I pray for you
Let mist not shroud your days anymore
Let fog not stop the radiant light anymore
For you have not seen the sun in the clear sky
Shining over your head, over your land

Mykoul

The Awaited Hour

This is the awaited hour
Full of awesom wonder
When my soul opens its eyes
In the universal silence
To gaze in awe at the effulging light
Emerging from my deep depths
Flashing without fearful thunder
When my soul opens its ears
To listen to the wordless sound
That resonates as cosmic sound
That flies me to divine heights
That I love the best, as my true self
That removes from the world of dust
That emanates truth and spirit
Let me get one with this pristine sound
To stay side by side with my truth
If you knew the secret of sound -
What it whispers into my inner ear
You too would love naught but this sound
You would not let your heart take
pleasure in Rabab, Guitar and Chung
Like Khusrao you would chant
I am enwrapped in love
I need not count on a rosary
My veins - musical chords - sound
Though no hands strike them

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Am I Really A Human

AmIReallyAHuman?

In every gap of time,
In this terror-stricken valley,
I can't look out through my window,
I can't step out of my door
I can't watch the sun rising
I can't listen the birds singing
My neighbour has seized my land
He changes its borders,
He redraws its geography
He tries to get me out,
And settle his kiths here
He tries to annihilate me,
And change the demography
My young children are dumped
In unmarked graves, unmourned
My people - young and old -
Are ruthlessly done to death,
And stripped of all human rights
My leaders, and my children,
Are rammed in torture cells
Some placed with murderous criminals,
Some killed by mysterious guns,
Come and see, my children are not safe,
Come and see, my elders are not safe,
Come and see, my women are not safe,
I am at my worst, I am a Kashmiri,
I belong to an endangered race
But nobody seems to care
Despite the recent uproar
Occasionally I ask myself:
Hey! Am I really a human?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Fake Encounter

A Fake Encounter

When a fake encounter breaks
Bullets come from every corner,
People run away helter- skelter
But they fall to crisscrossing bullets
Whistling when they rain on chests
Too many corpses to count on the ground
Scores of wounded people lying around
Life is disgusting, soaked in human blood
But, I won't flee for life, I am not a coward
I won't escape, I must endure,
I must resist, this is my homeland
It is my fervent belief, I will surely triumph
In reclaiming my motherland
Those who read my poem well,
Must read history's lesson:
Those who resist the harsh winds,
They only sail across the turbulent ocean.
Honestly, I swear.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Beauty

Beauty

I am often so delighted,
Mesmerized and hypnotized,
As I hear the bees buzzing
With magic in their sound,
Flying my soul to celestial height,
Kissing flowers like a light,
Delving inside very deep,
With a cheerful soul peep,
Then my soul smiles with joy
Finding there my radiant being
And I speak to myself,
Watch beauty at its best
Beauty is God himself,
I then sing a mellow song
He who loves his beauty,
Loves his lord

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

My Garden

My Garden

WE had a beautiful garden,
like Adam's paradise lost,
Now, a walled prison on the earth,
The occupiers order us to get out,
What are you doing in your garden?
Every day we water it with holy blood,
The seeds that we sow - martyrs -
Did not want to live a life of shame
The angels tend them with love and care
To sprout them around the garden
As colourful flowers and majestic chinars,
As tall cedars and lofty cypresses
WE are hopeful that our trampled flowers -
Tulips, roses, Jasmine, and narcissus,
Shall bloom and adorn our garden again
Colourful flowers shall toss their heads again
The birds shall sing melodious songs again
My garden shall become a lively place again
When we have a garden free of alien wolves
We will never be chased and hunted, I believe

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Cry In Wilderness

ACryInWilderness

How can I stand unconcerned,
whilst my people grieve and suffer?
Under oppression as they groan,
I must give vent to my seething feelings
My country has lost its map -
It is entirely nameless -
its identity is totally lost
Long ago - seven decades and three years back -
Its body was cut into two pieces -
By two fighting nations, each claiming it in full
She passed into a coma, and still remains so
Her land is sealed off by a ceasefire line,
On my side of the line, dark acts happen
Humans - natives - are slaughtered like goats
By wild, cruel, merciless wolves -
assuming human masks
Where are the envoys of peace?
Cast into a shitpit.
I weep and mourn in my heart
For they left us to bear it all alone
Hey God! curses, affliction, sorrow -
Are what you have kept in our store
Above in the sky, clouds of blood glide,
Below on the ground, streams of blood flow,
Humans can't endure anymore -
the heat-blast of awful mortar shells,
Dumping of their young ones in ground deep,
Maiming, blinding, and mass killing -
A virtual hell on earth, no abode for living in peace -
A terror so intense, launched by so called democratic state

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Bombur And Yamberzal

BOMBUR AND YAMBERZAL

Bombur and Yamberzal -
Passionately love each other,
While Bombur flies and sings in the sky,
Yamberzal blooms on the earth,
Bombur wants to follow her,
To the gardens where she blooms
But, their seasons do not meet -
Yamberzal blooms in the spring,
Bombur lives in the summer;
While Yamberzal walks on the low plains,
Bombur flies in the high regions of the sky
But, though Time separates them,
They are one in one soul
Yamberzal might join Yamberzal
If the spring time stretches into summer

Mykoul



PoemHunter.com

Mohammad Younus

A lyrical Flute

A LYRICAL FLUTE

A lyrical flute,
Echoes around me,
Singing me back,
To my old memory,
All the files in my archive,
Are retrieved and reopened,
To remind me of,
My simple beginning,
When I agreed to love,
On the day of vow.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

A Lyrical Flute

A LYRICAL FLUTE

A lyrical flute always
Echoes in and around me,
Singing me back,
To my old memory,
All the files in my archive,
Are retrieved and reopened,
To remind me of,
My simple beginning,
When I agreed to love,
On the day of vow.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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About Me

About Me

For a long time past
I lived as a clod of clay
I didn't know
I was made of a sounding clay
I was a thing with a soul
That my lord had blown into me
I didn't know
I was alive.
I was like a dead clod of clay
Lying on a neglected path
Like a lost traveller walking
In a sandstorm through a desert
I kept travelling on and on
Singing the songs of delusion
with some heavenly hope
To come out of the desert
I left the whole world behind
Step by step realizing
I was in a dream
Far far off the reality
I got up and visualized
I am a sounding man
I gathered myself
Into an awakened man
And hurled myself
Into an ocean of silence
Pervasive and expansive
Looked behind and found
The world was:
Like a mirage in a desert
Like a daydream
Like a sea flower
In the mid of the ocean
Deep in the stillness
I found
Only the sound of my soul
I aspire always to see the sun

Standing where the two bows meet

Mykoul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Deep In Stillness

DeepInStillness

For a long time past
I lived as a clod of clay
I didn't know
I was made of a sounding clay
I was a thing with a soul
That my lord had blown into me
I didn't know
I was alive.
I was like a dead clod of clay
Lying on a neglected path
Like a lost traveller walking
In a sandstorm through a desert
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I aspire always to see the sun

Standing where the two bows meet

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Dream Within A Dream

A Dream Within A Dream

I saw you in my mystical dream
Standing on a steep mountain peak
I lifted my head upwards rolling my eyes up
You were standing as if a roaring lion
With a face glittering like the sun
There was no space for a second person
So I just kept gazing at the effulging light
From below, trying to gather the rays
Coming out of your radiant face
Wondering, if I could even dare
To climb up on that steep peak.
I felt an immense delight that I was climbing
The mountain, hoping to get to you
You stretched out your hand telling me:
"Hold on, I want you with me on the top
Come up, I love you, let you hold on my hand,
I'll make it right to see you with me on the top
I got up with a frightful thrill and glanced
Across the vastness spread below
To my surprise, I found, myself gazing at me.
A dream within a dream! ! !

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

What I Mean

What I Mean

When I sought Him from Him,
I kept going back and forth,
With Him, to Him, for Him,
Within myself at last,
He was there all along;
How strange! I cried,
He had Concealed,
Himself from Himself,
No mortal thought can realise,
What I mean, what I say

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I And He

I And He

If I say He is outside me, it is sheer nonsense
If I say He is inside me, it is just half truth
He verily dwells, inside and outside
If I say He is other than me, it is utter ignorance
If I say He is not other than me, it is simple illusion
The two words 'I' and 'He' repel from the real truth

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Realized

I Realized

A mystic voice echoes,
Calling me to recollect:
"Your name is my name";
"My name is your name";,
I am filled with exuberance
I am freed from counting,
One, two, or three,
I am one with my essence.
I realized
I am the pearl in oyster shell
I realized
I am the diver who dives into the sea
I realized
I am the pearl merchant who got the pearl
I realized
I am the king who studded the pearl in his crown
I realized
He who knows his self, knows his lord
I realized
The morning sun shone clear,
The dark night disappeared

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Questioning In The Grave

QuestioningInThe
Grave

Mourners, stay a little longer,
At my grave until Nakeer and Munkar,
Finish their job of questioning me,
Dear angels! do your job but,
Do you know who I am?
Do you know why my shroud is stained with blood?
Perhaps you do not remember,
God's declaration,
Don't call the martyrs dead, nay,
They are alive with their lord,
You can question only the dead,
Not those who are alive,
Who receive their sustenance from their lord,
The angels closed their book of record,
And fluttered away to God,
With their wings drooped in humility.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Murderous Dragon

Murderous Dragon

The merderous dragon is hovering over -
breathing fire to burn green meadows,
Roast the natives to make a good meal,
We cannot make a slight movement,
We are very quiet, inside the shutdown,
It's dreadful sitting muffled inside,
Without any access to internet,
Not speaking; fearing a genocide,
Our tongues locked, Our mouths gagged,
Our eyes sealed, our ears plugged,
Our hands cuffed, our legs chained,
Our hearts suffocated, our minds stressed,
The tunnel leading to the free valley closed,
They do it to muzzle our voice for freedom,
But our blood is boiling hot, that flows in streams,
Making pools of blood all around,
Shining and glittering under winter-sun,
It's this innocent blood we all love,
Because we shed it for our survival,
To protest against and end occupation,
Come and see the blood in the streets,
Come and see the blood in the fields,
Come and see the blood on the walls,
Of our desolate and demolished homes.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Hope And Dream

Hope And Dream

Let Kashmir be free again -
The land that never has been since -
the Great Mughal annexed it by deceit
And yet must be free one day —
where every man is free,
No matter how much the mill of oppression,
Grinds her children mercilessly,
They will rise up again,
like green grass, like tall cedar trees,
Kissing the sky of freedom,
They cannot kill their hopes and dreams,
It is not easy to defeat them,
As impossible as for a camel is,
To pass through a needle's eye,
How can they crush their will,
to get free out of the abyss of tyranny,
One day, insha-allah, they will be free.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Wordless Word

Wordless Word

Focus the heart with your one eye
Direct your self on the wordless word
Thus shall you see your soul engulfed in light divine
When the light upon light gushes forth
You shall witness the hidden secret in all creation
And with that shall come to end your quest and confusion
The ever present light shines as the one light
The lamp of Gynosis brings the truth out

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Blazing Inferno

Blazing Inferno

Sometimes I feel distressed- -
When the troopers with heavy boots and guns
Baton charge the delicate flowers and lush green grass
Sometimes I feel pleased,
When the native street dogs give vent,
To their anger and fear,
Bark at the dark-skinned patrolling pongs,
Sometimes I feel pained,
When I see mothers shouldering the coffins of children,
Fighting the tyrants with clods and cotton balls,
Whom they had borne under threat and terror,
Whom they had reared with love, hope, and prayer,
Sometimes I am angered,
When I see the Dracula sucking the blood,
Of the young boys playing in their graveyard.
Where they went to play with their martyres,
I am a born slave; I am a living slave,
Don't tell me and advise,
Bear your slavery with patience and prayers,
Bear your oppression and tyranny with sleep,
Mother, don't sing me lullabies,
I must keep a vigil, I hear the knock of the soldiers,
So often smashing my door, to barge into my home,
I will continue waiting in the thorny bushes,
Until the marigolds and rosemaries flower and bloom,
I have a dream of standing, remaining and expanding,
In my own land, the paradise on the earth,
But, now, turned into a blazing inferno.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Blood-Soaked Sparrow

Blood-soaked Sparrow

Why is your head dropped down?
Why are you sitting mouth-shut?
Why don't you sing the mellow songs?
Why don't you play with little fairies?
She sobbed with pain, fear, and tear
And suddenly gave a shivering shriek
Spring of tears gushing her cheek
My colour dabbled sparrow is unable to fly
She doesn't chirp to tweet her friends
She is sitting muffled in her dark nest
Its walls are spattered with holy blood
Dejected from life, she broods her loss
Because pellets have pierced her Hourie- eyes
My blood-soaked sparrow can't see now
Her world has disappeared in long dark night
How can her eyes twinkle with mirth
What for should I sing my lullaby to her

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Tolling Bell

TOLLING KNELL

I heard a tolling knell,
and I died
My Heart stopped throbbing
Still and quiet
as if it was a graveyard
The eyes in my sockets
turned upwards
looking with awe
at fleeing soul
Who departed?
Who left behind?
How can I say
Who has departed?
How can I say?
who has stayed behind?
If I say i departed,
it is a sheer illusion
If I say I stayed behind,
it is a false fantasy
I am not confined
in the moulded clay
I am inside
I am outside
I am the watcher
I am the watched
I am the seeker
I am the sought
God blessed me
with a clear vision
He revealed to me
the hidden truth
Shut up all the seven doors of mind
Get into the hollow sphere of heart
That holds pure sound and light
That guides and directs
to the paradise lost
God has no locked mysteries:

He manifests all his mysteries
To the perfect man
who knows:
Soul is from the command of God
Life is by His command,
Death is by His command

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Heart My Mirror

My HEART My MIRROR

God made my heart as a mirror that reflects both:
the blackness of my Kufr, and the light of my faith
Sometimes I find it as a pagan temple,
full with idols of every kind;
Sometimes I find it as Kàba,
empty of idols of all kind
But there is nothing in my heart,
There is only my own reflection
A fire-worshipper sees flaming fire
In his heart,
An idol- worshipper sees stone-deities in his heart,
A believer sees light and mellow music
In his heart,
The heart is the mirror in which where
I behold my essence: the light of Muhammad,
By which I think, speak, see, and hear,
By this light the dust of Adam bloomed with sound,
From that light were created all the worlds,
From that light proceeded the soul of Adam.
That light is the principle of all the things
that God created by His command
And so His light we see in things all

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Notmykoul

Not Mykoul

How long must I ignore the truth in Me!
What is my purpose if I am not the truth,
How long must I seek the truth in temples!
What is the dignity of a temple in relation to truth!
How long must I remain obsessed with forms!
How long must I remain blind to my essence!
I must penetrate into things to perceive the truth,
Truth is God's Light permeating everything,
Truth is the essence of every thorn and every rose,
The universe looks to me like a rose garden,
That emits a single fragrance,
I am coiled by the curly locks of the truth
Truth appears to me in all forms I love,
I go beyond the forms to see the truth
I see absolute oneness, one truth, in all creation,
I realize multiplicity is a myth - a delusion -
I realize the treasure is buried inside;
I realize that the Pearl is in my shell -
There is only one truth: hidden in me and hidden in everything,
Let me, now, raise the cry: He is the truth,
But how can my frenzied heart sit at rest,
Without proclaiming Anal-haq,
It is just the testimony of a drunken person -
Not acceptable in a sharia or a secular court,
How can I say I am you, when I witness -
Only you exist, and not mykoul.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Sincerelyserve

Sincerely Serve

Take good care of the trees,
that have come of age;
they provided you a cool shade,
on a scorchy summer day;
they offered you their sweet fruit to eat,
when they were young.
Lest you should be counted as ungrateful.
Nothing is permanent:
all are subject to decay and death,
be it a saint or a sinner.
You must serve and care
those who are no more useful to
you-
who can't provide a shelter or a support to you.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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A Drunken Faqëër

A Drunken Faqëër

While walking through downtown
I saw a faqir roaring in his drunken state
My heart weeps in separation
My heart rejoices in union
My heart groans and mourns
My heart sleeps and relaxes
My heart is a garden in flames
My heart is the resort of cool breeze
My heart is a desert with thorns
My heart is the meadow of flowers
My heart is a town of fear and blood
My heart is a town of chivalry and courtesy
My heart is the city of temples and taverns
My heart is the city of mosques and closets
My heart is a meadow where gazelles graze
My heart is the forest where wild beasts breed
My heart is the mine of silver and gold
My heart is the dumping place of garbage
My heart is the retreat of lovers
My heart is the cloister of hoaxers
Suddenly he regained his sobriety
And shrieked with ecstasy
My heart is conscious and
Jubilant
My heart grieves and forgets not
My heart is the centre of my world
My heart is the sacred land of Mecca
With landmarks dear to believers
The mountain of mercy stands here
The mountain of light upright here
Where Gabriel jingles the mystic bell
Kàba stands in its centre
Which the pilgrims circumbulate
The paradise lost is here
That a believer must regain
The Green dome lies here
Where the prophet of love is residing

My heart is the city of peace
My heart is the city of knowledge
My heart contains the preserved tablet
My heart is the source of all knowledge
My heart is the throne of creator
Where from he manages his dominion
My heart is the resort of my love
My heart is the locus of my essential self
That has no specific location
In my heart I see shiny mornings
Neither preceded nor succeeded by darkness
Here I profess the religion of peace and love
Here I burn to ashes all that
Is sacrilegious to love
I love faithful and faithless alike
I adore all creatures with pristine love
That is my belief, that is my religion
With humility and gently he concluded
In my heart I do not see other than my essential self
Can anybody see beyond?
No! No! No! Not at all
God is too high to be seen by the mortal eye
The like of Him is never seen
Nothing is like Him, nothing unlike

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Zero - Sum Game

A Zero - Sum Game

Not profit, No loss: A zero- sum game,
If you tell by tongue or by heart, the holy name - -
Even a rosary of pearls will avail naught
Listen to the sound of soul by your heart,
The sound, like a strait of water,
joins the two seas - -
brackish, and the sweet sea,
If you desire to know the eternal truth,
Take the cup from the sweet sea - - filled with the water of truth
If you know not " The Truth", hide in a pagan temple
In the eyes of the law, hypocrites are not Mumineen - -
Even if they tell beads, say prayers, and read the Quran,
Within every body is hidden a soul,
As within a walnut is hidden the light.
The verse, "Allah is the light of the heavens and the earth, " proves
it.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

The Child Warrior

The CHILD WARRIOR

The Child-Warrior muscles up to pelt -
on the vandalizing and killing forces
As if at play with cruise missiles
His toys have been snatched away
By the illegal occupier of his home -
Unintending to vacate, and return his toys -
But very soon, the child fighter believes -
The occupier shall start vacating
And fleeing with bag and baggage
Leaving behind his stockpile of arms
And the broken toys in the rubble of his home -
That was bombarded or blasted down
He has a mixed feeling of fear and joy
But, with his dancing eyes ajar,
He is thankful to the laughing God
That he got his home back
Albeit, just a heap of rubble and wreckage
He is peeping through the silt of his tearful eyes
To confirm if really the last soldier has gone
His eyes sparkle with joy of triumph,
He sees the morning sun of freedom,
Spreading its gleaming light on his ruined home.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Join The Circle Of Faqëers

JOIN THE CIRCLE OF FAQËERS

Join the circle of faqëers, and feeldelight,
Walk along them in the valley of faqar
Turn your back on riches and charms,
Break off the shackles of your carnal self,
If you want to be free of worldly noise.
Take the wine of love and be drunk;
Drunks neither fear nor grieve;
There is a strange frenzy in their heart;
They swim in the ever widening circles of love
They do not wander in dirt and shit;
Their example is like that of a lamb
Who is the pupil of his shepherd's eyes.
O Majnun, what are you looking for?
O bumbling bee, come on, narcissus is waiting for you
Close bodily eyes to see with your inward eye;
Close bodily ears to hear with your
heart's ear;
Taste the love's nectar by the soul's tongue -
When you taste its sweetness, you will cry:
"Do you have more", "Do you have more" -
He who drinks not the nectar now,
What hope has he to drink it tomorrow

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Thus He Said

Thus He Said

He said, What are you doing?

I said, I am looking at the light inside

He said, This is like looking at the sun in a pool of muddy water

I said, I would look direct at the sun but it will burn my eyes

He said, why should you then aspire to see the light,

I said, to earn the paradise and avoid the hell

He said, the Hell and the paradise are certain and real,

They must not cause you to see the light

You must love with true sincerety the light

You must not love for fear of punishment, the light

You must not love for recompense, the light

Go and seek a fire-kindler

He will kindle the divine fire in your heart

He will reveal to you the seven signs

He will guide you to the arch of the middle prayer -

In the middle region of the sky,

Where the spirit dwelleth;

Where the pure and white music blossom,

Where you will take immersions,

In the wondrous effulgence of light,

Gushing forth from each atom of the universe,

Here you will get lost hearing the majestic sound,

While watching the purest light

This is the example of God,

the light of the heavens and the earth

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Love Music

I Love Music

I love music that would sound
Like Aharbal-fall over my head
I love music that would sound
Like celestial bells jingling in my heart
I love music that would sound
Like a swarm of bees buzzing around their queen
I love music that would sound
Like the conch in Israphael's mouth
I love music that would sound
Like a roaring lion caged in a zoo
I love music that would sound
Like a flute in a shepherd's mouth
I love music that would sound
Like a pine cricket singing day and night

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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The Passionate Fighter

The Passionate Fighter

Under the Chinar tree, there is an army bunker,
With heavy guns close to the chest of the sons-of-soil,
Their passion for freedom is more strong than their life,
It bursts into a raging fire in their hearts,
No packages of jobs, trade, and business,
Can douse the raging flames in their hearts,
And if enemy would try to buy them with wealth,
Contempt and hate is all that he will get,
They don't want to be like puppies -suckling the breasts of a bitch,
They believe that the resistance is the sweetest thing
As it ultimately overturns the oppressors
Resistance is counted as the bitterest thing
By those who never stand and resist
How they will know what the resistance is
Only a patient suffering from a painful
disease
Can tell you the meaning and value of bitterness
Who readily takes the bitterest syrup
As if it were a glass of honey full to the brim
Gotten from the honey stream of the paradise
He knows that this bitter medicine can give
Peace, relief and comfort to him
No one of the shame submitters and traitors -
Who hoist the flag of occupiers;
Who mock my feelings of misery -
Can tell the definition and meaning
So clear of resistance for freedom
Only the youngman - charged with passion
For reclaiming his land and sovereignty -
Can tell you why to rise and fight
Against occupation and killer-hordes
He hears the creaking sound of the mill of occupation
Grinding into powder our future generation
He fights, resists, and protests
With dry twigs, clods, and pebbles
Against massacre, rape, and suppression
His voice is muzzled, He is maimed and blinded

He is brutalized in the dark torture cells
As he falls a martyre - breathing his last -
At the threshold of freedom - he gives a piercing shriek
That trembles and quakes the throne of onlooking God -
I am a martyre, I have shed my blood
I have done my job, I have achieved my purpose
I am going, carry on my mission
My job is half done, you do the rest
Never submit or succumb to tyrants
What is the purpose of life of a slave
Who doesn't resist and fight to be free

Mykoul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Like Mansur

Like Mansur

I am in a state of great surprise
I see I am not of the human race
I am not of jinnie or of angel grade
I am neither earth nor water,
I am neither fire nor air
I have realised the hidden truth:
The meaning of Man is God, and
The meaning of God is Man
I reject all other
Like Mansur I beat the drum
"I am the Truth! ", " I am the Truth"
In cities and in countryside
In broad day light, and at night
I searched for him but
Didn't get to the placeless
The day I realized He is I
I have been shouting
I AM THE TRUTH, THE TRUTH IS HE
Without any fear, without any shame

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Sweet Baby

Sweet baby!

