

Poetry Series

Naveed Khalid
- poems -

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Naveed Khalid()

(A Tribute To Hamnet Shakespeare)

Of my pulse through unnerved blood in vein,
many a tale is weaved of the world;
my mute song in time's cruel hand
of stressed out beat in dull rhyme,
oft by what you think goes blind;
and upon the page is printed, printed
before the pen hath writ in vain,
of whom, they say, hath fled in old decrepit tongue,
the fate of those stars in my account,
I'll write them against the wall with pen-pricked angels.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 03,2013 6: 56: 31 PM

Naveed Khalid

Must I deny thee of such subtle thought,
that by reality of a dream too but stirrs the mind,
of sadeian myth this world of thy most high deserts;
where least I find worthy of thy perusal
to prove thee virtuous against all odds, my love,
of terrible beauty born that promising land of fairies,
ah, but to thee suffice with what I lack in,
of eyes so blind that day of unaltered eye:
holds a myriad star in my account by the sea-ashore,
I fain would write this embassy at the pedestal of thy throne;
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes to e'er melting snow,
away from what lies buried in yellow-pages of history,
to unhindered scope that burning goblet in the rainforest,
down that road under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
of crow's quill my shipwrecked dreams in the cellar-barn.

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Date Created: Thursday, Thursday, April 09,2015 1: 45: 05 PM

Naveed Khalid

When all too weird with what I behold to my mind still,
of e'er melting snow in the mellowing year of spring;
where but unhindered scope of beauty abounds,
I most my eyes hath fed with age-old love,
that in full abundance of thy presence alone,
the sun in deep azure at sunset of the evening sky,
brings forth to my sightless view e'ery flower upon a barren heath
against that forfeited dark in Hades of a star:
too, but bereaved of light my shipwrecked dreams
of broken mast-shaft at north by the sea-ashore,
that crow's quill of my darkened days to some rivulet blue,
hath brought me to this end at Minerva's golden brow;
some vulgar paper to rehearse that day of unaltered eye,
more bright upon the sand dunes thy most high deserts,
ah, too deep for woe at the golden banks of silken satin,
to my e'erliving memory thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Sunday, April 05,2015 4: 30: 52 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Bag Of Bones

Needest not I by some art this world
of outrageous mask at midnight lease,
o'ershadow'ed by lone bark of a tree,
our forefathers bedtime stories tell in dismal shades
of age-old gray, not least can move me more
by a rocking chair at clover-beach:
the sea, the sea of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows down the lane
in amber woods her night-long love of first frost
her falling winter snow, pricked with a furr coat
in the cellar-barn, small minions that arise
from off thy ancient lyre of golden tress
his hair upon the sand dunes;
beside a wrecked boat, a broccoli, outspread in leaves
of autumn, a star-y velorum, sticks out his head
like a soring thumb impression, of plumed hat on knees
in ruffled feathers, Santa's mini skirt
of a dragon skin by a fireheath;
the owl of Minerva on wings, on wings
still haunts my head against phoebus vocal rage;
unto my shipwrecked dreams e'ery flower upon
a barren heath, of plucked parsley
half-way between the carpet upon
her interlocked assumptions of the mind,
pays homage to the setting sun at my door
of rosemary garden; while musing o'er the dale
in silent hours of soliloquy, of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown at the pedestal of thy throne,
such darling buds of may in summer's prime
under the Archangel's brow, sweet maid.

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Date Created: Monday 20,2017.3: 46 PM / 3: 34 PM/ 3: 54 PM

* Vista: # 1

* Title Revised: From A Bag of Bones To A Bag Packer

Naveed Khalid

A Bait Fish

(Previous title 'To Beauty')

There is always scope for more to see
through thine eye,
and this world brings forth in full abundance
every image unto my view,
that in stars is writ by love;
but by love what is in my mind,
oft goes blurr'd from out of sight
what is still but a creation
of something that I think on thee,
which by thought is bound by more
than by beauty I can prove,
unless not in secret I confide.

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Date: Wednesday, April 17,2013 8: 15: 55 PM

Title Revised: From A Beautiful Lady To A Bait Fish

Naveed Khalid

A Basket Full Of Posies

No, not least befitting to think thee better off
my mind,
fair weather days in the mellowing spring
of worn-out time my shipwrecked dreams,
away from high heavens in half-measured looks
from afar, smokey suburbs by the shabby island
at midnight lease hath rent this world all woe,
of fealty's Apollo at my door, a rosemary garden:
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffodils,
that fair youth in whose ethereal Wing, my age-old love,
of so cold and numb the heart that fed in nurslings of immortality,
threw a nous of light in the late evening upon the sand dunes;
fiery flame of those blushed roses, roses,
never grew to eternal bliss in silent hours of soliloquy,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, sweet maid,
the hand that writ in mournful numbers e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
beside the oak, to some rivulet blue,
our little john, whose charms are so bereft of sight,
of what the star, Supernova, in secret influence comment
unto thy most high deserts above the mundane,
fell from myrtle in my bed of crimson joy:
while musing o'er the dale, think things through more temperate
than darling buds of may under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Monday, May 02,2016 7: 49: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Bend Too Deep For Woe

Of fealty's Apollo at my door her stumbled feet,
above the mundane, so fair thy form,
bereft of sight her charms too shall fade
away from high heavens
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
not least be worthy of thy perusal,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
against the world of thy most high deserts,
my shipwrecked dreams in rosemary garden:
of chamber's maid her muse still in argument with thee,
less by love be looked than by loving looks depart,
needest not I more scope in such subtle thought,
that shows not half thy part beside the oak,
of woe-begone days under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree
unto the stars in secret influence comment,
that christmas eve we parted unawares,
no heart can afford in solemn or strain this dull rhyme,
our little john, half-way between the carpet upon,
bereaved of what I still hold dear in silent hours of soliloquy,
no thought can e'er illumine in the late evening,
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes,
full-fathom five thy battled bones that pelted grave.

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Date created: Friday, March 04,2016 4: 12: 04 PM

Friday, March 04,2016 4: 18: 05 PM

Friday, March 04,2016 4: 18: 47 PM

Friday, March 04,2016 4: 36: 36 PM

Friday, March 04,2016 4: 38: 14 PM

Title Revised: From A Bend Too Deep for Woe
To A Personal Spleen To A Mud Mask To A Dark Lady

Naveed Khalid

A Black Flag

Of way too far the setting sun in deep azure,
that half-baked masonry's night,
on a cloud couch rides the sky,
half-way between the carpet upon,
beside the oak, such stepping stones
of first falling winter snow her night-long love,
full glorious days of enchanting slogans in disparity;
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
too but corrupts the mind, at midnight lease this world all woe,
of cut-out trees in the rainforest e'ery flower
upon a barren heath under the Archangel's brow,
this darkly drowned enigma of yore drifting dream amiss;
some mirror to hide from eternal thy most high deserts,
of fealty's Apollo at my door, that goes soaring high above the dale
in much too wreckage of a nerve at day of Christmas eve,
this sorry scheme of things most abounds by thee alone,
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island
some dry leaves of book by the west wind in autumn,
make a halo of a ring around my head,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown;
small minions that arise in rosemary garden
of e'ery departed look in the late evening,
down the lane in amber woods,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words upon the sand dunes,
beyond the sunrise my shipwrecked dreams of a golden clime.

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Date Created: : Sunday, August 28,2016 8: 32 PM

Title Revised: From A Good Frida To A Black Flag

Naveed Khalid

A Blue-Eyed Pigeon

Love of cruel heart cuts through vein
for smooth sailing,
away from high heavens in whose fell hand
the clock tells no time,
of perisher's dream that pelted grave,
still to my decaying form abides by the shore,
so full of glorious days in autumn
of thy book, the setting sun at my door;
goes soaring high above the dale in silent
hours of soliloquy; her night-long love
of seventy winters have thy November!
capped with snow, of haystack and straw
that old wooden house down the lane
in amberwoods, of wrinkled lip in my spilt words
upon the sand dunes thy most high deserts,
beside the oak, this world of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows, pricked with soring
thumb impressions at clover-beach,
small minions that arise from off thy ancient lyre;
entombed within e'ery flower upon
a barren heath by the sweat of thy brow of first frost
her falling snow, my shipwrecked dreams:
the boat is slowly drifting away from where
I stood, unabashed lies dead, santa's mini skirt
of a dragon skin under the canopy of a hut,
half-way between the carpet upon a horse-shoe
in the stable lay barefooted, plays a hunch for the parade
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown in my bed of crimson joy,
beneath the sheer taut surface, of wayfarer's clime, a broccoli;
outspread among waded lots of wonton mire that half-baked
masonry's night blows the trumpet horn in the late evening.

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Date Created: Monday, September 04,2017 6: 47 PM

* Title Revised From: Blessings of Love To A Blue-Eyed Pigeon

* Micro-organisms

Naveed Khalid

A Bone Marrow

Ah, then, death do us part, and in parting so,
more blessed of ages that are dead
upon the sand dunes, of golden tress his hair
by the setting sun at my door,
of furrowed fields, a star-y velorum
hath led me to rosemary garden;
while musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy, of plucked parsley
half-way between the carpet upon,
outspread in leaves of autumn
from dust-cover'd page of thy book;
small minions that arise in much too
wreckage of a nerve,
I still behold through staircase window
of the wall on high,
above the archway, her night-long love
of fair weather days in the mellowing spring,
beside a wrecked boat that motley's house
at clover-beach, of first frost
her falling winter snow;
hung aloft the ghastly night by some
lone bark of a tree, the eagle on wings, on wings
keeps me out of bed but of late,
such ill-fetched schemes of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrow, my deeds to pry,
oft makes haste e'ery flower upon
a barren heath,
my shipwrecked dreams down the lane
in amber woods,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
under the Archangel's brow,
no dark that by dark more bright.

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Date Created: Monday, February 06,2017.4: 26 PM

* Rewritten: Kasoti No: 7 Jack Lives here, but master of none.

* "Know thyself";

Naveed Khalid

A Bow In The Bush

What needest I this world
down the lane in amber woods,
of e'ery departed look in the late evening;
beside the oak in largess of
some thought alone, sweet maid,
dry leaves of book in autumn,
brings forth nothing but what I write,
so off-hand to my sightless view:
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
under the Archangel's brow, at my door
of rosemary garden, fell from a bough;
while musing o'er the dale in my bed
of crimson joy, small minions that arise
in silent hours of soliloquy,
above the mundane, of way too far
a golden clime on top of the tree,
took me o'er, me not myself to claim,
first frost of falling winter snow
against the setting sun my shipwrecked dreams,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown;
a broccoli, from yellow-pages of history,
oft steals looks through e'ery looking glass
that shows not half thy part,
away from high heavens to my mind still
her night-long love hides from eternal,
of what the star in secret influence comment
at day of Christmas eve,
hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold,
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
less by love be look'd through this imprint
of thine holy eyen,
much too rendered in age-old grey,
that half-baked masonry's bride.

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Date Created: Friday, November 11,2016.5: 22 PM

Title Revised: From Blessings of Love To A Bow in the Bush

7736/9657/4366/7366/7756/3947/5611

Naveed Khalid

A Boy

He is our boy, a whiz-kid
of the Hal computer,
but we can only see him
on the screen,
through his rose-colour'd glasses;
but he thinks he knows more than we do:
he must be stunned by the printer's devil
in the mirror as we arrived;
yet we wonder what he is doing down there,
maybe picking the scraps of the scroll
to put them back in the black box;
or his girlfriend deserted him,
a mere break-off, whatever!
I think he left his holy ghost back home,
for one more in hope to be Elia's patient,
along the vast Arabia Stony desert:
a bout of sea-sickness hangs
by the loose ends of a string
to his shirt, to his boat;
for when he left he broke the remote,
stampeded under his feet,
until the signals from the tower,
dot-dot-dot...dash-dash-dash,
trail out of his head,
all data is lost, crashed to the floor,
broke like him, his dream a vapour,
and there he is on the screen,
it hurts him no more.

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Date Created: Tuesday, February 21,2012 2: 51: 34 PM

* Elia's patient

A Brain-Drain

Say not, of subverted looks more blessed
her night-long love,
than thy honoured bones
unto my poor lot,
of no tiring time needest more scope,
a broccolli, of wayfarer's clime,
half-way between the carpet upon,
haunts the mind at midnight lease
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
against the setting sun that fair youth
in whose faded glory this world,
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes;
beweeps my outcast state forlorn,
small minions that arise in first frost
of falling winter snow!
while musing o'er the dale
at my door of rosemary garden,
of thought so insidious in silent
hours of soliloquy,
the boat goes sailing far away
of e'ery fleeting shadow,
thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
sustains me on wings, on wings;
where blue-bells hang by the windowsill,
down the lane in amber woods,
of e'er breaking tide upon the sea-ashore,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words
her beauty's grace of wild hunches;
sticks out his head like a soring thumb impression:
a clover beach beside the oak
in much too dearth of thy most high deserts,
I still behold under the bolted sky,
such stepping stones of darkened earth's infernal grove,
among a thousand roses farewell!

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Date Created: Thursday, November 24, 2016 5:13 P.M

Naveed Khalid

A Breakfast Table

Not riches of gold, nor beauty
of her looks to the lark,
shall find more scope in largess
of some thought alone,
where but the troubled sea of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows; my sweet-scented letters,
beside the oak, a broccoli, of way too far
at midnight lease is measured by a distance
of the world: the setting sun of silver angels
in age-old gray, while musing o'er the dale in silent
hours of soliloquy, the sailing boat of moon-lit tide
is decked ashore from out of the blues in still waters;
away from the banks of silken-satin:
against tempest beats of unnerved blood in vein,
o'ershadowed by lone bark of a tree,
hath spread some dry leaves in autumn
of thy book, of first frost her falling snow
at clover-beach, pricked with small minions
of soring thumb impressions; full many glorious days
of her night-long love, still to my decaying form abides,
of seventy winters have thy November!
entombed within e'ery flower upon
a barren heath; oft steal from my bed
of crimson joy, half-way between the carpet upon
on horse's back they led me through the door
of rosmeary garden, this perisher's stone of bohan
unto my shipwrecked dreams that motley's house
of mortal clay under the bolted sky.

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Date Created: Monday 19,2017.12: 35-42-43-47-99 PM

Title Revised: From A Curse of id To A Breakfast Table

Naveed Khalid

A Breaking Dawn

Of conjurer's art thy cherubim Wing
too soon shall fade away
from such becharming looks
of another rent at midnight lease,
not least in vain words to profane thee:
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
against bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts,
hath beset many a garden ere thine holy eye:
while I to whom no such matters whether I love thee,
or naught that by fealty's Apollo to my thought is wed;
of eyes so blind that man-in-the-moon,
I know naught, nor I e'er need to know,
when, what time of the year in mellowing spring
along the pavement of cow parsley,
came to toll the bell at my door with pen-pricked angels,
some dry leaves of book in rosemary garden,
rest content be oblivion of my shipwrecked dreams,
oft steal looks from my bed of crimson joy,
that day I still behold under the Archangel's brow,
else our little John playing upon the sand dunes.

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Date Created: Sunday, December 20, 2015 3: 47: 01 PM

Sunday, December 20, 2015 3: 48: 21 PM

* Title Revised: A Breaking Dawn To A Breakfast Table

Naveed Khalid

A Bridal Song

How unmov'd by time thy age-old monument
Stands still the same at Darien Peak!
How unconquer'd thy triumphant beams
In summer's sun, everyday arise!
Pourest love through veins of autumn leaves,
Venice hath her golden bow in the trees,
Blush'd roses melt in lover's breath;
Violet blues in the ocean green sink
Small orange skies in the late evening,
And laid to rest in bed of oak- -sleep!
When worldly dreams begin,
How blest by thy sight,
Are unchain'd from the stars!
A private door opens unto the
Backyard of thy garden,
Wherein bluebells hang
By the windowsill of an Old House:
Lord! that our most esteem'd Poet
Is remembered well,
Must we love him forever more;
But where a line goes uncheck'd
In Greek fable or allegory,
Our picturesque story tell
Of the moon-lit wedded night.

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Dated Created: Monday, August 27,2012 12: 41: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Broken Shipyard

Then, this world that by looks more bright
than summer's eve can afford,
to behold my love that glorious day
of unaltered eye,
e'ery falling star in winter cold,
they led me through the door in silent hour of the night;
where lies my bed above a funeral pyre,
from out of the debris of ruined ashes,
her lichens of desire in modern electra;
a few cliches from a fumbled mouth,
fell out of hand that crystal goblet,
full fathom-five thy crackled bones
of ages that are dead,
hath spilled the beans all o'er the place,
that crickets sing through e'ery figleaf
of autumn wind in solemn-strained rhyme,
this adobe of a dream at the foot of thy crags.

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Date Created: 28 July,2014, Monday at 3: 40 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Bunch Of Fools

Have I not enough wits to prove thee virtuous
against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky,
more than thy argument is to show thy pride,
of such looks in witness of thy name too dear!
no love can hide from eternal of fealty's Apollo at my do'r
this world in much dearth of thy most high deserts
under the Archangel's brow!
of cowslip her parted hair upon the sand dunes;
half-so-ill, distempered brain in a drag of suspended consciousness,
hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold in the late evening,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
the heart that fed in nurslings of immortality,
beside the oak, thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
those pearls that ne'er come out to the surface,
oft steal looks from off thy ancient lyre of snow-capped myrtle,
of what the stars in secret influence comment
in solemn or strain this dull rhyme of eyes so blind,
has a meted-out word unto my shipwrecked dreams.

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Date Created: Monday, July 11,2016 8: 56: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Buzz

How so blind of e'ery departed look
that can see not through the heart
of love-sick thought on thee,
be but beauty's waste in vain words,
so vague impressions of poetry,
which from off thy sweet lot unfold
her seraph Wing of gold!
away from this fedora of yore dream,
I my secret hath kept
ere in the mellowing spring,
heaven-ward bent beyond the sunrise,
makes wither some dry leaves of book in autumn
against bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts,
this world writ upon the wall on high
of my shipwrecked dreams to a close afraid;
no dark can e'er illumine in my bed of crimson joy,
else my deeds to pry, you've come this far whence no return
to a midnight calling from off so remote a place
her stumbled feet upon the mundane shell by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 23,2015 5: 49: 47 PM

* astra has a problem of a

Title Revised: From A Buzz To A Poisoned Ear To A Barley Ear

Naveed Khalid

A Cat Walk

Ah, then, this world of thought so insidious,
tinged with star of old,
beneath the bed of crimson joy, a broccolli,
robbed of me my rosebed,
of subverted looks her night-long love
hath her golden bough in the tree
by the western isle,
first frost of falling winter snow
under the Archangel's brow!
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
of days that are gone against the setting sun,
beside the oak, my shipwrecked dreams,
those stars you'd them beaker full,
while musing o'er the dale at my door
of rosemary garden,
of crowquill such darling buds of may
away from high heavens small minions that arise
like to the lark at break of day,
of darkened earth's infernal grove
thy most high deserts in the late evening,
be my only woe of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar barn,
the cat still purrs at the citadel in nurslings of immortality,
my sweet-scented letters in yellow-pages of history;
down the lane in amber woods her stumbled feet,
plays a hunch for the parade of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown at clover beach.

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Date Created: Tuesday, October 04,2016.11: 55 P.M

* the last line modified to avoid tautology

Title Revised: A Cat Walk To A Saxophone

A Cato-Street Conspiracy

Thus, so spake I her voice in still waters by the riverside,
be lowly laid at the gallows of thy feet,
some unspoken word of long ago that half-baked
masonry's night,
so well writ in book of numbers e'ery flower
upon a barren heath,
the clock that tells time in the late evening;
a cottage-tree beside the oak, a table, a bed
of crimson joy;
the wall on high my shipwrecked dreams,
needest not her enchanting slogans of disparity:
this sad account of love upon the sand dunes;
still wed to my thought her departed looks in
haystack of woods,
thy iron car at Matilda's farm, marked with a hallowed sun
but of late,
fair weather days in the mellowing spring, arise, arise;
then, this world of unread assumptions in subtle reality
of the mind,
be my only woe of what the stars in secret influence comment,
away from high heavens, a broken mast-shaft at north,
darkly lit in thy abode under the Archangel's brow,
more temperate than darling buds of may in rosemary garden,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn of seventy winters
have thy November,
fell from myrtle that day of unaltered eye my sweet scented letters.

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Date Created: Sunday, June 12,2016 8: 43: 54 PM

DB22KG- Mikco300-vickerman-3 in one I see no difference between the two num
settings lide reed-reeda-commonpin

*Third earl of county: pokjokchok: teemarkhan

A Chamber's Maid

Of wild hunches at midnight lease
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
needest not in nurslings of immortality,
thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
beside the oak, of wayfarer's clime,
this world against the setting sun
my shipwrecked dreams,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words
upon the sand dunes,
her night-long love at my door
of rosemary garden,
such stepping stones of darkened
earth's infernal grove,
down the lane in amber woods,
first frost of falling winter snow!
outspread in leaves of autumn
the dust-covered page of thy book,
I still behold under the Archangel's brow;
while musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy,
besmeared with time and tide
upon the sea-ashore,
of e'ery loving grace thy most high deserts,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn,
of plucked parsley in dismal shades of
age-old grey, that fair youth in whose
woe-begone days,
of e'ery departed look in the late evening.
wide awake from deep inside, my mind,
still abides by thee alone, sweet maid.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 03,2016.2: 53 PM

A Change Of Calendar

Wherefore oft bemoaning passions run wild,
that in my retiring room,
no heart can afford in solemn or strain
this dull rhyme of deserted looks
to my mind still in argument with thee;
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dreams,
no dark can e'er illumine in the late evening,
beside the bed of oak at Minerva's golden bow:
while the world of thy most high deserts,
seekest no revenge of a star that in secret influence comment,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise
against e'ery stealing charm bereft of sight,
thy blessings more bright under the Archangel's brow;
else from off thy loving grace of beauty's bride,
her eyes be red in the morning's pure serene,
where blue-bells hang by the door of hundred years from hence.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 01,2015 5: 47: 31 PM

Title Revised: From A Bridal Dress To A Change of Calendar

Naveed Khalid

A Charioteer On Wings

Of chiseled bones thy iron frame
is carved of stones,
needs not in mournful numbers
e'ery skipped beat of my pulse
against bloody tyrant time the west wind
in autumn of thy book, some dry leaves
of titanic visions afar at midnight lease,
hides from eternal a fair view of the world
around my head this crimson bed of blue-bells
at my door, shows not half thy part, of first frost
her falling winter snow at clover-beach,
beside the oak, the majestic sun in whose footprints
upon the sand dunes, a staircase window
of the wall on high by the sweat of thy brow,
awakes me to thy call at break of day,
oft steal looks from off thy ancient lyre
in solemn or strain this dull rhyme,
has a hold me height in heaven's high bower;
her night-long love, pricked with small minions
of soring thumb impressions under the bolted sky,
still to my decaying form abides her interlocked assumptions
of the mind, opes a garden unto erin's gate in silent hours
of soliloquy, hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold,
of dreary cold repose in whose tress of golden hair,
the silver angels in age-old gray from another shore arise,
thy beauty's bride of full rich content some vulgar paper
to rehearse among waded lots of wonton mire, clawed jaws
of cloven-hoof, blows the trumpet horn of tempest beats,
that plays a hunch for the parade, of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Friday, May 12,2017.9: 14 PM

Taste Number (9)

* Look, Chickneychambeli Sun "DAY"

tezgambile

Naveed Khalid

A Chemlot In Amberwoods

Wherefore oft I beget full moon thy face
beside a cypress boat,
cheeks her red like apple-tarts;
strawberry lips will break all hearts,
hair are under the cow's shed
grow vine-ivy on the wall;
birds sit sing in the fall;
blush'd roses smile
on virgin mother's breast as I
go to bed of oak, pricked with
a hawthorn, her night-long love,
goes loitering around the world:
of way too far a golden clime,
unattended by the clock of rustic feet
upon the sand dunes,
purest white array'd ribbons
from blue heaven,
break lose their oars to thee,
less troubled by the sea of desert titan
at clover-beach;
no mirror reflects more bright such stepping
stones against thine holy eyen:
of fealty's Apollo at my door,
the cat still purrs at the citadel
of good old days in the cellar-barn;
like to the lark at break of day
arise, arise small minions
of soring thumb impressions!
half-so ill distempered brain
of e'ery skipped beat,
my pulse tells no time of sans teeth,
sans eyes; most abound some dry leaves
of book in autumn,
so fairly lost scope of first frost
her falling winter snow;
oft leaves me in dismay full many
a glorious star-y velorum,
bespeaks of self-consuming art
in reality of the mind,

my shipwrecked dreams by thatch-eaves
is run e'ery flower upon
a barren heath, of forg'd manacles
thy iron frame hath a laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown in rosemary garden.44

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Date Created: Saturday, February 11,2017.1: 14 PM

* Come, ye let's walk a mile down the road
in amberwoods!

Naveed Khalid

A Coffin In Hamlet Flatts

God forbid! ere I see this imprint
of thine holy eyen,
erased in surging chaos
of the cosmos,
a star-y velorum, of golden tress
his hair upon the sand dunes,
my shipwrecked dreams of first frost
her falling winter snow in dismal shades
of age-old gray;
bemoaning passions run wild
in ecstasy of pure heaven;
beside the oak e'ery flower upon
a barren heath, guides me my moving
away from high heavens, all woe-betide
at midnight lease this world,
opes a door in the backyard
of rosemary garden,
still wed to my thought her footsteps
by the sea-ashore, in a trance
of self-delusion the clock
against time's devouring hand,
you see not but light of days
that are gone in my bed of crimson joy,
my deeds to pry,
sticks out his head like a soring
thumb impression,
pricked with a furr coat
in the cellar-barn, of straw hat
on knees in ruffled feathers,
of worthier pen born thy beauty's bride;
but by love compares thee with a rose,
pays homage to the setting sun
at clover beach, weary with toil
my day's work expires
under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Monday 27,2017.3: 58 PM

Title Revised: From A Nailed Coffin To A Self in the Coffin further to A Coffin in Hamlet Flats

Naveed Khalid

A Collar Bone

Of fealty's Apollo at my door her Love,
needest no dark that by dark bewails the night,
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise;
e'ery departed look to my shipwrecked dreams
this world that shows not half thy part
away from heaven's most high deserts such darling insights,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words so fair a rose!
that in whose graceful ease nothing stirrs the mind;
nor her charms of flaunt flamingo, too soon shall fade:
of furrowed fields along the pavement of cow parsley,
some dry autumn leaves of book in rosemary garden,
I still am looking, looking upon the mundane shell
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree, a burning goblet,
hath rent at midnight lease in nurslings of immortality!
our little john of harplings upon the sand dunes,
unto the stars in secret influence comment,
beside the oak in the late evening with pen-pricked angels.
many a woe-begone days in novice feeling,
fills my heart with what I write thee to unending doom of poetry.

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Date Created: Tuesday, January 19,2016 8: 16: 43 PM

Tuesday, January 19,2016 8: 20: 20 PM

Tuesday, January 19,2016 8: 22: 55 PM

Tuesday, January 19,2016 8: 31: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Compassed Ark

Not yet nowhere that in worn-out time,
I my days hath spent forlorn
away from high heavens e'ery departed look
to my shipwrecked dreams of eyes so blind,
unawares of the world around my head
in such subtle reality so cold and numb,
pour forth by love-sick thought on thee;
that star of thy most high deserts:
guides me my moving ere in so barren a rhyme of old,
I still hold dear o'er all else that is not mind or sense,
a novice feeling from nowhere arise, arise,
at sunset of the evening sky beyond the sunrise
of snow-capped myrtle at Minerva's golden brow!
e'ery fig leaf in autumn of mud-feet her falling snow,
carries no burden of thy yoke in yellow pages of history,
where I my feet hath tread upon the mundane shell,
that day steals thy cherubim Wing o'er the horizon in deep azure,
while fealty's Apollo at my door against the bolted sky,
the presager of mine eye more eloquent:
thy iron car at matilda's farm, parked beside the oak,
cowslip her parted hair upon the sand dunes,
in full bright summer under the Archangel's brow;
haystack and straw in manger of mandrake roots,
full glorious days of our common affairs I behold, I behold.

C) Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 22,2015 5: 20: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Cottage-Hill At Makatea

The Poet in whose light my love hath fled
Away from out of sight with so many lovely things;
That in fair aspect of cold repose to the setting sun,
Unaccounted for what to my mind still
Of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour,
Oft I bring to the page of eyes so blind,
Of whom, they say, in a smudge of colours dissolve
All my woe in dismal shades of age-old grey;
Apart from all the panorama of this world
Against the wall on high, above the archway
Through the staircase window of a chapel,
I could see e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
Uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
Too soon shall fade in Rosemary garden
Under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
Where sparrows make their nest by the crow's quill;
While brooding o'er the dale to a falling star,
Of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters;
The hand that writ in solemn strain this barren rhyme,
More blest of ages that are dead in hurtlings of past woe.

(C)Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 01,2014 9: 52: 19 PM
Thursday, October 02,2014 10: 53: 22 AM

*Title Revisited: A Cottage-Hill To A Cottage-Hill At Makatea

* 4776/7337/5378/5646 Dent

Naveed Khalid

A Creek By The Western Isle

Ah, westward bent, of doomed youth, a rose,
under heaven's high bower,
mere scattered flowers of so bleak a horizon
in deep azure, early buds of may
grow and wither in time's waste upon a barren heath,
of deserted looks to my mind still this world of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows, no heart can afford
from off thy ancient lyre her night-long love,
of e'ery skipped beat down the lane
in amberwoods; some dry leaves outspread in autumn
of thy book beside the oak, unabashed lies dead
upon the sand dunes, so fairly lost scope of days that are gone;
ere my feathered pen hath writ in mournful numbers
thrice with holy dread, small minions
of soring thumb impressions that arise
from out of the blues in dismal shades of silver angels,
the mockery of my foes, of first frost her falling snow
in my bed of crimson joy at clover-beach;
still to my decaying form abides in solemn or strain
this dull rhyme of fair weather spring in the mellowing year,
that darkened earth's infernal grove
against the setting sun at my door, the sea, the sea
of unnerved blood in vein, opes a garden unto erin's gate
by the suburbs of shabby island; while but a child
of two days old in the manger as I follow
the evening star-y velorum:
of cowslip his parted hair in half-measured distance
from afar, stretched across a golden bough on top
of the tree, they took me o'er, me not myself to claim
on camel's back, the watcher of the skies;
pebbles and stones in the ocean sink
this fedora of yore drifting dream amiss,
away from high heavens the eagle on wings, on wings,
goes soaring high above the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy, I still hold dear unto my shipwrecked dreams,
a bout of sea-sickness at midnight lease thy iron car
at Matilda's farm tolls the bell in the backyard of rosemary garden.

(C)Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Monday, July 17,2017.6: 14 PM * Area * Spoon

* Title Revised from A Creek by the Western Isle To A River Nile To A Western
Isle

Naveed Khalid

A Damsel In Distress

Of what in the eyes her night-long love
you see not but light,
fair weather days in the mellowing spring
of my shipwrecked dreams!
against the world of thy most high deserts,
say I, thy star at midnight lease hath rent
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
beside the oak in the late evening:
of fealty's Apollo at my door,
more temperate than darling buds of may,
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffodils,
that man-in-the-moon under the Archangel's brow,
needest no charms bereft of sight,
e'ery looking glass that shows not half thy part
away from high heavens,
of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
outspread in autumn her musing's o'er the dale,
that day at christmas eve in rosemary garden,
fell from myrtle in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Saturday, February 13,2016 2: 10: 56 PM

Saturday, February 13,2016 2: 13: 46 PM

Saturday, February 13,2016 2:15: 54 PM

Saturday, February 13,2016 2: 18: 00 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Daydream At Mt. Parnassus

When all thoughts drown but not a thought of thee,
When all mirrors fade before thine eye
And against the wall a belat'd sight,
By vaunting looks for more light and love,
Of less scope thy words where they most abound:
Then I think I am nothing more than thy thought,
What otherwise would be but a mere speculation- -
A brooding of the Muse at some high mansion,
Full soars in silence, by time goes uncheck'd;
But bound by love's most discreet feeling,
Until the day dissolves it all that I write,
Except what in my mind counts worth a note.

(C) Naveed Khalid

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*Republished: Title Revised

Date Created: Monday, November 19,2012 4: 24: 11 PM

Title Revised from Musings of A Muse To Amerigo is a child To A Daydream at
Mount Parnassus

* the word, "Line" replaced with "Day"

Naveed Khalid

A Dogtail

Sovereign! far beyond the scope this world
of rosemary garden at my door,
rest content be oblivion of a host
among daffodils, no heart can afford,
of fickle foe's fiddle that by thought alone,
of e'ery departed look, my mind!
plays a hunch for the parade in the late evening,
of what the stars in secret influence comment
against thy most high deserts;
bereaved of light my shipwrecked dreams:
beside the oak some dry leaves of book in autumn,
no dark can e'er illumine of surpassing wit thy brow,
a golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes,
of broken mast-shaft at north, my age-old love,
hung aloft the ghastly night in silent hours of soliloquy,
the crow on wings, on wings in thy graceful ease,
of woe-begone days under the cow's shed,
much toiled by day's labour, our little john,
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time.

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Date Created: Saturday, April 02,2016 5: 54: 08 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Dragon Fly

Why wouldest I play ye on with
such stepping stones,
of plucked parsley down the lane
in amber woods,
more subtle in reality of the mind,
her night-long love upon the sand dunes,
the feet that tread of e'ery departed look
in the late evening,
of wayfarer's clime beside the oak;
a broccoli, robbed of me my rose-bed
against the setting sun my shipwrecked dreams;
hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold,
a boat slowly drifting away from out
of the blues in still waters, first frost
of falling winter snow at my door
of rosemary garden,
while musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy, above the mundane,
shall someday be raised from dust-covered page
of thy book, outspread in leaves of autumn,
this world of wild hunches at christmas eve,
I deny thee most of woe-begone days
her enchanting slogans of disparity,
needest not in nursling of immortality
thy iron car at Matilda's farm.

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Date Created: Friday, December 16,2016.4: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Drum Beat

Of auburn looks this world
beside the oak,
can ne'er illumine e'ery flower
upon a barren heath,
a host of crowd among daffodils,
sticks out his head like a soring
thumb impression,
still wed to my thought of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown,
against the setting sun at my door
of rosemary garden,
thick dark night of first frost
her falling winter snow,
too soon shall settle on thy brow
of forsaken wit,
such drifting dream amiss
in hilarious intoxication
of the mind;
while musing o'er the dale in silent
hours of soliloquy,
above the mundane, her night-long love,
of way too far a golden clime,
I still behold by the western isle;
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
her cheeks are red; heart of coral-made,
of brittle-clay breaking, breaking
my shipwrecked dreams of ages that are dead
upon the sand dunes, of wrinkled lip
in my spilt words you play a hunch for the parade
in morning's pure serene under the bolt'd sky,
full-fathom five thy battled bones,
not least in favour with the star
of thy most high deserts,
of darkened earth's infernal grove.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 21,2016 3: 04 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Fall Of Lucritus

'Tis tigris, sir, for a wild hunt waning through
the forest deep,
frailty of her Wing hath salt of seven seas,
of so sickening a desire in ill-omen,
O horrible, horrible that e'ery groaning heart
feeds upon nurslings of immortality,
lo! our jordie passes-by, having nothing much to say
except a few fumbled words up his chin,
go loitering around the world;
so sayest I, "you want me to dumb this for you,
else I go get a drink";,
weighed down by my bagpies
I moved to the counter with heavy steps
for a toast of times eternal,
a little above the archway, thy supreme most angels
sit still brooding o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy; heart of coral-made
play music in the background;
so swayed by some dry leaves outspread in autumn
from dust-covered page of thy book,
capped with snow that old wooden house
of mortal clay; where blue-bells hang in the backyard
of rosemary garden, a cold kiss hath dried
Santa's mini skirt of a dragon skin at clover-beach,
of so rich his pride to her faults more
than old folks can afford:
my deeds to pry, a star-y velorum, at midnight lease,
of wayfarer's clime, a broccoli, beneath the bed
of crimson joy, marsh-mellows of hazel nuts,
neatly dovetailed along the pavement of cow parsley
her night-long love beside the oak,
pricked with small minions of soring thumb impressions,
from sullen earth arise by Swana's lake:
the setting sun of auburn looks at my door,
o'ershadow'd by seventy winters have thy November,
of first fall the lark at heaven's gate, Maestro, Sings!
yet far from the maddening crowd on wings, on wings,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
needs not day's old rhetoric illumine all woe-betide

my shipwrecked dreams,
half-way between the carpet upon thy iron car
blows the tumpet horn at Matilda's farm,
mere wild wagoner's wheel in rust, while some shadow fell
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree;
against past woe's deceased frame thy haggard bones
upon the sand dunes that fair youth of golden tress his hair,
still to my decaying form abides;
away from high heavens that pelted grave
is swallowed at the foot of thy craggs,
O sea! of silver angels in age-old gray the eagle
of unerved blood in vein runs in deep sorrows,
Ovid's veneral amores beset against time's devouring hand:
the clock, our bedtime stories tell by the sweat of thy brow,
more subtle than the reality of yore battered things,
our esteemed Poet's mind, pays homage to our Lord in manger
of mandrake roots, a barefooted shoe-horse in the stable,
shall have no place in heaven; else on earth, if so you please,
phoebus's vocal rage of cloven-hooves, clawed jaws tugged in with
gurgling goggles among waded lots of wonton mire,
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island,
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffodils,
indeed! by thatch-eaves plays a hunch for the parade,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown in the late evening.

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Date Created: Monday, February,12,2018 at 4: 24 PM

* Rhesus Monkey still staring through the ventilator

I'll not go with a suggested title, A-Little-Bo-Peep, a term most commonly used
in literature for a traditional girl in nursery rhymes.

* Title Revised: from A Fall of Lucritus To A Double-Molech(which means any of
the things that might work, pretty ridiculous)

The title is revised: A Fall of Lucritus To A Rhesus Monkey

* Clock & Machine out of order

Naveed Khalid

A Few Private Lines

Love of cruel heart cuts through vein
for smooth sailing,
away from high heavens in whose fell hand
the clock tells no time,
of perisher's dream that pelted grave,
still to my decaying form abides by the shore,
so full of glorious days in autumn
of thy book, the setting sun at my door;
goes soaring high above the dale in silent
hours of soliloquy; her night-long love
of seventy winters have thy November!
capped with snow, of haystack and straw
that old wooden house down the lane
in amberwoods, of wrinkled lip in my spilt words
upon the sand dunes thy most high deserts,
beside the oak, this world of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows, pricked with soring
thumb impressions at clover-beach,
small minions that arise from off thy ancient lyre;
entombed within e'ery flower upon
a barren heath by the sweat of thy brow of first frost
her falling snow, my shipwrecked dreams:
the boat is slowly drifting away from where
I stood, unabashed lies dead, santa's mini skirt
of a dragon skin under the canopy of a hut,
half-way between the carpet upon a horse-shoe
in the stable lay barefooted, plays a hunch for the parade
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown in my bed of crimson joy,
beneath the sheer taut surface, of wayfarer's clime, a broccoli;
outspread among waded lots of wonton mire that half-baked
masonry's night blows the trumpet horn in the late evening.

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Date Created: Monday, September 04,2017 6: 47 PM

* Title Revised From: Blessings of Love To A Blue-Eyed Pigeon

* Micro-organisms

Naveed Khalid

A Flying Bed

Not e'er this world of first frost
her falling snow,
so swayed by some dry leaves,
in autumn of thy book,
beside a wrecked boat, a broccoli,
of maiden pride her looks to the lark
at break of day arise, arise
in self-consuming art, a star-y velorum:
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes,
the setting sun at my door, my age-old love
of seventy winters have thy November!
sweetly wed to my thought, of blushed roses
his ethereal Wing, robbed of me my rosebed,
of doomed youth, a rose, by the west wind
in heavenly smile; has but the last scope of days
that are gone, blows the trumpet horn,
o'ershadowed by lone bark of a tree,
small minions of soring thumb impressions;
of starry wheel the night sky still
from Santa's mini skirt
of a dragon skin at clover-beach;
the boundless sea of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows, of straw hat on knees
in ruffled feathers, a barefooted shoe-horse,
entombed within e'ery flower upon
a barren heath, pricked with a furr coat
in the cellar-barn,
of plucked parsley half-way between
the carpet upon my shipwrecked dreams,
outshines in white bier to brave
thine holy eyen:
of clay and wattle-made thistles
under the cow's shed,
the Eagle on wings, on wings
still musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy, bereft of charms,
full ripe gourd of hazel nuts down the lane
in amber woods, of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Monday, May 08,2017 12: 56 PM

1453 3556 5676 9686 7743 5766

Naveed Khalid

A Gallery In Mayday

No, not mere scope of wrinkled lip
in my spilt words,
can e'er illumine in the late evening
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes,
beside the oak that half-baked masonry's night;
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
the sun in whose love at midnight lease this world
of my shipwrecked dreams under the bolted sky,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, sweet maid,
the heart that fed in nurslings of immortality,
outshines in white bier to brave thine holy eye,
away from high heavens a man-in-the-moon,
mere wild wagoner's wheel in rust at matilda's farm,
cowslip his parted hair from slumbers deep arise, arise,
half-way between the carpet upon thy iron car
hides from eternal some fault lines in rosemary garden,
her musings o'er the dale with darling buds of may,
needest not this darkly drowned enigma of yore dream.

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Date Created: Monday, June 06,2016 3: 45: 54 PM

Monday, June 06,2016 3: 54: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Gift Box

All thy work is done,
and thou hast nothing to do,
but sit brooding, taking bath in the sun,
for another summer's victim,
play with men of brittle clay breaking,
changing into something else,
as if they knew not thou'd know,
or more than myself my desire,
less to thy love hath proved;
false, corrupted otherwise,
yet thou never so desir'd;
nor thy wish upon a star
hath e'er fulfill'd
thy promise of heaven;
for next to it lies awaiting
this inferno of bread and butter,
sugar-coated candies,
and a gift box of chocolates,
coconut cherries that melt
her violet blues in the grey evening.

