

Poetry Series

Mushtaque B Barq
- poems -

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Mushtaque B Barq()

Autumn

Withered leaves rule the floor
read loudly its terms, donating blood
of dried veins
a romantic blasphemy,
without plan to stop and reflect
but as luck would have it,
the rain of leaves lays a carpet of love
to welcome even a monotonous heart

but to sweeper a nuisance
for he receives his wages
de die in diem,
on the day of fall
his broom sings a lot
but his face turns yellow like a fallen leaf
for burning extra calories. Only a keen eye

In a golden gown finds mother earth
coming out sighing but singing
a song of 'fate' and calling us all
out of cozy chambers
to resonate:
"You all have to fall
like a fallen leaf
back to dust".

Mushtaque B Barq

Blue Woe

Where there is smoke there is fire
Beneath a politician enjoys a liar

A black friend yesterday asked
Why vehicles prefer black tyre?

Drag them to death is 'white order',
Or else for filth for a penny hire

If the white puts on, gets a smile
Why on me ashames his attire?

Black is night, so is nightingale
A lotus but grows only in mire

Ego is red, echo but colourless
Colours all lose lustre on pyre

Smoke and sin serves whome
A speck are all in divine gyre

Where there is smoke there is fire
In every seller lives a brutal buyer.

Mushtaque B Barq

Dear Saqi

Saqi

Tell me O Saqi! Dear Saqi
"Springs where this awareness from"
"Pratyaksa is the source", he whispered.

Tell me O Saqi! Dear Saqi
"Is perception, the only authority? "
He dropped his head and said,
"What senses perceive nay, non- existent".

Tell me O Saqi! Dear Saqi
"What elements maketh me? "
Nothing he spoke, raised his goblet high
Copious with 'fluid' of colours four
"Earth, Water, Air and Fire", murmured he.

Tell me O Saqi! Dear Saqi
"Why then exists mundane matter"
Coiled his carcass, what crescent at forehead!
Like long month's fasting announcing Eid
Cheers his goblet with that of mine
"Matter secretes mind as liver, bile", stated he.

Tell me O Saqi! Dear Saqi
"No more", he warned
My goblet dropped unwillingly
"Avagraha, knowledge produced from sense organs,
Iha- approval from soul qualities visible,
Avaya- a definite knowledge of object
Dharand- an impression on mind of an object through knowledge", clued-
up he.

Tell me O Saqi! Dear Saqi
"Who shall this cup mine fill? "
Playfully he said, "Love is the deadliest secret of the sweetest wine"
No more I could ask
For "Love" in my goblet deprived of fire, I felt
Ashamed of my flaws, drooped my neck

Like a goblet left on the table after a hectic drink
Oscillating back and forth amid dead of night.

Mushtaque B Barq

Dreadful Dusk

Dusk, a fallen angel
Over fragile film of exhausted river
that carried much filth
of unconsidered shadows and bitter
vibrations of human heart,
Venomous rattle and hoot
of both water and human agony.

Behind those bristled maids,
of bushes and naked palings
forlorn orchestra sans music
like sobs of a nun freshly ravished
and in return failed
to induce responsive weeping
to safeguard her godfather.

Scarlet mien at the horizon
had copied the veiled woes
of the nun, making the dusk
horrible and displeasing
like her tattered skin
carrying cynical vestiges
of a godfather in human coffin

Mushtaque B Barq

Empty Perfume Bottle

Empty perfume bottle

With the first streak of light
she got up and
caught up, for she had nothing to offer
to her class teacher today:
" Why mother's give birth to teachers";,
her blunt voice slipped
between two fractured roses
recently robbed
by winter chill

pushed that half broken window
to let the breeze inspire
her little mind
for her 'poverty' once again
was ready to humiliate her in the class,
where robes and roses
never fade, where if at all
fades, fades poverty

nothing around save
the over stitched shirt of her father
and tattered blouse of her pregnant mother
with hungry drawers
and wide open mouth cavities of boxes
broken glass bangles in that magic box
she mistook once for all
had its lid broken like her own bony cage

her father last year
had taken his father
in the field along the secrets
to the fire
where he by chance had uncovered
an empty perfume bottle,
black in colour packed with mud

it was again a day to surrender

the choicest thing around
last year she had nothing to offer
but now
black empty perfume bottle
she wrapped gently
and offered to her teacher

next morning overloaded with grief
she on the back bench
cast a glance at her teacher,
her eyes were wet
but in her teacher's eyes
she could find a flood
ruining the huts of her fancies.

Mushtaque B Barq

Kingdom Of Heart

The Kingdom of Heart
My religion is love
My heart a Kabah
A temple as well
On my shelves throb
The Quran and Bible
Zikr and the gyring
Madness confirmed.

Secret of creation
Sacred strings too
A Rabab maketh
Of veins and vitals
Monks and Saints
Eavesdrops my psalm
For I sing inaudibly.

I do too wine serve
Tavern is in my cellar
Goblets I hate much
For my drums are copious
With blood and salt
I do drink and dance
When in ardent love
My audience smashes
All their old statues.

Love is light of heart
Property of the Lord
Who then is an alien?
Love merges all
Dissolves a lover
Evolves Love, rest is silent.

Mushtaque B Barq

On The Carpet Of Fiery Sand

On the carpet of fiery sand.

In the dale of mind's eye
a roving wish
amassed the grains
to let its bleeding breast
rest a little
on the carpet of fiery sand.

Veiled stars and naked sun
had in common a pain,
out with my bosom
both wished to foreplay
for turning me wild
on that sheet of sand
where half chopped neck-

that decked up garland
of my robbed roses
where tulips and daffodils
never fail
to festoon a death bed
of a freshly ravished bud
to sun dry
the broken bone's course
on the carpet of fiery sand.