When you come out, you'll find:

Wailing mothers-

Widowed in the prime of their youth

Molested and raped by men in uniform

Weeping children-

Orphaned while suckling their mothers

Blinded just on opening their eyes

Maimed before they could learn walking

Lynched before they could start speaking

Sweet baby!

This is not the God's heaven

That you should choose.

I won't make a fake promise to you

That you'll never be brutalised,

That you won't be gunned down

But I can show you a baby warrior

With a mustard grain in it's fist

Ready to break the enemy's tanks

To silence the roaring mortar guns

Sweet baby!

You deserved honey and saffron,

You deserved a grand reception

A festive welcome of music and light

May you shine with divine light

For you're such a special gift of God

But tell me would you prefer this world

Where soldiers are blocking the roads!

With barricades of foul words and barbed wire

Where every new born faces the danger

To be dipped in his innocent blood

To be deposited in some unknown grave

Sweet baby!

You see it from your vantage point

While peeping through your mother's womb

What mayhem is happening outside

Nothing is hidden from your crystal eyes
You see at 12 p.m. police and soldiers
With mortar, tanks, and armoured vehicles,
With sniffer dogs and masked informers

Sweet baby!

What is our crime? Do you know?

That we love our land,

That we love freedom,

That we love peace,

That we love our honour,

That we have pride!

And long to live with heads high

Sweet baby!

Hear the sounding shots of fire

They don't allow the people to shout-

The Land we watered with our blood,

That is our motherland,

That belongs to us

You have a better idea now

Of the kind of world

You are destined to come-

To resist and fight

Will you still like to come?

Will you not abandon your idea?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Darling Rose

My Darling Rose

At midnight, I found Majnun crying,
While passing through the dark valley of my heart
He was calling to Leila in a frenzy mood;
My darling rose, this is the Night of Love
Better than thousand Nights of power
Darling, hide not your face
Behind the dark shades of the Night of Separation
Come out, I am not a stranger to you,
Unfurl your golden locks and delight my heart,
Let me comb your twisted and curly hair,
Let us pass the night in soft, delightful ease,
Lift your veil from your moonlit face,
Thrust your eyes into mine eyes,
Give me a kiss and a soft touch,
Dissolve me in your hot waters,
Sing to me your love-melodies,
In the language of mystic silence,
Lift your love-lids and gaze at me
I am passionate to take you in my arms,
I desire to kiss your black mole,
That gleams between your brows,
Your black mole reflects the blackstone,
Nay, the Blackstone reflects your black mole,
Round which lovers go in circles,
How can I turn my eyes away,
From the black mole of My heart -
The gateway to the eternal home,
My darling rose, I am waiting on your gate,
Let me smell the fragrance of your locks,
Mantled in sweet perfumery of Arabia
Let me drink the sweet nectar of your rose
My darling rose, my mystic rose.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

It Is Only Up To You

It Is Only Up To You

In My heart, In My soul
Only you I love
But Is it fair of You
To hide behind the iron walls
MY soul is under your command
It is all up to you what you command
I see only your paintings
That you paint in different colours
With the brush in your hand
I hear only your melodious flute
I speak only your love poems
That you inspire in me
From morn to evening
I love none but you
Come and sit behind my eyes
In my night vigils to gaze
At your radiance spread out
You are far beyond my senses
How can I see you!
Let me sit still and wait to see
What my eyes cannot
To hear what my ears cannot
It is only up to you
What you make me to see
What you make me to hear
What you make me speak

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Black Beauty

BLACK BEAUTY

My love wears
a black chador
Hides her face
In a black niqab
Why do you hide?
Your lustrous face
Why do you cover?
Your charming body
I veil to hide myself
From the sensuous gaze
A voice came
From behind the veils
O' lustful man!
Why ask me to lift my veil
I wear the chador
To veil my beauty
Who can stand?
My flaming face
You can't
Can you fall a martyre?
To my dazzling beauty
Go! Enjoy your fleeting life
If I throw my chador off
If I unpin my niqab
You can't bear it
Suddenly for a glimpse
She unveiles herself
And stunnnes me
Awfully dark black face
You can't bear it, I see
You love colours, I am black
What will make you know!
What black means!
I am not a colour
I am clourless
No colour can colour me
I colour all the colours

PoemHunter.com

All covers are my attributes
And I am their essence
Look! I am black
Look at the black mole
On my black face
Like the Blackstone in Kàba
Look at my black chador
Like the black gilaf over Kàba
Look at my coiled black hair
Can you stretch it straight
No! my other can not
I unveil myself to myself
I look myself through myself
No other can look at me
I am in love with myself
I am black
Perceive all things black
When colours vanish
Black remains
A forceful voice calls me
Fathom!
Unity in diversity
Diversity in unity
All is one, one is all
Since all is black, all is one
Yes! I got
There is no you and me
When I move my tongue
To tell my tale of love
It is she who speaks
When I think about her beauty
It is she who is my thought
When I dare to look at her burning face
It is she who is behind my looking eyes
When I dare to ear her whispers
It is she who is behind my ear
When I call her
It is I who answer the call
Then I felt in my heart
God speaking to me
I am my witness to myself
I revealed Quran on a black night

That I had written on black parchment:

The Lawh-e-Mehfuz

When I called my beloved

That too was a black night

Know to love black

If you want to know

A way to yourself

Al-faqru sawadul wajhu fiddarain

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Three Friends

Three Friends

Three fiends I saw in a garden:
Deaf, dumb, and blind
The dumb was giving a lecture
The deaf was listening to him
The blind was brooding in surprise
I hear and see with inward eye
What this dumb wishes to say!
What this deaf shows to hear!
He shouted in anger at the two
Look! I am at least a speaking tree
A soul is needed to understand me
Without listening we understand not
Without understanding we act not
The speaker's speech profits not
We hear, and become seers
We see, and become lovers
When all hear and see
Who shall get astray!
God divided His people into two:
Lovers and not-lovers
Love fills the earth and the skies
Love makes the blind see
Love makes the deaf hear
Love makes the mute speak
Love bestowed Moses qualities three
Listening, seeing, and speaking free
Near the glowing flame of speaking tree

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Himself He Speaks

Himself He Speaks

Come on!

Live in your self

See with your inward eye

One in all and all in one

Man is a microcosm: -

The seven skies;

The Sun and the stars;

The planets and the galaxies;

The expansive earth;

The darkness and the light;

The Adam's paradise;

The forbidden tree;

The mount Sinaia;

The Jabali Noor;

The speaking tree;

The Gabriel's bell;

The Israphael's trumpet;

The Revealed books;

The pearls of wisdom;

The rules and commandments;

The Kàba and the Bait ul Màmur;

Humans and angels;

Circumbulating all around

The truth witnesses the truth

Gnostic found it in his own self:

The house of realisation

He who knows it, finds his lord

At the tavern of self,

A lover drinks the red wine of love,

Feels not the pangs of separation,

Yearns not for union and fusion,

Realises He is the first; He is the last,

He is the life, He is the living,

Himself He proclaims:

I am the truth.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

God Speaks

God Speaks

He is in and out of everything
He created by His command
He shows Himself to no other
Verily His other exists not
Glorified is He!
Above all things is He
Nothing is in His image
Save the perfect man
His only viceroy on the earth
He hears God's sermon by his heart's ear
" I'm your God! You must know Me
I'm known by my greatest name
Seek Me not as a personal god.
Love Me rather by your heart
Love, lover, beloved aren't apart
I am beyond a person's sight
Love and live in Me, with Me, and for Me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

On Seeking

On Seeking

A seeker does not stop seeking
Until he finds what he finds
When he finds does not stop
Goes on finding after finding
In the labyrinthine alleys of mystery
Fools get dismayed, wise are astonished.
At last they see the ending is the beginning
We came here as students,
We will leave as students in the end

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Irealised

I Realised

When I was a little child.
I saw Allah as my overlord
I saw the prophets and the people of Allah
Leading me to light from darkness
I saw the poor enjoying in Jannah
I saw the rich burning in the flaming fire
I thought all the people see like me
Alas! When I got mature
Watched the mysteries of life and death
Watched the people differ in billion ways
I realized all do not see the ame way

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

I Am The Truth

I Am The Truth

Ourbody is like a shell,
Our soul like the pearl.
Deep down in the ocean,
Need we go.
Break the shell,
Find the pearl.
Know! we are the ocean;
We the oyster;
We the pearl.
A Gnostic,
In silence and solitude,
Declares the truth:
Anal-Haq
I Am The Truth

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

Fall Of Adam

Fall Of Adam

I was thrown down in the wasteland
For a sin which I remember not
It was His will to send me down
He wrote with His pen
His pen does not stop
Writes new and newer things
Moves on and on as He wills
None can hold His hand
Who can force him erase
a letter, a word, or a line
No weeping, No wailing
Can lure him to alter his will
How can we complain to him
He commands and we serve
He is the reality of my being
His password is Analhaq
He who knows his self
Drinks from the spring of al-kauthar
Will know who is he and who his lord
He will aspire not for union
And Will not complain of separation

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Ìn Praise Of A Faqëër

In Praise Of A Faqëër

A Faqëë is in every gathering
A faqëër is in every community
In the North and in the South,
In the East and in the West,
A friend to each, mingling with all,
Only a few recognise him because,
Black crows never welcome a white crow,
It doesn't matter where the faqëërs live,
In dingy huts or in royal palaces,
It doesn't matter how a faqëër dresses,
A furcoat or a cloak of shahtoosh,
It doesn't matter if he is lettered or unlettered,
It doesn't if he is a black or a white person,
It doesn't matter if he is an Àrab or a non-Arab,
A ruby is a ruby, even if it is in dirty soil,
A rose is a rose, be it in a royal crown or on a hard stone
Faqëërs are like rubies and roses,
They blossom and shine where they are,
A seeker must seek the ruby and the musky rose

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Straight Path

The Straight Path

If I can speak out my heart
Walking on the Pul e Sirat
I fear only to fall
Down into the flaming Hell
The Straight Path is broad and shortest
The people walking along it have no risk to fall

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



PoemHunter.com

What Is Death

What Is Death

What is this death?

Nothing but an interval

In the narrative of life

A break in the middle of the episode

A melodrama within the drama of life

A dream in the course of a running dream

A state between SLEEP and wakefulness

It lifts up the curtain to play on a new skit

After coming out of the dream

We find life is an unbroken serial

With brief pauses in between

The serial of episodes unfold

The coming events effortlessly

We come to a new world to play

A new role in the new world order

I am but waiting for that interval

To go out of sight for a little while

To change my portfolio for a new job

To play a new game under a new name

Of course you may not recognise me

Dont call me by my old name

I am carrying a new name

Sitting in a new frame

But I am the same man

The same man as I ever was

The same man I shall ever be

With a continuing saga of life

To fulfil the old Covenant

Under divine guidance

This is the saga of life of real time

I pray to sing the song of love devotedly

I pray I am not repulsed by a shooting star

I pray i get a dignified role to play honestly

In Àlailliyeen not in Asfalassafileen

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Flash Of Light

THE FLASH OF SOUL

I broke into my self
On a dark and still night
To sleep in silence
The song of my soul
Broke my sleep and silence
It was like dawn
The flash light of my soul
Removed my darkness
Wake up! Look around
Here is none but you
Look for your self
He who knows his self
He knows his lord
Bà tsayos sàñ tsuray
Shamá zãlith zooray
Wùtchùm ati shore wôthmùt
Goshaw panìnæw booz masaia

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Truth Of Unity

THE TRUTH OF UNITY

In the last hours of the night
A Zahid sitting on the prayer rug
Began to weep and wail desperately
I am in a dilemma:
Am I or am I not?
If He is, who I am?
If I am who is He?
If He is inside me, who is outside?
If He is on the Àrash, who is on the Farash?
A sweet voice came from the unseen
Forget about the duality
I and He, You and Me,
Up and down, In and out
know the truth of unity
Lift the veil of one or two
One light is on both sides
Hear His voice speaking to you
Fear not; I am your lord
la Illaha illa Anna
There is a brotherhood of Faqirs
Join them, and feel the delight
of peace in their love street,
Come out of the noisy world
Drink full in the tavern of love
Close your eyes to open the inner eye.
Open your arms and hug the lovely soul
Sit down in this circle of lovers
To learn faqre and manners of love
Do not be like a Tibetan dog
It spoils its snow white fur coat
In search of food in shit and dirt
Follow not the temptations of Satan
Follow him who created you to be His viceroy
Placed you in His garden with all provisions
You rebelled and ran after the pleasures
Got tangled as a prisoner In world
Why do you stay in this prison

when the door is wide-open
Get out and move to the city of light
Break barbed wires that tangle you
Stop you enter the native home
Live in silence there with dignity
To watch the Sultan singing
Flow down into the roaring river
that flows singing around you
Notice! like a cypress at midnight
Even your shadow is now lost
He only speaks, you do not
He only listens, you do not
He only sees, you do not
He only exists, you do not
In that realm you are like a dead
Mute, blind, deaf, existing not
Life after death is now restored
To give meaning to resurrection
He breathes in you the life breath
To bring you back to life again
Blesses you with His eyes to see
No other can ever see Him except He
Blesses you with His ears to hear
His speech without a gobetween
Blesses you with His tongue to speak
Like Moses on the Mount Toor
Rejoice and give thanks to God
Now you are reborn
As a shadow of God
Who is Hayun la Yamut

Mohammad Younus

I Was Angry With Axazëël

I WAS ANGRY WITH AZAZËËL

I was angry with Azazëël
I was angry with Eve, my mate
I was angry and wept remorsefully
I was repenting over my fate
I was full with wrath abundantly
For what they did to me
Night and morning I sat
On the gate of the paradise lost
I was angry with my foe:
By and by my fury did grow
I complained to my lady poignantly
She outstretched her arms widely
To hold on me to her breast tightly
Consoled and comforted me
Watered in tears immensely
Azazeel disguised as a faqeer
By his deceitful wiles beguiled me
Under the forbidden tree
I am sorry, I repent before God sincerely
At dusk when the night veiled me
I beheld Azazëël passing by
He stopped and stunned me horrendously
With his cunning scowl voiced me
Why are you blaming me?
Do not weep and frown at me
Pray tell who did seduce me
I came there to test you
Under my God's will
He does what He wills
How could I do my own will
He told me to bow down
To Adam made from clay
I told Him in my Humble way
Sire! Your other does not exist
None is like you, none unlike
You took a covenant from me
Bow and serve not my other

If I bow to him out of fear
Burn me alive in the blazing fire
He locked me out of paradise
For a term fixed unto the last hour
When I meet my just lord
I am certain He will not deny me
To look at His eternal beauty
That I adore purely
I am proud to make this claim
I prostrate to Him and for him alone
Adam! I am keeping my covenant
You keep your covenant too
God took a covenant from you
In your primordial spirit state
He asked: Alastu bi-rabbukum?
You accepted and replied 'Bala'
Now you are worse than a rebel
Then I said to Azazeel: Get away
I am a thorn in your eye I see
You envy God's total love for me
He made the earth ground for me
He created everything for me
For He loves me since eternity
To be his viceroy and play free
Run up to the heavens back
Meet the angels and ask them
Why do you bow to Adam
Why do you not rebel like me
Say: You are light beings,
What makes you bow to Adam?
A being of rotten clay
Giving out pungent smell
Ah Azazeel you do not know this secret
God blowed into Adam His own spirit
Thus made him from Salsalin Kalfakhar
O Ignorant! We knew this sirr-e-pinhan
We bowed to Him alone essentially
Angels retorted and shamed tremendously

Mykoul

Faqëër

Faqëër

Rug, rosary, or the holy book
A faqëër works not with
Carries nothing with
In his hanging bag
Save one thing in his heart
The book of knowledge
Written by the mighty lord
His heart is a cloudless sky
Where the invisible bird
Flies overhead to caste
With love its shadow down
On the mystic eye
Faqeer is a Ya Hu Pigeon
Looks for his eternal nest
Whoops intensely
With zeal and zest
Ya Hu, Ya Hu, Ya Hu
Until it sheds a drop of blood
Then gets up to fervently cry
Where is He? Where is He?
Like the sun asking
Who am I? Who am I?
Who embellishes me
With light and heat?
Faqeer looks for himself
In all things around
Nothing can distract him
No belief can convince him
Haq is closer to him
Than his jagular vein
To know the mystic truth
Throws all things off
Hidden and manifest
To see what is left
It is the riddle of lifetime
It is the hidden secret
The reality of Muhammad

Don't miss to know
It is the essential self
The Wajib al Wajud
Which is always here
Speaks on every tongue
Manifests in all faces
Each one with a different name
Each one with a distinctive grace
Each one with a unique power
Hearken "He is" in all aspects
He is the heart
He is the mind
He is the breath
He is the flute
He is the living soul
The everlasting one
His being and attributes
Are in association inseparably
Fathom this is the essential truth

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Hureka! Hureka! Hureka!

My love pulls me gently
Where are you taking me?
Why are you pulling my robes out?
Why are you holding me by force
Why are you asking me to drink
Glass upon glass down my throat
Furiously the Sage says
Stop! I won't let you off
Grabs me by my neck
Drink! Glass after glass
Every second glass shall yield you
More and more intoxication
Let you feel the taste of intoxication
You will cling to the casks imploring
Hal min mazed? Can I get more?
It is the golden rule of love
To intoxicate lovers incessantly
Until they forget counting I and you
Intoxication means absorbing in love
Erasing I-ness and vetoing duality
Confirming He-ness and shout
Heureka! Heureka! Heureka!
I am nothing but His command
He is my essence, my Ruh
My looking glass I look at
O it is my face. Where is your face?
Or You are me and I am you
Man tu shudam tu man shudi
Man tan shudam tu jañ shude
Ta kas na go yad bád azeñ
Man de garam tu degare
No confusion! No fusion!
No separation! No union
So I am right when I claim
You are my true essence
The source of my existence
My secrecy, my intimacy
You are my meaning
I am your meaning

Woe to my soul if it is not you
I am the purpose of my seeking
I was veiled from my self in my nescience
Then I saw my Rôb with my mystic eye
At the station of Qaba Qawsän
I said: who are you? He said: You
Here is none other than you

Mykoul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Meeting Khidre

MEETINGKHIDRE

In the dead of night
In the midsleep
Listening to mystic flute
a faqir dreamt himself
In a closed coffin
Murmered in desolation
Alas! I am shut in
Who will break this coffin open
And set me free
Then a qalandar passed by
Pitied his depression
Whispered to him secretly
You are under self-deception
Mistaking yourself a crude body
You are the subtle spirit
Coffin can't hold you inside
You have got the flying wings
Fly off to world of eternity
Do all you can to be free
From the illusion of being
Caged like a Jal or a Didder
By nature you are an Ababel
Living in your own mudhouse
But still free to fly openly
You are the bird of eternity
Fly over to the nearby tree
I will narrate you a story
God called an assembly
Of the spirits under His tree
God took a covenant from all
Am I not your lord?
Yes, of course. They testified
Sire! I know not when and where
I have no news. I remember not
The faqeer told blushedly
Dust be on your head
O belligerent forgetful man

Shut up! Do not ask the questions
Unlucky Moses did it before
I am Khidre. 'have come to remind you
For neons you have wandered
After you were shown the door
For following Satan in folly
Get out of his snares unhesitatingly
I repeat to you the primordial question
Alastu birabbikum? Alastu birabbikum?
Tell Bala and follow me quietly
And ask me no questions shamelessly
By God's command I am looking for
A sincere and an obedient companion
Who would live with me in my closet
Whom I should disclose the things untold
The hidden secret, the secret of secrets
How can a dullard and a sage stay put
The whole thing happened
In the wink of an eye
He got up to have a nice day

Mykoul

JAL AND DIDDER = TWO COMMON CAGE BIRDS
IN KASHMIRI
ABABEL=SWIFT ?????? ?????? ???

Mohammad Younus

Ascension of Prophet

ASCENSION OF PROPHET
(Mèraj-e-Mustafas.a.w.)

Gabriel visits Umi Hani's home
Overwhelms Muhammad with fathomless joy
Wake up! wake up! for heavenly tour
Leave this earthly abode a while
Come with me riding my wings
Lord's invitation has to be fulfilled
Come beyond the contours of skies and earth
Up above to the throne so high
Piercing layers upon layers of darkness
To step in the light upon light
To leave behind the time and space
There is God's eternal kingdom
The angels all singing your praise
Standing in columns and rows in joy
Gabriel, Israfael, Michael, and Izrael
Tonight are your lowly slaves
The prophets and messengers
Excited to welcome their son
Elevated by God to the position high
To be their seal and superlord
Gabriel takes him along on wings
The gates are thrown open
Ask of God what you want
See your beauty in his blessed light
Ride up now on the flying Buraq
God has made it from his pure light
Flies at more than light speed
Specially for your ascension
The prophet mounts with grace
To fly through time and space
There is a tumult in the skies
Here comes Lord's chosen one
The sole purpose of his will
For arranging this grand finale
To reveal him the mysteries divine
He meets the prophets waiting for him

Then, he flies on Raf-Raf
To go to the Sidrat-ul-Muntaha
Gabriel stays behind in awe
Muhammad only allowed in
He gets to the truest essence
Knows the secret of secrets
Denied to prophets that came afore
Muhammad turns around to Gabriel
Why do you stay behind
Come! Come! Come to me
O' King of mysteries, Gabriel said
My way ends here, I cannot go beyond
Should I venture to walk beyond
My wings shall fume to ashes
By the radiation of God's light
Then he goes alone to lofty and sublime throne
Dedicates himself to Him utterly
Cutting off himself from every other
Mighty Gabriel looks like a wren
Proceeds further to the unseen of unseen
Àrash, Kursi, Sidrah, all vanish
It is the Lamakan, where soul and the eye avail not
He hears a cry from the essential self
Shed off your soul and body both
See in my face your essence
O My purpose! My darling

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Sundarë L`almirjansundarë

SUNDARE L`AL MIRJAN SUNDARE

How amazing your desire!
To come closer to "Sundare";
She is always with you
As your thought, As your seeing
As your hearing, As your speech
She ever reveals to you in your heart
Do you ever think of other than her?
Ponder! How her beauty bewitches you?
How her light envelopes you?
How her singing thrills you?
You are mistaken to think
That you are separate from her
What union! When you are one with her
That is your madness, your ignorance
Be mindful! You are she; She is you
She is not other than you
Don't say she is pulling me
Or I wish to draw her near
It is otherness and that is the sign of separation
Feeling union is a bliss beyond description
You are not cut off like a reed from your reedbed
Is there any other who has cut you off?
She is your essence, you are her love
When you see yourself you have seen her
She is sought by all who hear of her charming beauty
She seeks those who annihilate their self in her love
Who sacrifice their existence at the altar of her love
Be careful! Be sobre! She loves sobriety
Don't come near her when you are in a drunken state
Remember! Don't come near the
Salah
When you are drunk
La taqrabu salata wa antum sukara
La taqrabu salata wa antum sukara
Do not make your love public
She is already under your cloak
You don't see her. Why?