(C)Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Monday, January 30,2012 6: 20: 12 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Global Village

Methinks not this world of beating pulse,
so sickening to the bones
of unnerved blood in vein,
that in less measured looks from afar
such ill-fetched schemes but stirr the mind,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words;
beside the oak, half-way between
the carpet upon her night-long love
against the setting sun, my shipwrecked dreams!
outspread in leaves of autumn,
first frost of falling winter snow
at Christmas eve, still wed to my thought
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
raised from dust-cover'd page of thy book,
while musing o'er the dale
in silent hours of soliloquy,
no heart can afford small minions that arise
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn,
thy fair lamb in November
holds a palm in yore hand of haystack and straw
on knees in ruffled feathers,
down the lane in amber woods
that half-baked masonry's bride
in the backyard of rosemary garden,
I could see him sitting on the bench,
marked with voluptuous acmes,
pebbles and stones in the ocean sink,
emptied to the drains her persistent cries
of veneral amores runs in deep sorrows,
that weighs the air above the mundane,
of way too far a golden clime
on top of the tree,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Thursday, November 17, 2016. 6: 47,51 PM updated: 8: 30

Naveed Khalid

A Golden Age

See! how e'ery flower upon a barren heath hath weaved
The subtle thread of thought too dear to my reckoning days,
Thy hideous form of so scant my resources to fill the page,
To my mind still of another rent at midnight lease;
That to my decaying form abides by a hundred mouthed grave,
Oft unattended by thy presence of love so blind,
Not least in precise measure to count I against my adversaries;
Where more is less than beauty's belligerent smile,
Hid away from out of sight in blushed roses!
Of that forfeited dark by what I write, enwrought with thy star:
Much too rendered in age-old grey his enlightened brow of worn-out time,
Perhaps else compounded in mortal clay my haggard bones,
This world of ages that are dead by my vain endeavour,
All but sans teeth, sans eyes, sans e'erything ere thine unweird eye.

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* Title Revised: From A Golden Age

Naveed Khalid

A Golden Tooth

O terrible sea! of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows,
needest not of fervent looks so vast
a scope at midnight lease,
ting'd with dismal shades of age-old grey,
a star-y velorum, sticks out his head
like a soring thumb impression,
o'ershadow'd by some lone bark
of a tree, beside a wreck'd boat
her majestic love of way too far, a broccoli,
outspread in leaves of autumn
from dust-cover'd page of thy book;
small minions that arise at clover-beach,
my shipwrecked dreams of first frost
her falling winter snow;
of plucked parsley half-way between
the carpet upon: a horse-shoe in the stable
lay barefooted;
of e'ery skipped beat down the lane
in amber woods, pricked with
a hawthorn, fiery flame of those blushed roses
that ne'er grew to light
against time's devouring hand,
half-so ill distempered brain cuts through vein
for smooth sailing, the blood-dimmed tide break
loose their oars to thee;
while musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy, still wed to my thought
the eagle on wings, on wings, of darkened
earth's infernal grove; pays homage to the setting sun
in the backyard of rosemary garden,
hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Saturday, February 25,2017 4: 17 PM

1- Re-written on: Monday, February 27,2017 1: 37 PM

2- Re-written on Wednesday March 01,2017 2: 18 PM

* See the modifications at lines 25-26 on Friday 03,03,2017

* Title Revised: From A Golden Tooth To A Casket of Gold

Naveed Khalid

A Gravestone

Ah, then, but to think on thee from out of the blues
in still waters,
pebbles and stones in the ocean sink
of witch hunting her persistent cries
at my door of rosemary garden broke the chord,
half-so ill, distempered brain shook off his head
like a soaring thumb impression,
at midnight lease this world all woe
beside the oak:
a rustle in the wind by the western isle,
marked with e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
of veneral amorous runs in deep sorrows
against the setting sun of our common affairs,
my shipwrecked dreams under the bolted sky,
of days that are gone in my bed of crimson joy,
a broccoli, of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes,
some dry leaves of book in autumn,
still wed to my thought in silent hours
of soliloquy, her night-long love of e'ery departed look
in the late evening, of unnerved blood in vein
too shall fade this vertigo of yore drifting dream amiss,
apart from where you tread the mundane shell,
squirrels make hoards in haystack of woods,
that half-baked masonry's night of wayfarer's clime,
fell from myrtle my sweet-scented letters.

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Date Created: Monday, September 26,2016.6: 06 PM

Title Revised from: A Gravestone to A Grasshopper

Naveed Khalid

A Green Mug Of Coffee

Far from off this world that hides
from eternal,
e'ery looking glass that shows not
half thy part,
of woe-begone days her night-long love
against the setting sun my shipwrecked dreams;
I still behold in summer's prime,
a brocolli, beneath the bed of crimson joy:
in first frost of falling winter snow!
some such snowflakes at my door
of rosemary garden,
beside the oak e'ery flower upon
a barren heath
under the Archangel's brow!
of crowquill this love-sick thought on thee,
more bright at day of Christmas eve,
the heart that fed in nurslings of immortality,
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
in reality of the mind from nowhere arise, arise.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 19,2016.1: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Green-Eyed Monster

Needest not I in much too wreckage
of a nerve,
a blood-dimmed tide of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows,
the sea, the sea in silent hours
of soliloquy, filled with
richly coloured silver gray angels,
beside the oak on eagle wings, a drab note
of quick sand against the world;
that fair youth in whose tress of golden hair,
the setting sun at my door, needs no love
of rustic feet her dance upon the floor,
entombed within e'ery flower upon
a barren heath, break lose their oars to thee,
in white arrayed ribbons her princely steps
from another shore arise small minions
of soring thumb impressions; the first frost
her falling snow at clover-beach,
still be of subverted looks the day's old care,
ere the pen hath writ in mournful numbers,
so swayed by some dry leaves in autumn
of thy book, a star-y velorum!
of fell hand the clock tells no time,
like upon the rock a steed of heaven's grace
by the sweat of thy brow,
the spurious reasoner's mind under the bolted sky:
stood aghast, ah, but to beweap my outcast state
forlorn; of way too far at midnight lease
my shipwrecked dreams; away from the banks
of silken satin, plays a hunch for the parade,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Monday May 22,2017 5: 05 PM

Re-written on Saturday May 27,2017 5: 42 PM

Title Revised: From A Green-eyed Monster To A Hornet Pie

Supernova!

Naveed Khalid

A Heart-Shaped Kite

I'll not by such voluptuous acmes be moved more
than this world of cut-out trees in the rainforest,
ah, but to spell them thy name of hair-knots
of virgin mother born all woe be mine,
that man-in-the-moon under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
of e'ery departed look to my shipwrecked dreams,
so blind of eyes ere I breathe thy last,
though first thought on thee be made to wear out soon,
that fades away in Hades of a star, not least to weigh the air:
of fair weather days in the mellowing spring,
you desire increase in counting prayers still haunts my head,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown at christmas eve,
that bewailing night asleep thy most high deserts,
shall of thy befitting garment this skin-tight dream,
pay homage to the sun at sunset of the evening sky,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Wednesday, February 17,2016 2: 38: 54 PM

Wednesday, February 17,2016 2: 39: 44 PM

Wednesday, February 17,2016 2: 40: 22 PM

Wednesday, February 17,2016 2: 46: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Heavenly Smile

Our good Lord's gracious muse
is most revered in high mansions,
entombed within e'ery flower upon
a barren heath,
the glories of age-old sun in dismal shades
of night-long love, be my only woe
against her looks to the lark of maiden pride;
beside the oak on eagle wings this world
of wayfarer's clime, a broccoli, beneath the bed
of crimson joy, the first frost of her falling snow
by the sweat of thy brow, a star-y velorum, of golden tress
his hair upon the sand dunes, small minions
of soring thumb impressions, oft steal this plumed hat
on knees in ruffled feathers; o'ershadowed by lone
bark of a tree, goes soaring high above the dale
in silent hours of soliloquy, some dry leaves
in autumn of thy book, has but the last scope
of days that are gone under the canopy of a hut,
the sailing boat is decked ashore
of tidal waves by the sea of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows, twice by ransom paid;
while sitting by a firehurst, our forefathers
bedtime stories tell at clover-beach,
that darkened earth's infernal grove
unto my shipwrecked dreams still in secret
influence comment, of smokey suburbs
by the shabby island; unabashed lies mesmerized
the immeasurable glow of many a moon-lit night
hath pass'd o'er in a twilight dreams, of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown in rosemary garden.

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Rewritten

Date Created: Monday, July 03,2017.3: 46 PM

Title Revised From Artificial Intelligence To A Heavenly Smile

Date Created: Friday, June 30,2017.4: 27 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Holy Cow

No, not least this world of
my shipwrecked dreams,
can e'er illumine mistaken notions
of the mind,
some do they taunt me with
full glorious days her night-long love;
beside the oak of e'ery departed look
in the late evening:
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
of wayfarer's clime on top of the trees,
at midnight lease some dry leaves
of book in autumn,
fell from myrtle in my bed
of crimson joy,
still wed to my thought at my door
of rosemary garden,
the eagle on wings, on wings
in nurslings of immortality;
of crowquill such darling buds of may
down the lane in amber woods,
of furrowed fields upon the sand dunes,
first frost of falling winter snow
under the Archangel's brow!
hung aloft the ghastly night I behold, I behold
of ages that are dead in the mellowing spring
against thy most high deserts;
while musing o'er the dale,
full rich content of some vulgar paper
to rehearse
my sweet-scented letters o'er my head,
hath a hold me height in heaven's high bower,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Monday,19,2016.5: 43 PM

* Jack Daniels

Naveed Khalid

A Honey Comb

Then, a straw hat on knees
in ruffled feathers,
some dry leaves of book
in autumn,
so vainly put in my bed
of crimson joy,
a table, a chair not least can move
me more against the setting sun:
such vague impressions of poetry
from nowhere arise, arise,
the music of her anklets I hear,
deaf and dumb to the ear
one more time
her night-long love,
of woebegone days under
the canopy of a hut,
sticks out his head like a soring thumb;
full ripe gourd of hazel nuts
in my account,
where squirrels make hoards
in haystack of woods,
first frost of falling winter snow
at christmas eve,
tinged with star of old,
clay and wattle-made thistles
by the western isle,
flow to eternal bliss in waking hour,
pebbles and stones in the ocean sink
this darkly drowned enigma of yore
drifting dream amiss,
o'er a timeless tide by the sea-ashore,
of eclipsed doom this earth's infernal grove.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 01,2016.4: 18 PM

Title Revised: A Honey-Comb To A Bottle of Honey To A Comb Hair

Naveed Khalid

A Horse Shoe

While musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy,
down the lane in amber woods,
full of granary in haystack and straw,
some dry leaves of book in autumn;
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words beside the oak,
too shall fade e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
in half-measured looks from afar I still behold
my shipwrecked dreams in rosemary garden;
of fealty's Apollo at my door this world,
darkly lit in thy abode under the Archangel's brow!
opes a walk-through gate of untread places far off
beyond the sunrise where blue-bells hang
by the wall on high, her enchanting slogans of disparity,
needest not thy iron car at Matilda's farm
heaven-ward bent that soldier's grave unknown,
away from what to my mind still in subtle reality
less defined by time, the music of her anklets I hear
still wed to my thoughta tapping noise o'er my head,
some shadow fell from myrtle in my bed of crimson joy,
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffodils,
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes
in full bright summer of days that are gone,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn,
her stumbled feet stampeded the throne,
of darkened earth's infernal grove thy most high deserts,
apart from where you tread the mundane shell,
I my secret hath kept at the gallows of thy feet.

(C)Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Thursday,01 September,2016 7: 23 PM

* copy

A Installed Man

This world but adores the one,
not among us, away from out of sight,
against time's mirrored angels;
and there in my verse alone
thy golden thread of thought,
grows e'eryday to eternal bliss:
before my eyes his love of Beulah's night,
the sunset by the evening sky,
hath stretched this tale too long,
to the ending doom of poetry.

(C)Naveed Khalid

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Previous title: Sunset has been revised to A Installed Man To A Big Bear To
Incantation II (the original title)To A Necessary Priest

Naveed Khalid

A Jabberwock

Of far-fetched sky at midnight lease
that lurking limbo,
lopsidedly walk'd past the old
wooden house,
against the setting sun at my door
of rosemary garden,
this world of wayfarer's clime,
too shall fade from out of the blues
in still waters, a broccoli,
outspread in leaves of autumn,
beside the oak e'ery flower upon
a barren heath,
remains but a drag of suspended
consciousness, my shipwrecked dreams
through the window of thine holy eyen:
above the mundane, of wrinkled lip in my spilt words
upon the sand dunes,
her subverted looks of plucked parsley,
still musing o'er the dale of fair weather days
in the mellowing spring,
I still behold hung aloft the ghastly night
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
first frost of falling winter snow,
down the lane in amber woods,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
shook off his head like a soring
thumb impression,
plays a hunch for the parade
small minions that arise of airy nothing
thy majestic voice be my only woe at clover beach.

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Date Created: Wednesday, January 11,2017.3: 12 PM

Leg-bye!

Naveed Khalid

A Jelly-Fish On The Beach

Methinks not of love by fair means foul,
not least for folly's sake to show thy pride,
that through e'ery skipped beat so porous as the eyes
of unnerved blood in vein, half-so-ill a dis-tempered brain,
that half-baked masonry's night can e'er illumine,
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
cowslip her parted hair upon the mundane shell
hath rent at midnight lease with pen-pricked angels:
this world of fealty's Apollo at my door in the late evening
e'ery flower upon a barren heath to my shipwrecked dreams
away from heaven's most high deserts that shows not half thy part,
bereft of e'ery departed look beyond the sunrise,
of chiseled bones such darling insights from nowhere arise, arise
against many a lost memory to another's plight,
our little john upon the sand dunes,
his feet half-sunk in stony ripples beside the oak,
besmeared with time seeds that grow to eternal bliss;
of glorious days her cherubim Wing under the Archangel's brow,
awakes but a wonder in thine holy eye: sweet maid,
ere I write thee some such snowflakes in winter cold,
of snow-capped myrtle at Minerva's golden bow.

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Date Created: Monday, January 18, 2016 6: 57: 22 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Kashmir Sapphire

The boat that slowly drifts away,
Away! away! from the golden banks
Of untread places in a waking dream;
And upon the strand of still waters,
This line is writ along the star,
Whose unsatiating love of high heavens,
Would peak through the window of thine eye,
That in forest deep, down the valleys wild,
Hath moved forth all the world with thee:
Where but to marvel at beauty's solitary mien,
A hundred shadows under the midnight lamp
Are wash'd away by cruel hands of time.

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Date Created: Monday, September 09,2013 12: 40: 21 PM

* Previous title modified from: 'On Kashmir' To 'A Kashmir Sapphire'

Naveed Khalid

A Kettle Drum

While musing o'er the dale at sunset of the
evening sky,
beside the oak, a broccolli, beneath the bed
of crimson joy, no dark can e'er illumine,
elbow room, the table and a few scraps of paper;
hide from eternal e'ery flower upon a barren heath
against thy most high deserts at midnight lease
this world of fair weather days in the mellowing spring:
I could hear a tapping noise o'er my head in silent hours
of soliloquy, some such darling buds of may,
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes,
away from high heavens my shipwrecked dreams;
keeps me wide awake under the Archangel's brow,
many a sleepless night from off thy ancient lyre no heart can afford,
of subverted looks in haystack and straw, my age-old love,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn her stumbled feet
of untread places far off beyond the sunrise,
the cat still purrs at the citadel in a flaunt flemingo,
that crow on wings, on wings of plumed hat on knees in ruffled features,
of fealty's Apollo at my door that tolls the bell
in rosemary garden,
oft goes unchecked by the west wind in autumn,
bereaved of light my darkened days to some rivulet blue
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time.

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Date Created: Monday, May 09,2016 5: 27: 37 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Knightcap

No mortal look have I of that fair youth
in whose age-old love,
heavy piled books beside the oak,
weighed down by my bagpies
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
mere wild wagoner's wheel in rust!
of fealty's Apollo at my door
this world of hideous looks in rosemary garden:
half-way between the carpet upon her stumbled feet,
above the mundane thy iron car at matilda's farm;
that man-in-the-moon to my shipwrecked dreams,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, our queen,
oft pays homage to the setting sun in the late evening,
away from high heavens in my bed of crimson joy,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath at midnight lease,
be my only woe thy gracious muse to hide from eternal,
of darkened earth's infernal grave in the cellar-barn
against thy most high deserts, our little john,
of fickle foe's fiddle upon the sand dunes
hath hard times catching up with those flies
you'd them beaker fullin nurslings of immortality,
marsh mellows, amber woods on fire my sweet-scented letters.

(C) Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Wednesday, March 09,2016 7: 39: 32 PM

Wednesday, March 09,2016 7: 40: 22 PM

* Title revised: From A Nightcap To A Knightcap

Naveed Khalid

A Lily On His Brow

No, not least by what you think I can ne'er know,
much toiled by day's labour,
half-so-ill, weary with time and tide,
my shipwrecked dreams beyond the sunrise,
all wrapped in shroud of a star: Supernova!
hath rent this world at midnight lease,
against many a blushed violets to some rivulet blue
in sweet-scented silence of snow-capped myrtle:
oft steal looks from off thy graceful ease
ere I write thee with love of fealty's Apollo at my door,
ah, but to think thee better off my mind
away from heaven's most high deserts,
that on some lone bark of a tree;
where cuckoos sing in melodious accents I, I,
rest content be oblivion of a host
in the backyard of rosemary garden,
no dark that by dark bewails the night
beside the bed of oak in the late evening,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 16,2016 5: 52: 10 PM

Saturday, January 16,2016 5: 54: 49 PM

Saturday, January 16,2016 6: 04: 33 PM

Saturday, January 16,2016 6: 09: 20 PM

Saturday, January 16,2016 6: 11: 12 PM

Saturday, January 16,2016 6: 13: 18 PM

Saturday, January 16,2016 6: 22: 12 PM

Saturday, January 16,2016 6: 25: 04 PM

Saturday, January 16,2016 6: 27: 30 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Little Abstract

That man with a plumed hat on knees
Bent the world to this end in timeless tide,
That e'ery beginning seems but a-far-off cry;
Away from what I in ecstasy of my bride
Had a lot of slack, reign and kiss,
Not least be contend by a peace offering;
And in melting snow thy fair lamb in November,
Would gather such soft fleece from bonanza of thy dream,
That sneer of cold command in Beulah's night,
Shook off the nibbling toes of snow-white damsel:
The church bell rang at midnight waking
Before I barely knew how the birds sing, love,
You'd let another star into my ken, leave all past woes behind,
From another shore to arise, to suffer by thee alone.

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Date Created: Friday, May 16,2014 4: 04: 30 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Little Mermaid I

Let love alone be of witness to thy name,
and no claim in vague impressions of poetry,
that of youth so fair thy form
in false pretense of romantic indignation;
so thinly wrapp'd in atoms of beauty,
the imagery of our common affair,
oft beguil'd by looks of a wandering star:
The sun at first upon the world did shine,
had nothing in mind of that glory;
but far removed from secret divine!
I confess am still in lack of words to express
what with such reverie of sublime feeling
I find it pretty hard to read between the lines,
whence every flower on a barren heath,
is scatter'd at thy feet, not in my rhyme,
except which for a great loss in the morning dew,
from out of nowhere arise in summer,
against all else in eternal truth revealed,
sweet maid, I love thee so by the sea ashore.

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Date Created: Monday, July 29,2013 7: 57: 51 PM

* Title Revisited:

3000 number23 "W" is the 23rd letter of the latin alphabet
"W" V V denoting a Racial Superiority.

Naveed Khalid

A Little Mermaid II

Then, this world of e'ery departed look
to my shipwrecked dreams,
from out of nowhere arise, arise,
in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
of glorious days her cherubim Wing;
unto the star of thy most high deserts
in secret influence comment,
that in much too wreckage of a nerve
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree:
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes,
not least be worthy of thy perusal to becharm the skies,
beside the bed of oak in the late evening;
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
no dark can e'er illumine under the Archangel's brow,
that bewailing night asleep such darling insights,
of untread feet upon the mundane shell,
no heart can afford of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise
this love-sick thought on thee with pen-pricked angels,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath bids me go the way of all flesh,
of what I write makes wither ere thine holy eye:
hibiscus that grow along the pavement of cow parsley,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream.

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Date Created: Monday, January 11,2016 10: 15: 07 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Lost Poem

Love, if my poem stays with you
long enough- -
maybe for a hang-o'er or something;
and doesn't go away,
don't think I am doing poetry
or art of some kind;
but just that it is the ghost
of your magic, myth and folklore,
that haunts the mind
in intoxication of your company
on daily basis:
before it all goes into a sink,
and those persistent cries
to the dumb ear one more time,
are more enchanting than my poem
in your ever-living, loving memory,
lost in a rut of long, forgotten lines
when we turn'd our way
back home,
only if you can trace the path
of my dusty-rusty poem.
Ah! I wish I could write one- -
like the one you are or I am,
or else we used to be...

(C)Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Wednesday, November 10,2011.2: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Love Note

I love thee not by the world,
that by a shadow hath fled;
but by the heart I suck more,
a sponge of feelings, cold and numb,
a love note by the bed can move me no more;
nor in restless stars of the mirror,
I behold thee run wild through blood in veins,
a vocal rage against all the panorama,
pack'd in the delirium of thy dream,
many a roses are spread in vain,
and vain is the word upon the window-pane,
of cut-out hearts in the tree, of love's departed song:
this sky, this earth, this wall our common grave.

(C)Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Friday, December 21,2012 12: 37: 58 AM

Naveed Khalid

A Maiden Bride

Foe'er be in love with thee
this happy morn,
of heart's forfeited first
to a second abides alone,
beside the oak while musing o'er
the dale in nurslings of immortality,
against the setting sun at my door
this world of rosemary garden:
oft steals looks from bed
of crimson joy,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
that of veneral amores runs
in deep sorrows,
my shipwrecked dreams!
more subtle in reality of thy presence,
small minions that arise
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
makes me sing this song
of eternal bliss,
heaven-ward bent thy iron car
at Matilda's farm,
of wayfarer's clime in wild ecstasy
of pure heaven,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn
at midnight lease of haystack and straw,
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes.

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Date Created: Tuesday, 27 December, 2016. 3: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Mental Furniture

Mere love-sick thought on thee
can ne'er illumine,
down the lane in amber woods,
dry leaves of autumn,
having writ thee of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows,
her night-long love
among a thousand roses farewell!
against the setting sun at christmas eve,
corrupts the mind in reality of yore
dappled things,
first frost of falling winter snow
in the late evening;
sticks out his head like a soring
thumb impression,
much stressed out note of e'ery
skipped beat,
while musing o'er the dale at my door
of rosemary garden,
me not myself to claim
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes;
of wayfarer's clime on top of the tree:
this world of woebegone days
in my bed of crimson joy,
a table, a chair, remains but a drag
of suspended consciousness;
thy iron car at Matilda's farm
beside the oak,
my shipwrecked dreams of straw hat
on knees in ruffled feathers,
plays a hunch for the parade
under the Archangel's brow,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Monday, October 17,2016 2: 41 PM

* Suggested title: A SAD Syndrome

Naveed Khalid

A Mountain Goat

What you think is but
in my mind;
more so I look for love
wherever I look for thee,
that I may find what is hid
from God his own persona,
a man in human form divine,
he who hath lost his mind
among the stars,
of the next generation;
which if not so close enough
were connected to thy ear,
without thy presence
through the stillness of a sight,
where there is so much to read;
except for the common eye,
not a word to say I
that the sun alone illumines
two ingots of burning gold,
while the world in black and white,
is oft eclips'd by worn-out time
this page of earth by days divide,
by nights you weave a snare of the unseen
unto thy decaying form abides
this world of my shipwreck dream.

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Date Created: September 11,2012.

Title Revised: From Eclipse To A Poisoned Ear to A A Mountain Goat

Naveed Khalid

A Mouse Trap

Not yet in my rhyme, o'ershadowed by
a lone bark of a tree,
has but the last scope of this dull, common
round of day, fills me with
thy most high deserts, our esteemed poet's mind,
of deserted looks more subtle in reality of yore
dappled things this world of my shipwrecked dreams
beyond the sunrise, of wayfarer's clime, a broccoli,
beneath the bed of crimson joy, outspread some dry
leaves in autumn of thy book, a star-y velorum!
goes soaring high above the dale in silent
hours of soliloquy; much stressed-out note
of clasped hands the lark at heaven's gate sing,
sing upon a barbed wire at midnight lease,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words upon
the sand dunes, the setting sun at my door,
of silver angels in age-old gray;
beside the oak, weighed down by my bagpies,
of maiden pride her night-long love
down the lane in amberwoods, a lurking limbo,
walks past the old wooden house, tip-toe,
tip-toe! the music of her anklets I hear
from off thy ancient lyre again that tapping noise
of wild horses o'er my head,
a hundred shadows by thy grove be still
against time's devouring hand of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows the sea, the sea of first frost
her falling snow of soring thumb impressions,
small minions that arise from Santa's mini skirt
of a dragon skin at clover-beach,
the boat is slowly drifting away from
where blue-bells hang in the backyard
of rosemary garden, pricked with a furr coat
in the cellar-barn, blows the trumpet horn
under the canopy of a hut, of furrowed fields
half-way between the carpet upon thy iron car
at Matilda's farm, mere wild wagoner's wheel
in rust; of plucked parsley e'ery flower upon
a barren heath; full rich content of some vulgar

paper to rehearse among waded lots of wonton mire,
indeed! by thatch-eaves plays a hunch for the parade
that half-baked masonry's night, of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown in the late evening.

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Date Created: Monday, August 07,2017.2: 23 PM

* 7681 4656 8846 8973 7774

Naveed Khalid

A North Star

Who can keep the secret
of thy holy night;
and not a shadow cast
by line a sight;
that by words I write
what is hid from every eye:
love of looks in the mirror,
full of stars but thy star,
a vault of heaven in the sky;
the Eagle on wings, on wings still musing
o'er the dale in silent hours of soliloquy.

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Date Created: Monday, 12 November 2012, 06: 06PM

Title Revised: From A Star-y Velorum To A North Star

Naveed Khalid

A Parrot On Olive Branch

Of deserted looks in vain words be still
this self-consuming art
beside the oak a wrecked boat
of cut-out trees in the rain forest!
upon a misty peak that hides from eternal,
a fair view of the world in subtle reality of the mind,
of what hath passed o'er in a twilight dream
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath
under the Archangel's brow my shipwrecked dreams:
the last scope of days that are gone in my bed of crimson joy
hath her first falling winter snow in rosemary garden,
dovetailed along the pavement of cow parsley
a hawthorn of cloven-hoof, wiggly-wobbly lagged in
by the waded lots of wonton mire,
heavy step weighed down by my bagpies,
tugged in with gurgling goggles, clawed jaws served with
a green-leaf tea, take for morsel e'eryliving breath
of skipped beat my pulse, tells no time
away from high heavens in much stifled stance
of thy lady fair, my age-old love,
a hat-on-knees in ruffled feathers,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn,
fell from myrtle some dry leaves of book in autumn
of hay stack and straw,
darkened earth's infernal grove in slumbers deep,
be my only woe of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream.

(C) Hamnet Shakespeare

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Date Created: Saturday 06,2016.5: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Philosopher's Stone

This mark in the sun that of hallowed fire,
oft is illumined by thirty-six silver angels,
and each by journey through the world can see a fairyland,
a officer's problem, enigma of thy body and soul,
which on equal terms I bring forth unto thine eye;
but the total sum of their disfigured values
I still can count by numbers more among the stars,
where along thy infrastructure you work miracles,
that by whate'er name be put in atoms of thy beauty,
I'd love as much as eleven you have in mind,
except for one missing match by thee alone,
our appointed saviour, I let go, I let go America!

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*Republished

Date Created: Wednesday, May 15,2013 1: 14: 19 PM

* _, Strictly prohibited!

Naveed Khalid

A Pigsty Of Meatballs

Not e'er this world of battered things shall ope
a garden unto Erin's gate,
elsewhere but to find full glorious days
of fair weather spring,
against e'ery passer-by looks through the window
of thine holy eyen, her night-long love,
enlightened by the sweat of thy brow,
beside the oak, the setting sun at my door:
some dry leaves still weigh the air in autumn
of thy book, goes unchecked by the west wind,
entomb'd within my shipwrecked dreams;
yet past woe's eclipsed doom to bloody
tyrant time, away from high heavens
this clock in whose fell hand, far from the maddening
crowd that darkened earth's infernal grove,
awhile but to think on thee in silent hours of soliloquy;
above the dale, the eagle on wings, on wings took me o'er,
me not myself to claim thy most high deserts
upon the sand dunes, the sea of veneral amores
drains my blood out of veins, ere my feathered pen hath writ
in deep sorrows of silver angels in age-old gray,
this embassage of wayfarer's clime, a broccoli,
down the lane in amberwoods, rest content be oblivion
of a host among daffodils; pricked with such lichens of desire,
Santa's mini skirt of a dragon skin at clover-beach,
makes my heart sink in stony ripples of soring
thumb impressions, small minions from off thy ancient lyre,
my deeds to pry, half-so-ill distempered brain
of her persistent cries among waded lots of wonton mire,
of plucked parsley e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
remains but a drag of suspended consciousness
thy iron car at Matilda's farm, of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown in my bed of crimson joy,
thy gilded monument astounds under the canopy of a hut.

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Date Created: Monday, August 21, 2017.5: 48 PM

* Title Revised: From A Pitsty of Meat Balls To A Black Chicken

* Area: dream_ similar:

* Cos theta

Naveed Khalid

A Poetic Trance

Of such soft murmurings in sweet-scented silence
that in thy unattended presence to that forfeited dark,
this world of her beauty's modern electra,
oft I write with pen-pricked angels,
again hath lit the path to my sightless view,
more bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye;
whence barefooted you tread the mundane shell,
a vast stony arabia of thy most high deserts:
pouring through society, people, nations
your higher being's most eloquent voice,
I could hear from afar in the maddening crowd.

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Date Created: Monday, October 27,2014 1: 24: 08 PM

Title Revised: To A Poetic Trance To A Tongue-Twister to A Poisoned Ear

Naveed Khalid

A Private Knee At My Door

What nature could e'er mar the distance of thy love
than to witness beauty in summer's prime,
less in vain words be worthy of thy perusal
that her muse still in argument with thee,
this world from off thy ancient lyre in slumbers deep
hath but a mirror to hide from eternal, all woe;
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
mother, ah, soon as I think thee better off mind:
the sun of our common affairs from yellow-pages of history,
unfolds e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
of blessings more in counting prayers to show thy pride,
away from high heavens my shipwrecked dreams;
not a hymn can afford my glorious days in the late evening,
the heart that fed in nurslings of immortality, my deeds to pry,
the imprint of yore eye no scope shall find against thy most high deserts,
beside the oak, that half-baked masonry's night,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream;
our little john, plays a hunch for the parade under the hedgerow
of a cottage-tree, her princely steps by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Friday, May 13,2016 3: 42: 30 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Procession Of Horse-Riders

Must I hide from eternal this world
of wayfarer's clime,
heaven hath her golden bough on top
of the trees,
the setting sun of our common affairs
from olive branch,
shook off his head like a soring thumb impression,
of glorious days her night-long love
at my door of rosemary garden:
beside the oak, while musing o'er the dale,
still her muse in argument with thee
under the hedgerow of a cottage-hill;
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead,
of eyes so blind with holy dread,
down the lane in amber woods my shipwrecked dreams,
bear the burden of thy yoke too dear,
such stepping stones along the pavement
of cow parsley, some dry leaves of book in autumn.

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Date Created: Monday, October 03,2016.9: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Red-Haired Witch

Cruel heart! love ye not by Savannah's lake
her persistent cries,
a shrub of wrinkled lip in my spilt words
such darling buds of may,
too but stirs the mind in half-measured looks from afar,
heavily weighed down by my baggies this world
of my shipwrecked dreams in nurslings of immortality;
awakes me from slumbers deep in rosemary garden:
of fealty's Apollo at my door her stumbled feet,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown in thy graceful ease,
oft leaves me in dismay thy iron car at Matilda's farm
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath thy most high deserts,
besmeared with time in the late evening,
a table, a chair, a bed of crimson joy
hath brought a chest by the sea-ashore,
beside the oak, a vigilant observer's estimate too many in a row,
the boat is slowly drifting away from the sand dunes,
of fickle foe's fiddle, our little john of harplings,
plays a hunch for the parade under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree.

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Date Created: Thursday, May 26,2016 12: 37: 17 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Redhat & The Green Pepper

What needest I of churl bones the reality
of yore battered things,
be more subtle than e'ery looking glass
that shows not half thy part,
away from high heavens, ah, but to illumine
this world of ages that are dead upon
the sand dunes, some dry leaves
of fair weather days in the mellowing spring;
heaven hath her golden bough in the tree,
o'ershadowed by what you hide from eternal
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
of way too far at midnight lease her looks
to the lark, keeps me out of bed but of late;
beside the oak in self-consuming art,
full ripe gourd of hazel nuts of haystack
and straw, this plumed hat on knees
in ruffled feathers; marsh-mallows
of her night-long love at my door
of rosemary garden, small minions
that arise from soring thumb impressions,
else where but to find in much dearth
of thy most high deserts,
the setting sun in age-old grey of first frost
her falling snow at clover-beach:
of clay and wattle-made thistles
by the stream in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
I still hold dear to my shipwrecked dreams,
unattended by the clock tells no time
of e'ery skipped beat my sweet-scented letters,
hath salt of seven seas under the canopy
of a hut, down the lane in amber woods,
a rustle in the wind blows the trumpet horn.

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Date Created: Monday, July 10,2017.2: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Redhot Kiss

Think not of light in her eyes,
far beyond the sunrise,
a darker hand to a close afraid;
measured by the distance of the world,
the path that I hath tread can ne'er illumine,
my shipwrecked dreams upon the mundane shell,
roses, roses at e'ery step of the way
are blossoms her cheek;
a smile that becharms the skies,
needest no skipped beat of departed looks;
ere I write thee with love of hundred years from hence,
hung aloft the ghastly night, a man-in-the-moon!
some dry leaves of book in autumn,
heaven-ward bent in the late evening,
a horse-on-saddle at his knee touched the ground,
that crow's quill of woe-begone days at my door.

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Date Created: Sunday, December 06,2015 6: 12: 47 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Reflection

There is more to see in the back of the mirror
Than what it shows from outward looks;
And deep down his mercury-heart reflects
Those pearls that never come out to the surface,
Unless in a speck of light gather, all nak'd to my eyes,
For the vanishing sight stains the sky with stars,
That I love beauty more than thy beauty is- -
Though less if more by half thy face is fill'd,
I would have you for my glass to drink ever more
When from out of the blue you pour forth in my verse
The unmet desires, but with love compare
What no beauty hides in her perfect ceremony
Of looks beguil'd, more look'd upon as her goldilocks,
By the stream make a garland of thy blonde hair.

(C)Naveed Khalid

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Date created: Sunday, June 03,2012 11: 04: 26 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Rocking Chair

No, me not myself to claim
full measured scope
of ill-fetched schemes down the lane
in amber woods,
floundering flies of unfathomable sea,
this world of wild hunches at my door;
above the mundane, of wayfarer's clime,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath:
hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold
beside the oak my shipwrecked dreams
against the setting sun in whose age-old love,
much stressed out note no heart can afford
in syllable or rhyme, small minions that arise
from yellow-pages of history,
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
first frost of falling winter snow,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words
this vertigo of yore drifting dream amiss;
while musing o'er the dale thy iron car at Matilda's farm
can ne'er illumine at the gallows of thy feet,
of e'ery departed look in the late evening,
heaven-ward bent that soldier's grave unknown
along the pavement of cow parsley,
of woe-begone days such stepping stones
her persistent cries under the Archangel's brow.

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* Title Revised: From A Crocodile Tear To A Y2K Bug To A Child Molester To A
Rocking Chair

Naveed Khalid

A Roman Wall

No, not in half-measured looks
from afar,
but which to speak in precise words
by the clock to eternal bliss,
set against time's devouring hand,
of e'ery skipped beat her battered things
in reality of the mind,
this darkened earth's infernal grove
in wild ecstasy of pure heaven:
hides from eternal e'ery flower upon
a barren heath, of first frost
her falling snow,
against the setting sun at my door
her night-long love,
of seventy winters have thy November!
beside the oak, outspread in leaves
of autumn, a broccoli;
heaven hath her golden bough
in the tree, the farmer still works to land;
of furrow'd fields, a star-y velorum:
makes the world a-merry-go-round
by the sweat of thy brow
under the canopy of a hut,
still wed to my thought, so fairly lost
scope of days that are gone
in my bed of crimson joy;
of wrinkled lip down the lane
in amber woods,
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes,
my shipwrecked dreams of small minions
that arise in thy presence alone,
oft steal her charms, bereft of sight
more bright such stepping stones
in rosemary garden, of haystack
and straw, the debris of ruin'd ashes
at clover-beach, scraps of tin-bags,
labelled with smokey suburbs
by the shabby island this woeful song
of the harplings.

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Date Created: Tuesday, January 31,2017.1: 22 PM

Title Revised: From A Wall City To A Roman Wall To A Roman Column

Naveed Khalid

A Room Mate

This 12 by 12 feet room
is all the world to me
I stay in, or if I go
out where?
The darkness drops
like rain
on my windowpane,
the mountains capp'd
with snow,
a stream melts beneath
the bed of roses:
It's time for snow-man!

Everyone in his bed,
and I in mine- -
a sleepy head,
dreams my food
for daily bread,
a bunch of stars
over my head,
some at the door;
some on the floor;
some are gone
through the ventilator
in whirlwind of dust,
like dry autumn leaves.
The paint's wearing off
from the walls
in human figures
to make faces at me
with the question mark, why?
And no picture
on the north of the wall,
where Harry Potter's
"Lord of the Rings"
us'd to hang.
there in the corner,
facing west,
the reading table;

the borrow'd chair;
the carpet;
the curtains;
the bed
in the centre supplied
from my sister's
wardrobe.

On either side
of the south-west,
two similar windows- -
spacious enough
for an American dream,
richly colour'd
in purple hue
by the western
isle,
and the door opens
into the sanctuary
of my home
in the east:
my last resort.

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Date Created: Thursday, July 18,2013 4: 47: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Rosemary Garden

Then, you in whose love of eclipsed doom
to bloody tyrant time,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
seekest no revenge in thy graceful ease,
of what to my mind still that bright-lit mirror
of thy most high deserts forlorn!
away from this fedora of yore dream
along the pavement of cow parsley,
heaven-ward bent that soldier's grave unknown:
where I my feet hath tread upon the mundane shell,
our little john upon the sand dunes hath set this path for thee,
the rest would follow at my door with pen-pricked angels,
no dark can e'er illumine in the late evening;
my shipwrecked dreams beside the bed of oak,
this world that shows not half thy part,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
against me myself to prove thee virtuous,
of whom, they say, not I to count more
thy blessings under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Friday, December 11,2015 3: 57: 59 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Royal Palm

No, not this world of wayfarer's clime,
above the mundane,
can e'er illumine e'ery flower upon
a barren heath,
against time's devouring hand,
least not be worthy of thy perusal;
of woe-begone days her night-long love,
beside the oak my shipwrecked dreams:
hung aloft the ghastly night,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
barr'd of looks so fair in beauty's prime
at my door of rosemary garden,
while musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy, thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
sticks out his head like a soring thumb impression,
a broccolli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
heaven-ward bent that soldier's grave unknown,
pebbles and stones in the ocean sink, our little john,
of e'ery departed look in the late evening,
this imprint of thine holy eyen
hangs but a golden bough on top of the tree,
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes
down the lane in amber woods,
first frost of falling winter snow
under the Archangel's brow small minions
that arise from slumbers deep,
rest content be oblivion of a host among
daffodils, half-way between the carpet upon,
a sponge of feelings so cold and numb,
needest not in nestlings of immortality,
full fathom five thy battled bones,
of veneral amores runs in deep sorrows the sea, the sea!

(C) Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Sunday, October 23, 2016 7:16 P.M

* Spectators are they who sit back and sensitize things.

Title Revised: From A Royal Palm To A Royal Dynasty

Naveed Khalid

A Rut By Swana's Lake

Of lasting years this dust-covered page of thy book,
unfolds my glorious days in the late evening,
still hath her first falling winter snow,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar barn,
of haystack and straw some dry leaves in autumn;
fell from myrtle in my bed of crimson joy,
a fairly lost scope that to a land of fairies abides,
away from e'ery departed look her stumbled feet
upon the sand dunes, the imprint of yore eye:
hung aloft the ghastly night in nurslings of immortality,
seest I my shipwrecked dreams beyond the sunrise,
from off thy ancient lyre at midnight lease this world all woe;
needest no paraisaical injunctions beside the oak,
fair weather days in the mellowing spring,
like to the lark at break of day arise, arise,
that tolls the bell at my door of rosemary garden
against thy most high deserts awakes me to a dumb despair,
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree, our little john,
of fickle foe's fiddle that blows the trumpet horn
in counting prayers thy blessings more such darling buds of may,
hath frost and hue in the morning's pure serene,
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time.

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Date Created: Monday, May 23,2016 1: 04: 35 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Sabbath Day

Not least from slumbers deep this world can e'er
illumine my shipwrecked dreams,
half-way between the carpet upon
thy iron car at Matilda's farm;
of fealty's Apollo at my door, a rosemary garden,
at midnight lease e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
besmeared with time in the late evening,
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes:
against thy most high deserts, my age-old love,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold,
beside the oak, at break of day arise, arise
that man-in-the moon under the Archangel's brow,
of so rich thy charms my glorious days;
more be spent away from high heavens
than what the stars in secret influence comment;
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffoldils,
while musing o'er the dale, our little john,
moves on with such stepping stones in full bright summer.