How come, the say of sun
be soft and low
for no tyrant embraces a heart
that pulses for cause
and defy the diktat
even when wrapped up
in the carpet of fiery sand.

A seep out longing
lispings in the wilds
what songs. Lyrics and lute
of well-known bards

who too like in reverie raised a house
at the bay of restless sea,
may in the past had invited those bards
for audience without pass
to surpass ' The Cross'
for damnation
on the carpet of fiery sand.

Mushtaque B Barq

Reality

Where there is smoke there is fire
Beneath a politician enjoys a liar

A black friend yesterday asked
Why vehicles prefer black tyre?

Drag them to death is 'white order',
Or else for filth for a penny hire

If the white puts on, gets a smile
Why on me ashames his attire?

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Seven Sorrows

The Seven Sorrows

(Inspired from Seven Sorrow by Ted Hughes)

The first sorrow, being born in Kashmir
In narrow blood stained streets of bruised downtown
Where tulips hardly need season to bloom,
Beneath our pharans what a deprived cut!

Wrap our Lilies and Sunflowers with hate
And visitors of new digital world
'Terrorise' common narrative.

The second sorrow, slavery of capitalists
Our voluminous degrees old and the 'papers' new
Fall on the tables of uneducated bosses
For we sell to the lowest bidder our brain Alas!
Our life serum for peanuts, on mercy but we live
Continue to be a lonely cry under jack boot
'Misfortune' justified although.

The third sorrow, historical inaccuracy
'Instrument of Accession' and 'Shimla Agreement'
What not for a common man Ah! Without his consent,
He has been sold boldly, coldly not once, twice or thrice
On every fifth year, as 'election manifesto'
We are fixed in a maze, to graze and to gaze at:
'The eclipsed' mutilated moon.

The fourth sorrow, obsolete systems
That held us, hang us and to dump us
In the soil occupied by the 'might'
Our books are no more the brooks to sing
A song that humanizes a singer
A rhyme of mariner, hymn of sage
'Corrupt scripts' plagiarism approved.

The fifth sorrow, deep in our marrow
We only borrow what is hallow
From the West end and the Middle East
Put on auction in Sunday market'

And flock round the left outs, half broken
Art pieces, heart pieces of artists
'Cultural onslaught' an ailment.

The sixth sorrow, the Indo- Pak kindness
We lose whenever that part, this part wins
Invite interlocutors for 'wazwan'
And on the micro screens we are rated,
We are treated, mistreated and dismissed
Being bone of contention between foes
'Second grade' official white trash!

The seventh sorrow, we know not,
On a heap of lave we lay couch
And wait for 'Godot' and 'robot'
To mark graves hitherto unmarked
In tough times, we only relax,
For normalcy is a myth here
'Ignorance' apoliticized.

Mushtaque B Barq

Sonnet

Can this distress denser be than her tress
Such razor edges mercilessly cut
When on thy arrogant cheeks flirt the mess
Openly into bits put gallant gut

Nasty ruthless razor of hatred, sword
May a layer take along, limb as well
And bring to court a mutilated bird
Luxury and favours royal to swell

But, cut of tress in recess of heart lives
Lethally into the veins of mind dance
Every now and then breaks the deadly news
Never to offer to live second chance

On skin a wound may heal with time and tide
Never ever has healed beneath the hide

Mushtaque B Barq

The Kingdom Of Truth

Better is a ray of allusion
Than thousand illusions,
All that at view comes
Signs of God in veracity
If ye undo thy transom
Ilmu-ul- Yaqeen granted.

Do away with thy cataract
Of animal must and peer
Down thy terrain to see
All with thy unsullied eye
His Attendance 'within'
Ain-ul- Yaqeen verified.

With that 'Presence' be
To arrive at idyllic worth
Of 'realisation' and love
Put forth thy conscious
Certainty of order high
Haqq-ul- Yaqeen bestowed.

Mushtaque B Barq

Thinking Of Blake At ' Mughal Darbar' Nowshera

Thinking of Blake at 'Mughal Darbar' Nowshera.

He came to take the order
thin, tall and worried
his face like his black tattered shirt
had no sheen.

Blake' s 'Chimney Sweeper'
in disguise, listening calmly,
a symbol of submission

but his eyes fixed
on my white shirt,
like his half attempted smile
I too fixed my gaze
but at the menu.

The aroma of fried rice
thinned and vanished
as the door of kitchen closed
turning my shirt
black as coal
and I became ' a chimney sweeper'
I could have donated
the shirt that he wished for.

Mushtaque B Barq

Whirl Oh Dervish Whirl

Whirl O Darvish whirl
Lower thy robe black
Shun thy corporeal wings
Do whirl in snow white bell shroud
Lift thy right hand
Palm let face the Vast
Lower thy left hand in submission
Whirl whirl keep thy right foot fixed
Revolve like a planet in its axis
Do whirl into unknown realms
Around the manifested
On the beats of drum
On the shrill of flute
Go on whirling to let the door
Be open for thy flight
Bow before the post
Where master's shadow stays
Grab a kiss on thy cap
And start whirling again
Recite GOD to make a move
Like a day be sun
And moon of fortnight
Whirl O Darvish whirl
Thy abode in spaceless ether
Thy heart a burning furnace
See through thy light
You whirl around you
Till thy your vanishes away
He in ye appears
Whilr whirl and whirl
He alone pulsating in ye
Do whirl till ye forget thy name
And ye shall emerge from endless sea
Into thy origin ye shall vanish
To complete thy calender.

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