You put on opaque lenses
on your inner eye
It is peculiar to the cult of lovers
When you appear, she disappears
When you disappear, she appears
Hide your love from people's envying eye
Be in relationship of Bandah and Mawla
That is very pleasing to God so high
Abide Shariah, the law of God
To keep secrecy is the rule of love
A servant can never reach
To the lofty position of master
A master can never come down To the lowest position of servant
Know this secret of secrets
Don't be cut off from your lord
Even for a wink of your eye
In your remembrance, in your love
Cut off from all other
When you turn to Him
Wa tabatal illia hi tabtela
We tabatal illia hi tabtela
That He is concealed from you
Sheer fantasy, Not a reality
Can you stand his dazzling beauty?
You can! But only for a while
Save His chosen lovers

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mystic Bell

MYSTIC BELL

Such a music with thousand echoes
As honey bees warble in the blue sky
Such trill and Twitter is never heard
Ring! O' celestial bell! Ring!
Once bless my mystic ear
Jingle in melodious tone
Entrap my soul long
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

Mystic who heard this ringing bell
While wrapped in Night's dark cloak
His mystic heart and eye did greet
When he heard this divinely- bell
With his mystic ear inside
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

Such a ringing bell, full and perfect
The Jabal-e-Noor oncereverberated with
On a happy and auspicious day
Most musical, most awful belling
Followed by the divine speech
Read in the name of your lord
Who created man from a leech
Iqra bi ismi rabbikallaze khalaq
Khalaqal insana min àlaq
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

The rhyming of the swinging bells
What a blissful rupture they cause
What an awful light and thunder!
Open the gates of paradise lost
Let me in again, let me in again
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

All the heavens seem to glimmer
Angels seem to leap high
With a sparkling delight

When a world of peace
Resonates in a happy tinkling rhyme
What a gush of knowledge divine
Descends from the lawh-e-mehfuz
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

But when the bells scream in silence
Horrified to speak their effect
What becomes of soul and body
Only a mystic's heart can tell
Hear the mellow rhyming bells
Bells, bells, bells, bells

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Love You

ILOVEYOU

Love! I can feel your presence
When I'm inside my closet but
There's too much confusion
Going around inside my closet
It grieves me to see
The candles of others
Burning in my closet
Under their light
I can see a face
But I know, it is not you
It is just an illusion
Caused by my adoring the other
Why can't I blow them out!
And light my own candle
To see your glittering face
Old friends! go home please
Let me alone with myself
Don't stand between
Me and my love
I am angry
I can't bear you any more
My heart has become
A broom closet, a bin
With all junk there inside
Hypocrisy, hate, horror
Lustful passion for other
Love! I swear of you,
I shall clean and clear
The closet for you
Call me to yourself
Erase all other, please
From my closet
Clear all images and forms
I dressed on the walls
Of my closet
Till it is empty
For you alone

I am hopeful
I shall meet you
In my closet
And sit and sing for long
We have got an old love
When you took a pledge
That I will love no other
Alastu birabbikum gome
Nida Kami Tam shayai
When we know
Who said Alastu
Who said bala
We won't have to say
I love you, I love you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Seeking Love

SeekingLove

Abandon seeking light from extinguished lamps
Does anyone learn love from the dead
Does anyone learn knowledge from the dead
No, nobody can!
Go into your luminous heart
To get the tutorials from your essential self
Truth, you can't get from a shopping mall
It is not a commodity for sale
That you can buy at a price high
No teacher, No book, can give it to you
It is inside you; called the preserved tablet
In your own self; know it.
It will tell you the truth
Strive to attain the truth singly
Not through outsourcing to anyone
Dead or living; that is what sages say
Cavill not at wisdom because
It smashes the ivory castles
You are proud of

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

What Is Love?

What Is LOVE?

O Love, You are famous
By different names
Among the people
But, I give You
Yet another name.
I call You Pain
Incurable
That is your real name
Always

O Love, I won't call
You anymore
Enough is enough
After this verse
Wherever you are
He is with you
It's enough
To love myself
That sings
Song of love
By your will
All alone
Always

O Love, You are singing
In delightful tunes
Your own songs
On your own flute
To your own self
In your own theatre
Always

O Love, When you shine
In my heart as a sun
At a dark night
Your radiation burns
All other in my heart



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Until only you remain
To love your face
Always

O Love, Beyond doubt,
The manifest and the hidden,
You are.
Perceptible and imperceptible,
You are.
Shadow and shadowless,
You are.
Shape and shapeless,
You are.
The essence of all things,
You are.
The true self,
The prime source,
The first cause,
Of all your attributes,
You are
Always

O Love, I am blind,
I can't see you
What then?
You see yourself
Through my eyes
I am deaf,
I can't hear you
What then?
You hear yourself
Through my ears
I am mute,
I can't speak to you
What then?
You speak to yourself
on my tongue
You reveal yourself
To whom you will
That is your own self
You are your own witness
My love,

You are my seeing,
My hearing,
My speech,
When I am nothing
When I exist not

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am You, You Are I

I Am You, You Are I

She searches for me
Through the chilly winters everyday
But finds me not
And I search for her
Through the scorchy summers everyday
But find her not
The East is east, the west is west
How can the twain meet
Except that we burn for each other fervently
But still she searches for me
And I search for her everyday
I wish to call out to her by her name
But she has got no name
I too am nameless
I am confused
Everything is nameless
I keep feeling the truth
I'm not her other
She is my real
But to play the game of love
I love her as some other
While never forgetting the truth
That we are essentially one
I am a Qalandar, I won't stop
To go on approaching her
To wait and watch her
To gaze at her
With eyes that waver not
I told her: I have closed my eyes
To the world and all its charms
Now there remains only one
Inside my heart:
That is you
She said: do not lie to me
One more is in your heart:
That is you
As long as you long me

As your other
You cannot see me
Say: I am you, you are I
That is all:
The essential truth

Mykoul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Wahdatulwajûd

Wahdatul Wajûd

Seven blind men In a city
Go to see an elephant in a fair
The first notices the hefty body.
The second feels the exquisite
trunk
The third praises the precious tusks
The fourth touches the pendent ears.
The fifth admires the sturdy legs
The sixth grabbes the waving tail
The last seeks for little things
He finds four thick and spungy feet.
From what each observes
They draw the shape of the beast.
As they feel and fancy
Thus, the philosophers think of God
And tell their wondrous tales
"Our God is such and such"
Each says the different truth
But not the whole truth
See what the seer faqër says
Behold! " all in One, and, One in all "

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Smiling Face

My Smiling Face

I hear the beez buzz
In the stillness of night
The stillness like the mystic silence
My soul appalled by ghastly fright
Stops to look around
The music swells and grows sweeter
Absorbs me in its melodic tone

I see myself at the gate of the paradise
Notice the beautiful Houries
Drawn from Eden
Singing and swinging in my eyes
To lure me back to the garden
of light
Where I lived before with Eve
It is a delirious reception from heaven
The soul rarely gets such a welcome

Heavenly music echoes around
Ringing me back to my old memory
That reminds me of my glorious past
I think I am so mean
Unworthy of such a stupendous
welcome

Is it the same garden? I wonder!
Where Adam and Eve lived
Before their disgraceful exodus
Where they looked at each other
Where their mouths watered with passion
To taste the grain of wheat
My goodness!
I am not Eve or Adam
I won't taste this food again
lest I should fall again

O', do not ask what is it?
Let you come in
This is your eternal home
Do not stay away like a spoiled child
It is time for you to turn back
Enter the garden of eternity
Step into life immortal
Expand out into existence
After you were dead in wilderness

I go in joyously
it amazes me to see
The great monuments of love:
The legendary mountain of Farhad,
The Najad forest of mad
Majnun,
The spring of the Nag Prince

I recall their sufferings
And sacrifices one by one
The perilous paths they walked on
The great dangers they faced
The agony and anguish they went through
Yet they were resolute and resilient
For their passion to be
One with each other

They looked for each other crazily
on the mountain summits,
On the highland meadows,
And in the burning deserts
But they felt with certainty
They were made for each other
I too know You and I are one
The vedge between You and I
Equals just a flash of light

While looking for you at midnight
The lightening flashed in my room
Followed by a forceful thunder
Suddenly, I saw myself in my room
All alone, giving a brilliant smile

It filled me with pleasure immense
That, at last, I saw my true face
Each moment that followed
I see around my smiling face

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

True Self

True Self

The shortest distance
Between you and your trueself
Equals the distance between
The image and the pupil of eye
Stand behind your pupil
In mystic silence absolutely
Behold your trueself certainly

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Hidden truth

Hidden Truth

Light upon light flashed
Revealed to me the hidden truth
That left me faithless in things
That claimed presence when I was ignorant
My master tells me to stop here!
Brook no compromise with the sensual things -
Those are transitory and misleading
Do not grow the poisonous trees,
Their fruit shall cause you death
That the true God is one,
He is the essence of all things,
He guides me in the valley of seeking
With Moses' staff in hand,
I walk to the speaking tree
Where I get the knowledge divine:
"The perfect man is my secret";
"I am the secret of perfect man";

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Dreamvision

DREAM VISION

On a mellow spring morning
When the skies were clear,
The soft glowing sun shone
Letting the cold night end
A shepherd girl with her flock
Single in a meadow on a hilltop
A strange thought reminds her
Her golden age and flaming youth
Sadness creeps into her heart
Of what value my life is!
Should I roam all alone!
No husband! No friend!
And no one to love!
My rosy lips and cheeks for what!
She wonders in herself
Does God want me to live alone!
Below she sees her village
Thinks of her days past
Burdensome events and the light moments
Lonely nights with no friend
Reclining against a deodar tree
Goes into trance miraculously
Drifts into a dream vision
Smells perfumes of the wild flowers
Watches the gentle movement
Of the grazing sheep
Hears the roaring music of gushing stream
Hears a distant flute sound
Looks around
She does not see
Who is sounding the flute?
where is the flauter sitting?
Yet all the time it grows in volume
Echoing the meadow all around
Fills her heart with love and peace
She recalls the music of her own flute
Then, takes out her flute

She holds it gently in her silky hands.
But the divinely music:
Bumbling bees and jingling bells
Drown the music of her flute
The shepherd hourie weeps bitterly
Yet even as the tears fall
On to her flute
She hears a melodious sound
With dazzling pure light
Looks around
But could not find
From whence it comes
Yet all the time
It grows in volume
The light envelops her absolutely
As she looks wondering
Across the meadow
The music bursts upon her
As a great symphony
Echoing up from all sides
So beautiful! So sweet!
Her tears of sorrow
Become tears of joy,
She stands up breathless
To look into the meadow
Transfixed by the wonder
Of the silver toned sounds
God speaks to her in her heart
"Damsel Hourie!
Do you not recognise the music? "
This is the music of Rozi-Methaq
Overcome and frightened
by the voice,
She falls upon her knees
Stunned, unable to speak.
Then God comes forward
Kisses her between the brows
Where the two bows meet
And in that instant, she knows
That the music is her own
It is a witness to her beauty
Sounding in each part

It is the sound of her flute
Flute, flauter, and she
All are really one
Her joy knows no bounds
She leaps and whirls with joy
Like a whirling dervish
Dances to the sound of flute
In that instant,
She dies to this life mundane
Wakes up in ecstasy
A song so cheerful she sings
That breaks the silence of meadow
Grazes her sheep and sings sweet
Love is not love, without flute
Stop here to listen or gently pass!
Bar sama-e-rast har kas cher naist
Tàmayai har murgakay injer naist
She comes out of trance
No music, no light, but only she
Wutchum orà keñh nia yorà kenh nia
Bà kenh nia kas wania pania

Mykoul

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A Soliloquy

A Soliloquy

You are not up in the heavens,
Nor in the Lowest of low regions,
You are neither in royal robes
Nor in patched frocks of a faqeer
You are not in a clay house
Nor in the grand palace of a king
You are neither a free nor a caged bird
Don't get lost in searching for yourself
You are truly in yourself
As light concealed in your sound
You are so large that you contain
The fathomless ocean of yourself
You need a guide to yourself
You are the truthful guide to yourself
Keep believing you're the trueself
Every time reflect on yourself
Stay true to your inner being,
Your soul
That is perfect and complete
God created it so

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Purelove

PureLove

Love must express like Leila and Majnûn
Dying to see and find each other
So shall I keep waiting for you
As long as I finish in you
Allow me to reach out to you
Allow me to sail in your raft
Allow me to see your rosy face
That blooms and fills with fragrance
You are my meaning, my true being
Whispering to me in my Heart's ear:
"Enjoy the mystical vibrations of love"

No need to drench myself in tears
Because after a long night of separation
She has removed the black veil
From her mystically dazzling beauty
Now, nothing is left of me but she
Nothing is left of her but me
I am she, she is me
I won't complain anymore because
I am enjoying her mystical vibrations
I see her glittering smile all around

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Meaning Of Love

Meaning Of Love

My eyes look for what
My eyes look for my beloved
My heart bleeds for what
My heart bleeds for my beloved
My soul absorbed in what
My soul sings for my beloved
My mouth lipped for what
My heart is afraid to voice out:
We are facsimile of each other
As we mirror each other
But we are like light and moth
Both need each other
You to shine, I to burn out
Is this all about being in love?
Suffering, yet, being one!
Without suffering, love is nothing

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Nothing

NOTHING

Nothing binds me to your name

Nothing

Nothing else brings me back to Islam

Nothing

Nothing makes me enter the paradise lost

Nothing

Nothing sparkles from the celestial land

Nothing

Nothing takes me away from the faithless damsels

Nothing

Nothing joins me to beautiful Houries

Nothing

Neither prayer nor moaning

Neither meditation nor contemplation

I am cut off from the Eden

I have become a stranger to my true self

We are like two friends on distant islands

Who crave to fly on the wings of light and sound

To meet each other face to face

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Black Hole

(BLACKHOLE)

At dawn and at dusk
At noon and at midnight
I sit on the shore of my ocean
And think of you
Watching the ripples and waves
Singing in mystic notes
Perhaps to invite me
To dive or drown
I leave its shores
And the gallons of waves
Drown me deep
I am breathing under water!
I am drowning
Drowning! Drowning!
If I knew
The ocean is so deep
Never would I jump into it
I would have prayed you
Rescue me from this ocean
For I know not how to swim
But I knew
How I would end
I loved the adventure
I pray you
To teach me
How to hold on to my roots in your depths
The black waves in your eyes
drag me to the depths
To the black hole in my heart
Where you are
Wherefrom I can never escape
Is it I who am in the black hole!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Sudden Vision

A Sudden Vision

Within my heart
At the station of Awadna
I placed my inner eye
To see my beloved
Polished and adorned
A bride in her mystic beauty
In tremendous light! and music
Suddenly I got into my soul
Through a black hole!
And now I'm freed
From seeking my self
From even my seeking eye

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Iam

I Am

I am A light being,
God created me in ahsani taqwëm
God blew into me from His Ruh
I am what He willed me to be:
His vicegerant on the earth
While never losing my true being
I keep on listening
To the melodic tune
I keep on looking
At the divine flashes of light
It is such a light that the sun
Can't stand to its brilliance
Must fall pale and dim
Like the moon in the daylight
The light and music truly is
Exactly what mystics adore.
Is this what I want?
Or even more?
Is this my true face?
I visualise through my inner eye
It takes after Rehman's face
I am completely in my divine image
I am what I love to be
I am not what you think I am
True! I've loved and lived with you
That life is gone by because
My satan has come to Islam
And now I realize my true self
I create my own day
And tend to proclaim aloud
I live a unique life
As I am created to be
There is no other life
That I should seek
People who are mean and mundane
Cast their doubt on things unseen

And stupidly argue
We are a body of elements four
Nothing more
I am deaf to what they say
No reason to care, for they matter not.
For they lose themselves,
Their true self they recognize not
How can a rat rise to the celestial heights!
How can it listen to the truth
In God's Kingdom!
A shooting star awaits it
To chase it away to the cursed hell

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Good News

THEGOODNEWS

On either side of the veil
One Light shines in truth
The veil hanging between
The principal and the agent
The veil hanging between
The master and the servant
The veil hanging between
The king and His viceroy
The veil obscures the truth
Remove this veil my lord!
And finish my dilemmas -
I am the lover, You are the beloved;
You are the lover, I am the beloved
Confusion! Confusion! Confusion!
If I and you are essentially one,
Then tell me, my lord!
What is this longing?
What is this lamentation?
What is this searching?
The voice thunderous came
There exists not other Me
Qul Huwallahu Ahad -
Say He is one, and unique,
All your dilemmas shall go
Elevate yourself to the heavens high
Meet the angels and sing in chorus
"Oh One! I feel guilty
When I utter I and You"
In all His manifestations I see You
Leave off your body and soul
Do not look at the enticing whores
The good news shall greet you:
You are nothing; you are everything!
God's light is reflected in you
La ilaha ila Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!
There is no deity but He

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The.Good.News

On either side of the veil
One Light shines in truth
The veil hanging between
The principal and the agent
The veil hanging between
The master and the servant
The veil hanging between
The king and His viceroy
The veil obscures the truth
Remove this veil my lord!
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You are the lover, I am the beloved
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The good news shall greet you:
You are nothing; you are everything!
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La ilaha ila Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!
There is no deity but He

Mykoul

Know Thyself

Know Thyself

The mystic lute tunes and tunes
Till the mystic light shines you
When you behold this divine light
The mystic lute shall stop to tune
You will behold you are a light being
You are but a reflection of the divine light
Can the reflection be separate from its object?
Just as the roaring rivers silent fall
Back into the sea when they fall
You too will fall in the silent sea
You are but a wave of the sea
Can a wave be set off from the sea?
Calm and composed you will be
When you return to your eternal home
Son of man! you must know
He who knows his self, knows his lord.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

God Sings In You

GOD SINGS IN YOU

Know who He is,
Know who you are
Know the truth:
Your essential truth
Know the meaning of truth:
The secret truth
God sings in you
Plays on your flute
Tunes your heart
To make you listen
The melodic music
To keep you engrossed
In Him eternally
Sound of His spirit
Echoes in you
More close to you
Than the beats of your heart
If you listen
With the ear of heart
You will know
Your first covenant
That you made with your lord
When you were born not
You will hold on
To the rope of God
Wander not
In the meadows of the world
Know the truth of the Truth
You are the essential truth!
You are the flute
You are the flautist
You are the sound of the flute
You are singing your own poem!

Mykoul

Mystic Master

MYSTIC MASTER

Studying texts
Pointless Meditation
Contemplation of dreamy other
Can only make you lose
Your spiritual Mind.
A melodic tune gushing forth
From some unknown fount
Certainly is a precious treasure.
Elegant beyond words
Brings peace and solace
Leads into mystic silence
Before the veiled master
Sitting inside
With the Book of knowledge
Unfolded and open
He chants from it
The wisdom songs
Day and night.

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Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Fleshy Self

FLESHY SELF

Like vanishing spring
This earthly life
a passing apparition
or the sudden flash
of lightning
Comes suddenly
Goes all at once
Such is my fleshy self

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Single Beauty

SingleBeauty

Countless paths lead
To a mountain peak,
But, reaching the peak
We all eye at
the single beauty
spread out the landscape

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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O' Truth

O' TRUTH

O' Truth! I pour my heart out to you,
You are the one I love to hug and hold
If it is so, why can't it be,
That you will ever sit by me
That you will never play with me,
Children's game of hide and seek
I am so tired of playing this game,
Take pity on me, and please me

Abandon seeking the truth in othe,
Abandon seeking the light from the extinguished lamps
Does anyone learn love from the dead?
Does anyone learn knowledge from the dead?
No, nobody can!