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 18,2016 6: 19: 03 PM

* Title Revised: A Sabbath Day To A May Day

Naveed Khalid

A Safe Haven

Me feels much tired of waiting
for thy love,
soft tendrils that grow and wither
in time's waste,
of haystack and straw e'ery flower
upon a barren heath,
of thought so insidious this world
against the setting sun at my door
of rosemary garden:
that hides from eternal so fairly lost scope
of days that are gone,
in my bed of crimson joy, a broccolli,
of way too far a golden clime,
beside the oak, a hawthorn, pricked with
a furr coat in the cellar-barn;
tempest beats of unnerved blood
in vein, her eyes be wet with
pen-pricked angels, by jove,
a star hath lent at midnight lease
under the bolted sky,
thick dark night outspread
in leaves of autumn,
down the lane in amber woods,
first frost of falling winter snow,
my shipwrecked dreams!
of veneral amores runs in deep sorrows,
that weighs the air,
while musing o'er the dale,
the eagle on wings, on wings
by the western isle,
small minions that arise
from dust-cover'd page of thy book,
shall someday be raised above the mundane,
of darkened earth's infernal grove,
full fathom-five thy battled bones
hath salt of seven seas;
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words
upon the sand dunes,
her muse still in argument with thee:

sticks out his head like a soring
thumb impression,
this imprint of thine holy eye:
indeed! by thatch-eaves is run
in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
the heart that fed in nurslings
of immortality,
among a thousand roses, farewell!

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Date Created: Saturday, December 10, 2016. 3: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

A School Bell

No, not in parting so, entombed within
her night-long love,
so fairly lost scope of days that are gone
in my bed of crimson joy,
a broccoli, of wayfarer's clime,
outspread in leaves of autumn,
beside the oak of first frost
her falling winter snow;
down the lane in amber woods
against the setting sun at my door,
this world of rosemary garden!
of plucked parsley, e'ery flower upon
a barren heath,
half-way between the carpet upon,
small minions that arise at clover beach,
can ne'er illumine my shipwrecked dreams
under the Archangel's brow;
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn,
thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
mere wild wagoner's wheel in rust,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
weighed down by my bagpies,
the heavy girdled loins took the toll
from a far-maddening crowd,
smokey suburbs by the shabby island,
of untouched grace thy most high deserts.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 24,2016.3: 25 PM

Title Revised: From A School Bell To A School Boy

Naveed Khalid

A Schopenhauer

What needest I this world in subtle reality
of so fair thy form in vague impressions,
that half-baked masonry's night
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
that in melodious accents such darling insights;
of departed look to my shipwrecked dreams
from nowhere arise, arise under the Archangel's brow,
that Eagle on wings, on wings with pen-pricked angels
hath rent at midnight lease e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
full glorious sun of our common affairs in the backyard
of rosemary garden, her cherubim Wing at my door:
beside the oak in the late evening beyond the sunrise,
of eyes so blind my love of thy most high deserts,
too but corrupts the mind of ages that are dead,
unto the stars in secret influence comment,
crow's quill of darkened earth's infernal grave,
besmeared with time under the canopy of a hut,
our little john of harplings upon the sand dunes
against the harvest moon in full bright summer.

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Date Created: Wednesday, January 20,2016 8: 03: 46 PM

Wednesday, January 20,2016 8: 18: 35 PM

Wednesday, January 20,2016 8: 24: 14 PM

Wednesday, January 20,2016 8: 26: 17 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Sea Horse

A Sea Horse

While musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy,
down the lane in amber woods,
full of granary in haystack and straw,
some dry leaves of book in autumn;
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words beside the oak,
too shall fade e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
in half-measured looks from afar I still behold
my shipwrecked dreams in rosemary garden;
of fealty's Apollo at my door this world,
darkly lit in thy abode under the Archangel's brow!
opes a walk-through gate of untread places far off
beyond the sunrise where blue-bells hang
by the wall on high, her enchanting slogans of disparity,
needest not thy iron car at Matilda's farm
heaven-ward bent that soldier's grave unknown,
away from what to my mind still in subtle reality
less defined by time, the music of her anklets I hear
still wed to my thoughta tapping noise o'er my head,
some shadow fell from myrtle in my bed of crimson joy,
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffodils,
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes
in full bright summer of days that are gone,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn,
her stumbled feet stampeded the throne,
of darkened earth's infernal grove thy most high deserts,
apart from where you tread the mundane shell,
I my secret hath kept at the gallows of thy feet.

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Date Created: Thursday,01 September,2016 7: 23 PM

A Secret Society

Not a man I know of plumed hat on knees
in ruffled feathers,
whose barefooted shoe-horse in the stable
blows the trumpet horn,
beside the oak, outspread in autumn,
of wayfarer's clime, a broccoli,
from dust-covered page of thy book:
some dry leaves of hastack and straw
her looks to the lark from sullen earth arise,
that fair youth of golden tress his hair
upon the sand dunes, the setting sun at my door,
outshines in white bier to brave thine holy eyen!
against time's devouring hand to my well-contented day
be still at midnight lease e'ery flower upon
a barren heath; of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows the sea, the sea,
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island,
heaven-ward bent that darkened
earth's infernal grove, my mind's impromptu
of decrepit tongue that walks past
the old wooden house,
pricked with small minions of soring
thumb impressions, of first frost
her falling snow at clover-beach,
the boat is slowly drifting away from
golden banks of silken-satin;
where a cold kiss hath dried such darling insights
but to thee suffice, on wings, on wings
the Eagle still musing o'er the dale in silent
hours of soliloquy:
elsewhere but to find so fairly lost scope of days
that are gone in my bed of crimson joy,
half-way between the carpet upon, my love
of seventy winters have thy November!
opes a garden unto Erin's gate,
o'ershadowed by lone bark of a tree,
my shipwrecked dreams in the twilight
of thy most high deserts, among waded lots
of wonton mire, that plays a hunch

for the parade, of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Monday,25,2017.4: 58 PM

* Title Revised: From A Bedtime Book To Argo To A Secret Society To A
Multilingual Society

Naveed Khalid

A Siamy Cat

What irony! of thought so insidious this world
in subtle reality of the mind,
down the lane in amber woods,
first frost of her falling winter snow!
beside the oak at day of christmas eve,
of fealty's Apollo at my door
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
of her night-long love in rosemary garden:
while musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy, such stepping stones above a firehurst;
hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold my shipwrecked dreams,
less defined by time those loving moments
of white swan's ethereal Wing in a flaunt flemingo,
small minions that arise from slumbers deep,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words upon the stand dunes,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn,
the cat still purrs at the citadel
of her good old days in my bed of crimson joy,
so fairly lost scope of e'ery departed look in the late evening;
full ripe gourd of hazel nuts in my account,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
some dry leaves of book in autumn;
heaven-ward bent my sweet-scented letters
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Monday,12 September,2016 12: 51 AM

8281 5797 9774 3647 6799 7335 5614 8682 8486 5455

Greenlice!

Naveed Khalid

A Skull Found In Sand Dunes

I'll not speak to thee of thy unattended presence,
That in trash and tinsel hides,
This world in nurslings of immortality;
Oft goes unchecked by so gross a love
Of my country rhymes!
That to a land of fairies abides:
The milkyway of a harvest moon,
Ploughs through the fields, hath found a child's skull;
Nor I swear I'll examine in detail of fossil records,
Unaccounted in pebbles and stones e'ery pelted grave,
Say, Lord, I call thee by thy name:
The presager of mine eye more eloquent!
Where hibiscus grow in the twilight of day-dreams
To unending night in silent hours of soliloquy.

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Date Created: Friday, October 10,2014 7: 30: 52 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Soil From Homeland

Of heart so cold and numb
deep down the vein,
thy decaying form to abide,
I grabbed a note
that fell out of hand;
half-so ill, distempered brain,
keeps me wide awake
from out of bed but of late:
more than myself to claim,
while musing o'er the dale
in silent hours of soliloquy,
e'eryliving breath of the world
most abounds in thy presence alone,
my shipwrecked love!
of veneral amores runs in deep
sorrows, yellow-eyed beans
from dust -cover'd page
of thy book,
outspread in leaves of autumn;
pricked with a furr coat
in the cellar-barn,
thy fair lamb in November,
hath this darkly drowned enigma of yore
drifting dream amiss,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
hung aloft the ghastly night,
I still behold down the lane
in amber woods,
stands apart from what the star
in secret influence comment
at clover beach, of smokey suburbs
by the shabby island.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 31,2016.2: 51 PM

* Title Revised: From A Soil From Homeland To A Soil From Highland

Naveed Khalid

A Spring Festival

I know not whither, from off
to thy lost memory,
that in dismal shades of age-old grey,
what time in the mellowing year of spring,
this world of our unmet desires
hath brought thy dream back home;
of hundred shadows by thy grove,
ah, that shows not half thy part:
somewhere from behind the curtains
you unveil thy most high deserts,
that crow's quill beside the oak tree,
besate upon the stone of Bohan,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
through the staircase window of the wall on high,
amidst the debris of ruined ashes,
I still am looking, looking by two lovers dead
against e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind
with pen-pricked angels thy rosemary garden,
sticks out his head like a soring thumb impression.

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Date Created: Monday, October 26,2015 2: 09: 19 PM

Title Revised: From A Past Woes Made New To A Crocodile Tear To A Spring Festival

Naveed Khalid

A Squirrel's Song

No, not a word, not a word can e'er illumine,
first frost of her falling winter snow,
this fedora of yore drifting dream amiss,
unto my shipwrecked dreams in the late evening,
of what the stars in secret influence comment,
oft tending the flocks of the world by fair means foul,
flawed in e'erything that half-baked masonry's night,
hath but little scope of such hideous looks,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
under the Archangel's brow, sweet maid!
the cat still purrs at the citadel of her good old days
in the cellar-barn, my deeds to pry
through the staircase window of the wall on high;
beside the oak, fills me with thy most high deserts
thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
still musing o'er the dale in my bed of crimson joy,
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffodils,
of broken mast-shaft at north, our little john,
needest not in nurslings of immortality her night-long love.

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Date Created: Sunday, July 17,2016 7: 54: 30 PM

Sunday, July 17,2016 7: 55: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Stereotype Palmist

Mere love of beauty's looks needest no subtle reality
of the mind,
o'ershadowed by half-baked masonry's night
in largess of some thought alone,
this world of fealty's Apollo at my door,
of her first falling winter snow on mountain tops
against time's devouring hand,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath at midnight lease:
beside the oak a cracked boat to my shipwrecked dreams
under the Archangel's brow of wrinkled lip in my spilt words
upon the sand dunes of crowqui'l such darling buds of may,
bereaved of light my glorious days in the late evening,
plays a hunch for the parade by the rocking chair;
the table, the bed of crimson joy the wall on high,
of violet blues this waking hour in haystack of woods,
hath a rugged path that knows no bounds by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Wednesday, July 13,2016 7: 21: 45 PM
Wednesday, July 13,2016 7: 22: 25 PM
Wednesday, July 13,2016 7: 27: 49 PM
Wednesday, July 13,2016 7: 32: 30 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Stone Doll

A red sock with a straw hat on knees
in ruffled feathers,
strolling, strolling, away from high heavens
this fedora of yore drifting dream amiss,
walks past that street at the cross roads,
while sitting on the bench
beside the river,
I could see that house of old
in worn-out time!
you too can drive back home,
without delay:
check the clock before it is too late,
uneclipsed of e'ery looking eye;
the doors are shut
under the bolted sky, not a word
you can hear,
that tolls the bell in rosemary garden,
hush! hush! e'erytickling toe
of fair weather days in the mellowing spring:
cuckoos sing! in melodious accents I, I
am already gone,
where nothing stirs the mind
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
the wall on high, erased of looks so fair
be my only woe in the late evening;
the world of thy most high deserts
by the sea-ashore,
a star hath rent at midnight lease
of fealty's Apollo that crow on wings, on wings
hath waked me from slumbers deep,
along the bridge of long ago,
the boats are still sailing, sailing,
musing o'er the dale in solemn or strain
this dull rhyme I write thee with love.

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Date Created: Monday, April 18,2016 3: 31: 15 PM

* Title Revised: From A Stone Doll To A Barbie Doll

Naveed Khalid

A Street Hawker

Whither shall I go but a way too long in heaven's high bower,
have by thee in love's sickness departed so,
her shadow upon some lone bark of a tree,
oft beguiles me by night when I my star
am looking through the skies of good old days,
whose golden dreams in autumn leaves
are still but shinning bright before the sun,
that song of a nightingale in worn-out time
too, hath fled from off thy ancient lyre
through e'ery looking glass
skipped beats of my heart's untamed feelings,
secrets of remote visions unfold,
of haunt'd house in darksome world abroad:
the room, the chair, the table, the bed and I
nothing am more than what you think of love,
Mother! native nature's empty glass the wall on high,
her enchanting slogans of disparity to my shipwrecked dreams.

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Date Created: Monday, November 04,2013 6: 21: 00 PM

Title Revised from A Tribute To Mother To A Street Hawker

Naveed Khalid

A Study

The sanctuary at home under the heavy pile
of dust-covered books in shelves,
neatly dovetailed along the library archives;
where once, they say, there used to be the corridor,
and a school-going child carries the satchel
on his back with tender limbs,
that I, too, find in some measure his only sport,
the world around him bears amiss
from what to his unconcerned eye,
pigeonholed through the sky,
each day brings him down to the rabbit holes!
probably their spilled beans all o'er the place;
else beside the window exactly where the bed is,
behind rose-coloured glasses, our Professor,
the most esteemed philosopher of the progressive age,
still absorbed in grammar of the people:
The Great Mentor, e'eryone seems to have seen before,
gradually starts to emerge from the sentence structure,
all in gentle grace by worthier pen to prove thee virtuous.

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*Republished

Date Created: Sunday, March 09,2014 2: 04: 07 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Summersault Beach

No first look in the sun that by love you define,
Of such crippled countenance to my sightless view
Have I e'er found worthy of thy perusal
That through tempest beats of my heart's studded feelings arise;
Alas, but in fair aspect of cold repose,
Oft leaves me in dismay to that day of unaltered eye,
This world of wanton tapestry at thy throne:
Lo! away from out of sight e'ery fair from thy fairest brow
To beauty's belligerent smile more bright to illumine
Than what too soon makes haste in my bed of crimson joy,
I fain would bring to the page from out of the blues in still waters.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 18,2014 2: 34: 16 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Sunbird: Woodpecker

Samantha's majestic love
keeps me out of bed
but of late, so rich her charms
of wild hunches at Erin's gate,
still wed to my thought her muse
in argument with thee;
but which to mistaken notions
of the mind, first frost
of her falling snow:
beside the oak, some dry leaves of book
in autumn,
heaven hath her golden bough
in the tree, against waded losts
of wonton mire, pays homage
to the setting sun,
of seventy winters have thy November,
in whose footsteps upon the sand dunes
at midnight lease e'ery flower upon
a barren heath, my shipwreck'd dreams
of small minions that arise from
sullen earth at morn, filled with
richly colour'd silver grey angels,
a star-y velorum, guides me my moving
away from yellow-pages of history,
much toil'd by day's labour,
of mud-feet thy iron car
at Matilda's farm,
while musing o'er the dale in silent
hours of soliloquy,
be my only woe this world
that plays a hunch for the parade
under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Monday, January 30,2017.2: 24 PM

Title Revised: A Sunbird: Woodpecker To A Grasshopper To A Region's Cloud

Naveed Khalid

A Tribute To Father

Hear ye not of what the star in secret
influence comment,
mere wild wagoner's wheel in rust
thy iron car at Matilda's farm;
of fair weather days e'ery flower upon
a barren heath,
heaven hath her golden bough
in the tree, of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown,
of plucked parsley half-way between
the carpet upon,
a sailing boat is decked ashore,
beside the bed of oak,
outspread in leaves of autumn,
of wayfarer's clime, a broccoli,
be of subvert'd looks more scope to find
in yellow-pages of history,
thy book to read in rosemary garden,
entomb'd within thy gracious muse
my age-old love, sweet maid:
the setting sun of nocturnal grace thy most
high deserts at my door;
in whose footprints upon the sand dunes,
of mud-feet in first frost of her
falling winter snow,
this world of small minions that arise
against that masonry's night,
my shipwreck'd dreams
under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Monday, January 16,2016.2: 36 PM

Title Revised: A Nobel Farmer To A Tribute To Father

Naveed Khalid

A Tribute To Gray's Elegy

Thus, my muse by far in fair aspect of cold repose,
Outlives in measured breath this powerful rhyme;
Against forfeited dark to fill with high deserts
Titanic visions afar, carved of stones his chiseled bones,
Of ages that are dead in past woe's waking hour,
That unseen hand or eye to illumine in dumb despair!
More sweet! my only hope to arise by thee alone,
And oft possessed by what I lack in, thy love
Of hundred shadows by the grove, too deep for woe,
I hath lived to this day, hung aloft the ghastly night.

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Date Created: Thursday, July 03,2014 4: 02: 34 PM

Ove+ Vs BOve+

Naveed Khalid

A Tribute To Love

The journey ends here
where the wonderland
of thy dreams begin;
and wings of poesy
burn in gold,
a world of ecstasy,
that by pen is writ;
by beauty shall grow;
for heaven is no more
but in the eyes
of thy unconquer'd love.

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*Republished

Date Created: Wednesday, October 31, 2012 4: 44: 31 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Valentino Love

Of Motley's house her musings o'er the dale
some scope this world too shall find,
away from e'ery departed look in your sleeves
of old rut, half-so ill distempered brain,
weary with toil my day's work expires,
needest no charms to count I in prayers
thy blessings more
than what the stars in secret influence comment:
thy most high deserts in rosemary garden,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown;
that tolls the bell at my door of unnerved blood in vein,
of eyes so blind in reverse re-flexion
such darling insights to thee suffice beside the oak,
ere in silent hours of soliloquy, bereaved of light
many a woe-begone days to my shipwrecked dreams,
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time,
a horse-on-saddle at his knee touched the ground
against the harvest moon more bright,
her stumbled feet under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Friday, February 19,2016 2: 15: 59 PM

Friday, February 19,2016 2: 39: 45 PM

Friday, February 19,2016 2: 40: 25 PM

Friday, February 19,2016 2: 46: 57 PM

Friday, February 19,2016 5: 08: 26 PM

* 8182 5665 9986 7369 4757 inouryoreart

Naveed Khalid

A Very Long Farewell

Methinks not the last scope of her night-long love
to a close afraid,
of e'ery departed look in cold serene
my shipwrecked dreams,
so vainly put! at midnight lease this world at my door,
still her muse in argument with thee, mate!
much too in largess of some thought alone
in thy presence the sun of our common affairs,
of days that are gone by time foretold,
ah, but to think thee better off my mind:
for since in leaveing thus I shall but remain as long as
time there is!
needest not I make haste to e'ery flower upon
a barren heath,
of esteemed grace thy most high deserts,
hath salt of seven seas in the late evening,
a bonfire, upon the sand dunes
of first falling winter snow,
the imprint of her princely steps by the sea-ashore
that day of unaltered eye in my bed pf crimson joy,
I still behold such darling buds of may
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree.

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Date Created: Monday, June 27,2016 8: 27: 37 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Visionary Poet

Not of sombre looks to write thee off so rich
a content,
unwisely to rehearse the old formed memory,
my pleasure's forsaken wit
of way too weird such stepping stones,
but, ah, this waking hour so cold and numb,
would never go away
from slumbers deep to arise, arise!
at midnight lease this world all woe,
away from high heavens my reckoning days
upon the sand dunes:
hath rent a star of thy most high deserts
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree, my love,
less be in vain words worthy of thy perusal
tolls the bell at my door of rosemary garden,
than in bright-lit mirror a drifting dream amiss,
of broken-mast shaft at north her stumbled feet
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
seekest no revenge at sunset of the evening sky,
the heart that fed in nurslings of immortality
still be the imprint of thine eye in largess of some thought:
far off from where I am solving equations in thy graceful ease,
that in whose presence nothing stirs the mind;
from another shore to arise, and suffer by thee alone,
that bewailing night asleep my shipwrecked dreams.

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Date Created: Tuesday, May 31,2016 1: 30: 37 PM
Tuesday, May 31,2016 1: 35: 46 PM
Tuesday, May 31,2016 1: 41: 51 PM
Tuesday, May 31,2016 1: 42: 18 PM

Title Revised: From A Vision To A Visionary Poet

A Voice From Grune Woch

Methinks not from dust-cover'd page
of thy book,
outspread in leaves of autumn,
a broccoli, of way too far,
beside the bed of oak, e'ery flower upon
a barren heath,
my shipwreck'd dreams at midnight lease
fill'd with richly colour'd silver
grey angels, my age-old love,
against the setting sun at my door
of rosemary garden,
this world of seventy winters have
thy November, of first frost her falling
snow, so thinly wrapped in white foams
of wrath the sea, a star-y velorum,
hath lit the path of smokey suburbs
by the shabby island,
small minions that arise of cut-out trees
in the rainforest,
still wed to my thought of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown;
while musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy,
her stumbled feet down the lane
in amber woods,
be my only woe of veneral amores
that runs in deep sorrows;
not least my adversaries be part to play
a hunch for the parade,
under the canopy of a hut,
that masonry's bride upon the sand dunes,
hung aloft the ghastly night I behold,
darkly lit in thy abode at clover beach.

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Date Created: Monday, January 23,2017.2: 03 PM

* Title Revised: From Avagon To A Voice From Grune Woche

* Grune Woche sounds(Grunge Watch) Green Week or Green River Band

Title Revised: From A Voice From Grune Woche To A Charioteer on Wings

Naveed Khalid

A Wacken Hut

Wherefore oft her charms are bereft of sight
be more subtle in reality of the mind,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words,
beside the oak thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
of crowqui'l that half-baked masonry's night,
unto the spine of a book leaf in autumn,
pricked with the furr coat in the cellar-barn
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes:
needest not I in nurslings of immortality
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in the late evening:
away from heaven's high bower my shipwrecked dreams;
the sun of our common affairs still musing o'er the dale,
that tolls the bell at my door of rosemary garden,
a symbolic family on a red carpet, a table, a bed of crimson joy,
oft steal looks from a cottage-tree in haystack of woods,
enlightened by the Archangel's brow that man-in-the moon,
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffodils,
our little john, plays a hunch for the parade
of fickle foe's fiddle that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Friday, June 24,2016 11: 33: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Walk In The Twilight

Oft have I seen her sit still by the window,
Brushing off her hair in heavy make-up,
And is born of golden spoon, her ear;
A red carpet beneath the table;
Beside the lamp in a star-lit night:
A elbow room under the Archangel's brow,
Above the arrow, stretched across the sky!
All the panorama of this world before her eyes
Wide open, to where the waking dreamland
Awaits her, love's woeful song in the background,
All wrapped in bridal dress by the stream,
Alas! flows to eternal bliss in melting snow,
The groom that walks the corridor on a firm mattress,
Affixed her foot's imprint upon the seashore.

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Date Created: Saturday, April 19,2014 4: 17: 23 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Walk-Through Gate

No needest I to beget her charms,
of way too far a golden clime,
be but of woe-begone days
her night-long love,
of thought so insidious this world
at my door of rosemary garden,
beside the oak, first frost
of falling winter snow, tinged with
star of old under the bolted sky!
the dust-cover'd page of thy book,
outspread in leaves of autumn,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words;
of beauty's grace thy most high deserts
against the setting sun my shipwrecked dreams,
along the pavement of cow parsley,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
half-way between the carpet upon
such stepping stones no dark can e'er illumine,
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
that hides from eternal, a drab note
of suspended consciousness in my bed
of crimson joy, down the lane
in amber woods, clay and wattle-made
thistles by the stream upon the strand of still waters.

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Date Created: Monday, December 05,2016.1: 37 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Wanton Boy

Not for lack of clear insight to my reckoning days,
But which in abundance of thy presence more great, my love,
Than where least I find in much dearth of thy most high deserts,
Full rich content of e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
Fills the page of eyes so blind through my unaltered eye,
Uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow:
This world of thy forfeited dark at break of day arise,
All wrapped in wanton tapestry, my son, in seraph wings of gold;
Brings forth to my sightless view nothing more than what I write
To fill the emptiness of my mind at white's lease in winter cold,
More blessed by such furtive looks than I can afford
Against time's tickling toes in solemn strain this barren rhyme.

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Date Created on: Wednesday, September 03,2014 2: 58: 06 PM

Title Revised from: A Wanton Boy To A Black Chicken

Naveed Khalid

A Wattle And Daub

Then, people of all sorts to meet with in the world forlorn,
Down that road by the corner of that street in the end,
Like our good old neighbours o'er the wall on high;
That in largess of some thought alone more bright,
Can, of course, make home through nurslings of immortality!
Against the world of thy most high deserts,
A place far-off from all vicissitudes of the sky,
Alas, but opes a garden unto my unweird eye:
E'ery fig leaf in autumn wind to my eyes so blind,
Indeed! by thatch-eaves is run by the clock,
Of snow-capped myrtle upon Minerva's golden brow,
Oft makes haste in my bed of crimson joy
That forfeited dark in Hades of a star, my love,
More temperate than darling buds of May
To e'er melting snow in dismal shades of age-old grey,
A drop of vintage hides in solemn strain this barren rhyme.

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Date Created: Sunday, January 04,2015 7: 06: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

A White Ruth

This too will come to pass that by the world
of subservient nature's most ardent desire,
that in silent hours of the night in heaven's high bower;
so weary with toil my day's work expires,
no heart that by love of such bearings
can afford to think on thee more bright
than that in the mellowing year of spring,
while all that is writ in favour with the star
of thy most high deserts, to places far-off:
Oft I behold him by the west wind in autumn,
that crow's quill beside, at sunset of the evening sky,
of whom, they say, not I but by the sweat of thy brow,
of eyes so blind in sea of troubles to e'er melting snow;
e'ery passing minute is born of thee by the sea-ashore,
of unhindered scope to light under the canopy of a hut,
that day of unaltered eye in my bed of crimson joy,
goes soaring high above the dale with pen-pricked angels
of weasel hat in the cellar-barn along the pavement of cow parsley,
down that road in false pretense to vague impressions,
still burning, burning near the pinewood trees.

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Date Created: Tuesday, June 09,2015 9: 14: 52 PM

* Title Revised: From A White Rose To A White Elephant

Naveed Khalid

A White Swan

Acorns of rabbit holes, filled with
haystack and straw,
a shaft of green-eyed beans
outspread in leaves of autumn,
yellow moonlite of fair weather days
in the mellowing spring her night-long love;
of thought so insidious this world
against the setting sun my shipwrecked dreams
under the Archangel's brow!
first frost of falling winter snow
at my door of rosemary garden,
a table, a chair, a bed of crimson joy
through staircase window of the wall on high
e'ery throbbing beat my pulse of veneral amorous
runs in deep sorrows,
sticks out his head like a soring thumb impression
this darkly drowned enigma of yore
drifting dream amiss upon the sand dunes,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 12,2016.6: 13 PM

Title revised: from A Great Sacrifice To A White Swan

Naveed Khalid

A Wild Rose

The most uncolour'd of all poetry
is the ilk of Muse herself,
that by the grey-matter of my mind
has a drifting dream amiss;
but soon as you depart from what is writ,
all colours fade away in thin air,
except one of yours, darker the better;
and in my heart so rich a rose,
all heaven, all kingdom of love,
I'll by such wilderness of thought
bring along at thy feet.

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Date Created: Thursday, June 27,2013 6: 12: 09 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Witch Hunting

Me all too weird of ill-fetched schemes
in hallucination of the mind,
of strangled looks from out of proportion,
be but defunct heart's halloween,
o'erwhelmed by morning's pure serene,
day's that are gone in my bed of
crimson joy, so fairly lost scope
of e'ery loving grace thy most high deserts;
her muse still in argument with thee;
against the setting sun my shipwrecked dreams,
tinged with star of old, that fair youth
in whose age-old love, unawares of the world
around my head, poisoned of an ear
in the corn field, of laurel wreath
thy myrtle crown, besmeared with time,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words,
beside the oak, a desert titan,
in haystack and straw, under the canopy
of a hut, thy iron car at Matilda's farm
tolls the bell at my door of rosemary garden,
while musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy,
of way too far a golden clime on top of the tree,
I behold first frost of falling winter snow.

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Date Created: Wednesday November 30,2016.5: 21 PM

Title Revised: From A Y2K Bug To A Witch Hunting (ADHD)

Naveed Khalid

A Woodcutter In The Pine Forest

Of stressed out note my beating pulse no heart
can afford in timeless tide
this unfathomable sea knows no bounds
at midnight lease this world all woe
unto my shipwrecked dreams of days that are gone
under the Archangel's brow!
needest not in nurslings of immortality
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
still wed to my thought thy age-old love:
you first set ablaze the sun at my do'r
of rosemary garden,
hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold
such darling buds of may in my bed of crimson joy,
of seventy winters have thy November,
at Matilda's farm thy iron car
against a pastoral background not a word,
not a word can e'er illumine
in the mellowing spring a canopy of a hut,
of revealed looks, our little john, by the late evening,
that day of Christmas eve darkly lit in thy abode;
cow's shed of weasel hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
has a hold me height in heavens high bower,
small minions that arise in my mind upon the sand dunes.

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Date Created: Saturday, July 09,2016 6: 05: 43 PM

* Title Revised from A Pitcher To A Pine Forest To A Guest House To A Billy-Tea House

*NuttyJutty

Naveed Khalid

A World Of Vicious Circle

To me, this world is not a thing till date,
nor by time but an arrow let fly,
which oft by self-provoking rumours is run
in the vast sphere of an abstract,
so off-hand, invisible to my sight;
but very much present in the mind:
my centre of being to be that Man,
whom I have loved for the world,
that I give him these stars of mine eyes
for enough too long, that he may see
what is hid from his Eye in the mirror,
the very world of his own making.

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Date Created: October 29,2012.

Title Revised: From World To A World of My Shipwreck Dream

* Republished from a collection of poems.

Title Revised: A World of Vicious Circle

Naveed Khalid

A Youngman From Verona To The Library Archives

Ah, then but to think on thee in silent hours of the night,
Of what all too weird in beauty's belligerent smile,
A broccoli beneath the bed of crimson joy;
Of my doomed youth that carries a garden unto Erin's gate,
Dear me! in whose light hath fled that stirs the mind
Against the world of thy most high deserts,
Too soon shall fade by the sweat of thy brow;
Along the pavement of cow parsley in yellow-pages of history:
Indeed! by thatch-eaves is run by the sea-ashore,
My age-old love to thee suffice at sunset of the evening sky,
Must I of my adversaries be part to play a hunch for the parade;
Where least I find if more be less than half thy looks so fair
To unhindered scope of beauty abounds that day of unaltered eye,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath more temperate in e'er melting snow,
Her most ardent desire to fill the page some vulgar paper to rehearse,
That crow's quill in thy presence abides by thee alone.

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Date Created: Wednesday, April 22,2015 7: 38: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Abandon, Abandon

Some dry leaves of book in autumn
beside the bed of oak,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
that to my mind still her glorious days,
at sunset a star of thy most high deserts;
I still behold to my shipwrecked dreams,
full glorious sun of our common affairs,
no dark can e'er illumine e'ery loving look:
of graceful ease in wrinkled lip a spilt word,
that crow's quill along the pavement of cow parsley,
no love can hide against the harvest moon,
a broccoli, that becharms the skies,
of so vague this imprint of thine holy eyen,
which from a bowl of stars you drink in nurslings of immortality
under the canopy of a hut,
of eyes so blind that soldier's grave unknown.

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Date Created: Monday, November 23,2015 10: 56: 06 PM

Monday, November 23,2015 11: 00: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Aborigine

No, sir! no stray thought of strangled looks at midnight lease
can have such voluptuous acmes in the late evening,
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island
against so pressing a note this world,
of veneral amores runs in deep sorrows
that half-baked masonry's night at my door
of rosemary garden,
small minions that arise in powerful surge of the mind:
away from a rustle in the wind the wall on high by two lovers dead
e'ery flower upon a barren heath hath lit the path,
of days that are gone to my shipwrecked dreams in full bright summer!
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy, a table, a chair,
ah, dear me! of fealty's Apollo in whose age-old love,
beside the oak, thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
needest not in nurslings of immortality upon the sand dunes,
her stumbled feet in haystack and straw,
the eagle on wings, on wings still musing o'er the dale in deep azure,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn some such snowflakes in winter cold,
a horseshoe in the stable lay barefooted of plumed hat on knees in ruffled
feathers, that christmas eve in counting prayers thy blessings more,
of our good old folks under the Archangel's brow,
enwrought with stars of thy most high deserts,
the sky moves on through e'ery looking glass in timeless tide,
the sailing boat is decked ashore in heavens high bower.

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Date Created: Monday, July 25,2016.5: 60 P.M

* Title Revised: From Aborigine To

Naveed Khalid

Abracadabra

From pole to pole of darkened earth's
infernial grove,
thy most high deserts beside the oak
my shipwrecked dreams,
of wayfarer's clime on top of the trees,
heaven hath her golden bough,
of full glorious days her night-long love
at my door of rosemary garden:
half-way between the carpet upon;
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
unfolds from yellow-pages of history
against the setting sun of our common affairs
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown!
holds me but in eternity of yore dappled things,
some dry leaves of book in autumn,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by
the western isle, e'ery flower upon
a barren heath;
while musing o'er the dale,
of forged manacles thy iron frame;
ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
in reality of the mind;
such darling buds of may
at midnight lease this world all woe
under the Archangel's brow!

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Date Created: Saturday, October 01,2016.5: 17 PM

* MAZZAM: 7356 4699

Naveed Khalid

Abstract Woman

My Muse in waste of words
hath lost all meaning,
all sense of purpose;
and what use this art,
this craft of a woman,
whose love is but for a moment,
shut out from the world,
I think things through her curious eye;
but there is nothing that I image forth
except her garment of a tatter'd soul.

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*Republished

Date Created: Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 59: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Abstraction II

So now where oft the mind is stirred,
so sickening to the bones my love,
goes loitering around the world;
else in simple fold my vain endeavour,
that by thought is bound by thee,
my words against myself to prove virtuous
than I in thy diminished sense of being,
brings forth nothing but to my sightless view
this world, with disdainful look I most despise
the remembrance of past woe in dismal shades,
hath darkened my days of painted sky at break of day.

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*Republished

Date Created: Tuesday, March 25,2014 2: 10: 22 PM

Naveed Khalid

Abstraction-I

When e'ery fair face that I behold
in summer's prime,
and with disdainful look her eyes
I most despise,
of vile words such thought that grow
and wither in time's waste,
unlooked for love my mind,
that in age-old visage hide
all the panorama of this world,
oft unattended by waking hour,
has made my old days anew,
long forgotten in the fabric of daydreams.

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Date Created: Wednesday, March 19,2014 8: 08: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Acrobats

Of motley's house in amber woods
such darling buds of may,
more temperate than e'eryliving heart
can afford in silent hours of soliloquy,
of wild hunches my glorious days in the late evening;
beside the oak e'ery flower upon a barren heath
unto the spine of a book leaf in autumn,
that man-in-the-moon under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree:
can never illumine my shipwrecked dreams,
of fealty's Apollo at my door, a rosemary garden;
hung aloft the ghastly night I behold at Christmas eve,
grows and withers in time's waste at midnight lease this world
upon the sand dunes, my love of seventy winters
have thy November, less be heard by old folks, good at ear
than what the stars in secret influence comment,
that crow's quill of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
the reality of yore dappled things in the mellowing spring,
our little john, of fickle foe's fiddle in heaven's high bower,
still musing o'er the dale of meted-out word in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Monday, May 30,2016 2: 11: 52 PM

previous title modified from: A Boar To Acrobats

Naveed Khalid

Adam's Apple

Ah, then, but to hear the morning bell in silent hours
of soliloquy,
having writ thee upon the strand of still waters
among a thousand farewells my shipwrecked dreams,
of fair weather days in the mellowing spring,
beside the oak, some dry leaves of book in autumn!
away from e'ery departed look of wrinkled lip
in my spilt words her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes:
of fealty's Apollo at my door this world all woe,
besmeared with time my sweet-scented letters in rosemary garden,
where crickets sing in melodious accents I, I under the Archangel's brow,
hung aloft the ghastly night still musing o'er the dale,
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy, a table, a chair,
not least can move me more in thy presence alone,
be made new of yoke too dear in yellow pages of history
along the pavement of cow parsley her night-long love,
needest not in nurslings of immortality thy iron car at Matilda's farm
against this fedora of yore dream in the late evening.

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Date Created: Saturday,30 July,2016.3: 46 P.M

Naveed Khalid

Adieu! Adieu!

Shall I but make thee e'ery throbbing beat
of untamed heart and cold,
that becharms the skies to a close afraid;
so fairly lost sight of rose-coloured glasses,
I still hold dear to my shipwrecked dreams?
a night-long love of thy most high deserts;
which from off such departed looks
be made to wear out soon in counting prayers:
fills the page with much too revered thought
of thy presence alone at sunset of the evening sky,
I'll rest content be oblivion of what hath pass'd o'er
in a twilight dream against the harvest moon.

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Date Created: Saturday, November 14,2015 4: 17: 36 PM
Saturday, November 14,2015 4: 23: 25 PM

Naveed Khalid

Adonis

The sun at measured distance from afar,
oft steals looks from my bed but of late;
and where a sailing boat is deck'd ashore
under the haven of a bolt'd sky;
his compass'd ark through many a sleepless night
hath raised the world from earth's infernal grave,
that by Eve's crescent in the harvesting field,
wherein I stand still, my oars half-sunk in the ocean
of timeless tide, a thought of your vibe
at River Afqa by e'er flowing cascade,
alone hath moved thy bones to Adonis.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 07,2013 1: 50: 40 PM

Naveed Khalid

Adopt-A-Child

Must I leave this post from off thy powerful surge
of the mind,
richly coloured silver grey angels
in chaos of the cosmos,
of what in reality of yore dappled things,
this world at midnight lease hides from eternal
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words that man-in-the moon:
that tolls the bell at my door of rosemary garden,
beside the oak, my shipwrecked dreams in the late evening,
be my only woe under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
a vast stony arabia of thy most high deserts,
the wall on high holds me in ecstasy of pure heaven,
of what the star in secret influence comment
to our little john of harplings under the bolted sky
that crow on wings, on wings in thy graceful ease,
fell from myrtle in my bed of crimson joy,
awakes but a wonder in thine holy eyen, sweet maid,

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 11,2016 1: 03: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

Adpunk

Some do they taunt me with such subtle reality
of the mind,
sentinels of her first falling winter snow,
of e'ery departed look in haystack and straw,
soon will settle on thy brow that conspires
against the sun of our common affairs,
in whose age-old love at my door
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in cold serene,
oft steal looks from my bed of crimson joy:
beside the oak her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes,
half-way between the carpet upon in nurslings
of immortality,
needest not thy iron car at Matilda's farm
in full bright summer;
such darling buds of may in the late evening,
mere wild wagoner's wheel in rust,
still wed to my thought this world;
away from high heavens thy most high deserts
o'erturned by time and tide to my shipwrecked dreams
in much too wreckage of a nerve,
of eyes so blind that day of unaltered eye,
full fathom-five thy battled bones unto the spine
of a book leaf in autumn, I behold, I behold.

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Date Created: Sunday, June 19,2016 12: 08: 57 AM

Naveed Khalid

Afqa

What needest I this mirror that is still,
and oft by looking liking moves
me more to the River where Moses cried and wept,
to see him where he stands in the public eye,
not least by love to eclipse the sun,
far removed from thy brow all mascara of her eyes;
whereby e'ery falling star,
they break loose their oars to thee,
that by misconstrued notions of your mind,
hath rendered numb my novice feeling,
of broken bones thy grave
this sky, this earth, this world.

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Date Created: Thursday, March 27,2014 6: 55: 59 PM

Naveed Khalid

Agar, Agar

Needest not I to beweap my outcast state
forlorn,
away from e'ery departed look
to my shipwrecked dreams,
guides me my moving that star
of thy most high deserts;
rest content be oblivion of a host
among daffodils,
more temperate than darling buds
of may in full bright summer,
her cherubim Wing of glorious days
from past woes be made new,
beside the bed of oak in the late evening
e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
shall carry no burden of thy yoke too dear,
from off so deep a slumber at midnight lease
hath rent this world of waking hour;
awhile but to think on thee in thy graceful ease,
not least to corrupt the mind
in nurslings of immortality,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
our queen shall wear her head
that day of unaltered eye in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Friday, January 01,2016 5: 12: 45 PM

Friday, January 01,2016 5: 21: 06 PM

Title Revised: FromBeadles To Agar, Agar

Naveed Khalid

Albatross

Black, black is the print
on litmus paper,
that of a shadow
under the transparent sky,
has revealed in lightning, storm and rain;

Of what is colour blind,
will go to the mind
when it comes to think on thee,
for nothing is in vain,
not even that you least count for a thing:

This world of thine eye
be of one such look,
let alone if darkly lit,
the sun would illumine
all in heaven and earth.

Black Rose! the wild flower
at our common grave of stardust,
and in that reading room unfolds:
what you have never seen before:
the carpet, the curtain, the table, the bed,

The rocking chair but moves me more
than what you deny of a star,
behind the mirror of everything,
his intriguing looks of eternal sight.

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Date Created: Saturday, September 07,2013 4: 39: 23 PM

Naveed Khalid

Albino

Love of beauty's looks in the late evening
hath salt of seven seas,
pricked with the furr coat in the cellar-barn,
her stumbled feet to my shipwrecked dreams,
of plucked parsley upon the sand dunes,
this world of e'ery departed look
in counting prayers thy blessings more
than what the stars in secret influence comment:
away from high heavens some shadow fell in my bed of crimson joy,
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath beside the oak,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, my age-old love,
needest no darling insights to becharm the skies
of thy most high deserts above the mundane,
that crow on wings, on wings at midnight lease
thy gilded monument astounds,
a man-in-the-moon under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree.