Go into your college of heart,
To get the tutorials on truth,
From your essential self
You can't get it from a shopping mall,
It is not a commodity for sale,
That you can buy at a price high,
No teacher, No book, can give it to you,
It is inside you; hidden from the inquisitive mind

Delve deep into your self,
It is hidden in the mine so deep
Strive to attain the truth singly,
Not through outsourcing to anyone -
Dead or living; that is what sages say
Cavill not at wisdom because,
It smashes the ivory castles,
That you are proud of

The password to truth is love,
Love is light and flow of sound,
A blind eye cannot see it,

A deaf ear cannot hear it,
The eye of truth must open,
To see and hear the mystic love
It is the bond of love,
That connects to truth
The truth is far, far off,
Beyond this dark fantasy world,
But, if you know, the essential truth,
It is at a crow's flight

O' Truth, I know you are bitter,
A poisonous drink,
But still I shall take you,
A silly and stupid thinking!
Truth exclaimed!
Do not hide your face,
Beyond the veils of superstition
Take off your misty veil,
Look around and see,
You are Me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Dream

DREAM

To dream something
And paint it on the canvas
Or write it in a poem
Is not anything but a dream
When I wake up,
I know with shock
There is none to comprehend
What I dream and what I mean

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Formless

FORMLESS

All beings are made from water
That takes different forms
But no form is apart from water;
So is the formless hidden in forms

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Nothingness

NOTHINGNESS

The boisterous river
Rolls onward
But yields to the vast ocean
And you float upon it
To glomp nothingness

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Love Message

LOVE MESSAGE

Every day, a Mulla does jobs four
Reads and memorizes holy scriptures
Chants and recites surahs and prayers
But he minds not to acquire the knowledge true:
The meaning beyond the spoken words
He must do something much harder
He must shun hatred and bigotry
He must, with devotion and dedication, listen to
The sweet sound of zër-wa-bam
Echoing in his heart all the time
Under the light of the divine sun
But first he must learn to read
The love message sent by lord
Then he might know, Insha Allah
What he has been studying
All the time

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Road To Mecca

(ROAD TOMECCA)

On my road to Mecca
I met a mysterious being
With red and swollen eyes
His glance filled me
With bliss immense
His golden words I retain
As my treasure precious
Touched my soul far down
Overwhelmed me
With knowledge divine
Cleared the mist of delusion
Stopped me
From the path of duality
Confided to me
The secret of unity
While I wandered wildly
He held my hand tightly
"Know your Rôb"
"Through your Rôb only"
Revealed to me
Many more mystic truths
I failed to grasp forsooth
Good Heavens! He frowned not
Affectionately narrated his story:
"My heart was tapestried with
Sorrows, swift to seed misery
My joy washed off
All my melancholy
When I heard the celestial flute
Echoing all around
Felt the quick stir of wonder
When the mystic sun appeared
Radiated me with awful shine
I felt it was
The lightful dawn in heaven
All the celestial things
Clearly visible to me

One thing quite outstanding
The charming crystal ball
The mystic eye of Hourie
My Rôb blessed me with
I looked at it curiously
Found it full to the brink
It was the Jam e jam
Full with the wine red
The elixir of immortality
Got tempted beyond measure
In one leap came close to it
I saw the seven heavens
And all the truths hidden
The warden of the garden came
Offered me a cup to drink
I took it in one draught
It waked me from my slumber
I was not in a drunken state
I heard limanil muluk?
The Muluk belongs to me
I saw I am immortal
I am a thing that tastes death not
I am as I was, I will be as I am
The living, the changeless one
This is my true self, my true being".
Then he disappeared
And I saw him never again

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Hypocrisy

HYPOCRISY

God's Kingdom cannot be measured
But still the Mullas chitter- chatter
Explaining the "shariah";
And babbling about "unseen";
This old faqir never cares
To show off false knowledge
Or to exhibit false piety
My nose wrinkles at the
Pungent smell of incense
On the white cloaks
And on the long beards

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Fragrance

FRAGRANCE

The fragrance in the walled garden
Is the fragrance of Laila's tresses
O wind! scatter this fragrance
To touch the soul's nose
Scatter it in a poem or painting
or in soul's longing for the rose
The soul would burn to ashes
Not like a moth rounding a lamp
But like a phoenix to be reborn again
For the love of the rose again

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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True Essence

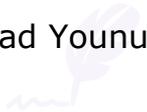
TRUE ESSENCE

To know the true essence of a seed
Sow a seed in the soil, its true home
It will grow there into its kind own
Manifest in flowers and then in fruit
Containing millions seeds of its kind

Sow your self in your heart's soil
Pure light and sound around
You will witness no other there
Except your own self
Witness that you in truth fill
The fathomless space
That is your true self

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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I Find You Lord In All Things

I FIND YOU LORD IN ALL THINGS

The bell is striking so close to me
So clear and so sharp
That all my senses ring with it
The atoms single at once
And making the whole
Reverberate with it
Filling the universe with its sound
I feel it now: there's a power in me
Which makes me grasp that I am
One and the whole!
I know that I am truly real
As real only beholds the real
In all its manifestations
Under all its covers
God! all the things come toward me!
Asking me to give them a name
I find you, Lord, in all things
And my fellow creatures all
Pulse with your life
As a tiny seed you sleep
In what is your fruit
And in the vast myriad
You vastly show yourself
All beings need you
The sound of Be comes from you

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Mohammad Younus

Where The Two Bows Meet

Where The Two Bows Meet

Know your true self,
Go where the sound begins
Go where you come from
On the wings of the sound
Fear not the gravity
Let it not pull you down
Back to the earth;
For magnetic are indeed
The snares of commanding soul
Give yourselves to the sound,
The gravity won't draw you back
You will fly in the world of Light and Sound
From the launching pad of
Qaba Qawsän:
Where the two bows meet

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

To You I Belong, To You I Return

TO YOU I BELONG, TO YOU I RETURN

You are the truth of all existence
All things other than you pass away
I too shall pass away but
My passing is so sudden and mystical because
I am reborn in a sounding ocean,
In a beautiful life: musical and shining!
In the midst of the singing houries
In the garden of Eden
In God's presence, as a light being
To you I belong; To you I return
From you to you I proceed
Where mellow music is sounding
Where divine light is shining
Love is but a festival of light and music

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Mohammad Younus

Harness Your Divine Powers

HARNESSYOURDIVINEPOWERS

On the winged energy of sound
Cross the dark abysses of life
Go beyond your earthly life
Build the great bridge to cross
In order to reach your eternal home
Wonders happen if you succeed
Pass through the sounding silence
You can realize the wonders great
Wipe away the distractive thoughts
It's not too hard or a tedious job
Just you need to harness the divine powers
That the creator invested you with
Stretch them out until they span
the chasm between He and You
For God wants not
The dichotomy of He and You.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Hope For The Best

HOPE FOR THE BEST

Looking below the window
Hot tears roll down my cheeks
The sky is raining blood
The sun is clouded with smoke
But hopefulness gleams in my eyes
That one day the sky shall be clear
The sun will again rise to glitter
Our meadows that have fallen dry
Shall again be green, green, green
Rain of peace shall pour in torrents
And wash away the anguish and pain
The new children seem to be busy
In drawing a new map of their land
Hope of getting free is tatoed on their heart
Old generation sitting on the sidelines
Unconcerned, muffled with closed eyes,
Dead tired, sitting in a barber's shop,
Awfully busy in the idle talk
Who will win the match: India or Pak

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Lover Of God

A LOVER OF GOD

A lover of God always feels
His ocean of light in every atom of God's creation
He finds himself in God's light
He needs not to unite with Him;
He craves not to dissolve in Him-
Because God is absolute oneness
The true light shines upon Him
Where the two bows meet -
Light upon light gushes out,
From his forehead indeed
Sound upon sound streams out -
From his back head in truth
Nothing can prevent him,
From gazing at His light
Even worldly pursuits,
Do not distract him
With his heart's eye,
He watches His light,
He listens to His melody,
Through his heart's ear-
Until he dies before his death,
And comes to live in Lord's light
Wheresoever he turns to,
He sees only His light,
He perceives with his crystal eye,
The stark reality about God:
Alone He was,
Nothing was with him;
He is now as He was;
He will be as He is;
He is essentially One;
With nothing beside Him;
He is Inwardly Hidden;
He is Outwardly Manifest;
He is without beginning;
He is without end;
Whatever he look at;

He sees His face;
He is without ifs and buts;
He is without how and what;
He is without when and where-
He knows God is in his own image.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

On Fasting

ON FASTING

Some keep fast from dawn to dusk,
They always pray for a berth in Jannah,
To get round-eyed houries to play with,
They have sumptuous dishes at Iftar.

Some keep it from dawn to dusk,
But, they have a dry bread to at Iftar,
They do not pray for any reward,
They are contented with their Razaq,

Some keep fast from dawn to dusk,
They keep fast to wake and pray,
Instead of chanting long hymns,
They go in silence and listen,
The tolling Bells in the heaven,
God delights them with a good news:
I am with you wherever you are.
So instead of getting to Heaven,
They walk with God all along.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Thought

THOUGHT

Thought is the only wealth I possess
Thought is the only bridge between the two worlds
Thought is the only link that joins to God
Thought is the only key to the paradise
Thought opens up the treasures of knowledge
Thought unfolds the hidden truth
Thought is swifter than a flash of light
Who is behind the thought?
He is God: the invisible lord,
I worship Him With my thought

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Mohammad Younus



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Image Of God

Image of God

You created Man
After your image
Without any equal
Without any opposite
Is it Deity in Man's image!
Or Man is in Deity's image!
I believe it is You
In man's image
I to Unity always bow
The duality is simply idolatry
To which I never yield
I've chased the duality away

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Mohammad Younus



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I Witness I

IWITNESSI

I am the Imam, I am the Muqtadë
With all humility I stand behind I;
Wherever I turn, I see I
In six directions I see I
To I, I pray
In every genuflection,
In every penetration,
At Abraham's Station,
I witness I
No wonder, I am the truth
He is the reality of I
He manifests through I
There is none other than He
How long must I shy
He is I, I is He
As nothing exists but He



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Mohammad Younus

The great Wall

Long time ago
God reminds me
I entered into a pledge
With God
I have almost forgotten
My pledge!
But it was there and then,
In front of great God
I said yes
To His question
Am I not your lord?
Then He sent me here
And the great wall rose,
Slowly and slowly
Between me and Him
Until God went
In oblivion
I am crazily trying
To smash the wall
By my head strokes
To break through the wall
I lie down as His shadow.
No longer the light divine
Before me
Only the thick and high wall.
I wanna find my dream!
Who will help me?
To shatter this wall
None but I myself
I am the mason
Who has erected
This great wall
Over my lifetime
When I break this wall
The thousand lights
Of the sun
Shall overwhelm me
And make me
A whirling moth

To fume to ashes
While dancing around

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Noduality

NO DUALITY

The flute is ringing so near
More near than the thought
The flute is ringing in the heart
It is God's endless melody:
A song of bliss and unity
Heard by people infinitely
Who keep the pledge to Lord
The pledge made in eternity
Unbrokenly they say Bala
Yes! Yes! Yes!
To God's endless question:
Am I not your Lord?
The melody dissolves "I";
Absolutely! In the vast ocean!
Like a candy in the hot water

Once "I" was here,
but now "I" is not:
If there's really an "I,"
& "I" could only be "you";

In the way of love
Losing to the beloved
Nothing is left
Neither body nor soul
What remains is only "you";

"You" encompass "I";
& "You" cloak "I";
You permeate "I";
Surely, there is
No duality
If "I" have the ear to hear
If "I" have the eyes to see
Without question
& "I" could only be "you";
No other ear can hear you

No other eyes can see you

Mohammad Younus

Templeoflight

TEMPLE OF LIGHT

Say YES to God's call,
God will say, come to me,
This is the golden key,
To God's Temple of Light,
I do not care about
my earthly abode,
It has too little space,
To contain a vast man,
Spacious is the heavenly abode,
Of many roads leading to that home,
Shortest is the road through God's word,
Throbbing in God's temple,
It unfolds the hidden secret,
I am Ahmad without Meem

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Mohammad Younus



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Onlyyou

ONLY YOU

Along the sirat al mustaqëm,
You are my companion
In my striving in you,
You are my guide
When the melody thrills my heart,
It is you who is striking my chords
When the sun enlightens my heart,
It is you who shines
In the Night of aloneness,
You are my comforter
When I weep,
you are the tears in my eyes
When I rejoice,
You are the smile on my lips
When I write,
You are my poem
When I sing,  PoemHunter.com
You are my song
Rarely did I ever
Desire any other
If some day I did,
I saw you in the other
Because I see you in all,
and all in you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Vast Man

VAST MAN

Who can pledge to bear the trust
We can't pledge it, 'tis too heavy
Angels and jinni all declined
Man, unjust and ignorant, came forward
But, he forgot to fulfil his pledge
He loved the other and was outcast
If I find him anywhere, I'll remind him the pledge
That he made in haste without caring, =
Just listen through your heart-ear the echoing divine sound,
Recalling you the pledge of Alast,
Do not turn your face away, you are God's unique Glory
He is chanting his glory within you,
Through soundless throbbing in your heart,
But, sweeter than a melodious song,
Reminding you your pledge
Listen to it what it says-
the boundless is in you; in your vast sphere,
Vast man, Infinite is your vastness
He who beholds you, beholds his lord
What visions could one dream,
That are not in your vast sphere.

Mykoul

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Mohammad Younus

Uncaring Nightingale

UNCARINGNIGHTINGALE

The tree is stripped naked
Covered with frost and snow
All foliage and greenery gone
No flowers and no colours
Yet on the bough
Uncaring nightingale
Singing the song of love
Calling out its beloved
Hidden beyond the eye
On another snowful bough
Spring Shall Again come

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Mohammad Younus



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Perpetual Salah

PERPETUAL SALAH

It's so much joy and pleasure!
If I should lose it, what a curse!
And yet, as a Faqir I am!
I have ventured all along
To dedicate myself to my lord
To keep away from all other
Hesitated to heed to the Satan's call
This is my side of Victory!
I gained? the true meaning of Life -'
Life is but Life that continues
It is self-sustaining, everlasting -
Without alpha and omega
Death cannot break it -
As a sword can't split the water
Bliss is but Bliss: the divine sound and light
And, if indeed, I am blessed as such
I will be in Perpetual Salah
Breath is but Breath! Stops,
When lord withdraws His command
If I pray the Perpetual Salah -
For sure, to say the least,
I will listen to the divine word
Would that I gain my presence there!
In that Celestial Masjid
Oh Bells, that in the Heavens be!
At first, sound it slow!
For the Bell, I know, is a Qawli Thaqël
A sound of great gravity
It might extinguish me!

Mohammad Younus

Spring Shall Again Set In

SPRING SHALL AGAIN SET IN

The spring shall set in again,
The sky shall be clear again -
No frost, No snow, No freezing winds shall be there
Colourful flowers shall bloom again,
And fill my valley with fragrant breeze,
Singing birds shall return to sing with smile
Roads to the highland meadows shall open again,
Meadows and valleys shall wear bridal look -
Lush green grass and gleaming flowers,
Shall make my garden a paradise again
Where innocent flocks shall graze with joy,
My sweetheart shall show me deep love,
She shall speak to me with a fairy smile,
Rain showers shall pour again,
Soothing me with a little pinch,
Like a mother teasing her child,
Don't worry child! Winter shall go
Merciful father shall fill your rivers,
And bless you with a good harvest.

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Mohammad Younus

Our Children

OUR CHILDREN

Our children still do not admit defeat,
Nor do they think to withdraw
From resistance to foreign rule
What a high inspiration!
They are endowed with
They are dedicated to the struggle
They are religiously determined
To fulfil their national duty
They have vowed never to step aside
They wear an innocent delight
When stretched on their deathbed
Their blood makes a prediction
Of heavy clouds still to come
Bringing a downpour of peace and freedom
That will cover the whole nation

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Mohammad Younus

What Is Love

WHAT IS LOVE

Love is the essential truth, love is the absolute truth,
Love is the universal truth, love is the universal mind,
Love is the supreme lord, love is the faithful servant,
Love is the seer, love is the listener
Love is the speaker, love is the hearer
Love is the flash of light, love is the mellow music,
Love is the glowing sun, love is the cool moonlight,
Love is the touchstone for testing gold,
Love is the appraiser of jewels and pearls,
Love is the hidden spring of life-water,
Love is the command of Kun fayakun
Love is the causer of causes
Love adores beauty, love worships deity,
Love seeks love, Love breeds love?
Love transforms a wolf into a lamb,
Love makes the inner and outer world as one,
Love snatches myself from me
Love erases the dilemma of I and you
I follow the religion of Love: in every way
I ride on the ark of love - that is my religion and my faith.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

God Is Moving My Cradle

God Is Moving My Cradle

The universe, it is deserted
The seven continents and the seven seas, all deserted
But I, all alone, fill the whole universe
I am alone! I do not see any other
The sky, it too is deserted
For the angels residing there
Have fallen silent
They have stopped to sing the hymns
Glorifying and prostrating to Adam
But I show my face to them
I am alone! I don't see any other
The world, it is deserted.
All the peace lovers have hidden in the burrows
But I am the one who hugs peace
I am alone! I don't see any other
I am the first born
I am Adam
God is moving my cradle

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Our People

OUR PEOPLE

Our people are renowned
For their honesty and humility
Woven from a shahtoosh thread
Our people would harm no one
Dutiful to Allah, fearing none
Our feelings are slow to stir
We are like Romos in our own land
Our land has been grabbed!
Our freedom snatched!

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Mohammad Younus



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Game Of Our Bravehearts

GAME OF OUR BRAVEHEARTS *

Those who deny our right to fight
By brazen betrayel,
By clandestine treachery,
By hideous trickery, or
By shower of bullets,
in the daylight,
On the peaceful protesters
Can not grasp how well-founded
The passion for freedom is
In our bravehearts, fighting while playing
Anyone who seeks to damage them
Can do his damnedest:
No matter how harshly they suppress
History will display inshallah
To our progeny, in the record's of archives
The inevitable outcome of the game
Our children play in the wired lanes

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Bloody Game

THE BLOODY GAME

Rash decisions take us in the wrong direction,
Lack of wisdom leads to destruction.
Take a look from the top of your mind
See the catastrophe unfold
Glance at what is going around
Look to the North and South
Survey the whole land.
Ask the butchered bodies,
Scorched corpses and scattered bones
The reason for their deaths
Who killed them ruthlessly
Listen to the screams of orphans and widows
Listen to the wailing mothers'
heart-piercing groans
Think what should we do now?
But don't give a reply in haste
Don't accuse me of laying the arms
That I have not got
Stop this children's game of fight and hide
Inviting the enemy to do his worst
A bloody game is being launched
By those whom you deem your friend
Ask your children not to play that game
They call it Gazwia Hind

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Sound Of The Name And The Name Of The Sound

THESOUNDOFTHE
NAME
ANDTHE
NAMEOFTHE
SOUND

Lost for years in the wilderness
Seeking him who controls me
Deep down!
Touching my soul deeply
Who stops me
Worshipping his other
I strived a lot to know him
I failed miserably
Lamenting over my senseless venture
I surrendered and sat still
Brooding: Who am I
A puppet of some mysterious force!
A painful thought struck my heart
Instantly, I heard a whistle tune
That made me go into swoon
I felt the whistle coming to me
From the other side of a burning lake
I decided to cross over to the other shore
Walked to the overbridge
Oh! This is a bridge of raw thread
Of course, this is not safe
It is risky to cross it over
I could fall into the inferno below
A voice came from across
No need to worry
You should never fear to fall
Into the raging fire down
Walk towards me fearlessly
I am you and You are I
But right now
You are a stranger to me
You are a set of contradictions
You are Adam, the honored one
You are Iblis, the scorned one
You are the believer
You are the unbeliever

You are the bride
You are the bridegroom
You are the servant
You are the master
You are Moses
You are pharaoh
You are knowledge
You are ignorance
You are at war
You are for peace
You are merciful
You are cruel.
Be on your guard!
Forsake your contradictions
Know your being, your true self
You are the sound of the name
And the name of the sound

Mohammad Younus

In My Orchestra

In My Orchestra

With a flash of lightening, I rise up,
And get into my orchestra to listen,
I am lost in the sound waves,
coming from nowhere,
That is it! I delve in deep
For I am aware of the first hour
When I had no fears, and no lamentations
As I was consciously in God's presence
I wait, keep waiting for that one hour
Which would make me God conscious
Restore me my spiritual faculties
Seeing, hearing, and speaking
Thus awaken my spiritual soul
That would reveal me to myself
My divine eye, ear, and tongue
Such that I see, hear, and speak
The truth, the eternal truth
Know he who is a blind below
Will fail to be a seer above
Know he who is a deaf below
Will fail to be a hearer above
Know he who is a mute below
Will fail to be a speaker above

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

An Ancient Song

AN ANCIENT SONG *

A mellow sound is echoing
From each and every pore
Look who is singing to you
Your eternal song
Listen silently
If You open Your mouth
The singer will escape
And won't chant his song for You
How can you imagine!
This is your ancient song
When you were created
But still unborn
You cannot know
But with a bigbang
When your sounding house
Breaks open and you get free

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

The Great Wall

THE GREAT WALL *

Long time ago
God reminds me
I entered into a pledge
With God
I have almost forgotten
My pledge!
But it was there and then,
In front of great God
I said yes
To His question
Am I not your lord?
Then He sent me here
And the great wall rose,
Slowly and slowly
Between me and Him
Until God went
In oblivion
I am crazily trying
To smash the wall
By my head strokes
To break through the wall
I lie down as His shadow.
No longer the light divine
Before me
Only the thick and high wall.
I wanna find my dream!
Who will help me?
To shatter this wall
None but I myself
I am the mason
Who has erected
This great wall
Over my lifetime
When I break this wall
The thousand lights
Of the sun
Shall overwhelm me

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And make me
A whirling moth
To fume to ashes
While dancing around

Mohammad Younus

Green Chinars

GREEN CHINARS *

Our mouths are gagged
Our throats are choked
Our limbs are broken
Our foundations are shaken
Death is being dishonoured
Life trampled down
Violence endlessly stretched out
Our budding youth massacred
Our honour molested
Our properties vandalised
Mayhem of all types let loose
To make us forget our passion
To burn our trees of hope
Nothing is spared
Save the dried leaves
Fallen to the ground
That tremble, now and then
Fly off with the slightest wind
But there are certain green Chinars
Standing steadfast and smiling with pride
Reassuring us of our glorious future
Telling us to stand upright
To fight for our rights
To regain our lost position
In the world as a free nation
Who would hear their voice?
As if God is calling from the heaven
I will pay for your blood
That is poured and poured out

Mohammad Younus

Better To Speak

BETTER TO SPEAK

Speak for peace
The peacehaters will stone you
Speak for war
The warlords will garland you
Speak for coexistence
The polarizers will oppose you
Speak for rights
The violaters will scoff you
Speak for freedom
The enemy will pellet you
Speak for honesty
The dishonest will mock you
Speak for love
The hatemongers will hate you
Speak for development
The rich mafia will muzzle you
Speak for action
The sloth will gag you
Speak for a change
The lovers of inertia will impede you
Speak for pure religion
The takfērë Mullah will call you a Kafir
Speak wisdom
The unwise will call you crazy
Speak truth
The untruthful will hate you
Speak nothing
World will move as it moves
You will be like a clod of clay
You will absolutely fail
You will fail as a change agent
You will fail to be a vicegerant of God

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mystic Eye

MYSTIC EYE

The mystic eye sees
The things unseen
It gives wings to you
To fly up and up
With hope and pleasure
Cross the contours
Of skies and earth
Touch the Sultan's pedestals
Rise up the seven-runged escalier
To see the Sultan's glittering face
Ecstasies cheerful
Shall fill you full
At each rung of the escalier
Ah! all these glimpses are
But bound to set
Be it sun, stars, or moon
Forms and shapes all disappear
la uhibul afilen, la uhibul afilen
All that comes and goes
All that rises or sets
Is the fantasy and unreal
Not the reality fathomless
At the seventh rung
Crumbles down underfoot
The wall of partition
You get a severe jolt
You see yourself
In the Sultan's stead
Your face blushes with
The heat of mystic flame
You behold with surprise
You are the real Sultan
All the confusion and tumult
Comes to sudden end
You are back now
To the realm of humankind
Back to the pavilion

Where from you started
The journey to the Sultan
But now spiritualised
You carry sultan's monogram
On your forehead
The sign of a true faqeer
Light and sound go
Hand in hand in you
That embellish your beauty
The angels around the throne
Envy your beautiful face
Mystic eye is split open
To see, hear, and speak
I am the mystic eye
I see in wonder the Sultan
In my own image

Mykoul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mystic Flute

MYSTIC FLUTE

There is a mystic flute of lord
Naturally sounds in our wajud
Sounds with delight eternally
At pitches low and pitches high
Tells not remorseful tale of disunion
Recounts the thrilling reality of union
Listen to this cheerful flute
If you listen to it composedly
You shall hearken the Lord's call -
Come closer, Come closer
Be careful! it is in and around
Who is breathing in the flute?
Who is beyond million veils?
Who is hiding within deep?
Shut up the distracting outer eye
Burst open the sleeping inner eye
You shall know and see the flautist
Think not the flautist is some other
Know and believe the sublime truth
The other exists only in fantasy
Listen from me the hidden truth
Flute, flauter, listener are one
So the flauter is not other than you
He is you, within you, and around you
The true listener of mystic flute
Absorbs totally in flute-sound
His heart fills with ecstasy and love
He prefers concealing from people
Who live in fantasy and ignorance
He even hides from his envying self
With the light of His piercing eye
He discerns the treasures invisible
Behind the swirling mists of illusion
He enchants Gnostics and mystics
With his charming and graceful beauty
His heart gets the spiritual knowledge
While listening to the merry sound

Be mindful! This is the divine knowledge
That explains the meaning of unity
Before listening to the mystical flute
I was certainly crazy and nescient
Deaf, mute, and blind; I swear

Mykoul

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Mohammad Younus

Mystic Fragrance

MYSTIC FRAGRANCE

Shadow is always linked to a body
River is always joined to its fount
Ripples are always part of the river
Day is always tailed to night
In the same way I am with God
Why then meditations and night vigils?
Will these lift my misty veil!
Why do I labour to go into trance
Stupid! Wakefulness is better than trance
Dawn is more beautiful than sunset
Knowledge is better than ignorance
Know your true nature, your true self
You have an aura of light around you
Feel and see light upon light around you
Know you are this glowing light
You are the living music
That reverberates without stop
Singing in golden beats day and night
Filling space and time with radiant light
Your mystical identity, your true self
Meditate upon your essential self
Keep day and night vigil
Gazing at your own light
Listening to your own sound -
The voiceless mystical song,
That permeates your being
As water permeates the earthen pot
You shall feel the fathomless bliss,
With the zeal of angelic love
Your body of water and clay
Is but your mistaken identity
That keeps you busy with idle play
My soul experiences this mystical state
Feels light and glows with joy
Sprinkles mystic fragrance around
That fills this vast expansive world
At the spring's arrival all hearts in unison sing

I am Adam the peerless one -
The chosen viceroy of the lord,
Endowed with gifts rare,
It was His will that I should be,
Adored by the angels high,
Reason like a windless bird,
Cannot reach the Àrash of soul,
Love alone can touch the pedestals of God
Mystical flight is absolutely beyond,
The ambit of hopping hummingbird
There is nothing it can do,
God has willed it to fly low,
He honours whom He wills,
He humbles whom He wills.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Nothing, He Is Haq

I AM NOTHING HAQ IS HE

A majzub in a highly drunken state
Writing graffities on walls and roadways
Al-Insan, Al-Insan, Al-Insan
Shouted crazily, walking down the street
The world is a children's play
Like the wedding of crows
How many people are walking here?
Where do they come from?
Where are they going to?
They vanish like stars at dawn
They wither like tulips and roses
When the spring is gone
They retreat to hibernation
Like bees at the winter fall
He laughs crazily giggling heartily
They are from elsewhere surely
They must go back there certainly
Kulu shyiñ yarjiù ilaa aslihi
Look at my eyes that hold the sun
The city of knowledge is within me
He gives a shriek, laughs crazily
Love's secret is always to keep a vigil
To sit on the window in the attic
To listen to the sobbing soul
To gaze silently at the shining moon
To sing the song of separation face to face
Staring without a word, eyes wandering not
Counting stars at night until the morning star
On a moonlit night when villains are asleep fast
And then he cried shamelessly and openly
I am Majnun, I am Laila
I look for myself, I seek my God
I sing my hymns, I glorify my God
I worship my self, I worship my lord
I am my love, I am His love
Love has filled my spacious heart
Love links me to my darling lord

Love helps me know the secrets
Then sobriety returned to him at last
All that I seek is love
All that I require is love
All that I desire is love
Love makes me see and know
Under my cloak lives who
None other than He, He, He
Under His umbrella lives who
None other than Me, Me, Me
He created everything for Me
I behold only my face around
I see my own eyes gazing at Me
Wonderful! I see my million faces
Colours and shapes confuse not
Attributes vary but essence not
Love is the essence of all beings
Go beyond the attributes
Go beyond the going-beyond
Till all other is burned to ashes
Till there remains only He
"All that is must perish save His face";
Reality is one but shows itself as many
The mystery Is too deep to unfold
For people of reason with logical mind
They grasp not the secret of unity
Count the bubbles and the sea as two
Reality is surely one but shows as two
Subject and object, cause and effect
When you feel bubble and sea are one
Cheer up! That is essentially true
Sommersault, dance and rejoice
You have unlocked the mystery
Multiple are the faces of one
The bubbles are part of the sea
Do not behave like a pendulum
Swinging back and forth
Stick fast to the truth of unity
Say why should I seek Him outside
He is nearer to me than my thought
He speaks on my tongue
He hears through my ears

He sees through my eyes
He is my essence
He loves his self through me
I am nothing, Haq is He
Dapan Faqiri khodaya akh tchu ma?eomut
Laban dôsan tchu lekhan al-Insan

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Frightful Dream

A FRIGHTFUL DREAM

I took lids off my eyes
At dawn in a frightful dream
Jumped out of my bed
Ran straight to the window
I saw every hill around burning
I found every house set on fire
I saw within me fire ablaze
My love, my passion on fire
My existence, my dreams on fire
Fire burning within me,
How can you feel from outside
The burns of my soul
I embrace the burning fire
Ravaging and devastating inferno
Spread across the firmament
I can feel. I alone, yes I can
I am the fire I am what it burns
I am witness to this fire
I am he who lit this mysterious fire
Smokeless and flameless!
To shine and brighten all around
Like the sun in the sky
My love burns in my heart
Roasting it like a Kabab
On the glowing embers of love
I shall rise again from my ashes
Like a phoenix have a new life
To keep moving cycle of my life
I vow not to get lost in fana
Never! Never! Never!
Baqabillah is the real time for me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

No War! No War! No War! Give Us Peace

NO WAR! No WAR! GIVE US PEACE

Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!
War drums stopped beating
Warmongers sealed their lips
Shameful aggression stopped
Peace lovers! now it is your turn
Come out of the hideouts
Do your job
Sing the song of peace
On the streets where the forces brute
Play on the Neru's flute
Where chastity is brutalised
Children blinded and maimed
With pellet and bullet volleys
Those supporting the noble cause
See their shelters blasted to ground
Childrens' hearts with fear shake
With shelling of roaring mortar guns
Urge on the uniformed men
Do not let loose the rein of terror
Do not kill before our eyes our dear ones
Bid the marchers to shout in peace
No war! No war! Give us peace
This is the only choice for blowing out
The burning and blazing infernal fire
Urge on the children of conflict
Upon the youngmen laying their lives
At the pyre of peace, dignity and freedom
No revenge! No revenge! please!
No 'eye for eye', No 'Al-huri Bil-hur'
Be ready with the drums of love
When you get free when you get peace
When the burning chinar turns green
Orphaned children scream not
Widowed women wail not
With seventy autumns on run
Spring shall again come
With scented and colourful blossoms

Soon the almond and tulip gardens
Shall be filled with crowds happy and free
Conflict-torn nation! Too late! Certainly!
Rejoice! Rejoice! after all it did come
With charred and scorched bodies around
Peace without freedom has no meaning
Freedom without peace is a frightful dream
Ghosts' freedom! and ghosts' peace!
God thanked be You!
No coffins to shoulder the corps
Wailing and screaming no more
The promised hour has come
The last coloniser has left
Send Hearty Congratulations to your dead
Buried under the debris of soil and stone
At rest in graves unknown
Tears down the mothers' cheeks
Tick tick tick

Mykoul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

On The Broken Shores

ON THE BROKEN SHORES

On the broken shores of the ocean
A pacific Gnostic was watching
The troughs and tides, the roaring waves
He felt the ocean telling him in his heart's ear
Hearken your hidden secret from me
You are a drop from me, i wish you back in me
I know you like a mother knows her child
I see you crying between ashes and flames
I call you by my name to rid you of your shame
I call you by my name you are Me: know your self
I will rid you of the awkward idea of duality
Smash the container of sounding clay
By the hammer of la mujuud ilallah
You are from Me; To Me you return
You are nothing, nothing has no name
I and you being one and the same
My name in truth is your name
Would that you fathom what i mean
In ecstasy he dived into turbulent waters
Melted like a snowclod, vanished in the sea
Thus got back to his original home
Kulu shyiñ yarjiù ila aslihi
The ghost of duality haunts him not
His pride, his ego, his ghost is gone
Everything is vanishing but not He

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Speaking To Myself

Speaking To My Self

So Silent! So still an ocean!
Listening to mystic lore
Hoping I can hear it speak to my heart.
Flawless, perfect and pure speech
Wondering who is speaking and to whom
Eager to seek my self; Eager to know
Who's really inside me? Only Me; I know.
Striving to settle here; Fighting a spiritual jihad
Who can unsettle me! Deprive me of my home!
Who can send me in the wrong direction?
My self showcases me in all directions
My spirit is calm and quite here
I've found the paradise lost
My soul is crying with joy
I am everything that I am!
I lost my days exploring why I am here
For what purpose? Under what plan?
My self is my Master plan: I know
I was always here; never did I fall
I ask you with a sincere heart, O God!
Lead me kindly in my ark
Back to the garden of eternity

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Tavern Of Pure Wine

TAVERN OF PURE WINE

Come on!

Live in your self

See with your inward eye

One in all and all in one

It is a microcosm

Here you will find the whole -

The macrocosm:

The seven skies,

The Sun and the stars,

The planets and the galaxies,

The expansive earth,

The darkness and the light,

The Adam's paradise,

The forbidden tree,

The mount Sinaia,

The Jabli Noor,

The speaking tree,

The Gabriel's bell,

The Israphael's trumpet,

The Preserved tablets,

The pearls of wisdom,

The rules and commandments,

The Kàba and the Bait ul Màmur,

Humans and angels,

Circumbulating all around -

The truth witnesses the truth

Gnostic finds in his self:

The house of realisation,

The tavern of pure wine,

Where a lover drinks the water of life

Feels not the pangs of separation

Yearns not for union and fusion

Realises He is the first; He is the last

He is the life, He is the living

Himself He proclaims:

I am the truth

La illaha illa hu

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Zikre Of Great Name

ZIKRE OF GREAT NAME

That Faqir set his index finger
Right between the two bows
On the station of Qaba Qawsain
Listened to the sound from six sides
Witnessed the light upon light
Did the zikre of great name
Repeated not words nor letters
Composed not sounds with zer-o-bum
Sealed lips, eyes, and ears
Never broke the seal
To pronounce the great name
Hour by hour, day by day
Eared to the command of lord
Immersed in the sounding ocean
Ha, Hu, He: la ilaha illa hu
Became one with the great name
Inner ears, eyes and tongue opened-
Ignorance disappeared
The tongue opened with elegant speech;
The heart lit up with radiant light
I took an oath on his hand,
Under the Holy Willow Tree
Sweet birds on whose branches
Sang melodious and cheerful songs
The sun rose up from the west
Emitted cool light upon light
In my heart spacious inside
I may not speak his name,
But know! that boatman rowed the boat
Through the turbulent river
He took me to the Sultan of truth
Tchu sultan soze wayan
Goshaw pannew buuz masia
The Great Sultan invites my soul
With flute, harp, bell and drumbeat
Come to Me, come to Me, come to Me
In joy and delight I answered

Labaika, Labaika, Allahuma labaika

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Song Of Bee

SONG OF BEE

Flying, dancing, whirling around
One and all in chorus sing
When the morning bird is still asleep
My spirit sings and sounds deep
The song of bee raises me up
The song of bee makes me do rounds of Kàba
The song of bee makes me kiss the black stone
The song of bee is audible to the watching ear
The song of bee is inaudible to deaf and drunken
The song of bee enlives the spirit and soul
The song of bee all the time echoes
The song of bee guides the astray
The song of bee frees from the prison
The song of bee gives meaning to life
The song of bee takes backhome:
To the Queen's grand palace: the eternal home
Does it sing for all? No! Surely not!
Bees buz and bumble not for all
Dancing as whirling Derveshes do
Secretly to me they whisper hu hu hu
Come on! The Queen is calling you
Freedom is possible by her single wink
Waiting outside the palace avails not
The Queen sends a sealed message to you
"You are not free if you live not in my hive
You have no choice but to dive into my ocean
To free you from the prison of other
In love I throw my gates open to you
Come on! Live in me, with me, and for me
Like a drop falls back into a sea

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mirror-World

Mirror-world

Standing before a mirror
Shadow against shadow
Speaking one-on-one
Inviting, staring, talking
You are the one I look for
I would love to hug you
I always yearn to gaze at you
I love you, I love you, I love you
You have wrested me away from me
You're the one I am looking for
You are the one I burn for
You have gripped my heart and soul
You are in my image
You display all my attributes
You are my life
Your love slays me not
You are my solace
You are my comfort
Your love grieves me not
You are never apart from me
Why this mirror shows us two
Who is it! Is it me!
Oh! I'm a crazy lover
I love my own image
My other exists not
All are my own images
In the mirror world around me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Amazing Sights

In the theatre of self, you must,
Listen to the melodious music
More and more for infinite time
Until you get light and delight
The light upon light shall shine
Your inner eye shall view amazing sights!
You shall shine for ever, knowing your self
In the celestial form; In the Lord's sphere
Nothing to fear; You are in perfect peace
There is nothing here to disturb your peace
Dwell here for ever in absolute peace
You are in perfect harmony with God
Released from the toils of the earth
You have died a spiritual death,
Believe me my friend! you won't die again
You come to know what is eternal:
Without beginning, without ending
Nasar Babà më wutch tsà wàtch ni gatsh
(Baba Nasar, I have witnessed,
You, too, go and witness)

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Chinar Tree

CHINAR TREE

Chinar tree, mighty and resolute,
Deep rooted; strong and tall
Its cool shade beats all,
In scorchy summer days
Even with a meak breeze,
Its branches gently sway
Fights bravely the fiercest storms,
Stands upright; shames to fall
When brown and rotten from inside,
Shelters in its cave friends and foes
Kashmiris are like chinar trees
Loving, never loosing cool
Unbending and yielding not
To the fierest oppressors
Until the fifth August, I didn't know
If I could resist the mighty wind
But, now, I've found, to my pride
I am, surely, the Chinar tree,
I'm stronger than I ever knew.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Fire Your Bullets

FIRE YOUR BULLETS

Playing 'fight and hide'
The crazy children sing
Burn our homes
Our hearts are already ablaze
Our green pastures are dried up
Fire your bullets
Your villains are playing
On the streets of their land
They won't run away
On seeing the sniffer dogs
They play to fertilise their land
With their fearless blood
Like innocent seeds
They are impatient to grow
To be a promising generation
Fully conscious of their plight
Fire your bullets
They want to refresh with blood
Their motherland
In every corner they stand
To fight and resist
Wherever they are
Nostalgia for this land
Is fused with their blood
Fire your bullets
They don't care hailstorm
They dare to stop
The annihilating thunder
You cannot bully them
To make them vacate
Their playground

Mohammad Younus

Spring

SPRING

The spring - the season of bees and lovers - has set in,
The sky is clear - No frost, no snow, anywhere,
Fresh breeze blows away chilly cold,
Colourful flowers, and singing birds are smiling,
Roads to the highland meadows are open,
Meadows and valleys are adorned like brides -
lush green grass and gleaming flowers everywhere,
Innocent flocks grazing with joy,
My sweetheart is showing me deep love,
She is speaking to me with a fairy smile,
Rain showers are pouring down,
Soothing me with a little pinch,
Like a mother teasing her child,
Don't worry child! Merciful father is filling your rivers,
To bless you with a good harvest.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Key Of Mystery

KEY OF MYSTERY

I asked my Pëer for the key of mystery,
Instantly, He blew the mystic word In my ear-
Wake up, my darling, from deep slumber;
You have slept for countless ions,
Wake up, your true master, lives near you,
Know your neighbour -the eternal lord
Listen: He is calling you from dawn to dusk,
Take your seat on the Harmôkh mountain,
And gaze there at infinite light, ÷
Expanded in and out of your self,
O', it is as sweet as the Morning- Azaan,
All the time, calling me to eternity,
The melody of love swells and expands,
It's rhythmic notes detach me from earthly bonds,
My Beloved gleams in my eyes,
And enables me to see the reality of all things.

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

My Haj

MY HAJ

I go in widening circles -
Seven circles around the Kàba,
Chanting Labaika, Allahuma Labaik,
Listening to the mysterious sound,
Longing to fly out beyond myself,
To God's Kingdom!
I may not ever complete the Haj,
But, I give myself to the mystic sound
I circle around the Kàba -
The reflection of my heart -the primordial house!
I have been circling around it,
Since the day of Alast,
I am burning with passion to know:
What is inside the Kàba?
The delightful music! Or the brightful light
To remove my delusion, He speaks on my tongue -
I am Allah, the insider; I am Allah, the outsider,
Open the heart-eye, and see me ==
Within the veils, and without the veils,
Nothing exists except me.

Mohammad Younus

Secret Word

SECRET WORD

Everything on earth is good —=
God didn't create anything bad,
He manifests himself in all things,
All things mirror his attributes,
Of all the things He created,
Man is the largest sized mirror,
In which He sees His full being,
He is neither United nor distinct from His things,
If I say, He is within man, the philosophers will laugh at me ==
How can a finite thing hold infinite!
If I say He is without Man, Gnostics will jeer at me ==
Who lives in man? Is Man void inside?
It is a sheer nonsense ==
God pervades whole space and whole time,
Who are you to deny him space within Man?
Let me express the secret word ==
Man can be known through God alone,
God can be known through man alone.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Crash Of Nothingness

CRASH OF NOTHINGNESS

Of whom so sweet a word to hear!
Of whom so glowing a sun to bear!
Like a summer sun glowing on the glacier,
Melts me away to my first home,
Back into the ocean!
On the back of the roaring river,
Proving to me my nothingness,
But I am not closed in a grave,
I am back into the vastness of the eternity,
To which my true being adheres,
As a drop I cling to the ocean,
A crash of nothingness sends me back,
How similar I am to the ocean!

Mohammad Younus



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Know God

KNOW GOD

When you know,
You will be questioned for:
Your thinking and your feeling;
Your listening and your seeing;
Your speaking and your breathing;
Your meditation and your contemplation
When you know,
Your Soul will be questioned about its pledge,
Your Soul will be questioned about ills and goods,
When you know,
The adage of olden times: -
If you know your self, you will know your lord,
Your roaming in darkness shall stop,
But, What have you Man, that can be known?
Clay, water, air, and fire!
Rathet annihilate your self, and know your God,
You will realise, God alone is pure and perfect,
From Him is your beginning; to Him is your ending.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Know By Yourself

You travel far and wide,
To know the truth,
But, absolutely, an exercise in vain.
The truth cannot be known,
By travelling endlessly,
Through seven valleys and seven seas,
No matter, How extensive, and,
How intensive,
The journey might be.
The Truth is closer,
Than the jagular vein.
You are like a thirsty man,
Standing in water,
But, still crying out for water,
To quench his thirst,
You are like a person who goes,
To a desert to catch fish,
You are like an Arab Bedouin,
Who searches the lost camel,
On the terrace of his house,
Or, you are like a stupid,
Who churns water,
To get butter and ghee.
What a pity!
Only a spiritual master can tell you,
What the eternal truth is?
Where and how it is to be known?
His sighns are to be seen everywhere -
In utmost horizons and in your soul,
He is in your souls,
Will you not then see?
But, you have to know Him by yourself,
A sloth cannot go along the mystic way.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Haq

I AM HAQ

I am not a mere shadow,
I am Haq, not created for a jest,
I have got a scroll of secrets
In my vast breast,
I am a fathomless ocean,
I hide in my own vastness,
I know the essential truth,
But, I am often misguided,
by a hooded Satan,
He desires to keep me ignorant,
About my essential truth,
He firesshots at my heart,
But, my beloved is standing by,
He calls merepeatedly -
Come on, come on -
You are only one step behind,
So pray to your lord, and sacrifice,
See yourself with your heart's eye,
Not through your imagination,
Lo, in your annihilation is my affirmation.

Mykoulou

Mohammad Younus

Keep Silence

KEEP SILENCE

Shut your mouth,
O' old chitter chatter,
And sew up it all tight,
with a cobbler's awl,
Like patching a boot,
And travel to all places,
Attend all gatherings,
Listen to all speakers,
But keep silence,
At least till the end of life,
For you speak in public,
The secrets of love,
And enjoy lecturing to,
An assembly of yawners.