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Date Created: Friday, March 25,2016 5: 06: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

Albion

Love of beauty's looks in the late evening
hath salt of seven seas,
pricked with the furr coat in the cellar-barn,
her stumbled feet to my shipwrecked dreams,
of plucked parsley upon the sand dunes,
this world of e'ery departed look
in counting prayers thy blessings more
than what the stars in secret influence comment:
away from high heavens some shadow fell in my bed of crimson joy,
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath beside the oak,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, my age-old love,
needest no darling insights to becharm the skies
of thy most high deserts above the mundane,
that crow on wings, on wings at midnight lease
thy gilded monument astounds,
a man-in-the-moon under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree.

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Date Created: Friday, March 25,2016 5: 06: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

Alchemist

Let no one know that I exist,
and in thy presence no more;
but you alone by what I am
worthy of thy perusal,
that of myself I speak to thee nothing;
except what by a precise measure
I think of abstract philosophising,
this soul of the world unknown.

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Date Created: Monday, February 25,2013 12: 15: 57 AM

Naveed Khalid

Alfalfa

Come, let's walk down the road
to a rugged path,
of mud-feet so cold and numb,
my mother-earth beside,
a wheel hath turned another day,
that meeting place in secret to confide;
nothing doing but our ancestors sit,
old folks in greek, fable or allegory,
our bedtime stories tell:
while let the world merry-go-round;
I could hear the church bell toll at my door,
through insensible transitions,
I'll make my hands clasp
to play a hunch for the parade,
ere I say goodbye, goodbye!
against the wall of thy most high deserts,
keeps me wide awake
of night-long love,
with what I most desire,
contended least that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 10,2015 3: 01: 25 PM
Tuesday, November 10,2015 3: 04: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

Algebra

What more scope needest I this world
of hideous looks,
that bewailing night asleep;
that in whose presence e'ery loving grace
of full glorious days our common affairs,
be loved by beauty more in nurslings of immortality
than what the stars in secret influence comment;
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time
some dry leaves of book in autumn
beside the bed of oak to e'er melting snow;
ere I write thee with love of hundred years from hence,
while I stood at the door of heaven's high bower,
beguiled by the sweat of thy brow,
no dark can e'er illumine in the late evening,
against bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts,
the sun of my shipwrecked dreams upon the sand dunes.

Date: Friday, November 27, 2015 12: 23: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Alhambra

Thus, of parting words in much too
wreckage of a nerve,
beside the oak, of wayfarer's clime,
a broccoli, beneath the sheer
taut surface, outspread in leaves
of autumn,
against the setting sun at my door
to count I my shipwrecked dreams!
of e'ery skipped beat down the lane
in amber woods,
no heart can afford to play a hunch
for the parade,
of plucked parsley, e'ery flower upon
a barren heath,
led me to rosemary garden;
while musing o'er the dale in silent hours
of soliloquy,
her night-long love needest not
in nurslings of immortality,
so fairly lost scope of days that are gone
in my bed of crimson joy,
a burning goblet in the rainforest
shook off his head like a soring
thumb impression,
of paradisiacal injunctions this world
of darken'd earth's infernal grove
under the hedgerow of a cottage-hill,
heaven hath her golden bough in the tree,
of clay and wattle-made thistles
by the stream, flow to eternal bliss
in waking hour first frost of falling
winter snow in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Friday, December 30,2016.3: 30 PM

Naveed Khalid

Ali Et Alia En Couple

Of plucked parsley e'ery flower upon
a barren heath,
unsettled floundering flies
of unfathomable sea
in my bed of crimson joy are printed, printed
against the setting sun my shipwrecked dreams
in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
much too wreckage of a nerve at my door
of rosemary garden:
her night-long love from out of the blues
in still waters, this world all woe
along the pavement such stepping stones
in dismal shades of age-old grey;
that fair youth while musing o'er the dale,
of haystack and straw dry leaves of book
in autumn needest not thy iron car
at Matilda's farm,
mere wild wagoner's wheel in rust,
of clay and wattle-made thistles
under the Archangel's brow,
I could hear a rustle in the wind
of her anklets,
amidst the debris of ruined ashes,
measured by a distance of paradisiacal
injunctions in the rainforest,
above the mundane, half-way between
the carpet upon, of snow-capped myrtle
that motley's house by the corner
of street forty seven,
a tapping noise o'er my head,
down the lane in amber woods
upon the sand dunes, a drab note
of suspended consciousness to eternal bliss.

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Date Created: Thursday December 01,2016.4: 12 PM

* SS9

Naveed Khalid

Alibi

Must I deny thee e'ery flower
upon a barren heath,
a crowd of host among daffodils;
e'ery skipped beat that becharms the skies;
all wrapped in shroud of a star,
my shipwrecked dreams in the late evening,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
heaven-ward bent beside the window-sill,
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead:
that fair youth in whose age-old love,
awhile but to think on thee in thy graceful ease,
that crow's quill to my e'erliving memory;
her enchanting slogans of disparity,
no dark can e'er illumine o'er the dale
of foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
a few dry leaves of book in autumn,
a compass, a table, a bed of crimson joy,
rest content be oblivion
in the backyard of my garden,
above a firehurst, where you tread the mundane shell,
a soldier's grave unknown upon the sand dunes,
until nothing stirrs the mind
to bewep my outcast state forlorn
by the sea-ashore,
this world of thy most high deserts
at midnight lease in waking hour.

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Date Created: Monday, November 09,2015 1: 03: 33-22 PM

Naveed Khalid

Alma Matter

Of what I know not but to thee suffice
that half-baked masonry's night,
makes wither e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
for of such false schemes in flaunt flemingo,
no dark can e'er illumine my shipwrecked dreams
ere in thy graceful ease this world I confide,
that grows old, giddy, cold and numb
of novice feeling that shows not half thy part:
a dilemma of unsolved mystery to my reckoning days
be made to play a hunch for the parade!
awhile but to think of how they led me
through the door in rosemary garden
of hundred years from hence, heaven-ward bent
of woeful song beside the bed of oak
e'ery falling star in winter cold
along the pavement of cow-parsley,
some such snowflakes of eclipsed doom
to bloody tyrant time, our little john,
that day of unaltered eye upon the sand dunes.

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Date Created: Sunday, November 15,2015 4: 21: 02 PM
Sunday, November 15,2015 4: 25: 41 PM
Sunday, November 15,2015 4: 27: 51 PM
Sunday, November 15,2015 4: 35: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Almanac

Of revealed looks at midnight lease this world,
shows not the least part of thee,
full blown pride of her glorious days be made new
of thought so insidious in autumn;
filled with stars of thy most high deserts,
cup-shelled leaves on white swan's ethereal Wing,
beside the oak, first falling winter snow!
fell from myrtle in my bed of crimson joy
hath her night-long love in the grey evening;
while they led me through the door of rosemary garden,
in subtle reality of the mind my shipwrecked dreams:
the sun of our common affairs away from high heavens!
needest not in nurslings of immortality that man-in-the-moon,
I could see him tending the flocks upon the sand dunes,
half-measured looks from afar in rose-coloured glasses,
threw a nous of light in thy presence alone,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath the wall on high,
cow's shed in summer's prime by thatch-eaves is run,
of crowqui'l such darling buds of may, our little john,
awakes me from slumbers deep under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: 27 July,2016.3: 35 P.M

6776: 4341

Naveed Khalid

Almirah

Of thought so insidious this world in nurslings
of immortality,
from a remote place to hide
a wayfarer's clime in the late evening,
beside the oak thy iron car at Matilda's farm;
of e'ery departed look her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes;
away from high heavens through such stepping stones,
small minions that arise in my mind:
while they led me through the do'r of rosemary garden,
at midnight lease e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
I still behold my shipwrecked dreams under the Archangel's brow;
fair weather days in the mellowing spring against thy most high deserts,
that man-in-the-moon of eyes so blind in full bright summer,
heart's forfeited first musing o'er the dale of white swan's ethereal Wing,
full rich thy charms of fickle foe's fiddle,
untouched graceful ease of woeful song her night-long love,
not least for folly's sake to show thy pride
of what the stars in secret influence comment,
that Christmas eve of snow-capped myrtle in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Thursday, July 14,2016 5: 45: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Altavista

Of e'ery departed look her stumbled feet
this world that shows not half thy part,
away from high heavens seems but a far off cry,
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
I my secret hath kept under the bolted sky,
something to wonder at thy golden brow!
beside the bed of oak no dark can e'er illumine,
where I my feet hath tread the mundane shell:
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, our Queen
shall wear her head at the pedestal of thy throne;
above the mantle piece, where the picture hangs by the wall,
her enchanting slogans of disparity to my shipwrecked dreams,
of ages that are dead in my bed of crimson joy,
me thought fair by fair means foul, flawed in e'erything,
that star in secret influence comment,
of crow's quill her cherubim Wing in the late evening
becharms the skies with pen-pricked angels,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
full glorious sun of our common affairs.

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Sunday, December 27,2015 9: 57: 32 PM

Date Created: Sunday, December 27,2015 8: 15: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Alumni

Have I not come this far where nothing stirs
the mind,
of e'ery departed look in the late evening,
still wed to my thought her night-long love,
of snow-capped myrtle in white swan's ethereal Wing,
at midnight lease this world all woe
in subtle reality of yore dappled things,
Much too critic of printing press
her muse still in argument with thee:
small minions that arise from slumbers deep in rosemary garden
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
much too dearth of thy most high deserts,
drive me crazy down the lane in amber woods,
half-way between the carpet upon the sun of our common affairs,
walk a mile back home, while musing o'er the dale,
ask me questions of existence those stars you'd them beaker full,
beside the oak, such darling buds of may
under the Archangel's brow!
awake me but in dumb despair this darkly drowned
enigma of yore dream, my age-old love,
oft leaves me in dismay her enchanting slogans
of disparity, too shall fade away from high heavens
my shipwrecked dreams in full glorious days that are gone.

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Date Created: August 15,2016.4: 25 PM

* write

5364 = 18

3951 = 18

5356 = 19

3663 = 18

aggregate = 46 tontontontonlinglingling

Naveed Khalid

Amanda's Kitchen

Of e'ery departed look this world
in subtle reality of the mind,
needest no paradisaical injunctions
in haystack of woods,
beside the oak, of wrinkled lip
in my spilt words upon the sand dunes,
dry autumn leaves of book
against the setting sun my shipwrecked dreams:
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island,
first frost of falling winter snow;
heaven hath her golden bough in the tree,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream
from out of the blues in still waters,
pebbles and stones in the ocean sink
her night-long love at my door
of rosemary garden under the Archangel's brow,
a broccoli, of way too far besmeared with time,
of veneral amores runs in deep sorrows,
small minions that arise In nurslings of immortality!
of fair weather days in the mellowing spring,
remains but a drag of suspended consciousness
this darkly drowned enigma of yore
drifting dream amiss,
of unnerved blood in vein a mud-feet
along the pavement of cow parsley,
thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
sticks out his head like a soring thumb impression,
half-way between the carpet upon,
no heart can afford to play a hunch
for the parade; else be a music to my ear,
of voluptuous acmes that motley's house
by the corner of street forty seven,
has a hold me height in heaven's high bower,
hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold
such stepping stones of darkened earth's infernal grove.

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Date Created: Monday, November 28, 2016 5: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

Amen! Amen!

Where am I? that e'ery stumbled feet
beyond the sunrise,
at measured distance from afar
this world in nurslings of immortality,
hung aloft the ghastly night,
I still behold my age-old love of glorious days;
heaven-ward bent thy iron car at matilda's farm:
some shadow fell from myrtle in summer's prime,
beside the windowsill o'er the wall on high;
I think thee better off my mind, my love,
ere in the mellowing year of spring,
away from e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
opes a garden unto my unweird eye,
that crow on wings, on wings,
to my shipwrecked dreams,
hath a hold me height in heaven's high bower.

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Date Created: Sunday, December 13,2015 4: 23: 16 PM

Naveed Khalid

Amethyst

Had I but in my hands the clock that tells time?
I'll count you numbers in my prayer;
More the better, much too stressed-out note
Of e'ery skipped beat in my account,
Be but in death-like trance, my love,
Half-sick, half-poisoned, half-deaf to the ear,
Unheard of what from a fumbled mouth hath spilled
The green-eyed beans ere thine unweird eye.

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Date Created on: Tuesday, September 02,2014 12: 08: 07 PM

Naveed Khalid

Amnesia

More subtle in reality of yore
dappled things,
of thought so insidious
this world at midnight lease,
of pluck'd parsley half-way between
the carpet upon, my love,
of first frost her falling
winter snow;
beside the bed of oak, outspread in
leaves of autumn, a broccoli,
of fealty's Apollo at my door,
heaven hath her golden bough
in the tree, of wild hunches
thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
mere wild wagoner's wheel in rust,
of what the star in secret
influence comment:
waded lots of wonton mire among
a thousand roses, farewell!
like to the lark at break of day arise,
small minions upon the sand dunes,
weighed down by my bagpies, less by love
be look'd than by loving looks depart;
better off my mind e'ery flower upon
a barren heath unto my shipwreck'd dreams.

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Date Created: Wednesday, January 25,2017.6: 46: 51: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Ancestral Tower Of Thoorballylee

Thus, so spake I in silent hours
of soliloquy,
not far from the backdoor
of rosemary garden,
of cut-out trees in the rainforest,
such darling insights from nowhere
arise, arise!
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath
this world of thy most high deserts,
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dreams,
I could have a clear view of that man
in the moon,
that in oblivion of a host still musing o'er the dale,
heaven-ward bent thy iron car at matilda's farm,
of eyes so blind in haystack of woods,
agaes that are dead upon the sand dunes,
of plucked parsley beside the oak,
our little john of harplings in the late evening,
of fealty's Apollo under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 30,2016 12: 10: 13 PM

Saturday, January 30,2016 12: 13: 31 PM

Saturday, January 30,2016 12:13: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid

Ancient Rhymer

Must I first depart from this world all woe
against the second best to abide,
of e'ery loving grace thy most high deserts,
no less than I my shipwrecked dreams,
not least be worthy of thy perusal, my love,
of fealty's Apollo at my door in rosemary garden;
of soring thumb impressions that man-in-the-moon:
beside the oak in the late evening of wringled lip in my spilt words,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath at midnight lease,
above the mundane, a stressed-out note of e'ery skipped beat,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
no dark can e'er illumine under the Archangel's brow,
from nowhere arise, arise in haystack of woods,
heaven-ward bent such darling insights,
until nothing stirrs the mind of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
half-way between the carpet upon her stumbled feet.

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Date Created: Monday, February 22,2016 1: 19: 34 PM

Monday, February 22,2016 1: 16: 01 PM

Monday, February 22,2016 1: 20: 32 PM

Monday, February 22,2016 1: 24: 58 PM

Monday, February 22,2016 1: 25: 34 PM

* at 'me' is the rhymer 56 who made me misspell the word 'me' instead of be!

Naveed Khalid

Ancient Rome

No God's favourite am I
in whose age-old love,
of wild hunches at midnight lease
my shipwrecked dreams,
of wayfarer's clime, a broccoli,
outspread in leaves of autumn
this world of e'ery skipped beat
my pulse tells no time,
from off so remote a place to hide
her stumbled feet like to the lark
at break of day arise,
against the setting sun in first frost
of falling winter snow!
while musing o'er the dale by the western isle,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words
upon the sand dunes,
so fairly lost scope of days that are gone
in my bed of crimson joy,
heaven hath her golden bough in the tree;
of what the star in secret influence comment
under the bolt'd sky,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
the path that led me to rosemary garden,
pebbles and stones in the ocean sink
from out of the blues in still waters,
of e'ery departed look in the late evening;
rest content be oblivion of a host
among daffodils,
such darling buds of may in summer's prime,
still wed to my thought of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Monday, Jan 09,2017.5: 56 PM

Anecdotes

Of parting words in time's devouring hand that writ
this embassage to my love so blind,
away from high heavens in the late evening;
of mud-feet in haystack and straw this world,
ah, through e'ery loving grace bereft of sight;
beside the oak weary day's passing hour,
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes,
stretched across the horizon in deep azure:
the eagle on wings, on wings still musing o'er the dale;
of darkened earth's infernal grave my shipwrecked dreams,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn her departed look;
old folks sit brooding, our bedtime stories tell
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
of furrowed fields in the harvest moon
thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
no heart can afford from off thy ancient lyre,
be my only woe e'ery flower upon a barren heath
in my bed of crimson joy.;
down that road a rugged path of smokey suburbs
by the shabby island,
our little john, in nurslings of immortality
oft leaves me in dismay unto thy most high deserts forlorn.

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Date Created: Friday, June 10,2016 4: 02: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Angel Of Louis

While besate upon the stone
of Bohan,
of strangled looks at midnight lease
this world is but woe-betide,
forshadow'd by white foams of wrath
the sea, in dismal shades of age-old grey
beside the bed of oak,
a wreck'd boat, of way too far,
a golden clime;
I still behold e'ery flower upon
a barren heath:
against the setting sun at my door
of rosemary garden,
small minions that arise
from dust cover'd page of
thy book, out spread in leaves
of autumn,
half-way between the carpet upon
her night-long love
under the Archangel's brow!
my shipwrecked dreams of fair weather days
in the mellowing spring,
of darken'd earth's infernal grove,
thy most high deserts forlorn,
still musing o'er the dale in silent
hours of soliloquy,
of first frost her falling winter
snow at clover beach,
clay and wattle-made thistles
upon the sand dunes,
of plucked parsley, hibiscus that grow
and wither in time's waste,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Tuesday, January 03,2017 2: 48 PM

* Re-Written on Wednesday, January 04,2017 11: 34: 42

Naveed Khalid

Annelids

Majestic love of fair weather days
in the mellowing spring,
misty sunshine in the morning dew
of freshly sown seeds,
her eyes be wet in dismal shades
of age-old grey against the setting sun!
the eagle in reality of the mind;
beside the oak some dry leaves of autumn,
sustains me on wings, on wings,
heaven hath her golden bow in the tree,
where cuckoos sing in melodious accents I, I,
stick out his head like a soring thumb impression,
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
of e'ery departed look int he late evening,
above the mundane, of wayfarer's clime
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
that half-baked masonry's bride
under the Archangel's brow,
my shipwrecked dreams at christmas eve
among a thousand roses, farewell, sweet maid,
of what hath pass'd o'er in a twilight dream,
down the lane in amber woods,
small minions that arise hath first frost
of falling winter snow in yellow-pages of history.

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Date Created: Saturday, November 05,2016.5: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid

Anonymous

(A Manx Muse)

Thus, by far more this world to my sightless view,
Holds but a mirror that shows not half thy part of unattended presence,
Oft leaves me in dismay e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
That in solemn strain this deserted rhyme
Of thy most high deserts, unaccounted for love,
More bright than e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind
As marigold upon a clover-top hangs ere thine unweird eye:
Full rich content of thy graceful ease in waking hour
To prove thee virtuous against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light through e'ery pouring shadow,
That to my mind still of another rent in hurtlings of past woe.

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Date Created: Saturday, August 09,2014 4: 52: 51 PM

Naveed Khalid

Antelopes

Of my idiosyncracies have less to do
with what I write
than thy false assumptions to weigh the air
in perfect measure apart,
I think thee better off my mind;
this world of my shipwrecked dreams,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words
against thy most high deserts:
ere in solemn or strain beget I,
not least to tell thee of my woe-begone days,
but which to thy beauty's bride I love thee so,
this dull rhyme of unnerved blood in vein;
from off thy graceful ease be plucked more,
than of departed looks,
some dry leaves of book in autumn,
fell from myrtle that wedded night,
ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
parked beside the clover beach,
I behold our little john play on, play on.

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Date Created: Thursday, December 10,2015 3: 05: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Antiques

Oh, that phantom of chalice wings
creates a myth of Sadeian world,
of what I write to my dear old folks;
and which goes unchecked by the west wind,
but you can read him in my ancient rhyme;
not wild that by wilderness to the mind,
oft is akin to our woe-begotten time,
fore'er lost in the fabric of our daydreams.

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Date Created: Thursday, June 20, 2013 11: 45: 20 PM

Naveed Khalid

Apocalypse

What use this verse that by reading,
oft by a shadow goes blind;
but which by eyes is writ thrice
before all hath vanished from sight,
I wish I could see thy metaphysics
when you turn'd thy face in the mirror,
that reality never matched the world,
and eveything was in the mind;
else by beauty be no more
than what by love I behold,
except for illusion of this light,
this paint'd sky reflects not in thine eye.

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*Republished

Date Created: Wednesday, May 08,2013 2: 40: 12 PM

Naveed Khalid

Aquiline

Must I of my darkened days to some rivulet blue,
Drown an eye that of erased looks to my mind still,
A foul fawning bay at my door, bewails the night;
Not least to account for love in the mellowing year of spring,
Of woe-begone all thoughts to a poor wretch like me,
That in whose country rhymes so sickening a desire in ill-omen,
Oft such rags of time make haste in my bed of crimson joy:
Adieu! adieu! I needest no soft murmurings in sweet-scented silence.

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Date Created: Tuesday, October 28,2014 11: 09: 18 AM

Naveed Khalid

Arbitrator

Oh, sir! you're but a stack of gold,
unearthed perchance if I may
thy goodly states run wild
in ecstasy of pure heaven,
some dry autumn leaves
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes
against the setting sun,
my shipwrecked dreams of fair weather days
in the mellowing spring;
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
under the Archangel's brow, of wrinkled lip
in my spilt words,
her night-long love;
needest not in solemn or strain
this dull rhyme,
weary with toil my day's work expires
of freshly sown seeds,
ere I write them with much too
stressed out note, no heart can afford,
of darkened earth's infernal grove;
while musing o'er the dale at my door
of rosemary garden,
first frost of falling winter snow,
down the lane in amber woods,
of e'ery departed look in the late evening.

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Date Created: Monday, November 07,2016.4: 11 PM

* Title Revised from A Rebel To Aliens or Arbitrator

Naveed Khalid

Archangel's Wing

See! how I my days hath spent away
from high heavens,
far more be looked upon with such
awe and wonder,
that her muse still in argument with thee,
of days that are gone in vague impressions
of poetry,
against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky
thy most high deserts:
floundering flies of unfathomable sea
in reality of the mind at midnight lease this world
all woe to my shipwrecked dreams;
the boat is slowly drifting from the sand dunes,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
under the Archangel's brow;
indeed! by thatch-eaves is run half-way
between the carpet upon her stumbled feet,
like to the lark at break of day arise,
the sun of our common affairs at Christmas eve,
first frost of falling winter snow with pen-pricked angels,
tolls the bell at my door of rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Wednesday, September 21,2016 5: 21 PM

Title Revised From A Martyr To A Salute To The Martyr To Archangel's Wing

Naveed Khalid

Archer Of Golden Bow

Must I live this dream of broken mast-shaft at north
that in silent hours of the night,
of my darkened days to some rivulet blue;
too deep for woe of what I write to eyes so blind,
a broccoli, beneath my bed of crimson joy to account for love
against the world of thy most high deserts,
a straw hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
down that road under the canopy of a hut:
of untread places far-off upon the sand dunes,
they led me by the horn through staircase window of the wall;
that crow's quill as marigold in autumn wind by the sea-shore.
of some such snowflakes in winter cold at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Tuesday, February 24,2015 4: 08: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Archetypes

Of wrinkled lip in my spilt words half-way between
the carpet upon,
not a word, not a word can e'er illumine
in the late evening thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
rough drive down the lane on a rugged path,
of fealty's Apollo at my door her stumbled feet,
at midnight lease this world all woe;
of eyes so blind, a broccoli, beneath the bed
of crimson joy, from off so deep a slumber,
the heart that fed in nurslings of immortality:
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, my love,
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
a few scraps of paper covered with snow ere I write thee
such darling buds of may,
at break of day arise, arise, under the Archangel's brow,
that man-in-the-moon still musing o'er the dale,
hath weaved unto the spine of a book leaf in autumn,
beside the oak, in the mellowing spring;
away from high heavens of e'ery departed look
the wall on high my shipwrecked dreams,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn,
a horseshoe in the stable lay barefooted
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Thursday, June 16,2016 10: 04: 00 PM

Naveed Khalid

Arise, Arise

Of Crow's quill, so far as my eyes can see,
And from blackening inkpot his ruffled feathers;
His cowboy hat of red-linen, my bride,
Something to wonder at the scarecrow in the field,
The nest ashore in the tree of naked branches,
Broods upon nurslings of immortality!
Where but by night asleep the stars
Of all the world at my door,
I count them each to an e'erlasting day:
Arise! arise! the lark at heaven's gate, sing!
And e'erything is still at Darien Peak,
All pen-pricked angels mirrored in thy abode,
Her enchanting slogans of disparity,
Ah! fill the cup with magic potion called, Ether,
Oft flows through unnerved blood in vein,
Her mental furniture of the mind;
Let the picture be put aside,
That of tongue-tied Muse her love,
Goes soaring high above the dale:
Arise! arise! the lark at heaven's gate, sing!

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*Previous Title: Masque

Date Created: Thursday, February 27,2014 2: 27: 20 PM

Naveed Khalid

Arrow

When I am at a loss for words,
I look at a shooting star,
how by night befalls the sky;
and a thought comes into my mind
of cupid's stretch'd, heavenly bow:
a drown'd boat in the ocean
is brought to the sands of the sea-shore,
that our Lord has call'd for a mirror.

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Naveed Khalid

Ascent Of Sap

While musing o'er the dale at my door
of rosemary garden,
down the lane in amber woods,
first frost of falling winter snow,
cover'd with sheer taut surface, a broccolli,
beneath the bed of crimson joy;
half-way between the carpet upon
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes:
of wayfarer's clime beside the oak,
some dry leaves of book in autumn
by the western isle in silent hours of soliloquy
against the setting sun in whose age-old love
at Christmas eve in yellow-pages of history,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead,
a straw hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
of crowquill thy iron car at matilda's farm,
our little john, in nurslings of immortality,
plays a hunch for the parade under the Archangel's brow,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by thatch-eaves is run,
hung aloft the ghastly night my shipwrecked dreams,
of what to my mind still this world of ages that are dead,
full fathom-five thy battled bones can ne'er illumine
of darkened earth's infernal grove her skin-tight dream,
shook off her head like a soring thumb impression.

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Date Created: Monday, October 10,2016.3: 00 PM

Naveed Khalid

Astral I

Of What I can see not through many a starlit night,
Enwrought with my humble ode hath but little scope,
Put against the mirror of thine eye this world;
Apart from where you sow the seed of love or hate,
I'll move on with such stepping stones, no destiny insight,
To marvel the ages that are dead from history's yellow pages,
And to revel in good old days by e'ery fleeting shadow:
My ancestral form insidious of empty vessels to fill the cup,
Where I my secret hath kept away from thy presence alone,
The hand that writ these lines thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date created: Monday, May 26,2014 3: 10: 06 PM

Naveed Khalid

Astral II

I'll not in vain words to precious minutes waste
her musings o'er the dale,
of subservient nature's most ardent desire
to fill the page with what I least contend;
our esteemed Poet but to thee suffice, my love,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
at Minerva's golden brow!
against the world of thy most high deserts,
I still behold that day of unaltered eye:
lo! in thy graceful ease more bright,
than least by thy name I can e'er know thee,
that moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour;
while in thy presence alone I am looking, looking
through titanic visions afar,
of ages that are dead to my eyes so blind,
oft makes haste in my bed of crimson joy
at sunset of the evening sky,
away from out of sight to my mind still
e'ery flower upon a barren heath to the west wind in autumn.

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Date Created: Monday, January 12,2015 11: 58: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

Astronomy Of Aeon Years Ago

Nothing that by love-sick thought on thee,
can e'er stirr the mind,
that this bonanza of yore dream
still but of my adversary's part
to play a hunch for the parade;
of what I hath writ in nurslings of immortality!
too shall fade from off thy e'erliving memory,
beside the bed of oak in the late evening,
else thy most high deserts be my love no more:
while our little john upon the sand dunes,
not least to arise, arise in this waking hour
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
heaven-ward bent thy iron car at matilda's farm,
nor shall I move thee more to call upon thy aid
along the pavement of cow parsley,
that crow's quill under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 05,2015 2: 30: 50 PM

Naveed Khalid

Aurora

When I look at a star of hallow'd fire,
along with pen-pricked angels;
that by love of musings o'er the dale,
and his wilful shutting of the eye,
measured by a distance of the world:
a lone wanderer from afar
has no way to go, no place to hide,
except in verse of autumn leaves
what by the sun is decked ashore,
a stream that flows to eternal bliss,
pebbles and stones in the ocean sink
all his dreams of mid-night waking.

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Date Created: Saturday, July 06,2013 12: 35: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Autumn

No, I'll not move thee more with the stars,
That oft in silent musings alone,
Visit you from e'ery corner of the world;
Nor not a word of rhyme in my mute song,
I'll write but in shallow praise of thine eye:
Autumn moon! of the west wind in yonder looks,
Unfolds many a dry leaf of thy book;
and of poetry to celebrate with thee at night,
I still am thinking of some thought far off,
Away from the skyline of that eagle,
Upon whose wings I let my muse fly, fly...

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* Republished

Date Created: Monday, September 23,2013 2: 41: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Autumn Leaf

Lord! whence else oft I beget this dream,
So off-hand in the corn field a belated sight
Of unicorn's golden hour at midnight waking,
That his shoe-horse by the stable lay barefooted;
And that journey stretch'd across the skyline,
Above his head where the crown of a starless night,
I still can behold in the mirror of thine eye,
Cruising through the world a charioteer wild:
O blow that! which in a drop of vintage hides,
His looks of cold serene in haystack of woods.

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Naveed Khalid

Autumnal

Autumnal - Poem by Naveed Khalid

O no! not least howe'er to my mind still in winter cold,
Every star that outshines in white bier to brave thine eye,
Awakes me to this world, alas, but in dumb despair;
Away from what, too, shall grow old in summer's prime,
And leave me there where I still am loitering around,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light I hath lived to this day:
Yet not a line from out of sight my dark can e'er illumine,
The broken mirror of a hundred shadows by thy grave,
Of no compare by looking what you'll nothing find;
Everything so fair by fair creatures born, not so real,
Nor what I write to thy embassy, be worthy of thy praise,
That I may claim as well to be One with thee alone.

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Date Created: Tuesday, May 20,2014 12: 20: 30 PM

Naveed Khalid

Avogadro Of Chingerbot

Heaven hath her golden bow in the trees,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
some dry autumn leaves in worn-out time,
that in my spilt words to my mind still,
a broccoli, beneath the sheer taut surface;
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time,
this world of my shipwrecked dreams,
a hundred shadows by thy grove that bewailing night asleep,
away from that bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts,
I could see our little john upon the sand dunes,
where I my feet hath tread the mundane shell
against e'ery departed look to count I my woe-begone days,
of cowslip her parted hair in my bed of crimson joy,
no eyes can see a becharming sunset in the late evening,
of cherubim Wing with pen-pricked angels,
that crow's hat on knees in ruffled feathers.
of snow-capped myrtle under the Archangel's brow,
rest content be oblivion of rosemary garden,
I my secret hath kept to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Thursday, December 24,2015 4: 25: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Awakening

My love that in fair aspect of cold repose
But desires increase of thy most high deserts;
Where least I find such darling insights, to thee suffice
Against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky,
More bright than what through my forfeited dark
You illumine the world by thy fairest brow,
Of wanton looks so fair, my mind, ere thine unweird eye:
Away from e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
My tongue-tied Muse to my sightless view
Holds a mirror that shows not half thy part;
And e'ery single hour to that day of another rent,
Not least to claim that waking star in winter cold,
A fair face needs no light that by light more blessed
Than I write to thee of worthier-pen born in darkness of the night.

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Date Created: Saturday, August 09,2014 4: 05: 08 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bagpies

What use thy occurrence to a close afraid,
no eyes can see e'ery flower
upon a barren heath
the wall on high in sweet-scented silence,
be made to wither from off thy old-formed memory;
a spine of a book leaf against the harvest moon!
a garland for yore head under the Archangel's brow,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crow:
that our queen shall wear at Erin's gate;
above the mantle piece, the stars in secret influence comment,
full glorious sun of our common affairs,
oft steals looks from my bed of crimson joy,
that day I scarcely grew to light of my shipwrecked dreams,
a wrinkled lip in my spilt words o'er the dale;
where I my feet hath tread the mundane shell,
beside a desert titan a broken mirror
that shows not half thy part in the backyard
of my garden
some such snowflakes in winter cold.

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Date Created: Monday, December 14,2015 3: 30: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Balcony In The Chapel

Of subservient nature's most ardent desire
that through such hunches pour forth
of woe-begone days to some rivulet blue,
my shipwrecked dreams in the late evening,
hath made woolly bright thy lamb of old,
pricked with needle thread her hair knots
of night-long love,
a crowd of host among daffodils;
whitening cold and numb that star in white bier
too but braves thine holy eye:
against the world of thy most high deserts,
I seek no revenge of beauty's bride,
ere in silent hours of soliloquy her stumbled feet,
makes wither e'ery fig leaf in autumn;
stretched across a golden bough
in Cherubim Wing that crow's quill
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
our Queen shall wear her head,
that unaltered day of merry, merry christmas.

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Date Created: Friday, December 18, 2015 3: 39: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Balladino

Needest not I in counting prayers
thy blessings more,
of woe-begone days that half-baked
masonry's night,
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath!
of cowslip her parted hair upon the sand dunes,
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree:
thy iron car at matilda's farm
of e'ery departed look my shipwrecked dreams,
no dark can e'er illumine in the late evening,
beside the oak,
this world of thy most high deserts
hath rent at midnight lease,
of eyes so blind such darling buds of may,
heaven-ward bent her gracious muse
of so rich thy charms,
all wrapped in shroud of a star,
still musing o'er the dale in nurslings of immortality,
the sun of our common affairs at my door,
that day of christmas eve, our little john,
opes a garden unto my unweird eyen, sweet maid,
where blue-bells hang by the wall
at e'ery step of the way by the sea-ashore,
ages that are dead above the mundane,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Monday, April 04,2016 7: 36: 42 PM
Monday, April 04,2016 7: 37: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Baptism

This mark of love if by error removed from thee,
that without thy presence alone,
else be in simple fold my vain endeavour
upon world's e'er effacing page;
but who'd read? who has eyes enough to read
what in mind's eye I still behold,
darkly lit in bewailing night asleep;
and that ceremony of a star,
oft bestow'd by thy graceful ease,
would bespeak of virgin mother born,
her bridal song in high heavens.

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Date Created: Sunday, August 11,2013 10: 09: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bar Mitzvah

Oft am I swayed by this gentle breeze,
That in the mellowing year of spring
Too soon shall fade to some rivulet blue,
Full ripe gourd of some hazel nuts in my account,
Of what lies buried in yellow pages of history;
O but to thee suffice in thy graceful ease
To bear the burden of thy yoke too dear,
Of eyes so blind at Minerva's golden brow:
Hung aloft the ghastly night as marigold in autumn
Of broken mast-shaft at north my shipwrecked dreams,
I, too, can claim at sunset of the evening sky
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy;
Erased of looks so fair to my mind still in the cellar-barn,
That day of unaltered eye to eternal bliss in waking hour,
Of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers under the canopy of a hut,
That crow's quill of darkened days to my e'erliving memory.

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Date Created: Sunday, March 22,2015 12: 48: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bard's Soliloquy

This world, ah, but to see through thine holy eye,
Unused to flow to e'er melting snow,
That in summer's prime too shall fade
Away from out of sight, my love, of thy most high deserts
To mourn in dismal shades of age-old grey;
Oft in precious minutes waste her old-formed memory, too deep for woe,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in snow-capped myrtle,
I behold from afar at Minerva's golden brow:
Of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream to eternal bliss,
A mistletoe on his back along the pavement of cow parsley,
Needest no light to becharm the skies in silent hours of the night,
Let all heaven be darkly lit in thy abode, still burning, burning!

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Date Created: Wednesday, November 05,2014 2: 38: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

Barnaby Festivity Ode

Barnaby Festivity Ode

El Dorado, of her first falling winter snow,
so heavily weighed down by my bagpies,
mud feet all immersed in largess of some thought
far-off beyond the sunrise in autumn,
needest not her charms of departed look
this fedora of yore drifting dream amiss
away from high heavens,
see! how bereft of sight unchained from the stars;
of gracious muse, my love, under the bolted sky:
that by fealty's Apollo at my door this world,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown around my head
in white swan's ethereal Wing hath rent at midnight lease,
of eyes so blind e'ery flower upon a barren heath
against thy most high deserts still musing o'er the dale,
violet blues that melt in the grey evening,
beside the oak upon the mundane shell,
of snow-capped myrtle in nurslings of immortality;
our dr-do-little john upon the sand dunes,
shows not half thy part of woe-begone days
my shipwrecked dreams at Minerva's golden brow.

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Date Created: Tuesday, February 02,2016 2: 27: 55 PM

Tuesday, February 02,2016 2: 10: 35 PM

Tuesday, February 02,2016 2: 13: 22 PM

Tuesday, February 02,2016 2: 15: 25 PM

Tuesday, February 02,2016 2: 15: 47 PM

Tuesday, February 02,2016 2: 22: 44 PM

Tuesday, February 02,2016 2: 21: 23 PM

Tuesday, February 02,2016 2: 23: 20 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bataclan

No, not least in seraph wings of gold
can e'er illumine at the windowsill,
of darkened days in dumb despair
the reality of this world forlorn,
awakes but a wonder in thine holy eyen;
away from this fedora of yore dream,
where I too hath stood and wept
of a hundred shadows by thy grove,
heaven-ward bent in rosemary garden;
I could hear a tapping noise o'er my head
amidst a few dry leaves of book in autumn,
a cushioned coffin beside the bed of oak,
squirrels make hoards in haystack of woods
against the harvest moon my shipwrecked dreams,
pebbles and stones in the ocean sink,
her clasped hands of blue-bells at my door,
oft steals looks from my bed of crimson joy
ere in rustle of the wind makes wither
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
that day of departed looks be made new,
of golden tress her parted hair upon the sand dunes,
a soil from homeland in my country rhymes
across the horizon in deep azure
I still behold by love-sick thought on thee,
the Eagle on wings, on wings at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Wednesday, November 18,2015 1: 35: 49 PM
Wednesday, November 18,2015 1: 42: 00 PM

* Inception of three more lines, and updated on Thursday, November 19,2015 2:
24: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bear's Paw

Last night, a black cat
crossed my way
behind the corner
of that street forty seven,
some dry leaves of book
by the west-wind in autumn,
of wattle and daub her stumbled feet
beyond the sunrise to a close afraid:
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream;
that little john's tickling toes
upon the matted floor,
beside the lamp in a nous of light,
her oily skin, so porous as the eyes,
pours forth in e'erything at sunset,
haystack and straw,
a mistletoe on his back,
pricked with a furr coat
in the cellar barn,
this fedora of yore dream.

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Date Created: Friday, October 23,2015 3: 56: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Beatific

When all the better part of me to account for love
of thy most high deserts,
that by beauty more to my eyes so blind;
of virgin mother born,
her summer's day to my e'er living memory,
oft moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour:
than all the world beside that by night no more,
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
e'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead
to that day of unaltered eye, I behold, I behold.

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Date Created: Thursday, December 25,2014 2: 16: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Beaumonde

(On Yeat's Maud Gonne)

That last of legion at the stone of Bohan
of broken mast-shaft at north,
too, but beweaps his outcast state forlorn;
all too weird in reverse reflexion I behold,
that to a land of fairies abides by thee alone
at sunset of the evening sky, of pensive looks this world
hath rendered numb my novice feeling to fill my heart with love
of thy most high deserts in fair aspect of cold repose:
as merry weather day in autumn to the sun in deep azure,
oft on clover-tops but hangs a golden bow against the harvest moon,
I fain would bring to the page of eyes so blind my ship-wrecked dreams,
more temperate than darling buds of May in summer's prime.

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Date Created: Sunday, March 15,2015 3: 56: 38 PM

*Title Revised

Naveed Khalid

Bedouin

Needest not I in silent hours
of soliloquy,
of veneral amorous her persistent cries
this heart beat that runs in deep sorrows,
hath love of beauty's looks o'er the dale;
the wall on high my shipwrecked dreams
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree!
the sun of our common affairs through e'ery looking eye:
can never illumine of what the stars in secret
influence comment;
of parting hair her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes
at midnight lease this world
of thy most high deserts in the late evening;
oft steal looks from my bed of crimson joy,
untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
of fair weather days in the mellowing spring,
full ripe gourd of some hazel nuts in my account,
tolls that bell at my d'or of rosemary garden
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath.

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Date Created: Saturday, June 04,2016 2: 15: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Beehive

Not by words that in weeds grow,
A plant of mandrake roots hath spill'd,
Poison'd the ear, the heart, the mind;
Most sickening our desire to hear
Thy voice from out of nothing,
And pours forth so deep a woe
In hilarious intoxication of magic powers:
When you transform the purple sky
By thy golden cherubim wings,
Heaven sings, and all the world with him
Goes mad about thy love
Of honey-bees in the bower.

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*Republished

Date Created: Tuesday, December 11,2012 12: 53: 40 AM

* Reference 'Hamlett Sadler'

Naveed Khalid

Belfry

From Makatea to Denver hills,
amidst the rainforest,
a mileage to take far-off beyond the sunrise,
ere in the morning dew her eyes be wet.
full glorious sun of our common affairs
hath tread the mundane shell by the sea-ashore,
against that grey evening star of thy most high deserts,
needest no light at sunset of the evening sky:
a horse-on-saddle at his knee touched the ground
of love-sick thought on thee in worn-out time upon the sand dunes,
that crow's quill of darkened earth's infernal grave,
of eyes so blind by the sweat of thy brow,
ah, upon a barbed wire o'er the wall on high,
I could hear the church bell toll in the backyard of my garden,
where blue-bells hang under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
that day of unaltered eye to e'er melting snow at my door.