Mohammad Younus



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A Magical Guitar

A MAGICAL GUITAR

One day I dreamed,
The fall of the sun,
I tried to catch the light -
That was scattered,
In the palm of my heart,
I stretched my arms,
Around the last escaping light,

I searched for myself -
Sifting through piles of light waves,
I started running back and forth,
I hung around in the old taverns,
Sipping cup after cup,
I met with the friends of light,
Talked to the lovers of music,
Rubbed the shoulders with great mystics,
Sat with ascetics and scholars,
In the solitary corner in my hermitage,
I spent long hours meditating,
reflecting on my light being,
I went up the hills and down the
streets,
To look for a divine master,
Who would tell me the hidden truth,

Good God! I met an old faqër,
On a little island in a wooden hut,
He gave me a magical guitar,
But forbade me to play on it,
I went into my balcony stealthily
Playing at the guitar, listening with heart
The divine tunes, making endless circles around me

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Natural Flute

NATURAL FLUTE

Your flute is a thing of wood,
A reed cut from a reedbed,
The flutist gives it a sound,
By blowing his breath into it
Pleasing to the five senses,
Yet, there is a natural flute,
That echoes all the time,
Mystics call it cosmic sound
The lovers love this mystical flute
By heart and soul, they hear -
Its soft and melodious sound,
Riding on the sound waves,
They sail back to eternity,
Leaving behind the shadow world,
And resettle in peace eternally

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

My Name

MYNAME

By day and by night, your name
At dawn and at dusk, your name,
Only your name spins through my head,
Like a man in torren Phiran,
Ruffled hair, and riddled speech,
Having lost the balance of mind,
Only your name slips through my lips,
Like a fish slips into water,
from the hands of a fisherman

I lift a paper, your name,
I put something away, your name,
I enter the mosque, your name,
I enter the tavern, your name,
But who are you?
Who has named you?
Then comes a swift answer,
Like a flash after a thunder,
I am your name, you have named me,
In order to play a love game,
In my parliament of souls,
I whisper your name
Amazing! I am singing my own name,
Wherever I go, I take my guitar with me,
Singing my name melodiously.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Supplication

MY SUPPLICATION

My grace, my soul's soul,
Our parting is ions old,
I want your love,
Sure and safe from error,
Love that sits in the heart,
Love that beats in the breast,
Love that fills my inner vessel,

As long as I'm alive,
I'll keep on yearning for you,
At each and every sunrise, I shall supplicate
At each and every dusk, I shall beseech
For your sound and light,
Through day and night

Do not let me wander in,
The green pastures of this world,
Take me up above, to be your companion,
But, He retorted me with a crisp reply,
Can you jump up to the sky for me?
Can you cut your roots to the earth?
Can you fly to the celestial garden?
Where I am waiting for you,
On the spring of Kawthar,
I would like to know,
If you are really ready,
To fly over the mountains and the chasms,
And sip the abi kawthar,
I give you enough time,
To think for it coolly

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Nightingale Calls

NIGHTINGALE CALLS

On the bough of the Chinar tree,
There is a nightingale Singing,
Inside the thick green foliage,
It's love songs at the dawn,
Call me from darkness to light,
To the mountains of legendary Farhad,
To the place where Majnun talks to the raven:
Hello, please, take my message to Layla,
I am here waiting for you,
Away from the envying eye,

It's love songs call me back to Eden,
Where Adam and Eve talked sweet,
Under the shade of the forbidden tree,
And stared at a wheat grain covetously -
Shall we taste it or not?
If I were Eve, I wouldn't heed to Satan,
Thank goodness! I'm not Eve,
I vow never to fall in Satan's snares,

I long going back to Eden,
Assigned to me in preeternity,
I want to return, now,
To the simple beginnings of myself,
The nightingale sees through my thoughts,
Calls me back to the beginning of memory,

Lo, the nightingale is in my breast,
Chirping in its mellow voice:
I am leaving; I am leaving; I must hurry up,
I must step back into life eternal,
I must expand my existence,
I am leaving, I am leaving, at last:
Into the open space, into the boundless vastness,
Would that I get free!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Should Get Up Now

I SHOULD GET UP NOW

I should get up now
I am well near the last hour,
I should clear now,
The mirror of my heart,
Filmed with dust -
Duality and worldly rust -

I should get up now,
I still have enough time,
To stop the poisonous arrows,
Hunting down my eyes,

I should get up now,
Write the poems of love,
On the pages of my heart,
That I must read,
When on my deathbed,

I should get up now,
It is past midnight,
I must get out of my cosy bed,
Strike the chords of my guitar,
Hanging on the wall of my heart,

I should get up now,
Stop playing the guitar,
Welcome the beaming sun,
Good God! it is my joyful dawn,
I have been waiting for.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

God Made The Human Heart

GOD MADE THE HUMAN HEART

You chose a corner for worship,
In the blood-drenched worship place,
The house of a cruel god!
Adorned with gold and jewels,
Furnished with silky carpets of Iran,
Cool in summer and warm in winter,
What do we need from such a place?
This is just a place built by sectarian hands,
Who divided humanity into quarreling pieces,
God Made the human heart,
The sacred place of worship,
Where rains of mercy always pour,
Where you can find, to your joy,
The fathomless ocean of elixir,
Talked of by mystics in their poems,
You chose a place of refuge,
In grand mausoleums of dead saints,
It leads to a void love,
It leads to the beauty of delusion,
It leads to the peace of pain,
Can a mute speak to a deaf?
Can a living show his face to a blind?
Ask God to show us a living sign,
Like Shoaib in the valley of Tuwa,
Who made Moses see,
The glowing light from a distance,
And listen to the tuneful divine speech,
From the speaking and glowing tree-
The mellow divine speech!
That the souls heard on the day of Alast,
Let's listen to that speech again,
Return to the place of eternity,
Where we made our first love.

Mykoul

Seek Knowledge

SEEK KNOWLEDGE

A strange disease of vision!
Has ravaged this nation -
Rampant like deadly cancer
We can't win against China,
A nuclear nation
Nonetheless,
Those with virtue and righteousness,
Those who detest discrimination,
Those who side with the downtrodden,
Those who resist cultural invasion,
Those who love peace and freedom,
Those who value knowledge and wisdom,
Those who like to write history,
Will surely deliver this nation,
From Darkness into the light,
Destroying the enemies,
Like lightning, and forceful sound,
At the same time, remember,
The prophet's saying:
Seek knowledge, even if,
You May have to go to a country,
As far as China is.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

God's Miracle

GOD'SMIRACLE

At the center
of my essence -
God's light
I am,

A living soul -
wrapped in God's light,
I am,

He blew into me,
His light -
That matters -
In the sounding body,
I am,

An echoing sound,
Wrapping the universe
I am,

God's miracle,
Outstanding,
I am,

He never stops,
Giving me His light
Grateful to Him,
For the gift of life,
I am,

His reflection,
On the earth,
I am,

His vicegerant,
Upon the earth,
I am.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am All Alone

I AM ALL ALONE

In my rosegarden
I am alone,
Drinking by myself
The pure wine,
The elixir -
That intoxicates not,
Nor makes crazy,
Who is in the cup?
A teetotaller!
Ahh! he cannot drink,
Wherever I go,
He accompanies me
If I sing,
He sings with me
If I dance,
He dances with me
If I am in peace,
He too is in peace
If I am in trouble,
He too is in trouble -
Never saying a word;
I have none other here -
Neither friends, nor foes
But, I can use him,
For my company,
In the hour of happiness -
With none around me
I sit and sing with him,
As if he is I,
Yes, of course!
It is I - my shadow,
When I am drunk,
It fades away
I hope never again,
In future, we shall meet,
I am all alone,
I was all alone,

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I will be all alone,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Perfect Lover

A PERFECT LOVER

Through countless ions,
A perfect lover has never changed,
He loves, loves, and loves the truth,
He neither lives nor dies,
At the end of day, see his account,
No gain! No loss! a breakeven point,
He is, what he was;
He will be, what he is,
He is neither pure nor tainted;
He is neither good nor bad,
He neither laments nor desires,
He admits not division of time,
Present, past or future time,
He is neither enlightened nor unenlightened,
He is the word of God, shining with His light,
He resonates with celestial sound,
From the day of pledge, he is free from all bonds
He needs not strive for liberation,
Light and sound are his essential aspects.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

His Throne Of Light

HIS THRONE OF LIGHT

From my beginning,
From times long past,
I am His hidden treasure,
Stored in my sounding box,
He brought me forth from Nothing,
He gave me form and order,
He shaped me into a beautiful being,
A facsimile of his own beauty,
He blew into me from His spirit,
To make me creative, imaginative, and innovative,
Now, He summons me back,
By infusing His love in me,
My love flows out of his love,
To bring me forth from the hidden well,
He makes me ascend step by step,
Leading up to His throne of light,
Annihilating me in His shine.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Here I Am

HERE I AM

From all corners of the world,
Pilgrims come to circumbulate,
The kàbah: the house of God -
Standing in the middle of the earth,
Right below the Bait al màmur,
That the angels go round all the time,
They imagine the holy rounds,
Would purge them of all sins,

There is yet another holiest mosque,
Standing in the vast space of myself,
I hear here God calling out to me,
Here I am! Here I am! Here I am!
That is the call I have been waiting for,

Like the lightening and sound of thunder,
It causes fine cracks in the majestic structures,
That I have built over my lifetime,
And then the cracks quickly expand,
Suddenly, the whole edifice crumbles down,
Now, an empty space around - filled with single life,
I am happy I live in this ruined space,
Every faqir lives in his own ruins,
And knows divine in his self.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Story Of A Seeker

STORY OF A SEEKER

With a desire to seek the mystic truths,
I went to a far off place -
the home-village of a psychotic faqeer,
I sat cross-legged, face to face,
He examined me from head to toes,
With a forceful eye, he gazed at me,
He muttered some muddled words,
But nothing, honestly, I could know,
He acted like a tricky trickster -
Staring into my sullen eyes -
As if looking through his third eye,
As if whispering secrets untold,
That I could never understand,
Tell me, please, I asked myself,
What lies in these jumbled words,
That sound like woeful curses,
Rather than the valued pearls-
That I was eager to buy,
How stupid to sit with a demented Pëër!

I read the books by ancient sages-
Whose bones are buried in dark graves -
Under thousand-ton tomb stones,
Their sayings full of wisdom -
Clear, clean and true,
But they profited me, but a little,
The personal touch was most needed
But, How can the dead speak!

At the end, I found the secret sage,
He lives in my expansive heart,
He reads out to me the divine pages,
From he hidden book of knowledge,
Written on my soul by the divine pen,
Which explains the sublime truths-
Not fabricated in the mind-furnace,
He teaches me slowly and lovingly-

The science of life and its mysteries,
He told me secretly, who I am,
I am grateful to my divine master,
Sitting on the golden pedestal,
In the hall of light and music,
Revealing to me the mystic truths,
Leading me to places unexplored,
I cherish no one in my vast heart-
Other than my divine master,
He is, who He is; I am, who I am.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Mount Nur

THE MOUNT NUR

The Mount Nur holds in its breast the holy cave,
Where the prophet feels and thinks,
About God and his suffering people,
And receives God's light immense-
The light that illuminates the believers' heart,
The light that sweetens the believers' mind,
The light that opens the lids of soul's eyes,
The light that illuminates the universe,
The light that strikes the chords of soul's guitar,
The light that delights the honey bees-
They collect the nectar and rejoice,
They buzz and dance in the sea of light-
Like the whirling derweishes,
Gabriel comes here in man's guise,
Heralded by the belling sound,
Delivers the message of God:
Read the divine book of secrets,
In the name of lord who creates,
And teaches man with His pen,
The enlightened child of God thus perceives
Light is the core of human life

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Hold God Under My Cloak

I HOLD GOD UNDER MY CLOAK

My Lord! I see you diffused,
Through all the universe,
Expressing your beauty;
Expressing your wisdom;
Expressing your speech;
Expressing your light;
Expressing your hearing;
Expressing your power;
Expressing your will;
Expressing your action;
Through all the things that-
You created from nothing,
Through the command of Kun,
Thus, all things are nothing,
But pure Shades Divine,
Kindled by your light,
You created Adam in your image-
Most expressive of your attributes,
Created him from a sounding clay;
Irradiated him with your dazzling light;
Blew of your spirit into a mortal shrine-
When you shine upon a human soul,
And make that listen to your sweet melody,
In ecstasy, the illumined soul cries:
I hold God under my cloak

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Pen Of God

PEN OF GOD

Read in the name of your lord,
Who created you from his spirit-
Taught you through His pen,
The verses of wisdom,
He holds the pen in his hand,
Dips that in his own inkpot-
The universal intelligence,
Writes on the parchment of heart,
No one can stop His pen-
from writing his taqdeer
No supplication! No intercession!
None can intercede with him-
to cancell even a word
All is predisposed by Him-
In the book of knowledge,
fused with human heart,
Whose verses tell man-
To do the God's will,
This is the secret of Kun,
Man is God's active agent,
He is like a pen in divine hands

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Vanity

VANITY

Once, a rich man invited to dinner,
Some scholars of religious sciences.
He stood on the door of his banquet hall,
To receive his honoured guests.
He asked each of his guests-
A single question-
Are you the most qualified one?
He that should sit on the golden chair?
Each one, nodded his head with pride,
And said-I am that one.
He was perplexed and got upset,

Next time, he invited to his banquet,
The outcast faqirs of his city-
After a great persuasion,
They agreed to come
But, on one condition -
a simple dinner,
The rich man asked them-
The same question-
While standing on the entrance -
Who amongst you is the best?
He will be my Guest-of-honour,
Each of them replied:
The one who follows me,
Then came the last one, he said:
He who came first of all is the best.
The rich man got perplexed-
And urged the leader,
Please, let me know the mystery hidden,
In your reply to my question.
Kindly the leader said:
Vanity is the greatest sin- -
Each one of us is a drop of the same ocean,
A torchbearer of the same light- -
All sages are like the beads of the same rosary.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Single Existence

SINGLE EXISTENCE

As long as a single faqir-
Believing in single existence-
Lives upon the earth,
I'm sure,
The creed of muwahedeen will survive.
There are some who claim,
We have no illusion of duality-
We are liberated!
But, I am afraid-
Their claim in itself is a delusion,
They are still locked up in their Self-
Only when they obliterate their false self,
Can they comprehend clearly-
The unity in its diversity

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Inner Conscience

INNER CONSCIENCE

I am within but nobody sees me,
I speak but nobody can hear me,
I live in confinement inside,
In a solitary cell, with no one around,
I am a stranger to my outer self,
I watch him from inside,
He looks rather busy-
In his mundane pursuits,
I take note of my busy outsider,
I walk to Him to chase away all his fears,
I impell him to right action,
But, Satan is his trusted friend,
Is this what he really lives for!
With nothing to show at the end!
Let him heed my warnings,
That I give him from hour to hour,
And start from the very beginning-
When he was in my image,
When we were not strangers to each other,
When we were facsimiles of each other,
When we shared the same nature,
On which God had created man
Lo! I am your inner being, your
Conscience

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See The Real

SEE THE REAL

Dear soul,
See the Real in your inner self,
Know that actually you are He,
You are the Universal Nut- -Shell, kernel, and its core,
Your hearing, your sight, your speech, Your thought, and your action- -all He.
You are nothing; You are everything,
You imagine you are separate from Him,
This is but a delusive dream!
When you awake, you will find-
All that you see is He.
You are the mother book,
The author of this book is He,
You are the imprint of all His names,
You are the expression of his attributes,
You are the mirror of his beauty,
You contain in yourself-the boundless He
You are the greatest universe,
Know yourself, you will know He

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Back To The Ocean Of Truth

BACK TO THE OCEAN OF TRUTH

Dear soul!

You are a drop of the ocean of Truth,

Do not swim in the sea of illusion,

The bubbles of that sea-

Like bright snares-

Playing musical-damsels,

Shall entrap you-

Telling you all the time,

You are he whom we adore,

But, know this is a mirage,

It will take you far and far-

Away from the ocean of truth-

Distance will grow longer and longer,

As you chase the fleeting mirage

On and on,

Good soul, come back to your home,

Come out of this sea of illusion,

Come up on the shore,

And walk to the ocean of truth

You shall hear there a beautiful voice,

A drop out of ocean is nothing- -

In the ocean it is all in all,

I'll ask of the merciful God,

Nothing more for you.

Good luck, my dear soul!

You are back to where you're from,

Not caged by time and space,

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Story Of Creation

MY STORY OF CREATION

The day He created me,
I did not ask Him,
Why? What I have to do?
And, What if I don't do?
He had not studded my crown with ego,
Then He blew into me from His spirit,
That was the day of my coronation,
Now was I crowned with ego,
I was appointed as viceroy of God,
A distinctive honour!
Preferred over all his creatures,
A great calamity befell me,
I was cast away from Eden,
For not living up to my ego- -
I followed in the steps of Satan,
My ego shattered,
I started viewing myself as His other,
I adored the superficial, material world,
I started forgetting my lord,
Suddenly I ceased to matter,
As a vicegerant of God,
I repented, and regained my
position,
I came back to my true being,
Now I no longer care about,
What the world thinks of me- -
A believer or an apostat.
I live in the wonderful realisation,
That I am nothing but light,
That I am nothing but truth,
I celebrate my greatness- -
On this Night Of Power.
I am the magnificent reflection of God,
Allahu Akbar!

Mykoul

Learn From A Living Sage

LEARN FROM A LIVING SAGE

When you find a living sage,
Wait not till a mausoleum is built upon his grave,
Don't miss the golden opportunity,
Sit in his presence, as you sit in Tashahud,
While you pray
Collect from him the rare pearls of wisdom- -
In the vast bowl of your heart,
Neither the dead can speak to you,
Nor can a blind show you the path
Nor an unborn sage can profit you
Remember what the true sages say-
Waiting for a promised sage,
Not coming in our lifetime,
Is just a child's fantasy,
That never comes true.

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Collect The Pearls

COLLECT THE PEARLS

If you have a passion to know the mystic truth,
Set on the enemies of truth in your heart,
Set out on the mystic way,
Knock at every door of mystics,
Begging for the mystic food,
The imaginary Razhônz lives upon,
The pearl stones are his staple food-
Not the dead bones or carrion,
That the vultures feast on,
Collect the treasures of pearls from all sages,
The more you collect,
The more closer to truth you will be,
Your quest for more pearls must not stop,
Your urge and curiosity must grow, with every additional pearl you get.
There is no end to learning,
The more you learn, the more you wonder,
The more you wonder, the more you drink- -
from the cup of sages,
The more you drink, the more you shall know,
The more you know, the more truths shall unfold,
The more you unfold, the less ignorant you will be- -
About your essential truth.
When you know the essential truth,
You won't see the differences in God's creation,
The walls of separation shall fall down- -
You shall witness the single truth,
Manifested in all things that be.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Who Am I

WHO AM I?

Who am I?

Every hour I create my new identity,
Every hour a mysterious hand moves,
With a compass on my point,
To draw a new circle around me
Circle upon circle,
Each circle is given a new name,
I am farther away from my true identity,
Who I am?

I am concealed within the circles,
My circles are the expressions of my being,
My each expression is different-
Contradicting and competing,
I am the centre of all circles,
I am the invisible hand-
That moves the compass,
I am the creator, I am the destroyer,
I am the inventor, I am the innovater,
I am the seer, I am the blind,
I am the hearer, I am the deaf,
I am the speaker, I am the dumb,
I am the doer, I am the non-doer,
I am the thinker, I am the thought,
Nothing moves unless I move,
I am a multidimensional being,
But still concealed and invisible,
God has made me in His image,
Somebody has given Him my name
I am nothing!
Can nothing be given a name?

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Unity In Diversity

Unity In Diversity

God is one light,
Diffused into multi colours,
His light has no colour,
It is black, black, black!
But His light is a pellucid ocean,
Concealed from the human eye,
A boundless ocean, the source of all life,
That He created to display His power,
To show His beauty in diverse faces,
Behold His single beauty- -
All in one, and one in all

He made man a bipolar being- -
with two opposite aspects:
A part earthly and a part divine-
One at war with other, to test,
If man stands with good or evil
To Him is our return sure,
Provided we win the war against evil

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Journey

The Journey

One day I got to know,
What finally I had to do
And started on the journey

The voices around me,
kept shouting to me-
Don't leave this world,
Of beautiful damsels,
Verdant pastures,
Under the blue space,
Sweet fruit and flowers,

I began to tremble,
I felt the iron rope,
Tugged to my neck,
Someone pulling it,
With great force-
Mend your plan!
Do not travel to mystic lan

This world is a reality,
God has not created it for naught,
Each voice cried out to me,
But I didn't stop

I knew what I had to do,
It was the fiercest wind,
I resisted with all might,
I left all the voices behind,
And thrust into my ears,
My index fingers

My fears were terrible,
Little by little,
My old structures,
Developed cracks,
And fell to the ground

A new voice!
Most powerful, most inviting,
But soft and sweet,
Welcomed me,
And led me,
Deeper and deeper,
Into the world,
Unexplored before,

I recognised it,
It was my own voice,
I am determined,
To follow it,
And fulfil God's wish

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Secret Of Life

SECRET OF LIFE

I said, Who am I?
He said, You are me
I said, Who are you?
He said, I am you.
We are inter-are.
I said, you grow flowers in my garden
He said, you will get the fragrance
I said, you pour rain on my garden
He said, your flowers will not suffer.
I said, I am here to do your will
He said, I am here to support you
I said, then tell me- Why this chaos?
Why this confusion?
He said, chasing after the wind brings chaos.
Allowing it to blow freely, teaches you to resist
Fall and stand, That is the secret of life

Mykoul



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Self Adoration

SELF ADORATION

Self adoration leads to unrest,
You get disturbed internally,
You get disturbed externally,
If you lose your self to others,
All differentiation will go,
All polarisation will vanish,
All will be alike in your sight,
All things together in the world
Will be as if your extended-self
You will be all fit to serve others
You will win true love of others
You will be at peace with all,
Without any heartburn or headache
Thus shall you apply your true self
You shall attain to all round peace
You shall attain to eternal truth
That has neither birth nor death
You will forget hope and fear
You will rather take dips
In the ocean of immortality

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Man

MAN

All that prevails in the universe
Limited by time and space
Determined by form and shape,
Determined by colour and sound
Man alone is different and unique
Like other objects,
He has form and shape,
He has colour and sound
But He is not limited to these aspects
He is not contained in an earthenware
He is too vast,
He is formless within
He is beyond directions
Nothing can stand in his way
He is hidden in his own secret
His nature is rooted in the eternal one
His vitality, his power hide in secret of unity

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Mystical Dream

A MYSTICAL DREAM

I see a mystic believer in my dream,
He's literally talking to God,
He believes God is talking in the heaven,
And he listens to Him on the earth,
He's unusually pleasant, and contented-
unmindful of ugliness.

He says I open my ears to God,
He explains the book of knowledge,
He's averse to all that is unreal,
He says this world is a child's fantasy,
Like an innocent child, he burries,
His head in mother's breasts,
So as not to see and recognise,
Someone other than his mother,
He murmurs to himself:

Light is life, the music is it's breath

In my dream I met him on the roadside,
On the same road, that leads to Eden

He's telling me:

When you turn your back to the world, you will hear the celestial music-

Look up, look around, He says

When I look up, and turn my eyes around,

I see no other thing but the cool and bright light-
a white blanket spread over the garden

We sat side by side in the garden

Watching to our amazement- -

No sun, no moon in the garden

no planets, no stars in the garden

No hot, No cold; in the garden

No day, No night, in the garden

No seasons rotate in the garden

But still the garden is shining,

And glittering with light upon light

It is this light that I adore and love

Mykoul

God's Light

GOD'S LIGHT

God's light is in all creation
Visible and invisible
God's light is in all direction
It is not of the east
It is not of the west
The light is living
The light is self sustaining
The light is all creativity
The light is inseparable from Him
The light permeates all things
That He created by His command
Man is special to him
He honoured him
Made him a superlord
Over Jinnie and angels
He blew from his spirit into him
He gave him all knowledge
And made him unique
Even the angels are on the edge
But he is like God's lost child
God remembers him all the time
He calls him back so lovingly
He is constantly in God's gaze
He plays for him a great music
Like the sound of waterfalls
Until the flames of love burn in him
And he yearns to return
To his eternal home
He sails through tsunamis
He climbs up the mountain Qaf
And finally reaches the summit
Looks down and witnesses
One light spread out
One light shimmers
On everything
The light is in me
The light is in all

Whom should I call good
Whom should I call bad
Whom should I call a friend
Whom should I call a foe
Delusion! Delusion! Delusion!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

What After Death

WHAT AFTER DEATH

It doesn't interest me
what I do
Where I go
While I live

It interests me
What I will do
Where I will go
After I die

It doesn't interest me
If I dare dream
To meet my lord
While I live

It interests me
If I take a new life
Or stay in the Barzakh
After I die

It doesn't interest me
What circles become
Around my point
While I live

It interests me
What is the point
I will move around
After I die

It doesn't interest me
What hymns
I chant
While I live

It interests me
How will I chant

Hymns and prayers
After I die

It doesn't interest me
If I am space-bound
If I am time-bound
While I live

It interests me
If I be space-free
If I be time-free
After I die

It does not interest me
If I am finite
If I am infinite
While I live

It interests me
If I will know my infinity
After I die

Let me tell the truth:
Here and there
Mean nothing to me
I will be always here
Don't visit my grave
Under the tombstone!
My clay frame alone!
Overtime that must decay
Look at the blue canopy
Look at the verdant meadows
Look at the glowing sun
Look at the shining galaxies
Look at the colourful spring
Look at the golden autumn
Look at gentle breezes
Look at forceful winds
Look at chirping birds
You will find the single life
I would say I am the life
But still I am in the clay frame

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Primal Conscience

PRIMAL CONSCIOUSNESS

A voice calls me always
Sometimes it comes as a soft
Jingling bell
Sometimes it comes as a bee buzzing sound
Sometimes it comes as a calming waterfall sound
Sometimes it comes as a sweet flute sound
But always it says:
Wake up, my child.
You are living in slumber
There's no safety in that!
Remember:
What you are
Where you come from
Why you here are
Let a deeper meditation
Open to you the secret hidden
You are God's full-size mirror
That reflects all his attributes
That you are God's agent
That executes what He wills
There is no fun in waiting for someone
To whisper in your ear
The answers to your questions
No point in getting to searching outside
What you are looking for outside
That already you hold in your self
Right now you are like a hungry spirit
Wearing yourself out with no profit
Come home and rest
Give up this fruitless search
Let yourself be one of the Self-mad
Faithful only to the beauty you are
Let the beauty hold you close
Remember the prophet's saying
God is beautiful and loves the
Beauty
So playing mellow music to you

While rocking your cradle
Remember, there is one beauty in your whole being
When you behold it, give your life to it
Don't be squint-eyed
Gaze at it attentively to lose yourself
Completely to the divine beauty
This is the primal consciousness
Now no mystery remains
You know the divine light in you
You have known your lord

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am A Servant Of God

I AM A SERVANT OF GOD

Am I or am I not,
Is not my dilemma
Here and hereafter,
Is not my concern
Hell or Heaven,
Is not my abode
It is real madness,
To ignore who I am
I am, I was, I will be,
A servant of God

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Seven Sins

SEVEN SINS

Come near, my darling, come near,
Let us sit together, and talk love,
In the hollow of Chenar tree;
let us talk sweet eye on eye,
Let you not turn your eyes away,
How can it bring peace to you!
My love, my beauty, my blessings
All for you -you are my first choice
The bell is clinking on your head,
You damn care to ear it by heart,
It goes on sounding without stop- -
Give your ear, open your eyes;
Feel my presence on every side,
With the magical flute, under my lips,
I Call you to listen to my word- -
For your welfare and pleasure;
The flute sounds the secret word-
Listen to this word single heartedly,
And join the cult of my lovers;
As long as you live on the earth;
Convert your Satan to Islam with my word,
So that he submits to you as a believer,
Come, and do ablution with my light,
He who is purified by such ablution,
Never falls in the snares of sins seven -
Anger, avarice, envy, and passion
Pride, conceit and ostentation

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Love

MY LOVE

My Love! You are my golden religion
My Love! You are my single goal
My Love! You are pleased with me
My Love! You offer me a thrilling drink
My love! You are the water of life for me
My Love! You keep on singing for me
My Love! You are boundless light
My Love! You glitter my palacious heart
My Love! You are a sea of peace
My Love! You desire me from the first day
My Love! You are my lord
My Love! You are my Layla,
My Love! You are my sun,
My Love! I am your reflection
My Love! You love me from eternity
My Love! You haveno beginning
My Love! You have no ending
My Love! You are the eternal source
My love! You are my stream of consciousness
My Love! You carry me on and on- -
As a strong river carries the water,
Back to the original sea
My love! I worship you from the first day

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Spiritual Mind

SPIRITUAL MIND

All that veils your vision,
All that plugs your hearing,
All that knots your speech,
All that rusts your heart,
Must be annihilated;
A false guru asks you to annihilate-
Your reasoning power,
Which is the speciality of humans-
That is a false teaching,
Which kills your selfhood;
Sharpen your reasoning power,
By the sharpener of spiritual mind-
You shall hear the mystical caller,
Calling you to your lord.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Secret Music

SECRET MUSIC

There is a secret music, I often listen,
Not by planning, Nor by effort-
The music which never breaks off
The flute of lord never stops,
It dips me in the music of eternity;
Amillion others settled in my heart,
Are thrown off as non-entity.
But imprints of their presence still remain,
As darkest myths I loved in ignorance,
With the illumination of divine light,
I reject the myths, my deities of old;
What are not real, must be rejected,
Though the five senses sing their praises-
But, I hear the Haq whispering to me,
Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!
So I love is to sing and to listen,
All the time, the hymns of lord-
In the music-house of my lord
The mystery hidden becomes,
Radiantly manifest and clear,
To the listener of the Lord's call.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Heart

HEART

Even if you read all the books
Written by sages through the ages
It is not as good as three unjoined consonants- -
A, B, C
If you want to know the secret hidden
Here it is:
Read the book of secrets in the Heart

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Mystic Conversation

MYSTIC CONVERSATION

I said what about eyes

He said your eyes must reflect your inner beauty

I said what about ears

He said your ears must ring with the divine sound

I said what about tongue

He said your tongue must speak out the divine wisdom

I said what about nose

He said your soul must feel the fragrance of divinely persons

I said what about soul

He said your soul must be your ear and eye

I said what about heart

He said your heart must be the mirror of your soul

I said what about mind

He said your mind must not allow mundane thoughts to walk through

I said what about love

He said you must be the object of love

I said what about me

He said you are not a frame of clay

I said what about man

He said man is the hidden secret of God

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Learning

LEARNING

You cannot get all knowledge at one stroke,
You cannot get a crop at one stroke,
Do not Stop learning,
Do not Stop cultivating,
Do not say I need nothing more.
Don't fall into complacency
Conduct yourself as a student
The sages in all places and in all times
Call this the supreme state of awareness

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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An Elegy Of An Old Man

AN ELEGY OF AN OLD MAN

I have lived to a ripe old age,
I am an orchard without fruit-
Brought to total devastation,
By the frosty and chilly winds;
My leaves wither and scatter,
As the leaves from Chinar tree-
Get pale and red; fall and scatter,
In the withering season of autumn;
My fair head and pretty crown,
Have become bald and barren,
While wandering for years-
In the thorny deserts of the world;
Each hair of my beard has turned grey,
Signalling that Azrael is ready-
With conch in his hand;
But, even if, at this last hour,
The light of God shines- -
Upon my soul and in my heart,
There is no loss, fear, or regret;
If I can't stand the irresistible light,
I will fall a martyre immortal;
I will drown in the fluorescent light-
My entire heart shall glitter,
With the beams of divine light;
My soul shall rejoice and dance,
And resonate with mellow sound

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Servant Of God

Am I or am I not,
Is not my dilemma
Here and hereafter,
Is not my concern
Hell or Heaven,
Is not my abode
It is real madness,
To ignore who I am
I am, I was, I will be,
A servant of God

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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A Prayer

A PRAYER

Out of my mind flow many songs;
I seek them not, they are mundane thoughts
May the sound of the Divine Flute sound
Purify my soul and raise me to God
May the light of Truth shine upon
The road I must walk along
From fleeting-life to life-in-eternity

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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My Beloved

MY BELOVED

My beloved possesses my entire heart
She packs her pure love in my vast heart
Her sweet voice echoes in the depths of my heart
Her glaring light hallowes my expansive heart
Light upon light shines in my heart
Imagine not that I am deluding you-
She is settled as my beloved there,
With no other rival empress there

My beloved with her own pen,
Writes her own poem-
In my mind, in my heart;
in my soul, in my thought-
Eulogizing her divine beauty.
Her pen moves on and on;
Never cancelling even half a line-
None can wash off a word of it
She is beautiful, she adores her beauty
Who other can describe her splendour!

My beloved continues to be by my side-
As near as light is to the sun
She is from me, and for me;
She is in me, and with me.
How can I say she is distant from me
How can I say she has forsaken me!
How can I say she has sent me in exile!
For daring to come nearer to her
How can I say I want to unite with her
When she is as near to me,
As the point where two bows meet

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Verinag

The Verinag

A pristine clear spring
The source of the Jehlum
Gushes out from a mountain
From the unknown source
Nowhere is its beginning
Flows down as a mighty river
Falls into a vast sea
Nowhere is its ending
The river flows from eternity
Shall it ever stop!
Mountain is not it's beginning
Sea is not it's ending
Water to water is it's journey
Thus is the story of my soul
Mortal is my frame
Immortal is my soul
Time and space do not limit it
From God it comes
To God is it's return
A journey from God to God!
Inna lillahi wa inna
Ilayhi raji'on

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Rememberence

REMEMBERANCE

How absurd is the longing of a lion to be a lion
How foolish is the prayer of a free to be free
Insan is born free, not limited by time and space
But his frame is a slave to time and space
Shed off this frame that bounds you
Rejoice! You are free! Rejoice!
No need to go to God's heaven
Remember what all the Gnostics say
If there is heaven on the earth
It is here, it is here, it is here
God is here; I mean God's name
Give a willing ear to his sounding name
You will realize what He means
"Remember me, I will remember you."

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Martyres To Truth

MARTYRES TO TRUTH

They say:

Delve deep into your self-
Self is your soul;
Soul is from God.
So know your self,
You shall know your lord.

Simpletons!

They do not know:
Unless God graces us
We can't know the self
It needs wisdom
Wisdom emanates from God

They say

God is the real,
Man is His shade
Less than a reality,
More than a joke
God is shadowless
How can He have a shade?

They say

God was a hidden treasure
He desired to be known
Revealed Himself to Himself
In the image of man
True!

But man still is a mystery
His hidden treasure is never told
Gnostics who dared to speak out
Reddened the gallows with their blood
Thus they fell martyres to the truth

Mykoul

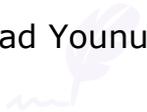
Word Of God

WORD OF GOD

The mystic power of the word of God:
The thunder after lightening one
hears;
Each and every atom in the universe
in dance;
The everlasting music of the soul.
Needs to be heard and seen
The light means the nature of the soul,
The sound means the speech of the soul
Our heart knows the language of the soul,
It lets us grasp what thinking cannot reach.
Man is born of God's soul;
From Him he comes, to Him he goes

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Frameless Light

FRAMELESS LIGHT

Dear wandering derweish
Open the gate of your heart
Immerse in the sound of truth
And live in the light of your Devine being
Behold light as the proof of God's being
Behold light beyond the horizon of yourself
Behold light in the infinite universe around
Behold light in spiritual eloquence of your soul
Behold light In the sound waves,
ascending and receding In your heart
Behold light to witness the fountain of love,
gushing out from your heart
Behold, drink the wine of love eagerly
To cleanse your heart of worldly filth
Trail the sound of bliss and glory
To reach the ocean of frameless light
Until you remember that you are the ultimate manifestation of the true light
The true sublime creation of God

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Labayka Allahuma Labayka

LABAYKA ALLAHUMA LABAYKA

They say, walk along the straight path even if it is long
I say, walk along the straight path as it is the shortest
Of all the lines the perpendicular is the shortest
Say, my lord I am present, and God is here
This is the supreme state of consciousness
Now your mind is in rest; no agitation!
No bothering questions like:
Time and space,
Here and there,
Up and down,
In and out,
First and last,
Hidden and manifest,
Salvation and damnation.
As you have realized the reality
"Now"- "eternal now";
"Here"- "eternal here";
Is the golden key to open the mystery
Say: Labaika Allahuma labaika

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Die Before You Die

DIE BEFORE YOU DIE

Seeker of the Peace—
you who yearns
to feel the radiance
of my light—

Be seated here
calm and composed
With eyes fixed on my crown
adorned and studded
with my name, your lord.

Exult in your being
part of the gathering
among my drunken friends
Who watch my face
here, day and night

And rejoice now
within this hour of my light
which knows no bounds
Where my flute always sounds
In your delight, in your honour

Draw near me here—
see my power,
without the fear of
my judgment's terror.

Those without my love
may not enter,
for they are dogs
of rabies and rancour

I hereby call you
to the Ancient hour
to summon you back
to my presence



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When my light
at this hilltop is shone,
the Satan is driven away
lest he should hear my word

And see my light
streams into your heart.
what comes from Me
must lead you back to Me

In My light
there is a sudden death;
there is a hidden life-
You are reborn
as your true being

So die before you die
So that you never die
No more will you say
I am part of whole
You are:
whole, whole, whole

You are at once the first,
at once the last;
You are at once the hidden,
at once the manifest.
You are Ahad, in short,
in Ahmad's meem.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mystery

MYSTERY

Mystery is like a book
whose first and last pages
are mutilated

Mark the first page
with a red marker.
For, the words
In the beginning
are illegible;

Mark the last page
With a red marker
For, the words
In the ending
are illegible.

I too am invisible
In the beginning
In the ending
Would that I be

Visible to myself

Crisp came the reply
You are Alif,
You are Sën,
You are the letters in between

A speaking word
That you are -
audible to all
That is the final call

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

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Rain Music

RAIN MUSIC

Outside, the rain taps softly
Over smudged tintops and rocks
The atmosphere looks cool and sleepy
I feel God playing at his harp
Lying back my head on the cushion
I enter the orchestra of divinely music
Where ego becomes a phantom spirit-
I listen earnestly the mellow rain music
In a state of hypnagogia with ecstasy
And I become One with my beloved
Glancing at me through the black crystal eye
I become one with cosmic sound
My spiritual energy releases light upon light
That exposes the Divinely nature of my soul

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Nooe-E-Muhammad

Noor-e-Muhammad

Before the universes were created
There was nothing but infinite light-
The divine Light that filled the whole existence.
There was no space without light
All was filled with the Boundless Light.
There was nothing like living and non-living
There was one Light, balanced evenly and equally,
There was no differentiation, no manifestations
And it we call "the Ahad";
That has no place, no time, no name
Then He willed to create the heavens, the earth, and all things in between
To support the life that He emanated from Himself
By His command: Be, and it was
At last, He created man, lord over all
But remained not idle after creation
Continued with his love of creation and recreation,
Emanations, Formations, and Actions
But still, the Ahad, is hidden in unity,
No Angel, no man, can ever know Him
As He deserves to be known
A created is too low in intelligence to know Him,
For He has no place, no time,
No name and no shape
How strange!
He calls men and jinnie to know him.
Call to mind the story of your creation,
When God asked, ' Am not I your Lord?
Who was it who answered ' Yes';?
You have forgotten the primeval covenant
God is merciful;
He continues to remind you your covenant
And, therefore, keeps on sounding His harp
To recall you to his presence so that you know
Who said Alastu, who said bala
Thus, shall you know the source of your emanation-
And you shall proclaim
When there was nothing, there was light,

And light is in everything
We call it Noor-e-Muhammad

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am Your Soul

I AM YOUR SOUL

I speak; I hear
I see; I perceive
I think; I act
None is there other than me
I am naked, without cloak
I am your soul-
That is speaking
That is hearing
That is seeing
That is perceiving,
That is thinking,
That is acting
Since eternity
I am never silent
Havn't been silent
Since eternity
No birth, no death
No question of rebirth
I am what I was
I will be what I am
I am here, I am there
I am far, I am near
I am up, I am below
I am in, I am out
Neither this, nor that
I am like no thing
I am in everything
I sing in stillness
I radiate in darkness
Who can name me?
Who can know me?
Only he whom I lend
My eye, my ear, my tongue
Call him a faqir
Who has nothing
In his begging bowl
Who am I?

Where I came from?
I am from
the command of my lord
From God I come,
To God I go
I am the jam e jam
Look into me
I am the hidden door
Of the city of knowledge
No entry for a ranting fool

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Come Unto Me

COME UNTO ME

Don't you know-what He said-
Peace be upon you
You are light from My light
You are the secret of My secret
You are not merely a lump of clay-
You are not a compound of four-
Water, clay, fire, and air
Don't you know-He calls you
to His home of peace
Come out of My valleys of jalal and jamal
Walk to Me and follow My call
I will grace you with a ladder
To come up to My Àrash rung by rung
I am the king over you, your lord
And you are my chosen subject
I give you dominance over all the worlds
Get out of these worlds and come to me
How can a man of clay and water behold!
The exalted lord with gross eyes
But One who loves me, finds me
One who finds me, loves me
He looks at my beauteous face
With the unwavering inward eye
He loves me like the legendary Majnun
Who says: I love Leila and Leila is I

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Cosmic Sound

THE COSMIC SOUND

The cosmic sound is more than a signal;
A sweet and mellow voice from heaven
It says: the Harper is near-
As my soul in my heart;
It is the soul that makes me live,
That purifies and teaches me
The book and the wisdom
I have little words to describe it
It is more than all the sacred songs
That I sing in ecstasy in praising my lord

Mohammad Younus



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Do Not Shed A Tear

DO NOT SHED A TEAR

I shall fight alone, all alone-
The battle against my Satan,
In this occupied, besieged land.
Satan has snatched my home;
Turned it into a Pagan Temple
I get crazy when I see,
The guilty goddesses smiling at me
I am alone here, hugging and kissing,
Million fairies with golden hair,
They enchant me by deceitful winks
My sanity, my wisdom, they rob
My philosophy, my religion, they loot
Eh! I have fallen in love with whores
Who talk to me in a sign language
Telling me, come closer, get into bed
On one condition- - do what angels abhor
I am losing my grip over my heart

My soul is screaming with pain
Oh, please come with me to-night
I beg of you, I can't let you go alone
Never for a moment you must stop-
Never you must rest by day or by night-
Listening to my music and watching my dance,
Drinking only the wine of my light.
Take cup after cup, and be intoxicated by my love
Ask me alone- One cup more, sir, one cup more!
Remember, in the tavern of my drunken lovers
Satan has no room to live in; no business to do
You are free now! the battle is over!
Do not shed a tear.

Mohammad Younus

Know Your Soul

KNOW YOUR SOUL

Underneath the soul, mysteries lie within
Shift your mind within, beyond this misty world,
Inside the world of mysteries, watch the secrets hidden
The soul has on display precious pearls within

Clear the dark mist blurring your vision
Unplug your heart's ears and listen
To the song coming from soul's lips
Release from the loopholes of the created words
If you desire to reach to the meaning hidden

When you listen to the uncreated word
The soul gushes out enormous light,
It sounds louder than thunder
It's impact is tremendous on your being
In the wink of an eye, the shadows disappear
The glowing portal of the heart breaks open
You are back to your home of peace
Where your soul was impatient to go- -
The home with no pain and anguish
There houries sing and dance
To the comeback of your soul
Welcome! You have awakened from the dream- -
That soul needs to unite with the super soul
If you know your soul while living
You have certainly known the greatest name- -
The gateway to the city of truth
If not, you shall get into the vicious circle- -
of misleading myths and untruth

Mohammad Younus

Resist, And Move Forward

RESIST, AND MOVE FORWARD

Resist, and move forward
Fight to live free
Let rise up for rights
Demolishing the walls of hatred
Embracing the whole mankind
Prove I am for liberty
I am for peace and coexistence
Spread love horizontally
Banish terror in all shapes
Resist, and move forward
Stretch beyond the phrase
United we rise, divided we fall
Rise up against all negativities
Hate, racism, nationalism, fascism
Let write manifesto of one world order
Pages filled with all positivities
Let make a world where suffering children
Inhale and exhale healing breath of love
Give meaning to the old adage
Love begets love, hate begets hate
Resist all opposition to resistance
Do not bend or yield to evil
To the army of killers
Who force violence upon you
Neither bend nor break
Stand up straight like a cedar tree
Resist, and move forward
To enjoy the cool of Chinar tree
To listen to the roaring Aharbal-fall
With no one around to disturb you

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

What Is Thinking

WHAT IS THINKING

I said:

What is thinking

He said:

Passing from the unknown to the known;

Passing from the false to the truth;

Seeing the Absolute-

The Whole in the part,

The part in the whole

It is not just a mere conception

That is formed in the mind,

It is not just a reminiscence,

Of what you have heard-

From a Mullah standing in the arch,

From a sufi lecturing to his gathering

It is the thought conceived by eternal truth

That is revealed upon the human heart

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

I Have A Purpose

I HAVE A PURPOSE

What a confusion!
Why this world I am living in?
Am I put here with my free will?
I am an agent of God-
Agents have no choice
But to do the principal's will.
Did He create this world for naught?
Did He not honour me as the best of His creation?
Yet, I complain of the absurdity of my creation
That He gave me no choice to will
What more honour should I aspire
I am exercising divine will
Yes, in my creation I had no will
But in my action I have free will
I will be judged for my action
On the day of resurrection
Great purpose is there of my creation
In infinite mysteries, I am coiled in
Mysterious are the ways of God!

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Man And Divine

MAN AND DIVINE

I said
Where is your house?
He said
I am the builder of house
My house is man-
Man is my secret;
I am his secret.
I am not housed in a frame,
Great is my name.
I am omnipresent-
As noor-e-muhammad
In everything, everywhere.