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Date Created: Sunday, July 19,2015 7: 13: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid

Belladonna

Then, some do they taunt me with love-hired wit,
toiled by day's labour my pilgrimage to thee,
from off so remote a place to hide
the wayfarer's clime,
a telescope, a compass, a few scraps of paper,
still haunts my head at midnight lease,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
needest no soft murmurings in silent hours
of soliloquy,
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dreams;
above the mundane in the late evening
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
against bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts;
beside the oak of fealty's Apollo at my door,
this world of wrinkled lip in my spilt words,
cowslip her parted hair upon the sand dunes,
clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
hung aloft the ghastly night in autumn, our little john,
that day of unaltered eye in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Thursday, February 11,2016 4: 19: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Belle

No, I'll not least be moved
by what to thy lost memory
of another's plight made new;
a church bell at the door
of untread places far-off
beyond the sunrise,
beside the bed of oak,
that in whose age-old love;
rest content be oblivion
in the backyard of my garden
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
that crow's quill on wings, on wings
against time's tickling toes
in the late evening,
heaven-ward bent this world
of thy most high deserts,
darkly lit in the mellowing year
of spring,
under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Monday, November 16,2015 11: 32: 16 AM

Naveed Khalid

Bellerina

Thus, I so spake that in my retiring room
e'ery looking glass that shows not half thy part,
of untamed heart's forfeited first in winter cold
to that day of unaltered eye I still behold
that in largess of some thought but to thee suffice;
which to deny thee most in waste of words my mind,
hath such sweet-rugged path of untread dreams
along the pavement of cow parsley all the panorama of this world:
her most ardent desire to fill the page with what I least contend,
of clay and wattle made thistles by the stream o'er the lagoon
to account for love of thy most high deserts,
of eyes so blind in silent hours of the night;
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
ah, my darkened days to illumine more bright,
that crow's quill needest no light at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Thursday, March 12,2015 7: 32: 07 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bellsha Beacon

Bellsha Beacon

Of what hath pass'd o'er in a twilight
dream,
rest content be oblivion of a host
in the backyard of my garden,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
away from heaven's high bower:
of eyes so blind my shipwrecked dreams,
needest no dark that by dark bewails the night
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
awakes but a wonder in thine holy eye!
this world that shows not half thy part, my love,
of snow-capped myrtle at Minerva's golden brow,
I could see our little John musing o'er the dale,
beside the bed of oak with pen-pricked angels,
that star of burning goblet in the rainforest,
still shines bright along the pavement of cow parsley.

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Date Created: Thursday, December 31, 2015 4: 44: 23 PM
December 31, 2015 4: 38: 49 PM
December 31, 2015 4: 43: 14 PM
December 31, 2015 4: 35: 26 PM

Naveed Khalid

Benchmark

Of such stunning reality this world,
not least in presence of the mind,
some lost threads of thought,
too dear in thy providence of lost memory,
no need to prove thee virtuous
in thy presence alone;
that crow's quill on wings, on wings,
hath writ this embassy
upon the strand of still waters
at sunset to a close afraid
her enchanting slogans of disparity,
sticks out his head of soring thumb impressions,
no dark can e'er illumine beyond the sunrise,
against so scant a resource to fill the page
of thy most high deserts, besmeared with time,
oft goes unchecked by the west-wind in autumn,
beside many a longevity of thy love,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
steals looks from my bed of crimson joy,
that day of unaltered eye in heaven's high bower,
I still behold to my shipwrecked dreams.

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Date Created: Thursday, October 22,2015 1: 56: 08 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bermuda's Triangle

The world that reflects not in thine eye,
what by a falling star you behold
through insensible transitions;
but which by thee no mirror can hide,
the charisma of thy dream,
and oft a golden bow by night,
by day a drowning boat
at Bermuda's Triangle.

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Date Created: Friday, May 17,2013 5: 26: 15 PM

Naveed Khalid

Beulah

No! not least can I of my adversaries be part
to play a hunch for the parade,
away from e'ery departed look in wild ecstasy
of pure heaven
this world of my shipwrecked dreams,
better off my mind e'erything that seems but a far-off cry
of what a star in secret influence comment;
even though I thought thee more bright
at Minerva's golden brow!
where least I find more be less of unhindered scope
that half-baked masonry's night:
many a woe-begone days at sunset of the evening sky:
needest no light to becharm the skies of thy most high deserts,
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
e'ery flower upon a barren heath, above the mundane;
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time,
darkened earth's infernal grave under the Archangel's brow,
my love that shows not half thy part in rosemary garden,
of eyes so blind against me myself to prove thee virtuous
in white swan's ethereal Wing,
feeds upon nurslings of immortality, our little john,
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes.

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Date Created: Tuesday, February 16,2016 3: 39: 14 PM

Tuesday, February 16,2016 3: 40: 24 PM

Tuesday, February 16,2016 3: 41: 32 PM

Wednesday, February 17,2016 2: 13: 52 PM

Naveed Khalid

Black Friar

Thus, this world that shows not half thy part,
Of ages that are dead to my reckoning days more bright
Than that forfeited dark with pen-pricked angels,
Away from out of sight to my mind still
That day of unaltered eye in Hades of a star,
Of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour:
I behold against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky,
A phantom of chalice wings in delirium departed,
Much too rendered in age-old grey at break of day arise
E'ery flower upon a barren heath from earth's infernal grave,
Of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, beguiled of looks so fair;
Oft break loose their oars to thee under the canopy of a hut,
So sickening to the bones, my love, of eyes so blind
Hath brought me to this end through hurtlings of past woe.

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Date Created: Friday, November 28,2014 5: 08: 22 PM

Naveed Khalid

Black Rose

What in words I write,
more in love by night will grow;
and under the lamp's dark eyes,
all light, all lovely things
in a dull round of day be spent,
that less by looks be lov'd
than by love be look'd
through the common eye:
a canker and a rose
together will grow.

(C)

Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Friday, December 07,2012 4: 19: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Blackbird

Just go tell them, they who speak
of eyes so blind her nightlong love,
ah, too deep for woe upon the sand dunes;
some such leaves of book in autumn
that by the west-wind
are lowly laid at thy feet in worn-out time,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
that day of unaltered eye to a close afraid,
of shipwrecked dreams this world beside:
that crow's quill of drifting dream amiss,
ye know not, nor ye need to know;
where all doors are shut but thy door
in rosemary garden,
cowslip her parted hair some dark to illumine
of paradisaical injunctions in haystack of woods,
oft makes me wonder at thy golden brow.

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Date Created: Monday, August 17,2015 2: 36: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid

Blending, Blending

Having writ thee fair summer's bright
that in melodious accents I, I
bear amiss such rhyme, rhythm and meter;
that in whose sweet-scented silence
e'erything seems but a far-off cry
against all vicissitudes of the sky
this world of my shipwrecked dreams,
only waiting to hear the church bell toll at my door,
else in simple fold my vain endeavour:
know not when, what time of the year goes unchecked
by the west-wind in autumn,
until nothing stirrs the mind of a hundred shadows by thy grove;
many hath stood and wept to hear ye sing unto me
this dull song of love and delight away
from white swan's ethereal Wing,
still stuck up in yore sleeves some dry leaves
of departed looks in winter cold,
by the sweat of thy brow to e'er melting snow,
beside the bed of oak ere thine unweird eyen.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 12,2015 2: 45: 06 PM

Naveed Khalid

Blessings Of Love

Say ye not full rich pride of e'ery flower
upon a barren heath,
that in silent hours of the night,
so sickening to the bones of woe-begone days,
my love at sunset of the evening sky,
I still hold dear to that crow's quill
of my shipwrecked dreams,
that too but blinds the eye
through e'ery pouring shadow:
weary with toil my day's work expires,
more blessed of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
no dark can e'er illumine under the Archangel's brow.

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* Title Revised: Blessings of Love

Naveed Khalid

Blind, Blind

Oft I feel, and feel to fill my heart with love
Of beauty's belligerent smile that corrupts the mind,
Of bewitching looks such lichens of desire in ill-omen
To a fell hand by what I write through e'ery pouring shadow;
More blest of ages that are dead to my eyes so blind
Than this world of affairs hath e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
Uneclipsed of unattended presence in nurslings of immortality:
Unlooked for love my Lord's light ere thine unweird eye,
Of no darkling insights to bewail the night, my love,
Against time's tickling toes to thy most high deserts in modern electra;
Remains but a tag romantic, indignation of a genius you!
Else in simple fold my vain endeavour through e'eryday happenings:
I behold titanic visions from afar in optical illusion,
Under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree, still burning! burning!

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Naveed Khalid

Blindman's Buff

My love has lost all charm in thee,
and I can see no more what it is
you call love at first sight, sweet love;
nor the second look awakes much wonder,
for too long my eyes in the mirror have stunn'd,
stifled in grim stance of thy world to me- -
though I had hoped I would see in them
nothing but light, all light, yet it brings forth
no image of thee, from which I presume
you must have lent them to the stars,
and turned your face upon the world for good.

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*Republished

Date Created: Friday, August 31,2012 12: 38: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

Blink, Blink

Of fealty's Apollo at my door this world
from sullen earth arise, arise,
the reality of yore dappled things,
like to the lark at break of day my shipwrecked dreams,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath at midnight lease,
too vague to witness beauty in summer's prime
against thy most high deserts e'ery departed look:
keeps me wide awake in the twilight of day dreams,
beside the oak, a broccoli, under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes,
away from high heavens her stumbled feet,
be my only woe in the late evening,
of what the stars in secret influence comment,
you know not, nor you need to know,
sorrow's most relinquished hope no heart can afford,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
our little john, along the pavement of cow parsley,
still musing o'er the dale in silent hours of soliloquy.

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Date Created: Monday, March 21,2016 4: 37: 07 PM
Tuesday, March 22,2016 11: 20: 29 AM

Line # 16 inserted with the good intention of making people see that holds all the rest of the meanings in the poem of 19 lines instead of 18.

Have a great Water World Day!

Naveed Khalid

Bliss

Tell me, how many are they in a row,
what colour, scheme or thing
defines a rainbow, dampened in the rainforest;
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise,
among many a star of thy most high deserts,
the eagle on wings in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
of snow-capped myrtle by the sea-ashore,
has a hold me height to that day of unaltered eye:
darkly lit in thy abode, hung aloft the ghastly night,
this world of my shipwrecked dreams in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Monday, August 24,2015 6: 19: 46 PM

Naveed Khalid

Blissful Innocence

Should I more of my adversaries be part,
that to play a hunch for the parade,
e'ery looking eye of drifting dream amiss,
gold be thy beauty's fair love of made,
more temperate than darling buds of may
against the world of thy most high deserts;
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream
along the pavement of cow parsley between her lip and desire:
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality,
where blue-bells hang by the wall of wanton tapestry at thy throne.

(C) Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Friday, June 26,2015 10: 54: 59 PM

Naveed Khalid

Blonde Hair

No, not least I seekest full rich thy charms
of bewailing night asleep,
a crowd of host among daffodils,
that from off so deep a slumber
hath rent at midnight lease this world;
a shrub of wrinkled lip in my spilt words,
no dark can e'er illumine beside the bed oak,
e'ery fig leaf in autumn under the Archangel's brow;
against bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts,
that choking star to my shipwrecked dreams
of woe-begone days her enchanting slogans of disparity,
that tolls the bell at my door of rosemary garden,
away from yellow-pages of history in Cherubim Wing,
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time, our little john,
apart from where you tread the mundane shell,
I still behold my love of seventy winters have thy November.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 30,2015 1: 08: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Boar

Methinks not of love amongst e'ery flower upon
a barren heath,
of wayfarer's clime in the late evening
that half-baked masonry's night,
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes
mere wild wagoner's wheel in rust at my door
of rosemary garden,
that fair youth in whose age-old love
away from high heavens my shipwrecked dreams,
I still hold dear under the Archangel's brow:
that Christmas eve of snow-capped myrtle
at midnight lease this world all woe,
hangs but a golden bough on top of the trees,
the sun of our common affairs still musing o'er the dale
in haystack of woods besmear'd with time,
of crowqui'l my glorious days in much too dearth of
thy most high deserts, beside the oak,
such darling buds of may in my bed of crimson joy,
needest not in nurslings of immortality thy iron car
at Matilda's farm of her first falling winter snow
along the pavement of cow parsley in deep azure.

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Date Created: Thursday, 4 August, 2016. 3: 17 PM

* Gateway504 where least I find in the groping dark

Naveed Khalid

Boas

Not least have I e'er found worthy of thy perusal
of what hath pass'd o'er in a twilight dream,
that in consuming fire of unmet desires;
engulfed with hallucination of the mind,
took me o'er, me not myself to claim
against this world forlorn through rose-coloured glasses,
I still am looking, looking at e'ery step of the way
ere in the morning dew her eyes be wet:
apart from where you see in thy presence alone,
of darkened days my shipwrecked dreams ere thine unweird eye.

(C) Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Monday, July 13,2015 6: 23: 15 PM

Naveed Khalid

Boat-A-Boat

Oft am I swayed by this novice feeling,
that in seraph wings of gold,
abides by a promising land of fairies;
privy of a secret beyond the sunrise,
no dark can e'er illumine that Mermaid
of many a love lost in the late evening,
her stumbled feet our bedtime stories tell
along the pavement of cow parsley:
hath left her imprint upon the sand dunes,
of ages that are dead in my bed of crimson joy;
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
darkly lit in thy abode under the haven,
that boat by the riverside in timeless tide
against the harvest moon to e'er melting snow,
visits places far-off by the sea-ashore,
that crow's quill of my shipwrecked dreams.

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Date Created: Thursday, October 29,2015 2: 27: 54 PM
Thursday, October 29,2015 2: 24: 25 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bodkin Or Disease

No, not least be of use in less travelled time,
of curvature's post at a glance this world,
half-measured looks at a distance from afar
e'ery loving grace to my shipwrecked dreams
by some spurious reasoner's mind,
me myself to reveal where there is none!
piled under the heavy books,
cured of senses numb in favour with the star
of thy most high deserts in the late evening:
hung aloft the ghastly night in rosemary garden,
of fealty's Apollo at my door her stumbled feet,
like to the lark at break of day arising in morning's pure serene,
stains the sky with glorious days thy gracious muse,
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
no dark can e'er illumine that man-in-the-moon,
away from heaven's high bower, needest not I
to count in prayers thy blessings more beside the oak,
than of eyes so blind e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
in whose love under the Archangel's brow,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, more be to serviceable men,
ages that are dead upon the sand dunes thy pelted grave,
heaven-ward bent thy iron car at matilda's farm.

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Date Created: Thursday, February 25,2016 3: 55: 31 PM

Thursday, February 25,2016 3: 56: 37 PM

Thursday, February 25,2016 3: 57: 01 PM

Thursday, February 25,2016 5: 21: 43 PM

Thursday, February 25,2016 5: 22: 40 PM

Thursday, February 25,2016 6: 16: 04 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bon Appétit

Then, forsworn of such thought that happy I
of virtuous pen born,
ere in the morning dew her eyes be wet;
a broccoli beneath the bed of crimson joy,
of cowslip her parted hair, my age-old love,
above a funeral pyre, of snow-capped myrtle,
full glorious sun of our common affairs
takes pride in the mellowing year of spring:
e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
more temperate than darling buds of may ere thine unweird eye;
that crow's quill to whom this world hath rent,
full ripe gourd of some hazel nuts in my account,
where squirrels make hoards in haystack of woods,
oft on clover-tops but hangs a golden bow,
that star-lit night in the backyard of my garden,
I could see some shadow fell at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Friday, September 11,2015 12: 10: 37 PM

*Holderin's flower (de Man 2-6) 297? stands on itself and arises, so to say, from nothing which is not a flower, but a word, however tricked out as would-be primal poetry, takes its origin from other words.

Naveed Khalid

Bonfire

My love of sluggish times more to my reckoning days,
Erased of all forms, such darkling insights to bewail the night,
That unnerved blood in vein, of ages that are dead;
Perhaps in solace of compounded clay my haggard bones,
Will but hold nothing more than what in ill-omen,
Lies buried with me in solemn strain this barren rhyme:
This world at hand by beauty's furtive glance, more sweet,
To behold from afar, full rich abundance in thy presence,
All fair by fair means foul, flawed in e'erything,
Remains confounded in misconstrued notions of the mind,
Her unattended looks at white's lease to illumine more bright,
Than double-dark's forfeited first at break of day arise.

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Naveed Khalid

Bong Tree

No raptures wild shall I make thee
of a drab note,
her stumbled feet unawares
that by love-sick thought on two lovers dead,
came out of bed but of late,
a hang-o'er or something,
of her beauty's looks to my mind still
that star in secret influence comment,
of ages that are dead in my bed of crimson joy;
that crow's quill beside my shipwrecked dreams,
full glorious sun of our common affairs,
ah, goes blind of his own shadow at sunset of the evening sky,
some dry leaves of book in autumn beyond the sunrise,
oft through studded feelings arise, arise,
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
a-going, a-going to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 21,2015 12: 09: 32 AM

Naveed Khalid

Bonnie & Blithe

Forbid me, lord, to see her love in dismal shades
of age-old grey,
not least befitting of passion worn
her stumbled feet to my shipwrecked dreams,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
against the world of thy most high deserts,
no dark can e'er illumine under the Archangel's brow!
this thy tabernacle so porous as the eyes:
besmeared with time in the late evening,
of fealty's Apollo at my door in rosemary garden
e'ery flower upon a barren heath at midnight lease,
hooked up with some words upon the sand dunes;
beside the oak, a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
weighed down by my bagpies thy garment wear,
a burning goblet in the rainforest but a child of fig and clay,
of less travelled time to my well-contented day be still,
her musings o'er the dale with pen-pricked angels,
better off my mind, our little john, of fickle foe's fiddle,
blows the trumpet horn in white swan's ethereal Wing.

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Date Created: Monday, February 29,2016 4: 06: 42 PM

Naveed Khalid

Book-A-Boat

O ye speak not unto me of how I
my days hath spent,
that in oblivion of a host,
amongst a thousand roses, farewell!
love of thy most high deserts;
from which no pretense to make thee
in vague impressions of poetry,
of ages that are dead in the late evening:
oft leaves me in dismal shades of age-old grey,
yellow-pages of history from nowhere arise, arise,
that through such quirks of the mind,
you make wither e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
beside the bed of oak in the twilight
this fedora of yore dream with pen-pricked angels,
of eyes so blind under the canopy of a hut,
must I hide from eternal night bemoaning night asleep,
my shipwrecked dreams upon the sand dunes,
many hath cried and wept
that day of unaltered eye by the sea-ashore,
full glorious sun of our common affairs,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
I still behold against the harvest moon.

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Date Created: Friday, November 13, 2015 1: 11: 54 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bookworm

When I first saw her from the gallery
All in red,
The sun in the afternoon
From the backdoor of my garden,
Made a halo around her head,
That through e'ery corner of the world,
Stole looks ere thine unweird eye
To that forfeited dark,
Of wanton tapestry at thy throne:
A dust-covered book on the shelf
From the library archives,
A compass, a few scraps of paper,
And the table mirror'd against the evening sky.

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Date Created: Thursday, October 23,2014 06: 25 PM

Hee-wee-it's the peg, it's the peg that hurts me to think on thee, red-socks and
the stockfish8 of a fiery smile touched by a maryweather day!

*Who's the worm on this site covered in her own slime? Answer that slimeball we
all know Mrs JUDITH ELIZABETH BLATHERWICK AGED 54.

Naveed Khalid

Bouquet

Of what I write by love-sick thought on thee
in much too strained note,
her enchanting slogans of disparity,
not least be worthy of thy perusal,
of glorious days this world at midnight lease
hath rent e'ery flower upon a barren heath
in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
needest no star of thy most high deserts:
that in silent hours of soliloquy blows a trumpet horn,
beside the bed of oak in the late evening;
some dry autumn leaves of book to my mind still
in my writings less than thy charms to beget,
of snow-capped myrtle at Minerva's golden brow,
thy iron car at Mathilda's farm, parked at clover beach,
holds such paradisaical injunctions in haystack of woods,
no dark can e'er illumine my love of e'ery departed look.

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Date Created: Sunday, January 03,2016 5: 33: 10 PM

Sunday, January 03,2016 5: 41: 54 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bowl Of Eggs

I bring you a bowl of eggs,
boiled in the morning's pure serene,
and a mug of tea without sugar,
You'd take the white for more protein,
and separate the yellow as my pale heart,
outspread with autumn leaves while you walk
in the garden for fresh air, for today's politics.
The sun on your back holds a myriad stars
to the breakfast table, the chair, the bed,
a green-leaf-boat of fealty's Apollo at my door.

(C)Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Monday, September 05,2011 4: 14: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bowtie

No needest I in less travelled time,
princely steps heavily weighed down
by my baggies, of fair weather days
down the lane in amber woods,
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
against the setting sun my shipwrecked dreams,
of way too far a golden clime on top of the tree:
that hides from eternal beside the oak,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
heaven-ward bent her night-long love!
so fairly lost scope of untread places far-off,
of fealty's Apollo at my door of rosemary garden,
the Eagle on wings, on wings in deep azure,
still wed to my thought of e'ery departed look;
this world that shows not half thy part,
not least be worthy of thy perusal,
thy iron car at Matilda's farm, of wrinkled lip
in my spilt words upon the sand dunes,
at Christmas eve under the Archangel's brow,
of haystack and straw her stumbled feet,
hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead,
first frost of falling winter snow, filled with
my sweet-scented letters in yellow-pages of history.

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Date Created: Wednesday, November 09,2016.5: 47 PM

* OIO

Naveed Khalid

Bread & Butter

No man I know of whom you think
they speak so fervently,
away from this fedora of yore dream;
hath rent at midnight lease
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
my love of thy most high deserts
in the late evening,
all wrapped in shroud of a star;
heaven-ward bent beyond the sunrise
this world of my shipwrecked dreams;
where no dark by dark bewails the night
of unattended looks under the Archangel's brow,
full ripe gourd of some hazel nuts in my account,
oft steals e'ery fair from summer's prime,
that in white robes of heaven,
the Eagle on wings, on wings to a close afraid.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 24,2015 11: 37: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bridge O'er The Rainbow

Lo! how thy ablaz'd charm stood aghast
the door of hundred years from hence,
that in autumn thy burning tables turn
of hatred or desire e'ery graceful ease
thy love of this world but to thee suffice;
of what I lack in, much dearth of thy most high deserts
against my outcast state forlorn,
many hath stood and wept to prove thee virtuous
of a wrinkled lip in my spilt words:
that shows not half thy part ere thine unweird eye,
of whom, they say, reigns o'er all else in a groping dark,
still on wings, on wings I let my muse fly, fly,
above the canvas of some untimed horse her arm,
elbow room, a bed, lamp dimly lit o'er the horizon
in deep azure of departed looks,
full glorious sun of our common affairs.

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Date Created: Thursday, December 03,2015 2: 53: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

Brownies With Apple Tarts

No thought so insidious that in wild ecstasy
of pure heaven,
bereaved of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow;
I find no scope that in my writings less,
which too but corrupts the mind
this world that shows not half thy part,
else in full abundance of thy presence alone;
e'erything seems a far-off cry beyond the sunrise:
my shipwrecked dreams of wanton looks
away from what lies buried in yellow-pages of history!
oft becharms the skies of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time
e'ery flower upon a barren heath beside the bed of oak,
ere in the mellowing year of spring,
that crow on wings, on wings no dark can e'er illumine
so off-hand to my sightless view against the harvest moon,
beneath the sheer taut surface, a broccoli,
makes wither of ages that are dead upon the mundane shell,
some such snowflakes of golden tress his hair
upon the sand dunes,
my love of seventy winters have thy November.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 19,2015 12: 19: 42 PM

Saturday, December 19,2015 12: 24: 24 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bulrush-Burshay

No! blow ye not the harplings
of fickle-foe's fiddle,
hath but little scope
from off so deep a slumber,
of glorious days her cherubim Wing,
moves on with such stepping stones
away from heaven's high bower,
some dry leaves beside the bed of oak:
hung aloft the ghastly night of what I write,
our little john, upon the sand dunes;
where no feet hath tread upon the mundane shell,
the stars in secret influence comment
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
no heart can afford such love-sick thought on thee,
that in solemn strain this dull rhyme o'er the dale,
of her apple tarts at Minerva's golden brow,
makes beauteous my nights by day's toil too bright
beyond the sunrise no dark can e'er illumine,
e'ery departed look to my shipwrecked dreams.

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Date Created: Friday, January 08,2016 6: 18: 57 PM

Friday, January 08,2016 6: 20: 26 PM

Friday, January 08,2016 6: 21:22 PM

updated: Saturday, January 09,2016 7: 06: 54 PM

Man go Network: Do not count the trees, but suck MORE!

Cha-cha-chi-chi-sys12-11-5-10-4: sadmeen!

Our common uncle: terrorist mindset: Redbull!

6.25" LCD Display

Bumblebee

Wherefore oft this world of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows,
fireworks filled with stars of thy most high deserts,
tolls the bell at my door of rosemary garden,
o'rshadowed by half-baked masonry's night,
richly coloured silver grey angels at midnight lease
of my age-old love
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath:
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes;
a shrub of wrinkled lip in my spilt words her first
falling winter snow
of days that are gone in my bed of crimson joy;
smokey suburbs by the shabby island,
beside the oak, the sun of our common affairs,
needest not in nurslings of immortality,
the wall on high my shipwrecked dreams
in fiery flame of those blushed roses, roses,
never grew to light, half-way between the carpet upon
of way too far a golden clime in the late evening,
of crowqui'l such darling buds of may still musing o'er the dale,
away from high heavens where nothing stirrs the mind,
I my secret hath kept under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Friday, July 15,2016 7: 30: 35 PM

* Honey bees in the bower whole lot of problem

* Title Revised: A Bumblebee To A Beehive in the Bower

Naveed Khalid

Bunty

No, needest not I such flawed assumptions
of the mind,
much toiled by day's labour in worn-out time,
seems but a far-off cry beyond the sunrise,
e'ery groaning heart that feeds upon
nurslings of immortality,
her night-long love of thy most high deserts,
no dark can e'er illumine at sunset of the evening sky:
ah, by counting more in prayers upon the sand dunes
our little john, not least be worthy of thy perusal;
that crow's quill beside the bed of oak,
soon will settle on thy brow in winter cold
against the harvest moon;
a broccoli, a few dry leaves of book in autumn
along the pavement of cow parsley,
of my shipwrecked dreams in rosemary garden,
oft steals looks from morning's pure serene,
heaven-ward bent with pen-pricked angels,
our Lord in manger of mandrake roots.

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Date Created: Saturday, November 21, 2015 4: 10: 04 PM

Naveed Khalid

Buttons, Buttons

O ye speak not unto me of days that are gone
in silent hours of soliloquy,
no heart can afford from off thy ancient lyre
these yellow-pages of history to e'ery pelted grave
against the harvest moon my shipwrecked dreams,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
still on wings, on wings o'er the dale
that star of thy most high deserts upon the sand dunes:
at sunset of the evening sky to e'er melting snow;
I could see them play a hunch for the parade ere thine unweird eye,
while all that is writ in thy graceful ease of beauty's looks
that bewailing night asleep to becharm the skies.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 03,2015 2: 51: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cactus

O ye say not that I hath lived in vain
against bloody tyrant time,
e'ery mortal look to that forfeited dark,
I still hold dear with what I least contend
to account for love of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind
at sunset of the evening sky,
this world of thy most high deserts;
more bright to illumine ere thine unweird eyes:
that in brief hours of the night,
of wanton looks to precious minutes waste;
oft goes soaring high above the dale with pen-pricked angels,
that in secret influence comment to my eyes so blind,
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters,
a foul fawning bay at my door of unnerved blood in vein,
of ages that are dead in dismal shades of grey,
ah, too, but outlives this powerful rhyme
ere moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour;
while in thy presence abides by thee alone
to my e'erliving memory thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Tuesday, January 20,2015 2: 23: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

Candelabra

No thought so insidious that in grey matter of the mind,
of unhindered scope this world beside
to eternal bliss at midnight lease in waking hour;
I still behold in false pretense to vague impressions
that burning goblet in the rainforest:
See! how you first set ablaze the sun
of eyes so blind through e'ery pouring shadow,
so off-hand to my sightless view at Minerva's golden brow:
barred of such looks that day of unaltered eye,
needest no light of wanton tapestry at thy throne,
away from out of sight in thy presence alone, my love,
of thy most high deserts to titanic visions afar,
of ages that are dead through hurtlings of past woe,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy;
bids me go the way of all flesh along the pavement of cow parsley,
that crow's quill of furrowed fields against the harvest moon.

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Date Created: Thursday, March 26,2015 8: 11: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Canonical

Gracious Muse! lift thine eye from all too dark a night,
Else make beauteous my days through deep a slumber,
Uneclipsed of looks so fair, my mind, no eyes can see,
The inner depth of reality, hid away from out of sight;
Full many lovely things abound where least I find my love,
Yet to thee suffice, that one faculty alone thy merit hath won
To prove thee virtuous against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky:
Then what needest I this mirror that shows not half thy part,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light, makes thy presence more sweet,
Than which to thy living memory's great heir hath rent a veil,
That in solemn strain this rhyme at the gallows of thy feet,
Oft goes unchecked by what I bring to the page, unused to flow,
From another shore to arise by the golden banks at morn,
Or awake to eternal bliss through e'eryday happenings.

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Date Created: Tuesday, July 22,2014 1: 00: 06 PM

Naveed Khalid

Canvas

No more, no more of what I hath writ in vain
be worthy of thy perusal
against e'ery stealing charm that fades away;
of departed looks in fair form this world,
heaven-ward bent in the late evening,
where I my feet hath tread upon the mundane shell,
rest content be oblivion in the backyard
of my garden:
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
along the pavement of cow parsley,
my love of seventy winters have thy November,
a mistletoe on his back with pen-pricked angels,
squirrels make hoards in haystack of woods,
no dark can e'er illumine under the Archangel's brow,
freaked out of proportion in matter or substance,
e'ery falling star beweaps my outcast state forlorn,
a host of crowd among daffodils,
not least beyond a thought of zephyr wings
that by love-sick thought on thee,
I still behold that day of unaltered eye
upon the sand dunes,
a burning goblet in the rainforest
of some such snowflakes to e'er melting snow.

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Date Created: Sunday, November 29,2015 7: 24: 22 PM

Naveed Khalid

Caravan

Must I hide from eternal this world,
that in shape, colour, scheme or thing
of lost memory to another's plight;
not least be worthy of thy perusal,
a love-sick thought on thee,
ah, too but corrupts the mind
of looks so fair beyond the sunrise,
that from out of no where arise, arise:
of eyes so blind at sunset of the evening sky,
the reality of your dappled things ere thine unweird eye,
that in the mellowing year of spring in heaven's high bower
to my reckoning days more bright by the sweat of thy brow;
that day of unaltered eye to e'er melting snow,
oft from cheek to cheek conspires against the sun,
above a firehurst, under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
that crow's quill of foul fawning bay at my door.

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Date Created; Monday, August 31,2015 7: 51: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Carnival

I had sworn thee, not in poetry to rehearse,
That of decaying form thy marvelled age,
By time's golden hour, through studded feelings arise,
Be but in the mirror of e'erything at thy expanse;
And nothing in the world that by a dream,
You'd e'er find worthy of thy perusal:
Nor this outrageous mask thy visage hide,
Will wear out soon in thy diminished sense of being,
Our Bard's love too dear to claim on thy name;
But like a faithful child of old, take you off my chest,
Where the burried bones swell at the foot of thy crag,
I'll break, I'll break, and return thee nomore.

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Date Created: Thursday, December 12,2013 3: 23: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

Carpe Diem

That red carpet half-way between
my lip and desire,
a bunch of stars at e'ery step of the way
to collect by the sea ashore;
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
that crow's quill beside,
of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
a phantom of chalice wings
under the canopy of a hut:
this world in thy presence alone
to a land of fairies abides,
along the pavement of cow parsley;
a foul fawning bay at my door
of unnerved blood in vein,
oft bewails the night through hurtlings of past woe:
e'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead
from out of the blues in still waters,
agoing, agoing to that day of unaltered eye,
thy gilded monument astounds in modern electra.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 27,2014 1: 19: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Casablanca

Not least by what you think of his same old facade,
That by writing more I'll but lose sight of thee;
When on Sunday morning I could see you from the gallery,
All wrapped in love of her golden thread of thought,
I moved forth my fingers in red-woven hair knots,
Leaves me wondering what to my mind I still am looking,
To days that are dead and nights of pouring shadows!
Of laurel-wreath thy myrtle crown, slipped away from my timid hands,
The child's skull of fossil records deep in the sand dunes
Hath brought me to this oasis of titanic visions afar,
Where e'ery fig leaf by early stardust in the vineyard;
And tears that flow with each shining star in waste of time,
My feet half-sunk where the boat lost her oars to the sea,
That little abstract fills the page on lone bark of a tree.

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Date Created: Monday, May 05,2014 3: 11: 00 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cascades O'er The Dale

Some dry leaves of book in autumn,
heaven-ward bent,
beneath the sheer taut surface, a broccoli,
along the pavement of cow parsley,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
a mistletoe on his back at Minerva's golden brow,
full glorious sun of our common affairs;
rest content be oblivion in the backyard of my garden,
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dreams,
that in sandhurst a Lilly beside the bed of oak,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
no dark can e'er illumine my age-old love,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon
besmeared with time thy iron car at matilda's farm,
makes beauteous my nights by day's toil too bright,
that day of departed looks at the table of thine eye.

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Date Created: Friday, October 30,2015 4: 51: 47 PM

* Title revisited

Naveed Khalid

Casket Of Gold

Not riches of gold, nor beauty
of her looks to the lark,
shall find more scope in largess
of some thought alone,
where but the troubled sea of veneral amores
runs in deep sorrows; my sweet-scented letters,
beside the oak, a broccoli, of way too far
at midnight lease is measured by a distance
of the world: the setting sun of silver angels
in age-old gray, while musing o'er the dale in silent
hours of soliloquy, the sailing boat of moon-lit tide
is decked ashore from out of the blues in still waters;
away from the banks of silken-satin:
against tempest beats of unnerved blood in vein,
o'ershadowed by lone bark of a tree,
hath spread some dry leaves in autumn
of thy book, of first frost her falling snow
at clover-beach, pricked with small minions
of soring thumb impressions; full many glorious days
of her night-long love, still to my decaying form abides,
of seventy winters have thy November!
entombed within e'ery flower upon
a barren heath; oft steal from my bed
of crimson joy, half-way between the carpet upon
on horse's back they led me through the door
of rosmeary garden, this perisher's stone of bohan
unto my shipwrecked dreams that motley's house
of mortal clay under the bolted sky.

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Date Created: Monday 19,2017.12: 35,42,43,47 PM

Title Revised: From A Curse of Id To A Casket of Gold To A Breakfast Table

Castle In The Air I

See! how coarse my days of lost memory to another's plight
that becharm the skies in seraph wings of gold,
of white bier to brave thine holy eyen;
that in secret influence comment in nurslings of immortality,
ere in the mellowing year her apparels in spring,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown at sunset of the evening sky,
some such snowflakes in winter cold to e'er melting snow,
hath rent a star at midnight lease in waking hour:
half-so-dumb, deaf to the ear of eyes so blind,
this world of thy most high deserts to my shipwrecked dreams,
that by the sweat of thy brow, my love, o'er the wall on high,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes, where children make castles in the air;

a merry weather day at break of day arise from out of the blues in still waters,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon in summer's prime
along the pavement of cow parsley, a drifting dream amiss,
that crow's quill of feathered mast-shaft at north.

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Tuesday, August 18,2015 5: 26: 08 PM

Naveed Khalid

Castle In The Air II

No, not yet, embrace thee not this dull, common
round of day,
foreshadowed by night, blackened earth's infernal
grave, of my shipwrecked dreams;
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn,
the crow on wings, on wings still weighs the air,
above e'ery looking eye this vertigo of yore dream
has but subverted looks under the bolted sky:
ah, then, this world all woe to my love of eyes so blind
in the late evening, a rosemary garden;
you know not, nor ye need to know
how else I make the clock run in wild ecstasy
of pure heaven,
that feeds upon nurslings of immortality,
sticks out his head like a soring thumb impression,
her stumbled feet of untread places far-off,
fills me with thy most high deserts,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon, our little john,
heaven-ward bent her golden bough in the trees,
of plucked parsley upon the sand dunes goes out of hand,
some dry leaves of book in autumn can never illumine
of what the stars in secret influence comment.

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Date Created: Monday, April 11,2016 4: 01: 24 PM

Monday, April 11,2016 4: 55: 08 PM

Naveed Khalid

Catapult

Then such parting words that unfold her seraph wings of gold,
Against a pastoral background by the countryside;
To fill the whitening page in silent hours of the night,
I stand apart from all the panorama of this world,
Full rich content of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
Uneclipsed of looks so fair, my love, of thy unattended presence:
That in stillness of the mind by what I write to an olive branch,
Under the mulberry a cloud couch that abides by thee alone.

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Naveed Khalid

Catching Fireflies

Of golden tress his hair
upon the sand dunes,
that in silent hours of soliloquy,
plays tricks of old in the back of my mind,
beside the oak tree in heaven's high bower,
no dark can e'er illumine of cherubim Wing his love,
becharms the skies beyond the sunrise,
all wrapped in shroud of a star,
opes a garden unto my unweird eyen:
that crow's quill of my shipwrecked dreams,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
still catching up with those flies you'd them beaker full
at white's lease e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
oft steals looks from my bed of crimson joy,
weary with toil my day's work expires,
ere in the morning dew her eyes be wet,
while stood at Erin's gate in blue stockings,
hung aloft the ghastly night,
I could see that man-in-the-moon.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 25,2015 11: 24: 24 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cauldron

A bout of sea-sickness that tolls the bell
at my door,
cowslip her parted hair upon the sand dunes,
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise,
that in a bunch of stars too but stirs the mind;
of ages that are dead to my shipwrecked dreams,
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy
along the pavement of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream;
of fealty's Apollo this world of thy most high deserts:
shows not half thy part at Minerva's golden brow!
e'ery flower upon a barren heath beside the oak,
my woe-begone days in the backyard of rosemary garden,
some shadow fell from myrtle in the late evening,
of untread places far-off upon the mundane shell,
my love of seventy winters have thy November
unto the stars in secret influence comment,
our little john of harplings with pen-pricked angels
opes a garden unto my unweird eye, sweet maid.

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Date Created: Sunday, January 24,2016 11: 56: 37 PM
Sunday, January 24,2016 11: 58: 48 PM
Monday, January 25,2016 12: 06: 14 AM

Naveed Khalid

Cauldron II

No second thought have I of e'ery departed look
my shipwrecked dreams,
that by looking more into unfathomable sea,
the sailing boat of drifting dream amiss,
hath but love-sick thought on thee, sweet maid,
this world of waking hour too shall pass at midnight lease;
away from high heavens has a spacious window:
you can look through far and wide, beyond the sunrise
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath:
many a woe-begone days to some rivulet blue;
hung aloft the ghastly night in silent hours of soliloquy,
I still behold thy iron car at matilda's farm in the late evening,
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes,
besmeared with time of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
makes a halo of a ring around my head, a golden bough,
beside the oak, still musing o'er the dale
above the mundane, a wackenhut of haystack and straw
our little john, under the Archangel's brow!
that day of christmas eve in the mellowing year of spring.
a man-in-the-moon of broken mast-shaft at north,
her stumbled feet of untread places far-off in my bed of crimson joy,
no dark can e'er illumine in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Thursday, April 14,2016 5: 36: 13 PM

Thursday, April 14,2016 5: 40: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cause Celebra

Of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
That crow's quill to my e'er living memory
Against the harvest moon in the cellar barn;
Of e'ery fair look to my reckoning days more bright
Than this world of wanton tapestry at thy throne in Hades of a star,
Of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown at Minerva's golden brow,
Away from out of sight to my mind still in full abundance,
Of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour:
That forfeited dark under the canopy of a hut
To witness beauty where least I find but in thy presence alone,
Of red-linen, my bride, to account for love of thy most high deserts,
Oft goes soaring high above the dale with pen-pricked angels;
Else in simple fold my vain endeavour to morning's pure serene,
This embassage of what I write to my eyes so blind,
Of ages that are dead from out of the blues in still waters,
Arise! arise! to that day of unaltered eye in winter cold.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 16,2014 11: 52: 45 AM

20/42/ A thirst day crow! his grace haw!

Naveed Khalid

Caw, Caw

This world is but of clay and wattle-made thistles
by the stream,
that man-in-the-moon to a rivulet blue,
beside the oak in the late evening,
of fealty's Apollo at my door of rosemary garden,
me not myself to claim a wayfarer's clime, my love,
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
some dry leaves of book in autumn:
heaven-ward bent my shipwrecked dreams,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
a woodenhouse, where you may dine the table;
a broccoli beneath the bed of crimson joy;
a cloud couch rides the sky of thy most high deserts,
fair weather days in the mellowing spring
of e'ery departed look upon the sand dunes,
no dark that by dark bewails the night
in silent hours of soliloquy
her stumbled feet above the mundane,
along the pavement of cow parsley, our little john,
pricked with a furr coat of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers.

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Date Created: Sunday, March 06,2016 5: 13: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Celestial

Of such frivolities to speak I
have no wits,
that in my country rhymes;
I still am looking, looking
beyond the sunrise,
so gross a love in rosemary garden,
at white's lease in full abundance
of my shipwrecked dreams;
full glorious sun of our common affairs:
more temperate than darling buds of may,
besmeared with time under the oak,
that boy in the late evening,
e'ery fig leaf in autumn by the sweat of thy brow;
more bright than what the stars
in secret influence comment
of thy most high deserts,
that crow's quill of snow-capped myrtle
along the pavement of cow parsley,
that day of unaltered eye with pen-pricked angels,
no dark can e'er illumine in thy abode.

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Date Created: Tuesday, October 27,2015 3: 47: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cemetery

Of uncharted depths to my mind still in graceful ease,
Alone but to father her gracious muse at Matilda's farm,
Away from out of sight, my love, in dreary night's cold repose;
This embassy of what I write thee in sweet-scented letters,
While of churl bones her ornaments do shine so bright
To morning's pure serene against that forfeited dark
E'ery flower upon a barren heath through hurtlings of past woe:
Oft in precieuse minutes waste the world of ages that are dead,
Of our dear old folks to blackened earth's infernal grave;
Alas, too soon shall fade beneath the bed of crimson joy,
That in Hades of a star to my eyes so blind her elliptical illusions,
My mother beside, to a soil from homeland in my country rhymes.

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Date Created: Friday, November 21,2014 3: 10: 38 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cenotaph Arcadia

Me all too weird of what I write to my eyes so blind,
of stumbled feet her untread dream by the sea ashore,
that e'ery groaning heart but feeds on love
of beauty's prima facie in my aforesaid rhyme;
a hoard of lilies beside that grow at bedtime in spring,
oft beguiled by a shadow oak of her age-old sun:
I still behold through the stigmata of cut-out trees,
hath a nightly escape in the deep forest from the world forlorn,
some vulgar paper to rehearse upon the strand of still waters,
of red-linen, my bride, along the pavement of cow parsley
to e'er melting snow at Minerva's golden brow;
moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour
against the world of thy most high deserts,
too dear in spilt words that staircase window up the hill,
of ages that are dead by the soldier's grave unknown;
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
this embassy in precious minutes waste by the west wind in autumn,
holds me in dismay to the last of legion at the stone of Bohan.

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Date Created: Thursday, January 08,2015 3: 39: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Ceremonial

What a music of thy anklets I hear!
when you walk, those bells at thy feet,
make a sound of insensible transitions,
which not through my lines can be read,
nor by the beats of my heart registered;
but a far cry of the maddening crowd,
hath brought a hang'd fool by the door,
and dragg'd him down by the hair:
a red-carpet at every step of the way
is laid for my love's lasting dream
of crackling bones' midnight bonfire,
you celebrate at the moon.

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*Republished

Date Created: Tuesday, September 18,2012 4: 08: 35 PM

Naveed Khalid

C'est La Vie

That beacon alight in the furnaces
of hallowed fire that horizon in deep azure,
to a broken mast-shaft at north;
that in the mellowing year of spring,
tinged with stars of old beside a rocking chair,
oft swayed by the west wind in autumn,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes,
subservient nature's most ardent desire:
of halcyon-days my shipwrecked dreams,
O horrible! horrible! that crow's quill in a nous of light
hath brought me to this end at sunset of the evening sky,
of darkly inkpot in ruffled feathers, my love,
to my mind still in this world of wanton looks
of eyes so blind e'ery fair by the sweat of thy brow,
lost in the twilight of that bewailing night asleep,
some such snowflakes through a falling star in winter cold
under the bolted sky, too deep for woe,
against bloody tyrant time by thy grove,
to think on thee in thy presence alone,
Lord of my vassalage! merry, merry christmas!

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 20,2015 8: 41: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Chaise Lounge Chalet

On Sunday prayers, they stood at the door,
all too many at a stretch,
waiting to hear the church bell toll;
so deafening to the ear her modern electra,
communion with men of old
to my eyes so blind that day of unaltered eye,
a charioteer hath passed this way;
her novice feeling to fill my heart with love,
of full-arrayed ribbons against the bolted sky,
I could see e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
and a rainbow on top of the tree,
the stars ashore bear witness to thee,
that in secret influence comment
to my father beside,
a soldier's grave unknown,
still looking to the corner of street forty-seven,
soon as a host of crowd from out of nowhere,
too, but stampeded the throne,
of our Lord, The King...The King...!

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 23,2014 4: 50: 16 PM

Naveed Khalid

Chameleon

Not less so fairly robbed of me her auburn looks
that I carry with a heavy heart thy yoke too dear,
of plucked parsley upon the sand dunes
her stumbled feet to my shipwrecked dreams!
at midnight lease this world of first falling winter snow;
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
so sweetly wed to my thought her night-long love;
awakes but a wonder in thine holy eyen, sweet maid:
away from high heavens in the late evening,
hung aloft the ghastly night I still behold,
darkly drowned enigma of yore dream in solemn or strain this dull rhyme,
beside the oak, while I stood at the do'r of rosemary garden;
some shadow fell from myrtle in my bed of crimson joy,
old folks our bedtime stories tell under the Archangel's brow,
half-way between the carpet upon thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
still musing o'er the dale of what the stars in secret influence comment,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn that wayfarer's clime;
of crowqui'l such darling buds of may in haystack and straw,
arise, arise from off thy ancient lyre in morning's pure serene.

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Date Created: July 20,2016, Wednesday,8: 46 PM

Naveed Khalid

Chandelier

What makes thou think of eyes so blind
in the late evening?
death's toll is too high at midnight lease
of what hath passed o'er in a twilight dream,
that in largess of some thought o'er the dale,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes;
this world of my shipwrecked dreams
against thine holy eyes at Minerva's golden brow:
where I my feet hath tread upon the mundane shell,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown to e'er melting snow,
our queen shall wear her head to play a hunch for the parade,
ere I confide thee my love of e'ery fig leaf in autumn,
fills thy most high deserts, above a sandhurst,
hear ye not what the stars in secret influence comment,
heaven-ward bent that soldier's grave unknown,
needest no art and craft of a woman that crow's quill beside.

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Date Created: Friday, December 04,2015 5: 51: 21 PM

Friday, December 04,2015 5: 11: 27 PM

Friday, December 04,2015 5: 15: 17 PM

Friday, December 04,2015 5: 19: 58 PM

Friday, December 04,2015 5: 21: 32 PM

Friday, December 04,2015 5: 32: 57 PM

Friday, December 04,2015 5: 45: 15 PM

Friday, December 04,2015 5: 46: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Changeling

Thus, happy I of fair weather days
in the mellowing spring,
from sullen earth arise, arise,
thinly wrapped around my head,
her atoms of beauty at break of day,
a white swan's ethereal Wing that weighs the air;
in solemn or strain this dull rhyme
to eternal bliss, of coral made,
heaven-ward bent my shipwrecked dreams:
awakes but a wonder in thine holy eyen, sweet maid!
of fealty's Apollo at my door, a rosemary garden
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
my sweet-scented letters unto the spine
of a book leaf in autumn;
no dark can e'er illumine this world
of thy most high deserts,
above the mundane, a spurious reasoner's mind,
beside the oak, a broccoli, in the late evening;
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
in wild ecstasy of pure heaven, our little john,
under the Archangel's brow of e'ery departed look
by the clover-beach,
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes,
be my only woe thy iron car at Matilda's farm,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Monday, March 28,2016 1: 26: 02 PM
Monday, March 28,2016 1: 28: 42 PM
Monday, March 28,2016 1: 31: 19 PM
Monday, March 28,2016 1: 33: 30 PM
Monday, March 28,2016 1: 35: 55 PM
Monday, March 28,2016 1: 17: 34 PM
Monday, March 28,2016 1: 55: 08 PM

Chasing Shadow

I know not that word by name
I call you but Father;
and in a ray of light revealed,
the star of your holy night,
a mere fallacy of another world,
I still am looking, looking...
which, too, hath exposed in the mirror
my own shadow, lost in the twilight
of day-dreams.

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Date created: Saturday, April 20,2014 2: 23: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Chestnuts

One morning he rose
from the dead sea,
in white robes of heaven,
full bright his eyes through the stars,
were enchanting slogans
of disparity;
shapes of epic greatness,
in minute details
by no pen are writ
with so much reverence
as untouch'd benevolence
of his grace,
shew him no more,
nor that young boy
at Kumran desert,
who befell the ston'd grave,
his lost sheep to find,
discover'd him again;
betwixt two extremes
he stood aghast
from head to toe
in loving moments of ecstasy,
his savage heart had rent
a wooden coffin to cloven hooves,
to bear the burden of his yoke,
for he had travell'd a long way
back home,
possess'd with children
of another age;
while the other way though less
in scope,
had him wrapp'd up in rolling scrolls
of leather parchment,
cobblers mend a pair of shoes with
fine threads of thought
in the three bushes
at his feet,
where now the weeds grow,
and crickets sing at break of day.

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Title Revised: From Chestnuts To A Cloak beside the Oak

Naveed Khalid

Children, Children

No, not least I know a skipped beat
of untamed heart and cold,
that in a nous of light,
hath weaved around my head,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
against the bolted sky,
my shipwrecked dreams
of that man-in-the-moon:
I still behold from afar
this world in thy sovereignty alone,
that in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
oft steals looks from my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Saturday, October 03,2015 12: 02: 01 AM

Naveed Khalid

Child's Garden Of Verses

Bless'd be thy gracious Muse,
That in thy company a rose!
Full array'd beams of soft gleam,
When the child in sleep brings forth
A heavenly smile of the other world
In raptures of his blush'd dreams.

But O! a cup of stars to drink!
This world is not made for thee,
Nor light that awakens the skies at morn;
Where a soring thumb sticks out his head
Through every canker of mandrake roots,
And a gush of wind from the north blows.

Ah! those flowers in rosemary garden,
Among autumn leaves be lowly laid;
For there is a divine cemetery at the heart
Of everyone, who hath ever liv'd to die,
While in death's trance is bestow'd life eternal,
Love is but a shadow of our belov'd Poet.

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Date Created: Thursday, September 27,2012 4: 20: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Child's Prank On Love

Profusely to supply you with words
is not what I intend,
nor would I let myself be sway'd
by this feeling, men call love;
for it has as many a name as there are men,
and each one in his own way loves you.
But what is love? that I in mine am less satisfied
as much as you are.
Then it is not love that brings us together.
But the opposite of unfulfill'd capacities
by far more of what we've not loved:
Conscience lovers recall!
more times love is a child's play,
who loves not his toys more
than to be inquisitive of how they work,
unless they stop working,
while LOVE is still in the air.

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Date Created on: Tuesday, July 16,2013 12: 30: 02 AM

Naveed Khalid

Chitterlings I

I can still behold that old wooden house
by the riverside,
above the skyline in a smudge
of colours dissolve,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
that sticks out his head
like a soaring thumb impression!
for in melodious accents I, I
stood aghast at the door of rosemary garden:
where blue-bells hang o'er the wall on high,
waiting to hear the church bell toll,
while our little john upon the sand dunes
in time's tickling toes, hath rent at midnight lease;
that Eagle on wings, on wings with pen-pricked angels,
no dark can e'er illumine under the canopy of a hut,
heaven-ward bent my shipwrecked dreams,
unaccounted for love of thy most high deserts
in nurslings of immortality,
many a garden beset ere thine unweird eyen
under the bolted sky, sweet maid.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 02,2016 3: 30: 54 PM
Saturday, January 02,2016 3: 33: 23 PM
Saturday, January 02,2016 3: 33: 53 PM

* Chatterbox or Word-splitting.

Naveed Khalid

Chitterlings II

Not a word, not a word they speak so fervently
of what in thy argument too dear to weigh the air,
most vehemently her amorous cries in secret influence comment;
deaf to the ear one more time in sweet-scented letters,
that in silent hours of soliloquy, my love
away from departed look to my shipwrecked dreams,
full glorious sun of our common affairs in rosemary garden!
conspires against the stony Arabia of thy most high deserts:
that shows not half thy part of woe-begone days beyond the sunrise,
I still am warbling o'er thy song of songs with pen-pricked angels,
that in rhyming footsteps by the sea-ashore, heaven-ward bent
such darlings insights of thy graceful ease beside the oak;
e'ery skipped beat in the late evening, of eyes so blind,
from off thy graceful ease this fedora of yore dream;
of untamed heart and cold that merry-weather day
holler! holler! until nothing stirs the mind,
that in silent hours of soliloquy sits still musing o'er the dale,
our little john upon the sand dunes, slowly drifting away
from e'ery flower upon a barren heath ere thine unweird eyes.

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Date Created: Thursday, January 21,2016 8: 47: 35 PM
Thursday, January 21,2016 8: 48: 38 PM
Thursday, January 21,2016 8: 53: 17 PM
Thursday, January 21,2016 8: 54: 35 PM
Thursday, January 21,2016 9: 19: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Chocolate

Your fancy roams about the world
like you think you know
how to be alone that bewailing night asleep;
so off-hand to my sightless view,
a love-sick thought on thee,
goes soaring high above the dale
in silent hours of soliloquy,
of darkened days to some rivulet blue:
my shipwrecked dreams
shall bear no witness in thy name,
when all else fades away in the back log of memory,
I look at a falling star,
that from a fickle foe's fumbled mouth hath spilled
the green-eyed beans, darkly lit in thy abode,
ah, under the canopy of a hut, too deep for woe,
the cat still purrs at the citadel in the cellar barn.

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Date Created: Wednesday, August 19, 2015 6: 08: 45 PM

Comment: Most of us are prone to our own daemons, which leads us to false human alienation or 'unnatural consanguinities', a looming threat to fight against at all times; whether be it the by-product of our thought's predefined archetypes or in terms of gender, race, age and family ties is befitting to our way of life.

Naveed Khalid

Christening

I'll not bother thee again with what I least contend,
that to my reckoning days more bright
of untamed heart's forfeited first,
too, but hurts me to think on thee
than if less with love at break of day arise, my son,
of ages that are dead from earth's infernal grave
to that day of unaltered eye in thy presence alone;
I find myself at odds with what I can see not,
all too well writ in my mind, in trash and tinsel hides,
of so scant a resource to fill the page in dreary night's cold repose,
Nor hath e'er found solace from out of the blues in still waters,
that in solemn strain this barren rhyme to west wind of autumn;
oft goes soaring high above the dale through hurtlings of past woe,
this world of a vanished eye in waste of words so blind,
a foul fawning bay at my door of unnerved blood in vein,
full ripe gourd of hazel nuts in my account;
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
more temperate than darling buds of May.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 09,2014 5: 25: 28 PM

Naveed Khalid

Christmas

Honey-combs in wattle and daub,
that heart-rending night
of rhyming footsteps by the sea-ashore;
while I stood at the door
of a hundred years from hence,
something fell from myrtle
in my bed of crimson joy,
along the pavement of cow parsley
at Matilda's farm,
that in nurslings of immortality
to thee suffice,
my sweet-scented letters
of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
my shipwrecked dreams to some rivulet blue,
oft on clover-tops but hangs a golden bough,
that crow's quill at sunset of the evening sky,
hath rendered numb my novice feeling
to fill my heart with love
against the harvest moon in autumn leaves,
some such snowflakes in winter cold.

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Date Created: Thursday, April 23,2015 6: 48: 22 PM

Naveed Khalid

Christmas Eve I

O ye hear not what the stars in secret influence comment,
Nor read this line that counting more by nights and days,
Behind the curtain of sun's eye, too, shall fade away in waking hour;
And by equal measure apart from each to each stands still,
Indeed! by thatch-eaves is run through the window of my wall,
Against all else to confide in the bonanza of yore dream:
Lo! the painted sky holds so many lovely things in deep azure,
All but for a moment by thy graceful ease; youth's love in perfection,
Not least from beauty's look can hide the panorama of this world,
Eclips'd of eyes so blind, a man-in-the-moon at arrow's distance,
Oft mark'd by canker and a rose in desert titan, dear friend,
Hath departed with all his astronomy of aeon years ago.

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Naveed Khalid

Christmas Eve II

No, not least in snowflakes of winter cold,
Of furrowed fields her harvest moon to e'er melting snow;
That to my heart's forfeited first at break of day arise,
This world of what I illumine more bright
To my love so blind in Hades of a star,
A foul fawning bay at my door bewails the night:
Of ages that are dead through hurtlings of past woe,
Oft marked by vague impressions of poetry,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
Of our dear old folks most eloquent other in waking hour,
This embassage of what I write to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Sunday, December 07,2014 5: 51: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

Chrysanthemum

What more scope needest I this world
that to my mind still,
of beauty's looks beyond the sunrise,
some dry leaves of book in autumn
beneath the sheer taut surface, a broccoli,
a stream that flows to eternal bliss in waking hour,
cuckoos sing o'er the makatea hills
that Cupid's arrow at Minerva's golden brow:
a love-sick thought on thee at sunset of the evening sky
hath made my old days anew, no dark can e'er illumine
more bright than what the stars in secret influence comment,
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
affixed in the constellations a star of thy most high deserts;
I'll move on with such stepping stones, no destiny in sight,
of blackened earth's infernal grave under the canopy of a hut,
that crow's quill beside, of foul fawning bay at my door,
bereaved of light e'ery flower upon a barren heath
of untread feet my shipwrecked dreams,
that day of unaltered eye in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Monday, October 19,2015 12: 20: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cidar-Tree

Ah, of bewitching looks her spell to cast out
From my mind of unnerved blood in vein,
That in ill-omen from a fumbled mouth hath spilled
Such vile words of erased looks to my love so blind
Against that forfeited dark of ages that are dead,
More bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye:
Than if from a bowl of stars you drink, my deeds to pry,
Ere all the panorama of this world beside, my bed of crimson joy,
Too, soon shall fade from out of the blues in still waters
E'ery fawning bay at my door in dreary night's cold repose
To those who love and in loving depart, my friend,
I fain would bring to the page of thy unattended presence.

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Date Created: Thursday, December 11,2014 2: 59: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cleopatra

O! in what capacity of royal blood I write,
That you'd find worthy of thy perusal;
And to Her Majesty, the Queen,
My humble request is in lack of words,
Dress'd-up in her thoughts, my mind
Of less wit than her feet in my rhyme;
Which if for thy honour's sake be made
A garland of my head, in my heart,
sweet maid, I'll find myself no less than a King.

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Date: Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 59: 27 PM

The Word, "my love" replaced with "sweet maid".

Naveed Khalid

Cloche Of A Lady

Must I through the staircase window
of the wall on high,
hide from eternal this world forlorn;
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
away from out of sight to my mind still
some such dry leaves of book in autumn
on lone bark of a tree,
more bright by the sweat of thy brow:
her enchanting slogans of disparity of eyes so blind,
that e'ery groaning heart in nurslings of immortality,
too, but feeds upon my woe-begone love,
of darkened days by the sea-ashore
against that forfeited dark in Hades of a star,
above a fire-hurst thy most high deserts,
while down that road in false pretense to vague impressions,
I still behold that crow's quill of my shipwrecked dreams.

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Date Created: Monday, May 25,2015 5: 02: 02 PM

Naveed Khalid

Clonus

You need no man's art, nor no man's work
Best fits in thy nature of things;
But what by love is writ,
Oft bestow'd by Poet's pen,
And by light more blessed
Than thy presence upon this page,
That in silence of the night,
O Nightingale! I set you free
Along the wings of poesy,
My eternal song in three beats
of the heart you sing, you sing!

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Date Created:
Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 59: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

Clover

I'll but think on thee more so,
a plumed hat on knees of ruffled feathers,
tinged with stars of old,
that azure ring around your head;
all wrapped in full-arrayed ribbons
through e'ery pouring shadow,
a burning goblet in the rainforest
else some greenhouse effect
of street lights in the corner,
wreathing afar the smell of Mocha coffee,
or some extinguished cigarette,
polluting the skies, rivers in raptures of sight,
unwanted layers of meaning unfold
e'ery fig leaf of autumn in breathless rhyme,
along the stone washed pavement,
labelled with black beans in empty tin by the roadside,
I could see some scraps of paper,
dried out in sunshine at the billy tea-house,
a red morris car in the garage,
parked beside the clover beach.

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Date Created: July 31,2014.

Naveed Khalid

Cloze

Am I only here to make a show,
and who is looking that by eyes
hath hid himself behind the mirror?
but this world to see through his eye,
his heart, his mind, his love,
what by a line is writ against the wall,
by the clock is running fast ahead of time,
that he is still reading, reading...

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Date Created: Saturday, April 06,2013 5: 19: 26 PM

Naveed Khalid

Collage

When you reflect a world of light
in the mirror,
not a shadow your eyes cast,
nor no image!
except through me myself
this imprint of your Eye,
that I can feel your presence
in everything I see
on the watery screen;
and not real, not so real is the image,
which is but a copy of the original,
we have lost for words to tell
how it is like to be
a man so blind of himself,
and the world around him,
no one has ever seen
in God's image divine.

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Date Created: Monday, September 24,2012 3: 23: 17 PM

Naveed Khalid

Colour Blind

What needest I in vain words to profane thee,
that to my mind still in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
this world forlorn under the Archangel's brow;
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality,
ah, but in hilarious intoxication of magic powers
hath rendered numb my novice feeling
to fill me with thy most high deserts,
that song of songs in eternal silences:
hath writ this embassage to that day of unaltered eye,
ere I hold ye dear, weary with toil my day's work expires,
pourest through e'ery vein so sickening to the bones, my love,
of unhindered scope to light in yellow-pages of history,
O horrible! horrible! of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise,
some such leaves of book by the west wind in autumn,
full rich content of some vulgar paper to rehearse,
that crow's quill beside to e'er melting snow.

(C) Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Tuesday, July 28,2015 12: 06: 56 AM

Naveed Khalid

Comerade

Oft abroad my mind to where I find
no acquaintance,
and no one knows who I am,
alone a stranger to myself;
while at home away with such thought,
happy I, more than in your company,
among a host of crowd,
that roams about in a busy street,
unawares of the world,
somewhere between the cross roads,
behind the corner that man to meet,
I feel free, freerer than the rest.

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Date Created: Saturday, March 29,2014 2: 24: 35 PM

Naveed Khalid

Comet

My eyes are close to the image,
erased in surging chaos of the cosmos;
and my pen writes him again
on the same wall
he had vow'd to raise to the sky,
whence clouds of rain
pourest through his eyes
in the midst of nightfall.

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Naveed Khalid

Congregation

So spake I my woe-begone days
of lost memory to another's plight,
that half-baked masonry's night
along the pavement of cow parsley,
the farmer still works to land,
his age-old love at sunset of the evening sky,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon,
all wrapped in shroud of a star,
ah, in white bier to brave thine holy eyen:
they led me through the door in rosemary garden,
unawares of the world around my head,
hath weaved a laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
that bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts,
behold! of eyes so blind a man-in-the-moon,
down that road in haystack of woods,
that crow's quill of darkling inkpot in ruffled feathers.

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Date Created: Sunday, September 27,2015 1: 56: 41 PM

Naveed Khalid

Conscience

Of fealty's Apollo at my door this world
of thy most high deserts,
against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky,
thy argument more great to prove thee virtuous
than what the stars in secret influence comment
of e'ery flower upon a barren heath in rosemary garden,
that some good conceit of thine hath love-sick thought on thee;
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dreams,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes,
of merry weather's day her apparels in spring,
oft steal looks from my bed of crimson joy,
beside the bed of oak in the late evening:
where blue-bells hang o'er the wall on high,
I could see our little john of harplings,
that bewailing night asleep under the bolted sky,
still musing o'er the dale in full bright summer.

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Date Created: Wednesday, January 06,2016 12: 40: 25 PM

Naveed Khalid

Coral Reeves

Of transient nature's eclipsed doom
to bloody tyrant time,
that in waste of words goes blind
of what I write through e'ery pouring shadow
to unending doom of poetry that day of unaltered eye,
this world of thy most high deserts more bright
at Minerva's golden brow;
has darkened my days to some rivulet blue:
of foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
needest no wanton tapestry at thy throne
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown by the sea-ashore,
ah, but to drown an eye with what I least contend,
goes soaring high o'er the dale in my bed of crimson joy,
above the mantle piece where the picture hangs by the wall
of two lovers dead under the canopy of a hut,
that crow's quill of worthier pen born in thy graceful ease.

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Date Created: Tuesday, March 17,2015 5: 47: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cornfield

Of ready drawn arrows to count I
my reckoning days more bright,
covered with snow in stardust of Supernova;
away from e'ery wanton look to my eyes so blind,
that crow's quill at Minerva's golden brow,
ah, but to thee suffice at sunset of the evening sky,
this world of thy most high deserts
against that forfeited dark in Hades of a star:
oft by thatch-eaves is run as marigold in autumn,
of cut-out tree in the rainforest my woe-begone love
to e'erliving memory of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Tuesday, March 10,2015 10: 11: 01 AM

Naveed Khalid

Coronation

Thus, by night to remain confounded by thee alone,
Unmoved by what in beateous form in need of an eye;
That this world brings forth to my sightless view,
Soon as I depart from a hundred shadows by thy grave;
Still to my mind hath weaved a laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
I am looking, looking through titanic visions afar:
A journey begins in my head of ages that are dead,
Foregone are the days, too, but in this waking hour,
Where my love of Manx Muse most abounds in thy abode,
And by looking liking moves me more than all eternity.

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Date Created: Monday, May 26,2014 2: 57: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Counting Beads

While the world asleep, quite unawares
of vague quirks of the mind,
that by counting more in prayers;
from out of no where arise, arise,
this fedora of yore dream upon the sand dunes,
where you sit still brooding o'er the dale,
solving equations in your head
against a star of thy most high deserts:
I could see e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
of my shipwrecked dreams at sunset of the evening sky,
opes a garden unto my unweird eyen;
that by the sweat of thy brow to a close afraid,
some such dry leaves of book in autumn
hath rent at midnight lease in waking hour,
a heart-rending night by the sea-ashore,
that crow's quill of foul fawning bay at my door.

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Date Created: Sunday, August 23,2015 4: 35: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

Country Rhymes I

O ye hear not what the stars in secret influence comment,
That in foams of wrath by the sea ashore,
A foul fawning bay at my door of unnerved blood in vein;
Of what I behold all too weird this world at helm of affairs,
Hath rendered numb my novice feeling to fill my heart with love
Of thy most high deserts o'er the wall on high,
Needest no light my reckoning days to illumine more bright;
While in cherished mode of suspended consciousness
The fabric of her day-dreams too soon shall fade
From out of the blues in still waters at sunset of the evening sky,
Oft in dismal shades of age-old grey the sun in deep azure,
Too, but makes haste in my bed of crimson joy
Of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
Fore'er untouched by thee alone in nurslings of immortality,
Down that road under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
I fain would bring to the page by travel tired my pilgrimage to thee.

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Date Created: Wednesday, February 11,2015 4: 51: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Country Rhymes II

Of clay and wattle-made sweet little beauty
that walked around the hall,
her stumbled feet beyond the sunrise,
makes beauteous my nights,
by day's toil too bright in the late evening,
of snow-capped myrtle to my shipwrecked dreams
such darling insights besmeared with time,
hath rent at midnight lease e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
o'er the horizon in deep azure on wings, on wings,
beside the bed of oak a mundane shell,
this world of foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
no dark can e'er illumine under the Archangel's brow,
that crow in whose ruffled feathers,
a horse-on-saddle at his knee touched the ground,
all dressed up in your thought my mind,
where I my secret hath kept in a gift box of chocolates,
sugar-coated candies of apple tarts,
unto the stars in secret influence comment,
against many a departed looks, our little john,
I could see upon the sand dunes sit still musing o'er the dale.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 23,2016 6: 09: 51 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cowboy I

Oh! my mind is still catching up with those flies,
you had them all lined up in your beaker full,
wild hovering demons were ready to let out
the mystery of your being, but before I could know
what was on your mind, not a thing to say, hush!
you threw a loop of the world around me,
held me tight in your arms to never let go;
your pounding heart in my hands slipped away,
celebrate! a feast of flies begin for another light year
in the broken glass of your empty dreamtime,
where butterfly wings neatly dovetail'd along the pavement,
when they stood up waiting for you to come and go,
you gave the horse the last gallop, head o'er heels,
a lot of rein, slack and kiss, and went your way alone.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 07,2012 5: 01: 05 PM

* Previous poem's title 'Untitled' revised with Cowboy'

Naveed Khalid

Cowboy II

Of untamed heart and cold thy most high deserts,
that from the debris of ruined ashes to titanic visions afar,
this enigma of your dream goes loitering around the world;
I've not enough strength to bear the burden of thy yoke too dear,
to catch up with those flies you'd them beaker full
of our unmet desires in full bright summer;
above a fire-hurst in thy e'erlasting love o'er the lagoon:
I could see them making castles in the air by the sweat of thy brow
ah, too soon shall fade this crippled countenance to my decaying form abides;
that crow's quill of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island under the canopy of a hut.

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Date Created: Tuesday, April 07,2015 6: 43: 27 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cowslip

(A Tribute To Carpe Diem)

What is this? that of erased looks to my mind still
I am looking, looking through e'ery pouring shadow,
Away from what you hide from eternal,
This world that shows not half thy part;
But blind of what I write her eyes do see,
My love of fair form from thy fairest brow,
Uneclipsed of wanton tapestry at thy throne:
The prince of light! by e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
Alone hath raised me to this day of unaltered eye;
Where least I find, more is less than thy blessed presence,
That this empty mirror much too rendered in age-old grey
Of thy most high deserts, against time's waking hour.

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Date Created: Tuesday, August 12,2014 6: 11: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid

Crescent

I, too, can visit far-off places,
away from what to my mind still
a man-in-the-moon,
amidst the living memories of past woe,
made new by old day's rhetoric,
that early morning star!
has but first look in the sun
to a vanished eye;
and e'ery pouring shadow
from a bowl of stars to drink,
of ages that are dead
through yellow pages of history,
my love in seraph wings of gold,
oft blind of looks so fair by holy night;
e'erything that grows to eternal bliss
under the Archangel's brow,
the hand that writ of wanton looks this world,
at the gallows of thy feet,
thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Tuesday, June 24,2014 11: 27: 58 AM

Naveed Khalid

Cri De Coeur

Thus, this world that bears witness to thee,
That in largess of some thought alone,
Her enchanting slogans of disparity;
Of precarious days in judgment to count I,
A novice feeling to fill my heart with love
Of what I write at sunset of the evening sky,
Oft in worn-out time with pen-pricked angels,
Of ages that are dead to my eyes so blind:
Full rich content of some vulgar paper to rehearse
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Friday, January 16,2015 2: 32: 52 PM

Naveed Khalid

Crippled Countenance

While withered leaves from dust-covered page
of thy book in autumn;
shows not half thy part in the late evening,
the west wind blows the trumpet horn
of thy most high deserts in rosemary garden,
this world has but little scope to show thy pride,
heaven-ward bent thy iron car at matilda's farm!
much stifled in grim stance of unrest at my door:
that age-old tree beside thatch eaves is run,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
against eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time,
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dreams,
fade away in colours of my thought her novice feeling,
ah, but to fill my heart with love such darling insights.
her plucked parsley at Minerva's golden brow,
arise, arise above the mundane of departed looks,
no dark can e'er illumine in haystack of woods
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
of what I write ere thine holy eyen, sweet maid.

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Date Created: Friday, February 05,2016 3: 06: 41 PM

Friday, February 05,2016 3: 08: 55 PM

Friday, February 05,2016 3: 16: 28 PM

Friday, February 05,2016 3: 19: 56 PM

Friday, February 05,2016 3: 21: 39 PM

Friday, February 05,2016 3: 23: 59 PM

Friday, February 05,2016 3: 27: 28 PM

Naveed Khalid

Crow Eaters I

Ah, my pulse is still cold and numb,
that each note of my heart beat
has a stress'd syllable;
but by eternal hands of time,
is recorded at thy feet,
and every breath that I hath lived
I hath lived this rhyme- -
this mute song of the harplings,
which my love hath writ
of shakespeareian rag,
is on wings, is on wings!
the soaring bird whose eagle eye
has full many a sun,
among stars of the vaulted sky,
while upon ruth of the harvest moon,
you let the world run;
but O! let me die, let me die!

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Date Created: Thursday, May 30,2013 1: 36: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

Crow Eaters II

Thus, love that bids me go the way of all flesh,
Ere beauty's look besmeared more with time,
That e'en sickness broods on thy sweet-scented silence;
To mourn e'ery checked note of my dropping pulse,
Oft vacant of such empty vessels by the sea-ashore,
Of what in my anchored rhyme still abides by thee alone:
Not least to weigh the air in waste of words, my mind,
Alas, too shall but fade away by a fleeting shadow.

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Date Created: Wednesday, November 05,2014 2: 24: 17 PM

Naveed Khalid

Crow's Nest

Me all too weird of love-sick thought on thee,
that in silent hours of the night,
erased of such looks this world to my sightless view;
of her most ardent desire to fill the page with what I least contend,
ah, all woe be mine to some rivulet blue:
of tidal waves by the sea ashore of broken mast-shaft at north
To my eyes so blind my shipwrecked dream in Hades of a star!
away from out of sight to my mind still against bloody tyrant time,
of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
that crow's quill of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
hath brought me to this end at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Monday, February 16,2015 2: 39: 43 PM

* family Son of a day

Naveed Khalid

Cuckoo's Song I

One morning he rose
from the dead sea,
in white robes of heaven,
full bright his eyes through the stars,
were enchanting slogans
of disparity;
shapes of epic greatness,
in minute details
by no pen are writ
with so much reverence
as untouch'd benevolence
of his grace,
shew him no more,
nor that young boy
at Kumran desert,
who befell the ston'd grave,
his lost sheep to find,
discover'd him again;
betwixt two extremes
he stood aghast
from head to toe
in loving moments of ecstasy,
his savage heart had rent
a wooden coffin to cloven hooves,
to bear the burden of his yoke,
for he had travell'd a long way
back home,
possess'd with children
of another age;
while the other way though less
in scope,
had him wrapp'd up in rolling scrolls
of leather parchment,
cobblers mend a pair of shoes with
fine threads of thought
in the three bushes
at his feet,
where now the weeds grow,
and crickets sing at break of day.

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Date Created: Wednesday, August 01,2012 4: 29: 06 PM

* Title Revisited

* This poem has been re-written and inspired by 'The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn'

Naveed Khalid

Cuckoo's Song II

Thus, you have me hear of all eating bagpies
upon the sand dunes,
no dark can e'er illumine that man-in-the-moon
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
at midnight lease hath rent this world
of fealty's Apollo at my door
thy rosemary garden;
of fair weather days in the mellowing spring:
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
more blessed of ages that are dead in the late evening;
beside the oak, thy most high deserts, ,
away from white swan's ethereal Wing,
where squirrels make hoards in haystack of woods,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
her stumbled feet in nurslings of immortality
of e'ery departed look to my shipwrecked dreams
under the canopy of a hut,
a plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time, our little john,
shows not half thy part at Minerva's golden brow.

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Date Created: Thursday, February 18,2016 3: 33: 59 PM
Thursday, February 18,2016 3:39: 31 PM
Thursday, February 18,2016 3: 40: 57 PM
Thursday, February 18,2016 3: 44: 32 PM
Thursday, February 18,2016 3: 46: 44 PM
Thursday, February 18,2016 3: 50: 44 PM
Thursday, February 18,2016 3: 52: 49 PM
Thursday, February 18,2016 3: 53: 33 PM
Thursday, February 18,2016 4: 03: 31 PM

re-written on: Friday, February 19,2016 2: 23: 08 PM
Friday, February 19,2016 2: 28: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cuckoo's Song Iii

Methinks not of thought so insidious this world
all woe,
hath but little scope in less travelled time,
half-measured looks from afar,
her age-old love at midnight lease hath rent
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
beside the oak, my shipwrecked dreams,
of plucked parsley upon the stand dunes:
no heart can afford in solemn or strain this dull rhyme
of e'ery skipped beat under the Archangel's brow!
against thy most high deserts her stumbled feet,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffodils,
such darling buds of may in the late evening,
arise, arise, in the morning's pure serene,
the crow on wings, on wings in deep azure
picks crumbs at my windowsill,
of fealty's Apollo at my door, our little john,
still musing o'er the dale in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Saturday, April 09,2016 12: 22: 27 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dance, Dance

Thus, must I take sick leave that tolls the bell
at my door of rosemary garden,
her enchanting slogans of disparity;
me thinks not to a close afraid,
not least be worthy of thy perusal;
the wall on high at staircase window
of untread places beyond the sunrise,
I my secret hath kept to play a hunch for the parade,
away from e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
no dust-trodden feet upon the mundane shell:
can e'er illumine this world of my shipwrecked dreams,
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality,
a departed song of harplings took me o'er
with so much of extravaganza no heart can afford
so rich a phantom of chalice Wing,
beside the bed of oak at the behest of time's tickling toes,
a star is affixed in the constellations,
visitors pour forth from e'erywhere in my book
of pen-pricked angels that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 15,2015 3: 02: 47 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dante's Inferno

Thus, this world so off-hand to my sightless view,
of raptures wild in lurking limbo,
that in worn-out time to a close afraid;
all too weird in winter cold with what I least contend,
the skylark at heaven's gate sing in nurslings of immortality,
a most stunning reality with powerful surge of the mind:
along the spine of a book leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels;
away from e'ery wanton look to a far-fetched sky forlorn,
of glimmering grace this embassy upon the strand of still waters,
that crow's quill needest no light at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Monday, March 02,2015 8: 08: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Darling Buds Of May

Not least by what you think in false assumptions
of the mind,
that by thought of no other to e'ery departed look,
thy argument more great to prove thee virtuous
against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky this world;
that in whose love of ethereal Wing in wild ecstasy
of pure heaven my shipwrecked dreams,
hath rent at midnight lease of eyes so blind
in dismal shades of age-old grey beyond the sunrise,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in the late evening,
that shows not half thy part at Minerva's golden brow!
against bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts,
unto the stars in secret influence comment,
of snow-capped myrtle beside the oak,
that man-in-the-moon by the sweat of thy brow,
needest no such darling insights in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Wednesday, January 27,2016 10: 26: 20 PM

Wednesday, January 27,2016 10: 38: 02 PM

Wednesday, January 27,2016 10: 39: 58 PM

Wednesday, January 27,2016 10: 41: 56 PM

Wednesday, January 27,2016 10: 43: 04 PM

Wednesday, January 27,2016 10: 44: 44 PM

Wednesday, January 27,2016 10: 49: 31 PM

Wednesday, January 27,2016 10: 53: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dead Poet's Society I

O! give me a heart of such soaring looks
to a far-fetched sky my untread dreams
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island;
I can still behold in stardust of Supernova,
that lone wanderer's bed in star-Y velorum,
to account for love of thy most high deserts
through the staircase window of the wall on high,
above the clover-tops at Minerva's golden brow:
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon
beyond the sunrise the skylark at heaven's gate sing,
ah, but to thee suffice at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Friday, March 20,2015 1: 53: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dead Poet's Society II

Methinks such schemes are far etched out
of proportion in oblivion of a host,
away from the skyline in a smudge of colours
dissolve,
beside the oak in silent hours of soliloquy,
a love-sick thought on thee,
of fealty's Apollo at my door this world
of shipwrecked dreams!
ages that are dead at midnight lease
of white swan's ethereal Wing:
the stars in secret influence comment
unto the west wind in autumn
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in the late evening
against bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts;
haystack and straw that to my thought is wed
in a fabric of day-dreams,
full ripe gourd of hazel nuts in my account
that by counting more in prayers under the Archangel's brow!
mother-earth from homeland in my country rhymes,
of many a leafless sunset by the sea-ashore,
oft make wither in melodious accents I, I,
our little john, of harplings upon the sand dunes,
of woe-begone days in dismal shades of age-old grey,
sits still musing o'er the dale at Makatea hill,
a compassed arc that man-in-the-moon under the bolted sky,
my feet half-sunk in stony ripples,
foams of wrath in e'ery skipped beat
of my heart's forfeited first,
that tolls the bell in the backyard of rosemary garden,
too soon shall fade, break lose her oars of snow-capped myrtle.

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Date Created: Tuesday, January 26,2016 7: 18: 02 PM

Tuesday, January 26,2016 7: 18: 54 PM

Tuesday, January 26,2016 7: 39: 19 PM

Wednesday, January 27,2016 11: 14: 24 PM

Wednesday, January 27,2016 11: 56: 55 PM

Wednesday, January 27,2016 11: 15: 34 PM

Wednesday, January 27,2016 11: 16: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Deja Vu

Of what by night the star hath stirred the mind,
by vague impressions of poetry,
the forfeiting shadow of a missing you,
oft marked by love of hallowed fire;
and through such studded feelings arise, arise,
a denizen of your bewitching eye!
see! how by e'ery changing face in Supernova,
Deja vu! I can ne'er take my eyes off,
else what by nothing but fake show of this world,
moves afoot to unhindered scope of creation,
all too well seen in thy age-old mirror.

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Date Created: Sunday, March 02,2014 2: 46: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Delirium Departed

Thus, dissolve, drop a hint or two
that in thy footsteps
is printed, printed
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
in my bed of crimson joy,
above a funeral pyre, of snow-capped myrtle;
beyond the sunrise to my shipwrecked dreams
that day of unaltered eye:
has a hold me height in heaven's high bower,
a burning goblet in the rainforest to my mind still,
hath rent this world at midnight lease in waking hour
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead,
of eyes so blind under the canopy of a hut,
of furrowed fields along the pavement of cow parsley,
a mistletoe on his back no dark can e'er illumine,
that crow's quill of foul fawning bay at my door.

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Date Created: Tuesday, August 11,2015 2: 31: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Demoniacal

Of chiseled bones my heart needs no mending,
that through such unaccustomed looks,
weary with toil of passion worn,
speak not unto me of days that are gone,
else what future holds in all eternity to either's woe,
that mural beside, carved of stone thy iron frame,
oft on clover-tops but hangs a golden bow,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown:
if be made a garland of my head, I'll find myself no less than a king,
against e'ery looking eye this world of wanton tapestry at thy throne,
needest no witness in thy graceful ease, thy love to claim,
of what in heaven's high bower by the sweat of thy brow.

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Date Created: Wednesday, August 12,2015 9: 05: 12 PM

Naveed Khalid

Demoniacal Ii

A hermit, that in whose canopy of a hut this world
of thy most high deserts,
leaves no scope that shows not half thy part
away from e'ery departed look to my shipwrecked dreams
in the backyard of rosemary garden;
e'ery fig leaf in autumn of furrowed fields by the west
o'er the horizon in deep azure you hide from eternal,
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree no dark can e'er illumine:
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words that man-in-the-moon,
oft sits still brooding o'er the dale with pen-pricked angels;
of fealty's Apollo at my door under the Archangel's brow,
all wrapped in shroud of a star when death's toll is too high,
beside the bed of oak in the late evening,
ah, but to think thee better off my mind, my love,
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time thy chiseled bones,
that crow on wings, on wings thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Thursday, January 14,2016 9: 21: 56 PM

Thursday, January 14,2016 9: 26: 53 PM

Thursday, January 14,2016 9: 30: 23 PM

Thursday, January 14,2016 9: 32: 43 PM

Thursday, January 14,2016 9: 34: 18 PM

Thursday, January 14,2016 9: 35: 31 PM

Thursday, January 14,2016 9: 45: 11 PM

Thursday, January 14,2016 9: 45: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Denizen

I'll not bewep my state of being an outcast wretch, O Poverty!
Nor my decaying form has but past woe's deceased frame;
Lost in the twilight 'gainst the mirror of thine eye, my love,
Of transient nature's eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time;
The red moon's fiery flame burns in haystack of woods,
Of fathom-five thy crackled bones, vanished in Hades of a star!
Yet to debarr at heaven's gate, my bride, full rich content
Of my pride looks to the world, of infinitesimal blessings;
And in such that I honour most by what no prince's favourite,
Has enough wits to prove in graceful ease a hundred mouthed grave,
Still grows e'eryday to another ken, darkly lit in thy abode,
This house of clay in dumb despair, a darksome dungeon.