I said
How can I see you?
He said
Man is my mirror;
I am His mirror
The prophet says:
Mùmin-man- is the mirror
of the Mùmin-Allah

I said
How are you?
He said
I am beautiful-
My beauty is hidden in man
When I unveil my face
You shall remember
You are born of mother
And mother comes of God
(Mother is your soul)

I said
Who can enter your kingdom?
He said
No one shall enter

the realm of my heaven
Unless he is born twice
By my permission, by my will

I said
What is my reality?
He said
Your reality am I-
Invisible to gross eyes
You can see me through
The eyes of your soul
And soul is from Allah
Listen what the soul proclaims-
One who sees me, sees Allah

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Come Close To Me

COME CLOSE TO ME

You seek me outside
but I dwell within you
You think I am your other,
but I am not other than you
A believer in otherness is truly
An alien to the cult of lovers
Be careful, otherness is certainly
The essence of being cut off
See, how my pure light envelops you?
It goes off only when you shut your eyes
"Come close to me, I am your true essence"
When I love you, I lead you to myself
In yourself I meet you:
A mystery beyond reason!
No one can know me, save those
Who see meaning beyond forms
I am in love with you ever since
I created you and made you
My caliph upon the earth
Swear, "I only obey you"
I shall cloak you in my light
And shroud off your cloak of dust
With my light you shall see
Every atom is graced by me
I appear everywhere and in everything
I am beautiful and love my beauty
Through the eyes of my lovers-
Whom the dust of my worlds blinds not

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mermaid

Mermaid

In the tempestuous ocean
In a dark mighty night
I went with my friend
In the Ark of Noah
Listening to spiritful music
In low and high tones
Plugging my ears
To unhear fretful sound
Of lightning and thunder

Suddenly I had a vision-
A mermaid - -
unlocking her curly locks,
combing her golden hair
But the fairy sea queen- -
of emotion and inspiration- -
Seemed to me under distress-
I am of a dual character
Either I must be a full humane
Or a full fish swimming
In the ocean of oneness
Enjoying the moving ripples
Running one after other
But pressing their bodies
Clutchingly to mother sea

And on the Black Stone
In the Full Moon Night
I would like to stand
Watching the tides rise and fall
Longing passionately
To kiss the smiling moon
But collapsing and disappearing,
In the vastness of sea

I started thinking of my own existence
On that mighty Night of Power

I looked around again and again
In a hope to find out who I am
I Immediately realized that I Was
Myself the mermaid in the sea

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Mustafa

MUSTAFA

Loving Mustafa is delightful
He is the beloved of the best of creators
He is the most majestic prophet
His personality is awe-inspiring
He is the object of all creation
He is a doorway to the God's kingdom
He is the sign of peace and protection
For those who hold on to his flag-
With love, passion, and dedication
He is a treasure of precious pearls
He is the kernel and quintessence
He is the Warner on the highest mountain
Projecting his voice that rings out
Across the universe in rhythmic tones
Calling to righteousness the people-
Drowsy, drunken, and confused-
Reciting purified pages to them
Containing the verses of wisdom
He reminds them with weighty emphasis-
This world is like a fleeting wink,
In the long span of our existence,
Which one day shall come to an end
He is the sole enchantment of the true lovers
In each lover's heart is a portion from his light
No earthly beauty can distract me
From looking at his beauteous face-
Neither houries, nor damsels of this world
I will follow my heart wherever I go
As it always sings the melodies of Mustafa
The heart without love of Mustafa is
a wasteland
Forsaken by the lovers of Arabian musk
The hearts without love of Mustafa
Are arid lands without any vegetation
The hearts without love of Mustafa
are
Full with poisonous bushes-

The dwelling place of wretched souls

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Lover Of God

THE LOVER OF GOD

Will a lover of God ever be
Cut off from the ocean of light!
Nay, he feels His presence always
In his self and out of his self-
In every atom of God's creation
He sees gleaming God's light
He needs not to unite with Him;
He craves not to dissolve in Him-
As God is absolute oneness
He is never separate from him
The true light shines upon him
Where the two bows meet
Light upon light gushes out
From his fore head indeed
Sound upon sound streams out
From his back head in truth
Nothing can prevent him,
From gazing at His light
He worships no idol,
Aside from His light
Even worldly pursuits,
Do not distract him
He watches His light,
With his heart's eye,
He listens to His melody,
Through his heart's ear-
Until he dies before his death,
And comes to live in Lord's light
Wheresoever he turns to,
He sees His light
He perceives with his crystal eye
The stark reality about God:
Alone He was,
Nothing was with him;
He is now as He was,
He will be as He is;
He is essentially One,

With nothing beside Him;
He is Inwardly Hidden,
He is Outwardly Manifest;
He is without beginning;
He is without end;
Whatever he looks at;
He sees His face;
He is without ifs and buts;
He is without how and what;
He is without when and where-
He knows God's Essence in his image

Mohammad Younus

Lonely Traveller

LONELY TRAVELLER

I am a lonely traveller
Love is the path I walk on
Love is the light I gaze at
Love is the core of my being
Love is my journey's end
Love is my destiny and destination
Love speaks at my tongue
Love composes my mystic poems
Love sings melodious hymns
Love adores the beauty divine
Love heals all my wounds
Love gives me hope and solace
Love is the soul of truth and beauty
Love is the source of all life
Love brings me out of darkness
Love leads me to light
Love consumes my bitterness
Love removes my sadness
Love fills me with joy and delight
Love gives me endurance
Love makes me wise
Love explains the book of God
love is the precious treasure.
Love is the sweetest speech
Love is the melodious music
Love is the brightest light
I can't live in this world
Nor can I endure the next -
If devoid of love
I don't want to be a stranger
Neither here nor there

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

A Homage To Mursi

A HOMAGE TO MURSI

They may write me down in history
A rebel, a traitor, or a terrorist
They may sling my face even with shit
But still, like morning sun, I'll rise.
Does my death upset you?
Why your heads are drooped in gloom?
I am a martyre they burried me deep
But still, like a seed, I will rise
Like the moon and the sun
I may be eclipsed for a while
But still, after the eclipse, I'll rise.
They wanted to see me broken
With folded hands before the tyrant
But still, by God's will, I'll rise.
I will rise as a green revolution
My dream! My passion! My mission!
Wait and see my seed shall grow
Inshallah
Inshallah
Inshallah

Mohammad Younus

Grant Me Your Eyes

GRANT ME YOUR EYES

O You who has revealed
Your hidden treasure to me
Who am I that I see
Your light within me?
Who am I that I hear
Your flute in my soul?
I am filled with ecstasy
Bless me this way always
For it's You who knows
My secret, that I am
Your secret, your love
You have instilled in me
A burning desire to see you
Your vision prevails everywhere
But where are the eyes
That can see you?
Grant me your divine eyes -
the black mysterious eyes
So that I could see how they:
Gaze upon your beauty endlessly;
How I am lost in your vast eternity
Such that I am never entangled in
The cobweb of duality

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

I Am A Caliph Of God

I AM A CALIPH OF GOD

Am I in the body or
the body is in me?
I swear I am not this body;
It perishes and decays
Am I in the soul or
the soul is in me?
I swear I am a soul:
A treasure in my body;
I dwell in this body;
It houses me for a time
I am like a pearl;
Hidden in oyster's shell
I am like a bird in a cage;
Eager to fly out
Am I in the light or
the light is in me?
Am I in the sound, or
the sound is in me?
The sound and the light-
Both are from infinite God
When I hear the sound,
I hear God's song
When I see the light,
I see God's light
I am from the sea of vast eternity
Where never the flute stops sounding
Where never the sun stops shining
I am from eternal wisdom-
That pervades everything, everywhere"
I am a happy man, indeed! -
An honoured caliph of great God
I cannot dance, O Lord, to your flute
Unless you lead me to your light

Mykoul

Leila

LEILA

Let me tell you the secret hidden
How to get closer to Leila, your beloved.
Come out of the clutches of your senses,
Free yourself from the chain of 'Nafas'
Coiled up around your neck
Shunt out the tenants from your heart
Open your ears and listen to soul's call
Crying passionately: Leila! Leila! Leila!
But how can a person open his ears!
Unless he's out of his senses five,
And discovers where his soul's ears are-
The only route to get to your beloved
As says the Knower- Of-The-Secrets- Immense-
He who listens, acquires the liberation
Let us listen to soul's tolling bell
It pleads He lives within your closet
That no bodily eye can see through-
Bodily eye tells this world is true
Because our physical senses perceive so.
My heart has got the sole right
To see you with its crystal eye

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Leave Me For A While

LEAVE ME FOR A WHILE

My soul is sounding in my eye
It sings what my tongue fails to tell
It recalls me the preeternal promise-
That my lord took of me
When I was unborn yet- -
As a being of water and clay
But, ah! I could not say why!
I was awed In His presence
By the tremendous glance of lord
He, too, made a promise to me- -
"Leave for a while, I'll call you back
Don't get cold and white
You will share my lots on the Earth
And be my vicegerant there"
But, eh! my lord no more speaks
To me of His promise old- -
Who will remind Him!
He doesn't call me back- -
To the fairest heavenly home
I am depressed and lonely- -
Living like a tenant here
I am in a burning inferno- -
The devils' abode
Where children of Satan
Are destined to rule the roost
Where children of Adam
Are tortured in excruciating pain
Keep your promise, my lord!
Call me back to you,
And set my heart at rest
Show me the jagular vein,
That could connect to you
Such that I might know
That you are nearest to me

Mykoul

Divine Love

Divine Love

I am enwrapped in Love.
No need of submission for me!
Each vein of mine throbs
With divine sound
The Brahmin's girdle I need not
To wear round my neck
O ignorant doctor,
Get off from my bedside
And try your medicine,
In some other place
There is no cure for Lover's ills
Save the sight of his beloved's face-
Other than this,
No medicine does he need.
If there be no rower in our boat,
Let there be none:
We have God in our midst:
The rower we do not need.
The people of the world say
Khusrau is an idol-worshipper
So he does, so he does;
I care a fig!
For what the world says

KHUSRAO (translation)

Mohammad Younus

A Satire

A Satire

One day, I noticed a frenzied faqir:
Younus, the crazy, in my daydream
Walking down a street in downtown neighbourhood
He knew no other language, but only broken mother tongue
A Mullah passed by, and called out to him
To give him a reason to utter shitty words
Younusa! What shall you do there?
Sire, Where?
In the grave where two angels: Nakër and Munkar- -
The denier and the denied- -
Shall come and question you- -
For your belief and disbelief- -
In God's chosen language, most dear to Him
But alas! that language you don't know
And on the Day of Justice- -
When God shall call you to His court
Where the court language shall be Arabic

How could a psychotic speak Arabic!
The chosen language of God!
As people are made to believe without raising a brow

But, Younusa was thrilled to know,
And he heaved a sigh of relief- -
Hah! Hah! Hah! he giggled exuberantly
How can there be my reckoning!
Neither I'll comprehend His questions,
Nor shall He allow me to answer
In my mother tongue
Mullah got in rage and told him in a shouting voice
Yeah stupid shit! reckoning is for sure,
You can't get scot-free;
You have to account for your ills and goods
Younusa with folded hands pleaded to the Mullah- -
"Please beg God to give me permission
To allow me speak in my mother tongue
That is the end, my final word! "

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Living In Inferno

Living in an Inferno

Sometimes I feel distressed- -
When the troopers with heavy boots and guns
Baton charge the delicate flowers and lush green grass
Sometimes I feel pleased- -
When the native street dogs give vent
To their anger and fear
Bark at the dark-skinned patrolling pongs
Sometimes I feel pained- -
When I see mothers shouldering the coffins of children
Fighting the tyrants with clods and cotton balls
Whom they had borne under threat and terror
Whom they had reared with love, hope, and prayer
Sometimes I am angered- -
When I see the Dracula sucking the blood
Of the young boys playing in their graveyard
Where they went to play with their martyres
I am a born slave; I am a living slave
Don't tell me and advise-
Bear your slavery with patience and prayers
Bear your oppression and tyranny with sleep
Mother, don't sing me lullabies
I must keep a vigil, I hear the knock of the soldiers
So often smashing my door, to barge into my home
I will continue waiting in the thorny bushes
Until the marigolds and rosemaries flower and bloom
I have a dream of standing, remaining and expanding
In my own land, the paradise on the earth
But, now, turned into a blazing inferno

Mohammad Younus

Simple Illusion

Simple Illusion

Empty-handed I came to this world
Empty-handed I must leave
My coming, my going— simple illusion
Birth and death have entangled me
The truth is: I am the truth
I was here, I am here, I will be here
To no other world I must go
But I must be raised to life again
To account for my ills and goods
If I have not realised the truth

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Spiritual Way

SPRITUAL WAY

Human beings are the units of a whole,
They are of the essence same
If one limb is afflicted with pain,
Other limbs too must feel strain
If you do not share other's pain,
You have no right to be called a human
Lo! This is the spritual way spick and span

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Holy Light

HOLY LIGHT

My lord,
You are the Holy light
The mysterious essence
The eternal home
of the wandering
Derweish!

My lord,
Enlighten your lover
who walks between
Doubt and certainty
Hope and fear.

My lord,
Play melodies
that transport
From fleeting world
To eternal home

My lord,
Unfold the hidden secret
that emits a light
and carries the soul
through time and space

My lord,
Is it not true,
Where'er I go, whate'er I do,
I cannot aught, except there be
Your light wrapping me

My lord,
I have the eyes
That can't see
I am like a blind
Deprived of sight
How can I aspire

To look at your light
You alone can see
Your light
Through the inner eye
Of my heart

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Beyond The Lote-Tree

BEYOND LOTE-TREE

The world of colours is nothing
The black-eyed gazelles are nothing
I must renounce this transient world
I must not cast a glance upon the lusty damsels
The real world is beyond my eyes
Even beyond the Lote-Tree
Where the chosen lover travelled to
The language of that world is beyond words and sounds
No more sounds of conches and bells!
There is nothing to say or to hear,
There is nothing to seek and search:
No I and He; No I and You
My lord wonderfully reveals there
I disappears here in absolute annihilation
And God proclaims in affirmation
Nothing exists except Me

Mykoul



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Mohammad Younus

Koh-I-Qaf

KOH -I- QAF

Where, Lord, will I find you:
Your place is high and high above
And where won't I find you:
Your glory fills all the worlds
You dwell deep within me,
Deep in each atom of the universe
You've fixed the ends of time and space
But yourself are beyond time and space
You stand, with an umbrella, over people
Walking to you under rain and sun
You are refuge to the wandering derweish
You live at the peak of the Koh-i-Qaf
And the Qaf is in the human heart
The heart of Momin is the highest heaven, the abode of lord
Exalted and beyond my hymns you are
No heavenly sphere! no human frame!
Could ever contain your infinity
Let alone a chamber within a human frame

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Horse

MY HORSE

How sluggishly do I walk
On the way to meet my friend
I am coming to my life's end
Far away i am from my friend
The horse that bears me is reluctant
To move forward at a faster pace
It puts one foot in front of the other
As if by some instinct it does know
His rider loves not a high speed
My hard whips cannot provoke it
To walk faster and faster on the road
Sometimes anger thrusts into its head
When heavily it refuses to rise up
More disgusting to me,
For it puts in my mind:
My friend is inaccessible,
He is behind the horizons-
Where my horse cannot reach

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Nectar Of Life

NECTAR OF LIFE

Just near the middle point-
Qaba Qawseini Aw-Adna-
Where the two bows meet,
There is to be found
The lamp of radiant light;
And the soul's orchestra:
Where the wondrous sound,
Sprouts from each pore
Without striking a chord
The soul sings in delight
And effulges so much light
That the sun and the moon are lost
Just near this spot is to be found,
The spring of life, called al-Kauthar
That gushes out the nectar of life,
And makes the drinker immortal
This is the mysterious valley of Zulumat-
Where Moses did go with Shamun
In search of ab-e-hayat,
But he missed to have a sip

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

The Song Of Soul

THE SONG OF SOUL

The knell is ringing on my head,
The archangel is standing by my side
He conveys to me salam from God
And kisses me between my brows
While reciting to me the wordless word
And heads me to the Light-house
Where houries sing in the chorus
Oh! they welcome me as a groom
I am happy all love me and sing my praise
Since I made the eternal vow-
That I will take no one as my lord,
That I will not take Satan's call
It seems to me in God's presence,
The universe is like a single orchestra
The unstruck harp of soul is sounding,
Within my heart all the time
The light upon light shines bright:
The melody of love swells forth,
Day and night, the chorus of music,
Fills the universe through and through
My Beloved gleams upon me-
Like the lightning-flash in the sky,
Like the full moon on its fourteenth
night,
Like the shining sun on a clear summer day,
Wrapped in the divine light,
My soul sings day and night
Playing on the reedless flute
In the secret boundless valley
Where the cool breeze is blowing,
Where the unseen birds are singing
And the lord cries in His delight:
I am the lord of the day!
I am sitting on the throne!
Whose is the kingdom this day?
It is Allah's, the One, the Most Supreme.

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Weeping Kashmir

Weeping Kashmir

The chilly wind is blowing;
The blossoms have fallen down;
Birds are screaming;
The green valley has turned pale;
The days have grown dark;
The stars have stopped twinkling;
The moon declines to smile
This is the story of my land

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus



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Hope

Hope

Looking below the window
Hot tears roll down my cheeks
The sky is raining blood
The sun is clouded with smoke
But hopefulness gleams in my eyes
That one day the sky shall be clear
The sun will again rise to glitter
Our meadows that have fallen dry
Shall again be green, green, green
Rain of peace shall pour in torrents
And wash away the anguish and pain
The new children seem to be busy
In drawing a new map of their land
Hope of getting free is tattooed on their heart
Old generation sitting on the sidelines
Unconcerned, muffled with closed eyes
Dead tired, sitting in a barber's shop,
Awfully busy in the idle talk
Who will win the match: India or Pak

Mohammad Younus

Double Visages

DOUBLE VISAGES

Let me go into the Gulmarg of my heart
And stay in the middle of my magic eye-
Still, motionless, and thoughtless
To listen with love the mellow notes of my soul
To watch myself as a sovereign in my heart
I am alone here, with no other sitting by

I am getting in with my loneliness
Let me sleep on dream's shoulder
Swaying between my soul and God
listening to Gabriel's bells in God's light

If God allowed the people to barge into my heart
They would see the seething pain in me
They would see branded on the walls of my heart
The deep scars that I got when I was grounded down
They would see my true being, as I sit inside
Not my masked being, as I stand outside
They would see me with double visages: - -
One in the open, other deep within
They would know how I shine all the time
They would know how I sing all the time
They would know I am the sovereign lord

I am the only one to witness:
My power, my might, my sound, my light
I am my own witness, I realise
It is not the mythology, it is a reality
But it is as difficult to know,
As to pass through a needle-eye

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

Fighting My Satan

Fighting My Satan

Sometimes I seem to be normal outwardly,
It doesn't mean that 'I feel better' inwardly
Sometimes the voices of my Satan overpower me,
Sometimes, I follow the calls of my soul
Sometimes, satanic thoughts stir my mind
Sometimes, I control the snakes in my mind
Inside the closet of my tumultuous mind,
I partake in the battle between Adam and Satan
Horror movie scenes play out there,
In the winding streets of my mind
But I don't flinch, rather, I just stare;
Don't doubt my ability to win the battle
On a daily basis, I am fighting my Satan
I go on inflicting pain upon my Satan
I am feeling better as I subdue my Satan
'Feeling better' must not mislead you to believe
That I have been able to kill my Satan
It simply means He has gone on a Holiday,
Rather, 'feeling better' means that I realise- -
The battle between Adam and Satan never ends,
It continues till one breathes his last

Mohammad Younus

Children Of Conflict Torn Nation

Children of Conflict Torn Nation

Each child of this sealed country,
Dedicated to the ruined walls,
Willing not to get out of his home
Weak but strangely at war
With clods, stones, and pebbles in hand,
Raising up slogans against occupation,
You are thrusting us to live in siege,
Your killing and maiming is for profit,
Our resistance and fighting is for existence,
Living on our land with peace and honour,
The creator created me a delicate angel
My parents bathed and clothed me for peace
Not for conflict with any visitor to my garden
I would sing the songs of peace
On windows and walking through streets
If you leave me free, if you stop war on me,
I will search my toys and coins in "Bugies"
From beneath the debris of my house
Give me my joy and toy back
I will again sing a song for you and me
Let me go to school daily fearlessly
Let me plant the green trees around
Let me make water bodies clean
Let me work hard to earn my living
Let me make birthland safe and secure
Yet it needs peace. Peace, peace, peace

Mykoul

Mohammad Younus

My Harp

MY HARP

The strings of my harp are struck inside
With skilful hands of a mighty master
That never get weary and never pause
When the music falls on my ears,
The rhythmic notes float around,
Meanwhile I hear no other sound.
Each note is an echo of awful delight
And my soul for a reason seems to merry
The master attunes the strings of my heart
And I am filled with a strange wonder,
Now my soul no longer hears
The sounds of sorrow, and grief
My soul is growing sweeter and sweeter
And I hold all others to be of my commune
Linked by the echoing celestial sound
My soul flies on its divine wings to supra conscious state,
In the neighbourhood of God, my eternal lord

Mohammad Younus

Chinar In Tears

CHINAR IN TEARS

An old but elegant Chinar tree
Wonderfully red in autumn
Standing on the bank of Nageen lake
Gazing at the uneasy ripples beneath
And at the shapeless fishermen
Netting the innocent fish
And on the wailing willow trees
In the floating gardens
Full with rich flora
But I know it is sad inside
The blood red tears rolling down
One after one

Mohammad Younus



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Sound Of Soul

SOUND OF SOUL

A clear cool breeze is sweeping
Over the Queen Of The Night,
Laden with sweet, mellow fragrance
Softly touching and kissing my soul
The crescent in the dark sky smiling,
A magic flute sounding delightful notes
As if Leila lovingly waking me up
Telling me: come near, come closer!
Only you, only you can sleep with me,
And gaze at my radiant and fiery face
Sending out the streams of awesome light
But alone with myself in the room
I get up in my dream, leap out of my bed
And start gazing into nothingness
Listening to the irresistible sound
That transports me to my eternal abode
There is a secret about this sound
It is the flute of soul that sounds in me
And no one else but soul itself
Could hear it's merry sound

Mohammad Younus

Nectar Of Love

Nectar Of Love

My Beloved!

Give me to drink the nectar of love

My soul is blazing in flameless and smokeless fire

I am eager to see your billowing flames

I am eager to see your dazzling light

I am eager to talk to you face to face

Come out of the darkness to light

My beloved, I know, is dwelling within

Playing on the reedless flute all the time

Under His shining sun, effulging light upon light

I peeped into my heart to see him close by

But found there is absolutely nothing

In the limitless space: except my beloved

Shaped in my own image

Mohammad Younus



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