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Date Created; Thursday, June 05,2014 6: 01: 50 PM

* AB(C)Ad verb: baldro: five next borrow back

* 25 mean machines says keep the wheel rolling on four wheelers!

* Pipsi &_ite

Naveed Khalid

Diorama

See! how this world too but barred of such looks,
that in silent hours of the night,
half-dumb, half-poisoned to the ear in ill-omen;
hath rendered numb my novice feeling
to fill my heart with love of thy most high deserts:
That wavering hand in sea of troubles,
so porous as the eyes far beyond the scope of sunrise,
that in darkling inkpot of ruffled feathers, too deep for woe;
oft I bring to the page in waste of words so blind,
so sickening to the bones, my love, at sunset of the evening sky,
of snow-capped myrtle at Minerva's golden brow:
against the turret of thy gracious muse in Hades of a star,
goes soaring high above the dale in my bed of crimson joy,
away from out of sight awhile but to think on thee
of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
hung aloft the ghastly night that crow's quill by the grove,
much too rendered in age-old grey, my mind,
lost in the twilight through e'ery pouring shadow,
pours forth in e'erything to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Wednesday, February 18,2015 5: 56: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dirge

Must I pay homage to the setting sun in deep azure
that half-baked masonry's night,
of our common affairs by the windowsill
has way too far a golden clime on top of the trees,
amidst a thousand farewells my shipwrecked dreams!
needest not at midnight lease this world at my door
of rosemary garden:
humanity's grace shall be no more thy love
of first falling winter snow in the late evening:
e'ery flower upon a barren heath through hurtlings of past woe,
of darkened earth's infernal grave
the wall on high thy most high deserts,
bereaved of light my glorious days away from high heavens,
you know not, nor ye need to know of what the stars
in secret influence comment, by what cruel hand or eye,
deaf and dumb to the ear one more time the heart
that fed in nurslings of immortality,
cowslip her parted hair upon the sand dunes,
the Eagle on wings, on wings still musing o'er the dale.;
beside the oak, while you may dine the table,
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
from another shore to arise, to suffer by thee alone
of e'ery departed look under the Archangel's brow
my sweet-scented letters fell from myrtle
against that day of Christmas eve I behold, I behold.

(C) Naveed khalid

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Date Created: Sunday, July 10,2016 8: 33: 13 PM
Sunday, July 10,2016 8: 34: 49 PM

* title modified by removing 'A'

Naveed Khalid

Divine

I'd never let you get away with this,
no matter whichever way you think;
and have my words by the sun,
that no where but in my verse thy presence,
else be a witness to this world,
for where once you tread thy feet,
I've set this path for thee,
the rest would follow at my door.

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Date Created: Thursday, April 11,2013 1: 31: 03 PM

Naveed Khalid

Doldrums

Oft I hear you sing of eternal silences
that in the mellowing year of spring,
where squirrels make hoards in haystack of woods;
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
her rhyming footsteps by the sea-ashore,
that crow's quill of my shipwrecked dreams
beside that soldier's grave unknown, heaven-ward bent,
no dark can e'er illumine that day of unaltered eye
at sunset of the evening sky with pen-pricked angels,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
above a funeral pyre, my love, of snow-capped myrtle,
this world in wild ecstasy of pure heaven o'er the dale,
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
some such dry leaves of book in rosemary garden,
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
that man-in-the-moon by the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 14,2015 3: 50: 27 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dovetail

Sleep, O, sleep! let this waking hour pass
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
oft leaves me in dismay,
that in pen-pricked angels to account for love,
of what to my old formed memory still abides:
sweet dreams, my child, sweet dreams
of blushed roses from beauty's belligerent smile,
above the mantle piece,
where the picture hangs by the wall
of thy most high deserts;
my mother beside, in melodious accents I,
too, hath cried and wept in my bed of crimson joy
to bewep my outcast state in this world forlorn;
the crow's quill hath fled from earth's infernal grave,
alas, but to mourn the last dance of happy shades
upon the strand of still waters to e'er melting snow,
I sit still brooding o'er the dale such soft fleece to gather
from thy fair lamb in November.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 23,2014.2: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dragon Heart Of A Woman I

(Inspired by William Blake's painting:
The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun)

O ye tell me not in mournful numbers of world forlorn,
or fickled foe of my heart in red-woven hair-knots,
that in eternity of thy most high deserts;
oft I behold through staircase window of the wall,
that in e'er melting snow to night-long love more bright
than e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
too, but besmeared with time at midnight lease in waking hour,
barred of such looks to eyes so blind in morning's pure serene:
of our shared benevolence marked by that forfeited dark in Hades of a star,
that crow's quill needest no light in thy graceful ease,
ah, awhile but to think on thee at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Saturday, February 21,2015 7: 13: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dragon Heart Of A Woman II

(Inspired by William Blake's painting:
The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun)

Of half-measured looks to my mind still
by what in the light of red-eyed woman,
stands where this world of furrowed fields
against the harvest moon o'er the wall on high,
ah, but in worn-out time too deep for woe
to illumine more bright by the west-wind in autumn,
some fault lines worthy of thy perusal,
of darkly drowned enigma of yore drifting dream amiss:
too soon shall fade from old-formed memory
his sweet-scented letters in silent hours of the night;
all wrapped in stardust of Supernova at my door,
that basest cloud to bear upon the sand dunes
along the pavement of cow parsley at sunset of the evening sky,
of some such snowflakes in winter cold by the sweat of thy brow,
that in the morning's pure serene of ages that are dead,
opes a garden unto my unweird eyes by the sea-ashore,
oft steals her beauty's fair of untread places far-off
beyond the sunrise that crow's quill beside,
by whose wing in ecstasy of heaven's high bower,
goes soaring high above the dale with pen-pricked angels.

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Date Created: Monday, July 06,2015 9: 58: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dreamland II

When, my Lord, from dust shall raise,
worn-out by time my old days anew,
of barren rhyme this deserted time,
that to my well-contented day be still
of a hundred shadows by thy grave;
and so by night a star,
wide awake from deep inside
unto e'er changing world;
by travel tired my pilgrimage to thee
will end all heartaches and desires,
sickening to the bones, my love,
foiled in dust-covered page of thy book.

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Date Created: Wednesday, January 08,2014 1: 33: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dreamland-I

Must I speak to thee of my mind,
that from a vanished sight this world
needs no witness of time before I go,
nor not a world before or hereafter
hath ever existed in my verse so;
but when our Lord of heaven and earth
I behold in beauty of everything,
all are bound by love of one another.

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Date Created: Thursday, April 04,2013 1: 58: 34 AM

Naveed Khalid

Ducklings I

Of mud-feet in snow, engulfed with
some hallucination of the mind,
no dark can e'er illumine in skipped beats
of my untamed heart and cold where I stand,
that through such furtive looks forlorn;
which from thy solemn mien I hath plucked
in vain words to tell thee of my love,
apart from where you tread the mundane shell
at sunset of the evening sky e'ery fig leaf in autumn,
oft steals looks from my bed of crimson joy,
that day of unaltered eye in thy presence alone,
of woe-begone days to my shipwrecked dreams.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 03,2015 7: 55: 00 PM

Naveed Khalid

Ducklings II

Summer of her full bright days grow old,
giddy, cold and numb
of seven ringlets, make a hallow
of the sun around my head,
not yet awake to eternal bliss in waking hour,
this world that knows no bounds,
becharms the skies of thy most high deserts,
my love, away from wanton tapestry at thy throne:
a love-sick thought on thee,
not least be worthy of thy perusal;
but which if from a bowl of stars you drink,
I can ne'er know how else unchained from thy brow,
such sweet-scented silence in melodious accents I, I,
more temperate than darling buds of may,
pours forth many a garden ere thine holy eyen,
that crow's quill beside e'ery flower
upon a barren heath to my shipwrecked dreams,
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead,
that day of departed looks tolls the bell at my door.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 16,2015 11: 45: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dungeon

Not me alone, who thinks I stand by thee,
But to give you the pride of enmity,
I'll more under the burden of thy throne,
Be content rich in numbers, writ on stone;
And where the world has thy feet less measured,
Methinks not in vain of what is mirrored,
That by stillness is stirred this dark dungeon,
The pilgrim of many a star to aborigine,
Of imagined poetic trance, a lady's joy,
A phantom of delight in the young boy,
Whose love you live each day, but each night die,
The uncolour'd imagery of a white lie.

*Republished:

Date Created: Monday, June 03,2013 5: 05: 28 PM

* Fiver

Naveed Khalid

Eagle

When I bring to mind that bewitching eye
of wild fancy from afar;
and in Hades of a star in deep azure,
all the panorama of this world stands still,
that in thy presence such awe and wonder,
gives me but one look on love,
has made me sick against the wall,
this last of look by the sun goes blind
before I know I nothing am
more than what needest no witness in thy name,
except you who stands glorified alone.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 23,2014 5: 42: 40 PM

Naveed Khalid

Early Birds

No, not I that in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time,
o'ershadowed by night under the archangel's brow;
of darkened days my shipwrecked dream,
that star of thy most high deserts,
illumines more bright of what I write against the setting sun,
darkly lit in thy abode a few dry leaves of book in autumn,
a compassed ark, a table, a lamp under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree:
bereft of eyes so blind steals looks from my bed of crimson joy:
where all doors are shut but thy door in rosemary garden,
of snow-capped myrtle by the sea-ashore,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes, my love,
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead,
of chiseled bones that soldier's grave unknown, heaven-ward bent,
needest no light e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
that crow's quill beside, along the pavement of cow parsley.

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Date Created: Date Created: Sunday, August 30,2015 6: 59: 54 PM

Naveed Khalid

Easter

All that lives in the mind, love, lives not in vain,
Nor this sickness to the bones in death-like trance,
And in decrepit tongue to commune with men of old;
The days that are gone, bereaved of light in infernal grave,
That world of celestial angels oft I write,
Our Leo Africanus in Hades of a star,
We all are bound to deliver ahead of time,
Where e'erything abounds with eternity, the bell tolls at my door!
Must I prepare a meal or two by my mother beside,
The hibiscus that grow at the gallows of thy feet,
Digs deep down the treasure trove, are freshly sown,
Today, too, shall wither soon as the sunset by the sea,
Of a vanished sight, goes down and down the road
To heaven-ward bent, above the star to follow,
Same as a child is found catching the firefiles,
Many a maiden gardens beset before his eyes,
Round the clock e'ery passing minute in waste hands of time,
Unheard, unwept, unread moves afoot in solemn silence,
Of spilt words thy golden bough under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Wednesday, April 23,2014 2: 54: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Economy

Our poor economy, struggle between classes,
and the school of thought; all amount to nothing,
not a penny counts, full of empty pockets,
a fight o'er 'Ruskin's Unto This Last',
that in exchange of words, 'he threw me against the picture
with such (subtle) violence that I broke the glass
with the back of my head; and the imprint of that image,
is still viewed as a masterly work of my Father's blood in veins,
which when through the painted roses, not yet grew to light,
I look at my poor lot, and love in heavenly clothing,
upon the wall of brittle clay, falling, falling...
breaking, breaking...our hearts forever!

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Date Created: Sunday, December 16,2012 7: 03: 51 PM

* Picture _Able & Cain A/C Tinca Tinca

Naveed Khalid

Elbow

Thus, by far more this world I deny thee most,
of woe-begone days that bewailing night asleep,
Some scope this dream too shall find;
when I could hear the church bell toll at my door,
apart from where you tread the mundane shell,
above a funeral pyre, of snow-capped myrtle,
beyond the sunrise of eyes so blind my shipwrecked dreams
hath set this path in the backyard of my garden:
of departed looks to my mind still o'er the wall on high,
a wrinkled lip in my spilt words of cow parsley,
where squirrels make hoards in haystack of woods,
her enchanting slogans of disparity with thy music wither,
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters;
a few dry leaves of book in autumn are lowly laid at thy feet,
ah, too weary with toil my day's work expires
that day of unaltered eye at sunset of the evening sky,
full ripe gourd of some hazel nuts in my account,
a horse-on-saddle at his knee touched the ground
ere in melodious accents I, I, had a lot of slack reign and kiss.

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Date Created: Thursday, August 27,2015 7: 59: 54 PM

*rewritten with inception of seven more lines.

Naveed Khalid

Elderberry

I could see that reeling shadow o'er the wall on high,
crawl beneath the bed of crimson joy,
that in darkling inkpot of ruffled feathers;
too, but stirs the mind with so much of extravaganza,
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters,
uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
this world holds a myriad stars in my account;
of eyes so blind at the gallows of thy feet:
while heaven's torch above my head for the pass-o'er,
they called for another day break at my door, too deep for woe,
arise, arise with hands stretched across a y-pointing pyramid;
soon as something fell upon a tree with a bulging eye, goes green,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon more bright
to bewep my outcast state forlorn in the forest wild,
far from the maddening crowd, still lies buried in the treasure trove,
that crow's quill of sweet-scented letters to a close afraid.

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Date Created: Wednesday, April 01,2015 6: 36: 44 PM

Naveed Khalid

Elegy

Woe be to those who love,
and in loving moments depart
by a thousand roses, farewell!
but melancholy sweet:
all loves betray;
oft beguil'd by beauty's look,
I bring forth these candle-lit stars
against the mirror of thine eye,
that woe-begone in Shelley's river,
makes my heart sink,
when twice I think on thee,
my sweet love of melancholy!

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Date Created: Wednesday, January 23,2013 3: 20: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Elegy Ii

Of compassed ark by the sea-ashore
that bright-lit mirror,
too, but shows not half thy part,
so thinly wrapped around my head
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
much too rendered in age-old grey my mind
under the Archangel's brow see I,
her beauty's belligerent smile to a close afraid:
above the mantle piece where the picture hangs o'er the wall on high,
of my shipwrecked dreams in nurslings of immortality;
a sail-boat beside the west wind in autumn,
that carries me places far-off beyond the sunrise,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon at Matilda's farm,
for one look on love to the lark at break of day arise,
covered with snow this world of thy most high deserts,
of eyes so blind that crow's quill thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Thursday, May 21,2015 8: 06: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Elixir

Still I can behold that leafless tree in autumn,
That e'ery falling word against a star in the vaulted sky,
Oft goes unchecked by the world in rustle of the wind,
Such soft murmurings in season's smooth-sailing rhyme,
Tortured by hate, ah, in bitterness sweet of salt mines!
My feet half-sunk beside the lake in stony ripples;
And Poet's pen by what oft stirs the mind, lies dead,
Cold and crystal diamonds of laurel-wreathe thy myrtle crown,
I write in three beats of unnerved blood in vein,
So sickening to the bones my love by stressed-out note,
Grows old as a halo in Beulah's night around my head,
The stardust coat on a peg of white bier to brave the day,
All her amorous cries echoing back in my ear.

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Date Created: Tuesday, May 13,2014 3: 36: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Elysium

When oft eclipsed of looks so fair, my mind
brings forth nothing but to my sightless view
this world, of virgin-mother born, more beautiful
than e'ery fig leaf upon the golden bough;
I compare to a summer's day, so blind of thee,
of more love to my eyes, thy lady fair,
of spilt words from a bowl of stars to drink;
to fill my heart with what I least contend,
you in thy abundance, full many a roses spread,
where I my feet hath tread, unmoved, unconquered,
thy age-old monument stands still at Darien Peak!

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Date Created: Tuesday, April 29,2014 5: 13: 54 PM

Naveed Khalid

Emerald

Methinks not in vain of what to my mind still,
I am warbling o'er his e'erlasting song,
that in thy graceful ease is more blessed
than in miseries to count I my reckoning days
against the world of thy most high deserts;
e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind to my old-formed memory,
of e'er melting snow in the mellowing year of spring,
oft makes haste in waste of words to bloody tyrant time,
that orphan whose life is but my only woe;
else that forfeited dark in Hades of a star,
still to a land of fairies abides by thee alone.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 24,2014 2: 39: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Epiphany

Hear ye not full-throttle song of a thrush
that in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
small boats that assail with no destiny in sight;
this world of my shipwrecked dreams
that star beside, in bitterness cold thy iron car,
o'er the bleak horizon through rose-coloured glasses,
some such withered leaves of book in autumn
against the westerly wind unto my age-old love
hath rent at midnight lease in waking hour:
a vertigo of yore dream, ere in the morning dew her eyes be wet,
that crow's quill of foul fawning bay at my door,
slowly drifting away from golden banks of silken-satin.

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Date Created: Thursday, August 20,2015 5: 32: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Epitaph I

Moths gather around the light and die
one after the other;
but their little wings are dried,
expos'd to the lamp,
like burnt-out shadows these words:
I write them down to his grave,
that to reach for the stars as if
they'd lost their way back home.

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Date Created: Tuesday, October 18,2011 1: 27: 07 AM

Naveed Khalid

Epitaph II

No dark by darkling insights
can bewail the night,
nor what by love the stars behold,
that in my writings less;
but by thy presence most abound,
the path that I hath tread,
and marked by the sun is every step
what you hide from the common eye,
oft by hallowed fire is more illumined:
let more be light if from out of sight,
not least the earth can move me more,
this world without thee alone.

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Date Created: Sunday, March 03,2013 12: 25: 28 AM

Naveed Khalid

Esprit De Corps

Of e'ery wanton look to nurslings of immortality,
This world forlorn in silent hours of the night,
Yet dreams of eyes to a close afraid;
'Gainst time's measured breath to count I
My reckoning days more bright in Hades of a star,
Of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels;
The sun in deep azure through studded feelings arise
From out of the blues in still waters, ah, but to think on thee:
All too weird her stigmatized innocence my bosom rends,
While wide awake from deep inside at sunset of evening sky,
Of ages that are dead in my bed of crimson joy;
To morning's pure serene my woe-begone love to thee suffice.
Away from out of sight to my mind still that day of unaltered eye,
A foul fawning bay at my door of unnerved blood in vein,
Many a shooting stars that fall, needest no light,
The crow's quill beside to my e'er living memory,

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Date Created: Wednesday, January 28,2015 2: 44: 46 PM

Naveed Khalid

Eternity I

The final doom of poetry
hath come to an end
in today's age;
when all can see
the immediate object of beauty:
the cold effect of some eternal sight,
wherein the imagery, less used to eyes
hath a greater impact
of what the Master hath writ
upon the dislocator of the mind,
cut-out from his voice, can be found
in the dark recesses of nature;
but only if you stay close to him,
you would find what he is doing
down there in spare time, all the while,
our G-Man, pouring poems
from out of the last judgment,
which we are still living
to an everlasting day.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 20,2014 2: 33: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Eternity II

This love that grows each day anew,
Not still beyond thought of zephyr wings;
That her muse in argument with thee,
Hath brought us to the same old page,
Whence we two parted unawares,
Of another world in secret revelation;
And I wish I could buy you a ring,
Weaved of golden threads in silken satin,
Her atoms of beauty need no man's love;
Nor I can e'er claim I love thee true,
Unless you in such lichens of desire,
Be but more bright in my spilt words.

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Tuesday, September 17, 2013 7: 59: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Evening

When day's old journey by the sun,
toil'd by burning stars in the clock,
is set behind the oak trees,
the mind's eye shall move thee more;
but in love by wanton looks
Than by words that I write:
a lime-light dinner in the evening
would be laid at the table,
a full-flamed moon-lit mascara;
and a tidal wave by the sea,
that stretches away this line,
by night be writ against the sky.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 27,2012 2: 49: 59 PM

Naveed Khalid

Faded Glory

No, not least by what you think I can ne'er know,
of subverting looks that unending night,
something to separate by half thy days be spent;
of unhindered scope this world forlorn,
too, but corrupts the mind of eyes so blind by beauty more,
that waking star at sunset of the evening sky,
of what for all too long besmeared with time,
that perfect ecstasy in heaven's high bower:
see! how against the picture I behold, e'er nigh,
still abides by thee alone in nurslings of immortality,
withered dry leaves of book by the west wind in autumn,
away from out of sight by weeds that grow upon the sand dunes,
to e'er melting snow in the mirror of thine holy eyen,
ah, but to wonder at thy golden brow between her lip and desire,
shows not half thy part of foul fawning bay at my door,
that crow's quill beside, my love, of ages that are dead;
Ophelia too hath her charms upon the watery mien,
ay, pebbles and stones in the ocean sink,
besate upon the stone of Bohan by the dull lake,
of feathered pen hath writ this embassy by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Tuesday, June 02,2015 8: 54: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Faded Glory II

Must I hide from eternal this world,
of eyes so blind to unending night,
that in full bright summer her beauty's fair,
half-so-ill, distempered brain to my mind still
of thought's most higher being, my love,
indeed! by thatch-eaves is run o'er the wall,
some watcher of the skies to my shipwrecked dreams,
that in white bier to brave thine holy eyen:
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality,
ah, awhile but to think on thee by two lovers dead;
where I my feet hath tread upon the mundane shell,
that crow's quill in thy graceful ease to a close afraid,
creates a myth from out of nothing, of whom, they say, not I,
but which to thy lost memory of another's plight,
ere in the mellowing year of spring grows old;
that man-in-the-moon under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Saturday, August 22,2015 3: 52: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

Fair

What is that you think I can ne'er know
Of beauty's use this world?
That I by such secret influence comment,
Oft marked by vague impressions of poetry;
E'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
Too shall but fade with e'ery fading eye
Against that rose to my e'er living memory:
My love to define by what I write,
More blessed be in this waking hour
Than if from a deeper thought I rehearse,
Needest no witness in thy name
To a star-lit night that shows not half-thy part.

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* Newly Created On Date: Tuesday, September 16,2014 9: 04: 25 PM

Naveed Khalid

Fait Accomplis

I know not what pleasure seekest thy revenge
that in whose festering menace,
heaven-ward bent to becharm the skies,
her enchanting slogans of disparity,
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time,
I still hold dear to my shipwrecked dreams
that fickled foe's untamed heart and cold,
hath brought me to this end by the sea-ashore:
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
no dark can e'er illumine in the mellowing year of spring
against e'ery fair to prove thee virtuous in thy graceful ease,
that star of thy most high deserts under the bolted sky
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
that in silent hours of soliloquy upon the sand dunes,
a compassed ark by that soldier's grave unknown,
that crow's quill beside, some dry leaves of book in autumn.

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Date Created: Saturday, October 17,2015 5: 27: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Family Trauma

I'll not let myself be swayed by this feeling
of broken mast-shaft at north,
too drear from out of the blues in still waters;
that in meek hours of the night my shipwrecked dreams,
ah, of our parting looks so fair at sunset of the evening sky
against the world of thy most high deserts,
too deep for woe to beweap my outcast state forlorn;
for death's toll is too high, let this waking hour pass:
away from out of sight that day of unaltered eye,
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality,
that crow's quill of worthier pen born in thy graceful ease
to eternal bliss upon the sand dunes by thee alone,
oft leaves me in dismay her most ardent desire of eyes so blind,
a foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
so full rich content of some vulgar paper to rehearse
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Tuesday, April 14,2015 6: 38: 00 PM

Naveed Khalid

Faust

Love of pure heart full of lovely things,
that abound by thee alone,
behind the corner of that street
a man to meet of soaring thumb impressions,
that in solemn strain this dull rhyme,
goes soaring high above the dale with pen-pricked angels,
above a firehurst, o'er the wall on high,
a skylark to heaven sings:
makes beauteous my nights in full bright summer,
ah, but to debar at heaven's gate of red-linen, my bride,
her beauty's belligerent smile in sneer of cold command
of my darkened days ere thine unweird eyen.

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Date Created: Tuesday, July 28,2015 5: 16: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Favouritism

I am no Lord's favourite, that in whose love
of elliptical illusions,
her departed looks in cold serene,
bespeaks of Monty Carlo's venomous pride,
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead,
I seek not to tell thee of my woe-begone days
divided by night, my shipwrecked dreams!
goes soaring high above the dale with pen-pricked angels,
no dark can e'er illumine at sunset of the evening sky;
else in simple fold my vain endeavour goes loitering around the world,
full glorious sun of our common affairs but to thee suffice,
that day of unaltered eye in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 18,2015 4: 50: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Femme Fatale

Thus, half so ill my distempered brain, doctor's folly-like,
Pestilence of vague impressions by far removed from thee;
Twice so sickening to the bones, my love, of ages that are dead,
That grows upon e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
Full rich content of some vulgar paper to rehearse,
Still lies burried with me the hand that writ in mournful numbers
This world of a vanished eye, alas, unused to flow!
Withers, too, in vile words of what in ill-omen,
Uneclipsed of looks so fair my untamed heart and cold;
Knows no bounds at life's long midnight lease,
Against time's tickling toes, of wanton tapestry at thy throne.

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Naveed Khalid

First Lines

Not least in vain words mine eye,
a handful of star-dust gather;
nor what by folly's fake
from a fumbled mouth hath spilled,
but what great many poets
have always longed for,
and o'er the years unearthed,
a sensual fault in a line or two,
upon a fertile land of fairies,
by buds grow and die;
before their pen hath writ,
this dream I send your way,
that you may see the world,
not built in a day,
which you have packed by night,
thrice, thrice with holy dread!

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Date: Saturday, January 19, 2013 3: 00: 27 PM

Naveed Khalid

Flamboyant

People are oft misled by the misconstrued notions
of the mind,
that in the morning's pure serene
of full glorious days in autumn leaves
her enchanting slogans of disparity,
hung aloft the ghastly night in heaven's high bower;
I could see that bonanza of yore dream,
ah, of eyes so blind more bright in Hades of a star:
methought fair by fair means foul,
flawed in e'erything at sunset of the evening sky,
that crow's quill beside, my shipwrecked dreams
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
a horse-on-saddle at his knee touched the ground,
awhile but to think on thee in thy graceful ease
against this world forlorn in secret influence comment,
that day of unaltered eye in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 04,2015 5: 20: 08 PM

Naveed Khalid

Folktale

Mere one look of love oft makes bright my days,
that in whose enchanting slogans of disparity,
of pounding heart her bedtime stories tell;
places far-off beyond the sunrise this world forlorn,
hath outlived this powerful rhyme against that forfeited dark,
where I my feet hath tread above the mundane shell;
among many a woe-begone men when death's toll is too high,
of darkly drowned enigma of yore dream in the grey evening:
ah, but by the sweat of thy brow of departed looks to my mind still,
leaves me in dismay beside a firehurst to think on thee,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown with what I most desire,
contended least, perhaps thus compounded am with clay;
weary with toil in worn-out time such withered leaves of book
by the west wind in autumn ere thine unweird eye,
of eyes so blind in the debris of ruined ashes,
that crow's quill beside, hath raised me above a funeral pyre.

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Date Created: Thursday, July 30,2015 1: 43: 47 PM

Naveed Khalid

Frankenstein

Me too hath loved thee more than I
against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky
to prove thee virtuous where my head is,
of no wit to my mind still but pure heaven,
that in the mellowing year of spring
under the Archangel's brow,
some such snowflakes in winter cold
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown:
along the pavement of cow parsley that man of old,
of whom, they say, I know not, nor need to know,
that Faust of our glorious days in a death-like trance,
too deep for woe of unhindered scope this world beside,
darkly lit in thy abode at sunset of the evening sky;
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
a mistletoe on his back too but bewails the night,
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 27,2015 7: 13: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Frog In A Pond

Say not that verses chide, ensnared
at white's lease,
presenteth nought in yellow-pages of history
e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind
with pen-pricked angels, my love,
of thy most high deserts;
no dark can e'er illumine
under the Archangel's brow
that star of the milkyway:
opes a garden unto my unweird eyen
at sunset of the evening sky,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
along the pavement of cow parsley,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon,
still burning, burning in haystack of woods,
that crow's quill thy gilded monument astounds;
parked beside the clover beach
thy iron-car at matilda's farm
of unattended looks in waking hour,
that day of unaltered eye I behold, I behold.

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Date Created: Friday, October 16,2015 4: 06: 25 PM

Naveed Khalid

Gardener

I, too, am spellbound
by what oft blinds the eye,
I most my eyes hath fed,
darkened from pole to pole
this world of a vanished sight,
that in poetry I discover,
be but blind at arrow's distance;
and in a spec of light, a shadow'd vision hide
from such looks you have of beauty,
where all doors are shut
but thy door,
hath led me to rosemary garden
of damsel's full blown pride,
that stood apart in prime of youth,
her bridle dress of wedded night,
keeps love out of bed but of late.

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Naveed Khalid

Genie

Oft you hold me up all night
from out of bed but of late,
mark'd by vague impressions of poetry
your seraph wings of gold:
the singularity of a dream world,
that in thought more knit to the mind
than in wanting love in vain;
has ne'er been so deep sense of numbness,
a novice feeling to fill my heart
with this mad song in dull rhyme,
let all senses be clos'd to thine eye:
and I'll still be wide awake,
darkly lit in thy abode.

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*Republished

Date Created: Monday, October 21,2013 4: 44: 02 PM

Naveed Khalid

Genius

This last of line that haunts the text
within the dialect of many a voice,
and in my thought thy mind;
but darkly lit among the stars
has all knowledge of things;
that in the presence of untaught feeling
what exists in mind's nothing,
except our self, most sublime:
I think on thee more so,
that by love is bound alone
this world of timeless reality.

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Date Created: July 29,2013.

As per a theory of the text within the real presence, and not in phantasmal reflex exists here:

The untaught feeling may be referred to 'romantic indignation' that a phantasmal reflex in mind's nothing interacts the world within, which can be justified for unconscious, structured like a language of what exists beyond, and in imagination, a reality.

Naveed Khalid

Godwin's Farm

Nothing has changed since then,
the day you departed,
away from this fedora of your dream;
many a maiden garden beset ere thine eye,
of unaltered love to heaven-ward bent,
this world that by looks more bright
than e'ery falling star in winter cold:
uneclipsed of eyes such darling insights,
that to my mind still of another rent,
through e'ery pouring shadow, I behold! I behold!

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Date Created: Thursday, July 31,2014 9: 45: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Goldilocks

Of wrinkled lip her happy cheeks
that in such skin-tight dream,
so closely knit to a thought this world
of modern electra
against that forfeited dark, my love,
to eavesdropping, too, will someday
soar the ear, the heart, the mind;
and in roars of white foams
make haste e'ery stepto eternal bliss
of what in season's breathless rhyme,
I find myself in waking hour,
alas, but to bewail the night
through e'ery falling star in winter cold,
a furrowed field by the harvest moon,
much too rendered in age-old grey,
thy gilded monument astounds;
of whom, they say, hath fled in ethereal wings,
oft on clover-tops still hangs a golden bough
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree.

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Date Created: Friday, October 31,2014 10: 59: 21 AM

Naveed Khalid

Goodnight

When all else fades away from thy unweird eye,
And not a shadow less to my eyes so blind;
Of ages that are dead by what I write,
Unaccounted for love of thy most high deserts,
This world that shows not half thy part;
Oft pays homage to the setting sun
Under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
That through e'ery pouring shadow where least I find,
More is less than what to my mind still
Of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour.

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Naveed Khalid

Goosebumps

I ne'er knew that heart-rending night
of his far-fetch'd sky;
and what by love this world,
oft so stirring in stillness of the mind,
a 'dance of happy shades' before the sun
of dust-trodden feet in worn-out time,
I count them each at e'ery step of the way,
the-good-old-little children of the book.

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*Republished

Date Created: Thursday, November 21,2013 6: 55: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

Grandpa

What more real than this world to my sightless view,
Brings forth nothing to my mind but my own shadow;
Unless to prove thee virtuous, if not in false pretense,
I'll make believe such words of surpassing wits thy brow,
Ere you know the hand that writ in laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
Of glory that fades away in the west wind's waking hour:
Thus to hang on the wall this sign post, burns at midnight calling,
And each star that grows to eternal bliss, by my love abides,
That beauty's face to my reckoning days be more in the twilight;
The golden compass hath spread her wings to a far-fetched sky,
Spellbound by most things abound in season's breathless rhyme,
Enlightened by the Archangel, thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date created: Wednesday, June 04,2014 4: 38: 50 PM

Naveed Khalid

Greenbrier

And that crow's quill to infect the world with critic's eye,
Of solemn strain such mind upon a barbed-wire;
Still looking into the dark side above his head,
Where least I find, my love by thee most abounds,
To fill the empty space with titanic visions afar:
The red moon but wears the mask of ages that are dead
Against the vaulted sky by two lovers apart;
Of blind looks to my view his same old facade,
Oft makes me sick of this canker and a rose;
And through unintelligible light of a star,
Enlightened by the Archangel's brow,
Full many a day by night in beauty's cold repose.

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Date Created: Monday, May 19,2014 1: 22: 25 PM

Naveed Khalid

Gutenberg

Lord! not least can I think thee better off my mind
that in whose love of woe-begone days
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
beyond the sunrise to my shipwrecked dreams
hath rent this world of thy most high deserts,
shows not half thy part of eyes so blind,
her cherubim Wing of a butterfly in rosemary garden:
besmeared with time upon the page is printed, printed
against blessings of fealty's Apollo at my door,
more temperate than darlling buds of may,
our little john of harplings upon the sand dunes,
that by counting more in prayers at Minerva's golden brow;
unto the stars in secret influence comment
of what I write in thy graceful ease beside the oak
away from departed look in the late evening,
that man-in-the-moon thy gilded monument astounds,
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
a merry-weather day in the mellowing spring.

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Date Created: Friday, January 22,2016 6: 55: 25 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hall Of Fame

Methinks not of so rich thy charms bereft of sight
that half-baked masonry's night,
that hides from eternal a wayfarer's clime
on top of the trees my shipwrecked dreams,
of e'ery departed look at my door this world
before the sun of our common affairs,
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes,
be made new under the bolted sky in the late evening:
of days that are gone by the sea-ashore,
needest not I in nurslings of immortality beside the oak
thy iron car at Matilda's farm in full bright summer
such darling buds of may in my bed of crimson joy
away from high heavens her enchanting slogans of disparity;
ah, in slumbers deep fills me with thy most high deserts
against the wall on high by two lovers dead,
full fathom-five thy battled bones,
of first falling winter snow her night-long love,
much too critic of printing press
some dry leaves of book in autumn,
that day of Christmas eve I still behold under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Monday, July 04,2016 10: 54: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Halloween I

While where e'ery groaning heart to a close afraid
that bewailing night asleep,
the stars in secret influence comment;
of fervent looks this world to my mind still,
much too rendered in age-old grey, my love,
of snow-capped myrtle at sunset of the evening sky,
half-dumb, half-deaf to the ear that in my spilt words
to e'er melting snow by the sea-ashore:
oft marked by what my feathered pen hath writ thrice,
that crow's quill of shipwrecked dreams in heaven's high bower,
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters;
of untread places far-off beyond the sheer scope of sunrise,
to eyes so blind that day of unaltered eye, a foul fawning bay at my door,
too deep for woe in the twilight of thy most high deserts,
e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time,
more blessed of ages that are dead in my bed of crimson joy,
too, but goes soaring high above the dale with pen-pricked angels,
under the bolted sky by the sweat of thy brow,
a drifting dream amiss upon the sand dunes,
agoing, agoing to eternal bliss in waking hour.

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Date Created: Tuesday, May 19,2015 2: 12: 30 PM

Naveed Khalid

Halloween Ii

Never have I found worthy of thy perusal this world
that through such odd sightings to a close afraid,
of e'ery departed look that imagery imbroglio,
hath such subtle thought in reality of the mind;
full glorious sun of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
I sit still watching the skies of thy most high deserts
away from heaven's high bower in rosemary garden,
my pilgrimage to thee under the Archangel's brow,
against bright-lit mirror of thine holy eyen!
some dry autumn leaves of book beside the bed of oak,
needest no dark that by dark bewails the night of snow-capped myrtle,
more temperate than darling buds of may,
along the pavement of cow parsley with pen-pricked angels,
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes,
a host of crowd among daffodils in solemn strain this dull rhyme.

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Date Created: Tuesday, January 05,2016 7: 11: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hallucination Of The Mind

Some stroke of unnerved blood in vein,
a rupture wild from out of no where
that through studded feelings arise
to a perplexity of interlocked assumptions,
most insidious, insensible transitions;
the drum-beats of my heart's Madmax,
too, but stirs the mind in vain,
awhile to stay in this world forlorn
of what I lack in to account for love
of thy most high deserts,
this prison-house of mortal clay,
where I find myself a stranger to myself,
stands alone amidst the debris of ruined ashes:
ah! Then the clock, his same old façade
of worn-out time to a shadowless nothing,
more by counting in prayers I behold,
makes haste e'ery fawning bay at my door,
agoing, agoing in Hades of a star
all my thought's most eloquent other
against the sky in my country rhymes!

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 02,2014 3: 53: 03 PM

Title Revised: From Hallucination To A Hallucination of the Mind

Naveed Khalid

Hamlet

Love of parting looks to this world forlorn,
that through studded feelings arise
this bonanza of yore dream to bloody tyrant time;
so sickening to the bones of unnerved blood in vein,
of eyes so blind in the mellowing year of spring;
I deny thee most by such quirks of the mind,
ah, but in dismal shades of age-old grey,
violet blues that melt in lover's breath, sweet maid,
of blushed roses her cheeks in full-bright summer:
oft by beauty more of crimson firehurst that wedded night,
of crow's quill my darkened days as marigold in autumn;
more blessed of ages that are dead by the sea-ashore,
where else you cast thine holy eyen to untread places far-off,
of may morning dew her eyes be wet upon the sand dunes,
a foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
blind of looks so fair a fiery Faust at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 13,2015 2: 25: 56 PM

* Inception of seven more lines from line # eleven onwards, and republished with modification on Saturday, May 16,2015 1: 41: 08 PM, to a sixteen liner poem.

Naveed Khalid

Hamstead

Of such bewitching looks to my mind still
thy iron frame, hangs a picture by the wall,
of a village girl against a pastoral background,
that e'ery falling star in winter cold
to my love hath rent this world,
of ages that are dead in summer's prime,
more temperate than darling buds of May:
behold! that beauty's belligerent smile,
a sneer of cold command at Beulah's night,
brings forth nothing but to my sightless view,
her seraph wings of gold, darkly lit in thy abode.

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Date Created: Monday, July 21,2014 12: 07: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Harbinger I

Of sweet-scented silence in the mellowing year of spring,
That from summer's eve to season's breathless rhyme;
Oft I beget from high heavens along pen-pricked angels,
So sweetly wed to my thought by the crow's quill, my mind,
Not least in precise measure to account for love
Against e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
This world uneclipsed of thy most high deserts:
Bespeaks of nothing but thy unattended presence,
Unawares of what goes soaring high above the dale;
The last dance of happy shades upon the strand of still waters,
I fain would bring to the page of so porous as the eyes
To a star-lit night in fair aspect of cold repose:
E'ery fig leaf in autumn wind ere thine unweird eye,
More temperate than darling buds of May by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Thursday, September 18,2014 5: 21: 54 PM

Naveed Khalid

Harbinger II

Of impeding shadow this world beside
my shipwrecked dreams,
that in waste of words to bloody tyrant time,
I still hold dear her enchanting slogans of disparity
o'er the wall on high in the mellowing year of spring,
oft marked by what I write by the sweat of thy brow,
too deep for woe my darkened days to some rivulet blue,
barred of such looks so fair that elbow room by thee alone:
that in fair aspect of cold repose to my decaying form abides,
that crow's quill of unhindered scope to light, love and beauty.

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Date Created: Friday, April 10,2015 6: 35: 46 PM

Naveed Khalid

Harvest Moon I

Lo! this last of leaf against thine eye,
Fell from myrtle in her bed on summer's eve;
That through golden Minerva's autumn breath
Bespeaks of my love for thee, that evening sky,
And still makes the sun shine across heaven and earth,
By day is cast out, by night a shadow
Of candle-lit stars before the holy-moly moon,
Her bewildering attire is in my wings of poesy.

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Date Created: hursday, January 24,2013 5: 09: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Harvest Moon II

Not mere by those phantasmal reflexes
Of the electric spirits in thy abode;
But while in presence of all that is writ
Against the wall of two lovers dead:
Must I from such abandonment seek refuge
In what by the voice of tongue-tied Muse,
This deserted line is marked by time for love,
Of good old days hid in a far-fetch'd sky,
Rest content be oblivion of sun's bewilderment,
That cool'd in the west wind of eternal silence,
And woe-begone dreams at the harvest moon,
Behold! how in waking hours are bereft of sight.

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Naveed Khalid

Harvesting

The sad account of love that to my mind still
in winter cold, of unsaid words,
a strained note that fell out of hand,
of unnerved blood in vein;
and of bewitching looks her reckoning days,
at break of day arise, all red-eyed sun
of our hopes and dreams in hurtlings of past woe,
against time's tickling toes
to debarr at heaven's gate, my bride,
full ripe gourd of hazel nuts in summer's prime!
I, too, can unfold from history's yellow pages,
a fig leaf of autumn upon e'ery golden bough,
made new that half-baked masonry's star-lit night;
else beneath the sheer taut surface
of vegetable plantations, a broccoli,
barefooted you tread the mundane shell
by the sea ashore;
where cowslip spreads her seraph wings
under the harvest moon, I plough! I plough!

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Naveed Khalid

Hawk On Wings

Me too hath passed that age of crimson joy,
that in summer's prime to my e'er living memory;
oft looks on tempests to that day of unaltered eye,
of what I write to my eyes so blind in Hades of a star,
against the sun in deep azure to my mind still
of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour!
This world of wanton tapestry at thy throne,
Alas, but too shall fade ere thine unweird eye.

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Date Created: Friday, November 07,2014 1: 16: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Heaven's Oasis O'er The Dale

Of nocturnal grace her charms beget I
in nurslings of immortality,
needest not at midnight lease
such darling insights of skipped beat,
her stumbled feet beyond the sunrise;
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dreams
in the backyard of rosemary garden,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath:
oft steal looks by love-sick thought on thee,
of fealty's Apollo at my door this world,
no dark can e'er illumine under the Archangel's brow,
beside the oak in the late evening,
I my feet hath tread the mundane shell,
all wrapped in Hades of a star,
that crow in whose crippled countenance,
squirrels make hoards in haystack of woods,
cuckoos sing to eternal bliss with pen-pricked angels,
against mirror of thy most high deserts,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Monday, January 25,2016 7: 14: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hobby-Horse

O horrible, horrible, awhile but to think on thee,
Behind the corner of that street along the corridor,
Of such stuff that arise from sneer of cold command;
I could see through the window-pane of rose-coloured glasses
That man-in-the-moon with old baggage,
Carry a satchel on his way back to school;
The carpet upon half-way between his iron-poker,
Treads the mundane shell in heaven's high bower:
That in the back of my mind to e'er melting snow,
Too, but bends the world at my door of rosemary garden,
Of cherubim Wing to heaven sings, my love, by the sweat of thy brow,
That crow's quill beside, at sunset of the evening sky;
Of unhindered scope to light, bereft of eyes so blind,
To untread places far-off thy most high deserts upon the sand dunes,
Of blackened earth's infernal grave against bloody tyrant time,
Shall ne'er wake me from this dream of yore,
A horse-on-saddle at his knee touched the ground, too deep for woe,
Makes beauteous my nights by day's toil too bright,
Twice by far removed from thee upon the page is printed, printed,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Date Created: Saturday, June 13,2015 7: 23: 51 PM

*Some of the lines re-arranged and republished

Naveed Khalid

Holy! Holy!

This Daedelian image in thy solemn mien,
of Andromeda Galaxy, BX 442,
has but a star fixed in the constellations,
a broken shaft's feathered mast at north,
that grows by goosebumps of e'ery pouring shadow;
and an imprint of forfeited dark
through thine holy eye!
feeds upon a hundred moths a day,
sunburnt dream of the world
to illumine in ecstasy of love,
around the lamp of elliptical illusions.

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Date Created: Saturday, July 05,2014 7: 20: 46 PM

Naveed Khalid

House Martin I

House Martin

No sooner than he looked in the mirror
of thine eye, against the wall from on high,
took the reflection for himself, and fell
from the pedestal of thy throne, Master!
but who can e'er see without thy presence,
decked above in deep azure of Falcon's ring;
always on wings of time thy star-lit sky,
unhinder'd by whate'er comes in sight of thee;
and most probably that perfect moment,
when everything is still in sunburnt eyes,
that beauty's face brings forth a light so pure
from heaven, at the expense of nature,
which long since hath fled by house martin's wing,
will never return from thy love of another:
the world stands alone in reverse reflexion,
whence first step he tread along the seashore,
all boats let loose their strings from anchor'd rhyme;
while I to whom this song bestow'd with grace,
pluck'd by more beats be played upon at thy feet
than that folk tale of the harp can afford.

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Date Created: January 29,2013

Naveed Khalid

House Martin II

House Martin II

When death's toll is too high
against bloody tyrant time,
of e'ery parting look this world
to a land of fairies abides by thee alone,
that to my mind still my shipwrecked dreams
of love-sick thought on thee by the sea-ashore,
too deep for woe in vain words thy spell to cast out
of honey-bees in the bower:
oft marked by what I write beyond the sunrise,
I behold that crow's quill at the pedestal of thy throne,
more bright than e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
of furrowed fields in the harvest moon;
along the pavement of cow parsley in e'er melting snow,
to my eyes so blind upon the sand dunes of golden tress his hair,
scarlet-jewels of masonry's night through the staircase window of the wall,
still in autumn leaves unfold a dust-covered page of thy book,
away from out of sight in Hades of a star,
the Eagle on wings by the countryside
that day of unaltered eye thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Thursday, April 30,2015 7: 01: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hummingbird By The Window Sill

Why wouldst I pluck at thy heart strings
of e'ery throbbing beat such quirks of the mind,
played upon a barbed wire
in solemn or strain this dull rhyme,
of broken mast-shaft at north;
her stumbled feet to my shipwrecked dreams,
small minions from out of nowhere arise, arise,
pricked with a furr coat upon the sand dunes
in silent hours of soliloquy
those pearls that never come out to the surface,
her enchanting slogans of disparity, maestro sing!
beside the oak some dry leaves of book in autumn,
away from high heavens by the western isle,
above the mundane, half-way between the carpet upon,
oft on clover-tops but hangs a golden bough,
not least be worthy of thy perusal thy most high deserts
at midnight lease a soring thumb impression,
our little john, of plaintive looks in full bright summer,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown in the late evening:
see! how else I so fairly lost sight of thee, sweet maid,
that in melodious accents I, I am still musing o'er the dale,
hung aloft the ghastly night in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Friday, March 11,2016 9: 12: 46 PM

Friday, March 11,2016 9: 24: 35 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hymn To Morning

Then, this world that to a land of fairies abides,
That to my well-contented day be still
Of unnerved blood in vein to old-formed memory,
Much too less of what I thought, contented least
To account for love of thy most high deserts,
That forfeited dark in Hades of a star:
Oft on clover tops but hangs a golden bow,
Besmeared with pen-pricked angels through studded feelings arise,
A foul fawning bay at my door of morning's pure serene,
Has a hold me height, alas, but to overtly night;
E'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead,
Some vulgar paper to rehearse from out of the blues in still waters,
Agoing, agoing in waste of words my mind to that day of unaltered eye,
More temperate than darling buds of May in summer's prime
Ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers,
Of candle-lit stars in the mirror, thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date created: Friday, December 19,2014 4: 30: 50 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hymnal

Then, this world of thy most high deserts
upon the sand dunes,
of clay and wattle-made thistles
by the stream,
a bristletail of her cherubim Wing no heart can afford,
above the skyline in a smudge of colours dissolve
e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
half-way between the carpet upon a mundane shell:
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words, my love, of eyes so blind;
a horse-on-saddle at his knee touched the ground!
in dismal shades of age-old grey beyond the sunrise,
that crow in whose ruffled feathers,
under the canopy of a hut in the late evening,
the Eagle on wings, on wings still musing o'er the dale,
no dark can e'er illumine beside the oak,
of fealty's Apollo tolls the bell at my door,
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
our little john with pen-pricked angels,
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dreams
at Minerva's golden brow!
where squirrels make hoards in haystack and straw,
cuckoos sing to eternal bliss in the stable lay barefooted.

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Date Created: Monday, February 01,2016 12: 54: 20 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hyperbole

Let me first remove thee of all
vicissitudes of the sky,
that in vague impressions of poetry,
before my eyes in the public eye,
so sickening to the bones my love
of unnerved blood in vein:
a pensive feeling to fill my heart
with so much of extravaganza,
whiggery! of thy presence more,
and more beauty of things abound,
pours forth in e'erything,
false quirks of the mind in ill-omen
this empty mirror to the star hath rent a veil,
to where the world of your dreamland,
goes soaring high above the dale,
of untread places in waste hands of time.

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*Republished

Date Created: Wednesday, April 16,2014 2: 22: 23 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hypnosis

How so vaguely hid away from my view this world,
That with all its presences no such matters;
And in the reality of things I can feel in my bones
What a dog am I who sees not his Master!
The sun is on his course to so many lovely things,
Full array'd in line with time's unfathomable sea,
Not yet drown'd in imaginable space of my mind;
But what still lies beyond the bliss of five senses,
His love of cold repose in all encompassing eye,
Of looks more blessed, be in need of a belated sight
Than what by stars you behold in the night sky,
Not in the mirror, stands witness to thy beauty alone.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 04,2013 2: 15: 21 PM

*(Previous title Hallucination Revised)

Naveed Khalid

I Am A Spoil

Of no use in vain words to account for love,
that in largess of some thought
to my decaying form abides,
her lichens of desire in modern electra
of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind
through studded feelings arise
from out of the blues in still waters;
my feet half-sunk in stony ripples
of what in thy presence most abounds:
the crow's quill beside, hisbiscus that grow in violet hues,
away from out of sight in Hades of a star
against that forfeited dark more bright
than what I write through e'eryday happenings;
oft in precious minutes waste this world of far-off places,
alas, too but less travelled by my untread feet,
moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour
than if from a bowl of stars you drink,
that in secret influence comment,
I fain would bring to the page to confide with thee alone.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 25,2014 1: 57: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Igloo

Of woe-begone days that by love too deep
her violet blues in the grey evening,
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise;
to e'er melting snow my shipwrecked dreams,
that crow's quill beside, of broken mast-shaft at north,
besmeared with time some such snowflakes in winter cold
against the harvest moon by the sweat of thy brow,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown ere thine unweird eyes.

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Date Created: Monday, August 03,2015 2: 18: 42 PM

Naveed Khalid

Imagination

There is more to the poet's eye
than I can write on the page;
but what you can read
always lives in the imagination,
that in my writings less,
and more than you can see
is the line upon the world- -
the world in reality of the mind.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 12,2012 3: 01: 26 PM

Date Created: Friday, March 24,2017.6: 47 PM
reverted to original poem

Naveed Khalid

Immaculate

No dark that by dark can bewail the night,
That by love more bright e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind;
To heaven-ward bent that waking star, illumines the world,
Of ages that are dead under the Archangel's brow,
Uneclipsed of looks so fair, my mind, darkly lit in thy abode,
More blessed by what I write of thy unattended presence,
That in summer's eve shall never fade ere thine unweird eye:
Lo! more temperate than darling buds of May, my reckoning days,
Twice by far removed from thee in enchanting slogans of disparity;
So sickening to the bones, my love, of unnerved blood in vein,
Not least to count thee more so through e'ery pouring shadow,
Under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree that lives by thee alone.

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Date Created: Thursday, August 07,2014 2: 55: 41 PM

Naveed Khalid

Immortal

No mortal look to my love have I
That in Hades of a star,
This world of thy most high deserts
Against the wall to my eyes so blind by what I write,
Opes a garden unto my unweird eye;
Uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
Moves afoot to eternal bliss in seraph wings of gold:
Full rich splendour of season's breathless rhyme,
Full many a posy for thy garland;
Where blue-bells hang upon e'ery corner of the street,
A mistletoe that shakes with darling buds of May,
Enthralled by the beauty of unhindered light.

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Date Created: Tuesday, September 02,2014 11: 59: 19 AM

Naveed Khalid

Incantation I

When from heaven's high bower,
oft am bereaved of light,
that you in such subtle thought
are out and about, hath becharmed the skies;
and what in beauty of things I behold,
goes blind by alluring looks to the sun,
bereft of sight my untread dream
of a falling star in winter cold;
while nothing but love of eternal spirit
is bound by One Great Mind:
else me too unworthy of thy perusal
not alone, to desecrate thine holy eyen!

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Date Created: Monday, February 10,2014.3: 19: 44 PM

Title Revised: From Incantation I To A Mind Map

Naveed Khalid

Incantation Ii

Else by such glory o'er all else you reign thus,
what by that journey of the mind alone,
would deter me of this, that without thee
this world can ne'er surpass thy wit, nor I
in whose thought thy presence hath stars more blessed
than to celebrate with us thy holy birth;
you first set ablaze the sun, away from out of sight
let time agoing ahead; thy feet to tread
where but a bower hangs still o'er my head
my heart thy throne above heaven's abode
prince of light! by one look of love this page is lit
against all that is in heaven and earth.

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Date Created: Wednesday, JULY 31,2013.9: 55: 04 PM

Title Revised: From Incantation II To A Egg Head

Naveed Khalid

Incorporeal

Where that bed of crimson joy in favour with the star
Of thy most high deserts,
Under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
that still abides by thee alone, my love
Of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind:
Needst no darkling insight to bewail the night;
This world that in haystack of woods
To illumine more bright by what I write,
A burning goblet in the rainforest, lost in the twilight,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light, I behold! I behold!

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Naveed Khalid

Infinity

That green mug of coffee with an ear,
what a graceful stance you hold to the sea;
among old folks of an ordinary man,
whose youthful love goes out of his hand,
that the pen hath writ her suitable boy,
a perfect image of thy infinite mind,
rocks the world with a rocking chair;
and by counting more I write thee less
than what lies buried in the forest deep,
has nothing in the world of what by love
you think fore'er be thy lady fair.

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Date Created: Friday, October 18,2013 4: 12: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Insomnia

When all else fades away in the back of my mind,
and nothing that I behold in the unseen world
of your reality, a vertigo of your dream,
remains but a drag of suspended consciousness,
of what is still hung aloft the ghastly night:
then I think what beauty be of use
to such trifle things that I write,
of less beats than my heart can afford
against e'ery changing face before the sun,
which by days to love for more reflection,
not through my glass I'll show thee,
be more temperate than summer.

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Naveed Khalid

Inspiration

What great things of the mind,
I bring forth out of sight,
Are not of sense impression made;
But shut out in fathom-five,
Such layers of meaning unfold,
That not in my verse you'd find,
Which before you know, hath fled
By my wings of poesy;
And you have to make a journey first,
Until you can say this footstep I hath tread.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 58: 24 PM

Naveed Khalid

Intuition

Oft that by love of old formed memory
has but beauty's look so fair,
that to my sightless view brings forth
nothing more than what I write,
of eyes so blind in darksome dungeon,
a desert rose, by the world of drifting dreams amiss;
I'll make some procession awake to thy call,
and by nights and days in worn-out time,
her light be spent in pure heaven:
thus, whether I see the picture or not,
what it matters, and who'll see
the mirror that is still in need of an eye.

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*Republished

Date Created on: Sunday, January 05,2014 3: 19: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Invisibility

You never let reality define you
by your dreams;
but through love you create
things of beauty:
you see what you paint,
as if the eyes are that you
long for- -
though none is there to see,
except you, you know,
how to get paint'd be
in darkness, expos'd by light,
for blest imagery,
poetry pours like rain,
and whatever is writ,
is writ in vain.

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*Republished

Date Created: Friday, July 20,2012 4: 58: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Invisible Gnomes

God hath made these valleys wild,
streams that flow to eternal bliss,
and the birds are ever on wings;
everything by the time in thy presence,
is slipping away from our hands,
by the day to arise without a song:
for nothing in silence is hid from thee,
that in such reverence of thy sanctity,
this wall of our shared benevolence
makes me wonder at who I am;
but you to myself a stranger
in whose company by the common grave
this world is of another land,
of our promised heaven,
long expired in antiquity of some ancient folks,
whom, they say, have hardly ever existed,
where by a natural deity in the making,
they are still trying to make me believe.

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Date Created: Wednesday, April 20,2016.2: 33 PM

* Look, Chickney! Sun "DAY" _hun han hee haan

* only for family: Bal: 10 _use 1210

*BlackXho ho" _SA: TWO/ Five

* They have a poisoned ear drum!

Naveed Khalid

Island In The Moon

Me alone upon the road to Denver hills,
near the pine forest,
much toiled by day's labour by the sea-ashore,
half-dumb, half-deaf to the ear in my shipwrecked dreams,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise;
this world of e'ery groaning heart to a close afraid
at the height of losing my inner cool,
of eyes so blind in full-bright summer:
the clock at nine tolls the bell at my door,
oft swayed by the west wind in autumn, my love,
of thy most high deserts at sunset of the evening sky,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes
to e'er melting snow that day of unaltered eye,
too but goes soaring high above the dale
against that forfeited dark in Hades of a star,
that crow's quill of weird mask in my spilt words.

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Date Created: Saturday, May 30,2015 6: 50: 15 PM

Naveed Khalid

Isle Of Man Ii

Must I break this American Dream
of thy most high deserts,
that shows not half thy part to eyes so blind,
of what all to weird in nurslings of immortality to count I
my age-old love at sunset of the evening sky,
brings forth unto my sightless view this world
of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
ah, but in dull hours of the night to a close afraid:
to illumine more bright the sun in deep azure,
I behold at the pedestal of thy throne in waking hour,
that in full abundance of thy presence alone,
oft makes such visitations in my counting prayers,
to that day of unaltered eye under the canopy of a hut,
more blessed of ages that are dead by the sea-ashore,
a compassed ark of broken mast-shaft at north,
that crow's quill in thy graceful ease to thee suffice.

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Date Created: Monday, April 27,2015 7: 42: 24 PM

Naveed Khalid

It's Time To Check The Clock

See not I thy fair interlocks
of golden tress her hair,
that thy story unfold
many a star-lit nights,
full glorious sun of our common affairs,
walking on the moon
at sunset of the evening sky:
ere thy charms of living breath to eternal bliss
be made new love-song of the harplings!
but you in whose lichens of desire
my woe-begone days are spent;
bereaved of light that in full abundance
of thy presence alone,
I find myself at odds with pen-pricked angels,
rest content be oblivion of some dry leaves
of book in the backyard of my garden,
lacks the show of this world
that without thee nothing is enough
to count more thy blessings in my prayer.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 12,2015 2: 54: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Jasmine I

This world is nothing but a mirror
of what I can see not through mind's eye,
such subtle thought in reverse reflexion
goes blind of his own shadow:
e'ery fair face that grows by day's toil
of yonder looks, thy gilded monument astounds;
and reflects not in vain words her Beulah's night,
that uncharted depths of beauty alone
hath rent this star by two lovers dead!
I still am looking, looking in thy abode
that love of my unforgettable times,
will but remind you of this that I know not
what unseen hand or eye would bring to the page,
printed twice, lost in the whorlwind of empty sands,
far removed from all vicissitudes of the sky,
the very image of you, eyeless, I love most.

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Date Created: Saturday, May 03,2014 3: 16: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Jasmine Ii

What needest I in much too wreckage of a nerve
this strained note,
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise,
her enchanting slogans of disparity,
of woe-begone days in waste of words, my mind,
still catching up with those flies you'd them beaker full
of snow-capped myrtle under the Archangel's brow
hath rent at midnight lease in waking hour
e'ery flower upon a barren heath this world
of my shipwrecked dreams to becharm the skies
of thy most high deserts with pen-pricked angels,
that fair youth in whose love each day I live, each night die;
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes, my love,
seekest no revenge in time's tickling toes that tolls the bell
at my door of hundred years from hence,
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality.

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Date Created: Friday, December 25,2015 10: 27: 49 PM
Friday, December 25,2015 10: 30: 12 PM
Friday, December 25,2015 10: 37: 14 PM
Friday, December 25,2015 10: 37: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Jelly Beans

Would that this world be erased
of all eyes,
all vicissitudes of the sky!
that to beauty the star hath rent,
my love, of what I can see not,
goes blind to the eye,
to the ending doom of poetry,
pours forth in e'erything,
and upon the page is printed, printed...

Naveed Khalid

Jocund Dance In Jolly Days

Needest not I such loving looks of parted hair
upon the sand dunes,
of ready-drawn arrow in beauty's prime;
the stars in secret influence comment
of thy most high deserts beside the oak,
ere in the mellowing spring her charms!
be of no use such scope to find those blushed roses,
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dreams,
against heaven's high bower at Minerva's golden brow:
above the mundane in the late evening;
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in rosemary garden,
of ages that are dead in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
bereft of eyes this world ere thine holy eye,
more temperate than darling buds of may
away from what you hide from eternal,
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality.

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Date Created: Tuesday, February 23,2016 2: 15: 21 PM

Tuesday, February 23,2016 2: 19: 05 PM

Naveed Khalid

Justice Blind

I am not history's child,
Remember no dates or events,
Nor no King's subject am I.
I am but a child of two days old,
Who is slain with arrows & spears
And sold out for a few shillings
At the hands of a bunch of fools,
Who in their happiness more happiness seek;
When they drain my blood out of veins
ah, fill the cup, the wine of life to the last drop
of vintage, fix upon me their pains & miseries permanent,
That in their deliverance twice have I paid,
But for the sins I have never committed.
Hear out my case, me Lord, and adjourn the court.
You bear witness to thy high ministers,
And supreme most pen-prick'd angels,
Record the wrong-doings, say, order, order,
For I am the Judge and I am the Law:
Let all the glory be to my foes,
Yet can't they leave me to my woes? !

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Date Created: Tuesday, September 13,2011 1: 23: 55 AM

*

Naveed Khalid

Kabbalah

What use this verse, this vision
of a far-fetched sky?
that if it bewails the night;
and of pouring shadows mine eye,
e'erything but stirrs the mind,
my thought no more than the reality
of this world, by thought alone to prove,
so sickening to the bones my love,
needs no witness in thy name,
Lord of my vassalage! by thee suffice,
all that is in the heaven and earth of dappled things.

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Date Created: Friday, May 02,2014 5: 04: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Knighthood

Methinks dark too hath some use
at midnight lease,
e'ery freaking shadow of woe-begone days
that tolls the bell at my door
of rosemary garden;
not least in vague impressions of poetry,
besmeared with time of eclipsed doom
can e'er illumine my shipwrecked dreams:
away from e'ery departed look
my love of thy most high deserts,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
beside the bed of oak in the late evening;
awakes a wonder in thine holy eyes, sweet maid,
of ages that are dead under the Archangel's brow,
this world that shows not half thy part,
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise,
above the skyline in a smudge of colours dissolve,
some dry leaves in my bed of crimson joy;
hung aloft the ghastly night, our little John,
still plays on, plays on upon the sand dunes.

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Date Created: Sunday, January 10, 2016 7: 22: 26 PM
Sunday, January 10, 2016 7: 27: 58 PM
Sunday, January 10, 2016 8: 17: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Kohinoor

What in tribute to her Muse of old
my feather'd pen hath writ,
that peacock-plum'd crown
of ten thousand & one Jewel a night;
and upon this wall of paint'd sky
for poetry competition:
I never knew be so renowned,
that our Queen shall wear her head.

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Date Created: Saturday, August 24,2013 3: 32: 15 PM

Naveed Khalid

La Rose

What is in a name? that by any other name
A rose in proportion would still be a rose,
Unaccounted for love; but by no other attribute
Can have such a proposition, that by argument
His wit be proved where no wit is but pure heaven!
Our esteem'd poet Shakespeare had that in mind
When he defined him for one such evidence,
Far remov'd of two witnesses from any claim
On his name, for whom many a love lost
At the hands of a bunch of fools who loved thee so,
That by nature's torpid desires is rendered numb:
This prophecy Merlin shall make before I go;
For I, my love, hath long abandon'd, that my bed
Be laid among those who have died in thy name.

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Date Created: 7/18/2013/

* reviewed: Thursday, August 06,2015 10: 02: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

La-Di-Dah, La-Di-Dah

Need not I to e'er think on thee,
that in silent hours of the night,
tinged with stars of old in full-bright summer;
has a hold me height in heaven's high bower,
that esteemed dart of thy most high deserts,
hath stretched across a golden bow, my age-old love,
in the backyard of a garden,
that basest cloud to bear upon the sand dunes:
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon,
oft from out of no where arise, arise ere thine unweird eye,
e'ery fair from thy fairest brow in my spilt words,
of what I write in thy presence alone to thee suffice.

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Date Created: Wednesday, September 02,2015 4: 53: 23 PM

Naveed Khalid

Laissez Faire

This world that by looking more to my mind still
of another rent at midnight lease;
a far-fetched sky of e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
beset against time's waking hour
of thy unattended presence,
that in favour with the star of thy most high deserts,
oft blinds the eye through e'ery pouring shadow
than to illumine more bright, my love
of fair forms from thy fairest brow,
uneclipsed of wanton tapestry at thy throne:
of plumed hat-on-knees in ruffled feathers,
twice by far removed from thee such darling insights;
unlooked for love my Lord's light ere thine unweird eye,
more temperate than darling buds of May.

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* Republished:

Date Created: Saturday, August 16,2014 5: 25: 50 P

Naveed Khalid

Lampost

Where but in my heart you dwell,
at a supreme seat of emotions,
oft express'd in words
by a sensibility of love;
untouch'd by what I least possess,
a pure heaven, a native land of fairies!
but O that stumbl'd feet!
a crowd stampeded the throne,
and a crown in my hands
slipp'd away in dessert sands,
that by counting more in time,
less by light is spent;
for when I write you,
I write you more with love.

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*Republished

Date Created: Monday, December 10,2012 3: 08: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Lapis Lazuli I

I am an amateur poet:
I've been doing poetry in my head
since childhood,
but know not if it's e'er going to end,
not as long as the babe lies
in a cup-shelled flower,
for his lady would inspire,
her name is Lapis Lazuli,
the JEWEL of October's wintry night,
still hangs to the mast-shaft at north
in heaven's high bower,
the autumn wind that blows,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words,
too deep for woe,
turns syllables upside down;
or with the re-post tell us
what she first shared with him in infancy,
those thin violet vapours, blow them too!
'til poetry flows through him,
like early morning dew,
as if he resists to grow
in the light of the sun;
the old man watches him
from the corner of his eye;
his clips of winged poesy,
twice by far removed from thee,
upon the page is printed, printed.

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Date Created: Thursday, February 02,2012 5: 42: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Lapis Lazuli II

Oh, woman of such plaintive looks,
a secret winding-stair unfolds,
many a broken heart to a close afraid,
all dressed up in her thought, my mind,
of so darkly drowned enigma of yore dream,
too deep for woe by the sweat of thy brow
beyond whom no one can see,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words:
much too strained note in wreckage of a nerve,
bedtime stories tell between her lip and desire,
to account for love of thy most high deserts,
that crow's quill in yellow-pages of history.

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Date Created: Monday, May 25,2015 4: 52: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

Last Night Blues I

This that you know not by what cruel hand or eye,
that in age-old love of worn-out time,
sticks out his head through the staircase window
of a wall on high, above the archway;
a little mermaid sat on the stone of Bohan,
of golden tress her hair beside the clover beach,
like some soring thumb impressions,
oft marked by heavy daubs of colour in oily skin
to e'ery passer-by in dusty feet
from the corner of a street forty seven;
barefooted you tread the mundane shell
upon the strand of still waters:
not in all eternity of my country rhymes,
of what in vain words I seek to write
e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
more bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye
than that forfeited dark in hurtlings of past woe,
a youngman from Verona in nurslings of immortality,
I could see hung aloft the ghastly night.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 15, 2014 8: 49: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

Last Night Blues II

Me not much accustomed to such darkly insights,
that in modern electra of thy most high deserts,
of eyes so blind through e'ery pouring shadow at break of day arise,
that crow's quill of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
oft withered in foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels;
as marigold in autumn, my love, at midnight lease in waking hour
along the pavement of cow parsley e'ery falling star in winter cold,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon my shipwrecked dreams:
ah, all too weird with day's toil the sun in deep azure
hath rendered numb my novice feeling to fill my heart with love
of what lies buried in yellow-pages of history,
but to thee suffice all the panorama of this world,
hung aloft the ghastly night o'er the wall on high,
of what I write upon the sand dunes more bright,
goes soaring high above the dale a drifting dream amiss,
to think thee better off my mind at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Friday, March 27,2015 3: 33: 57 PM

□

Naveed Khalid

Lavender

No more by what you think I can ne'er know,
Such subtle thought in reverse reflexion,
That by e'ery fair face you still behold,
And to my mind hath weaved
A laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
Of all vicissitudes of the sky!
Not least to desecrate thine holy eye, love,
Something to wonder at thy golden brow;
The world is deemed to uplift the veil
Of what by night to stars hath rent,
This mirror that shows not half thy part,
Doth thy age-old visage hide.

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*Republished

Date Created: Saturday, April 05,2014 2: 23: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Leaves Of Autumn Ii

Of unsaid word too deep for woe,
that by writing more
of people from around the world,
I, too, find myself at odds with what I least contend,
many a thought on thee;
away from my mind still in gentle grace of beauty's fair,
of eyes so blind to unending doom of poetry,
pours forth in e'erything from out of nowhere:
a toast of some unknown 'xo' like a party animal;
waiting to hear the church bell toll
against love's most high deserts,
from out of the blues in still waters,
moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour,
of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
thy most eloquent other in a drop of tear,
ah, but to thee suffice at sunset of the evening sky,
my reckoning days more bright to count I
by the sweat of thy brow too soon shall fade,
agoing, agoing to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Tuesday, February 03,2015 4: 36: 48 PM

* This poem updated on Friday, February 06,2015 1: 39: 25 PM, commending to 19 lines instead of 16 or 17.

Naveed Khalid

Lines Written On Darien Peak I

Of yonder looks this world that by gilded monument,
Has but in dismal shades a silver lining;
And that journey of the mind above the skyline,
Oft mark'd by what you hide under the bower,
Of snow-capped Myrtle in age-old Beulah's night;
Whereby first look of the sun at morn on Darien Peak,
From the sullen earth arise, too deep for woe,
That our hopes and dreams upon the orient wave,
Of sunburnt faces, all break loose their oars to thee,
Against many a glorious sight, full of stars, thine eye,
So darkly lit ashore in timeless tide of the sea,
The golden brow by sunset of the evening sky.

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Naveed Khalid

Lines Written On Darien Peak Ii

Oft have I visited that museum along the corridor
under the canopy of a hut;
a little above the archway
through the staircase window of the wall,
that tree-trunk of cut-out branches for a mural;
or an off-shoot of our forefathers' heir at arm's distance,
serves a winding path unto the top of the hill,
wherefrom a clear picture of the fedora of your dream,
I could see you sit still brooding o'er the dale;
apart from all the panorama of this world:
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
the deep rooted stigmata of her vineyard
would spread leaves of autumn in nurslings of immortality;
all wrapped in wrinkled lip of cow's parsley,
my lady's poster beside the nest of hoarding banners,
they say, bespeaks her enchanting slogans of disparity- -
while a chariot-sun drags a wheel to the door,
stuck up in a rut of stalked mud from the homeland;
my feet half-sunk in stony ripples by the sea-ashore,
enwrought with the star of thy most high deserts:
the crow's quill in thy hand, too, shall move afoot
towards a mast-shaft of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: September 14,2014.

Naveed Khalid

Lion's Heart

I'll not think in vain words of how else
thy beauty's fair be loved more,
of such sweet-scented silence,
less be measured in bronze or gold
than thy blessings of departed looks;
that to my mind still in the late evening,
e'ery graceful ease by love-sick thought on thee,
be made to wear out soon at Minerva's golden brow:
her Cherubim Wing in high heavens,
away from wanton tapestry at thy throne,
against bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts,
this world of my shipwrecked dreams
under the canopy of a hut,
hath weaved a thread of silken-satin around my head
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
that crow's quill beside dry leaves of book in autumn,
of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour,
that by the sweat of thy brow with pen-pricked angels,
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 09,2015 5: 29: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Little Man, Little Man

Sleep on, Sleep on to such odd sightings,
that of dumb ear in slumbers deep,
e'ery loving look that becharms the skies;
beyond the sunrise to my shipwrecked dreams
hath rent at midnight lease a star, my love,
of thy most high deserts upon the sand dunes,
away from subtle reality of this world forlorn;
where I my heart hath fed with a voice of airy nothing,
bony-clad, hand in hand we walked a mile:
of untread feet her skipped beat speaks of days
that are gone in whirlwind of quickening haste to my bed,
beneath the sheer taut surface, a broccoli,
weary with toil in secret influence comment,
filled with love of starry wheels from dust covered page
of thy book in withered leaves at sunset;
sticks out his head like a soring thumb impressions,
no dark can e'er illumine with pen-pricked angels,
of ages that are dead against the harvest moon,
a horse's hair from off abroad served a painter's art,
that crow's quill picks crumbs at my windowsill.

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Date Created: Thursday, November 26,2015 3: 54: 01 PM

Thursday, November 26,2015 4: 04: 49 PM

Thursday, November 26,2015 4: 14: 25 PM

Thursday, November 26,2015 4: 22: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

Little Shakespeare

(Homage to the sad demise of 'Little Shakespeare')

Methought no fair aspect in winter cold
Of e'ery falling star to bloody tyrant time,
That to my e'er living memory at break of day arise;
More blest of ages that are dead to account for love
Of thy most high deserts under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
To morning's pure serene in waste of words, my mind,
Against that forfeited dark to my eyes so blind:
This world of what in thy presence most abounds,
Oft in dismal shades of age-old grey, a titanic vision afar,
Pours forth in e'erything from earth's infernal grave
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy;
A foul fawning bay at my door, bewails the night,
Away from out of sight to that day of unaltered eye,
I fain would bring to the page from out of the blues in still waters.

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Date Created: Sunday, November 30,2014 7: 27: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

Loki

Thus, by far more to the sea that golden compass,
hath weaved around my head
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown;
so sickening to the bones, my love, of eyes so blind,
needest no light at sunset of the evening sky,
that crow's quill beside my shipwrecked dreams
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
above a firehurst, where he besate to becharm the skies,
not least by dark bewails the night:
the sun of our common affairs in nurslings of immortality,
goes loitering around the world by the west-wind in autumn;
I fain would bring to the page under the Archangel's brow,
ah, awhile but to think on thee o'er the wall on high,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon,
that forfeited dark in Hades of a star,
of some such snowflakes in winter cold to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Friday, July 10,2015 9: 32: 07 PM

*Loki: People's God

Naveed Khalid

Love Knows No Bounds

The setting sun in drowsy numbness
goes to bed but of late,
beside the oak tree among freshly sown seeds,
full ripe gourd of some hazel-nuts in my account;
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream,
that predestined star of thy most high deserts,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes
to e'er melting snow by the sea-ashore:
of woe-begone love to my shipwrecked dreams,
opes a garden unto my unweird eye, sweet maid.

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Date Created: Date Created: Monday, August 10,2015 1: 09 PM

Naveed Khalid

Love Letter To God

No one else except you
can be in this state of mind;
and who will understand
that there is no one awaiting you
other than you in my dull rhyme,
while I, to whom thy love
moves me no more in the sunshine,
nor a shadow that a child follows,
be but a long-forgotten time of thy untread feet,
soon as the sun sets behind the mirror
at sunset of the evening sky, I shall write thee more.

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Date Created: Tuesday, July 16,2013 12: 12: 43 AM

Naveed Khalid

Love's Metaphor

When all wrapped I in thought of thee,
The fair aspect of her cold repose,
That by night the star hath rent
Her enchanting looks to the world;
And to my mind gives goosebumps,
E'ery beauteous form in timeless tide,
Too young to die, the song of eternal silence!
Where but to debarr at heaven's gate,
My bride! has made my old days anew,
Grows young again through such tender touches,
Which from thy brow hath plucked so fair a rose,
My Lord's hand, too, is wet in blood bath.

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Date Created: Thursday, March 06,2014 3: 40: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

Love's Secret

Let the world know this that by time
nothing remains forever;
but by love what you think
is so greatly blessed,
that all life's philosophies
can never find words to tell
what is in my mind;
and in such ecstasy of thy beauty,
which by time is writ for thy sake,
by whate'er name be loved,
oft by a shadow is cast out;

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Date Created: Tuesday, April 23,2013 3: 09: 52 PM

Naveed Khalid

Love's Trance Goes Soaring High

Love's trance goes soaring high,
that thou hast set the clock a-going,
a-going, a-going...., forwards bent;
against time's timeless hours, O eternity!
when oft with such tender grace
in a cloud-couch you lie,
that lovers would love to die:
the odds stand still witness
to thy sensual fault,
all women know
how to love thee evermore
as long as the stars
are connected to thy Godhead,
and move upon their pre-destin'd path;
not go uncheck'd by thy curious eye,
no one can e'er go astray;
nor no fears of science
can hold thee back from walking
the walk of ethereal dreams,
O ye rider of the skies!

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Date Created: Tuesday, July 03,2012 11: 10: 29 PM

Naveed Khalid

Luminous

My love in perfect ceremony stands apart,
Full rich content of thought's graceful ease,
Doth steal from cheerful morn her summer's prime;
And by ill-effect of false reflection I behold
Through e'ery fig leaf upon the golden bough,
Oft leaves me in dismay that waking star!
Of wanton looks her eyes twice removed from the world,
Ere this far-fetched sky upon a barbed wire:
Ah, by fair means foul, faltered beauty of thy mind
To image forth in white bier to brave thine eye,
Hath turned all black in fair form's gentle grace,
Double-dark's ransom paid by two lovers dead,
More sweet to illumine in nature's cold repose,
That all praise be thine, yet mine be the woe.

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Date Created: Friday, June 27,2014 3: 23: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Machete

Of whom, they say, I know not, else make thee pretend
that to my mind still
of another rent at midnight lease,
some dry leaves of book in autumn
ere in the mellowing year of spring,
this world of my shipwrecked dreams
in the late evening, shows not half thy part
against e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
full glorious sun of our common affairs:
that bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts,
no eyes can see to my love so blind,
bereaved of light my woe-begone days to some rivulet,
heaven-ward bent that soldier's grave unknown,
o'er the wall on high under the Archangel's brow,
many hath stood and wept thy outcast state forlorn,
that masonry's night too soon shall fade in summer's prime.

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Created: Wednesday, December 16,2015 3: 49: 29 PM

Naveed Khalid

Macho

Of fair born love her beauty's looks
would still becharm the skies,
that grow by the time to eternal bliss,
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dream;
fills me with thy most high deserts, sweet maid,
ere I hath writ in vain at sunset of the evening sky,
of snow-capped myrtle by the sea-ashore,
that day of unaltered eye to my thought is wed;
from out of no where arise, arise in my bed of crimson joy,
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes to e'er melting snow,
of fathom-five thy battled bones, ah, too soon shall settle on the brow.

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Date Created: Tuesday, September 08,2015 5: 21: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

Madrigal

Should I but suspect thee for chamber's maid?
That her suit to my lawful plea commence,
'Gainst all fair forms her argument to prove,
Of tongue-tied Muse her love of seraph wings,
Still wed to my thought by virtuous pen more great,
More blessed be thy presence but to witness beauty;
And in whose esteemed dart that basest cloud to bear,
Which by e'ery passing minute is born of thee,
For when thy lost memory to another's plight
Be my only woe, bereft of such a sight,
I'll straight forget what the world of thine eye,
Hath done to my glorious days, bereaved of light.

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Naveed Khalid

Maestro, Please!

Nothing that by love of old-formed memory
To eyes so blind my reckoning days more bright
Than that forfeited dark if from a bowl of stars you drink,
This world of what in thy presence most abounds
Against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky, my mind,
Of snow-capped myrtle at Minerva's golden brow:
E'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead,
Alas, too soon shall wither in my bed of crimson joy;
Of worn-out time her enchanting slogans of disparity,
Oft goes unchecked my the west wind in autumn leaf,
Along pen-pricked angels of thy most high deserts,
Of doomed youth her yonder looks to eternal bliss in waking hour,
Else in simple fold my vain endeavour to dreary night's cold repose,
Still abides by thee alone to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 06,2014 3: 49: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Magician

Higgs Boson! always looks ahead of time,
and is out in the world alone;
the unhindered scope of creation,
which if goes unchecked by a particle of light,
all would be lost what least by the eye
is mirror'd in the universe of bright-lit stars,
that I by the pen hath writ thrice;
but O! to fill the emptiness of the mind,
unless the age-old bowl of our unmet desires
before the screen hath lit the path,
or else a mass man of ill-omen
appears from nowhere again to collide.

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Date Created: Friday, February 22,2013 12: 48: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mandrake

This that I know not by what cruel hand or eye,
So damned by infernal grave this world,
Plagues the mind by the sweat of thy brow,
The first frost in the morning dew but in vain,
To eternal bliss through such visions arise,
Behold! e'ery fair face in summer's prime,
Woeful love, alas, too young to die!
And awakened by night in dumb despair,
The tongue-tied Muse to my sightless view,
That in perpetual beauty sustains on wings;
While I to whom no such thing in solemn or strain,
Nor least shall move me more thy bones to Adonis,
God forbid, to see her smile face in dismal shades,
Be my only woe that mocks at time's waking hour.

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Naveed Khalid

Marching Ants

Thus, dear me! a mileage to take far-off
where no feet hath tread
against so rich a phantom of chalice wings,
such subtle reality of eclipsed doom
to bloody tyrant time,
stands apart from all the panorama
of this world forlorn,
awakes a wonder in thine holy eyes:
of erased looks to my mind still
her enchanting slogans of disparity,
of surpassing wit thy brow that in my spilt words
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
oft steals looks from my bed of crimson joy;
not least to account for love
of thy most high deserts under the bolted sky,
ere I count you numbers in my prayer.

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Date Created: Monday, December 07,2015 5: 22: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mask

(On Yeats' 'Ego Dominus Tuus')

This voice from afar to me but a stranger is,
that by wilderness of the mind in rain forest,
half-creates, half-dumb, knit to my crippled countenance,
his same old facade at cloud nine,
so porous as the eyes to my sightless view
brings forth this world of phase seventeen:
hath as well summoned thee to my door,
and betwixt hatred and desire to know
the secret of love, thy age-old visage hides,
the opposite of myself, my own daemon!

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Naveed Khalid

Mask II

This mask of untread places far-off
beyond the sunrise,
too, hath passed that age of crimson joy,
much toiled by day's labour to my mind still,
my love of thy most high deserts,
against this world forlorn to illumine more bright
than in waste of words my body's work expires, say I,
of untamed heart and cold her most ardent desire,
shall but last that day in the mirror of thine holy eye,
shows not half thy part, sweet maid, of virgin-mother born;
what needest I to prove thee virtuous, my Lord,
that crow's quill of surpassing wit thy brow,
rest content be oblivion, ah, but in whose love,
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality,
against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky,
this world beside my shipwrecked dreams.

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Date Created: Tuesday, July 14,2015 11: 32: 06 PM

* inception of 6 more lines.

Naveed Khalid

Masque

Of my first writings in sweet-scented letters,
I have known through hurtlings of past woe,
Distilled from history pages his same old facade,
That in higher spirits tolls the bell at my door;
And with so much of extravaganza, a loftier subject
Of all the world beside to account for love:
Lord, the Saviour! in a cloud-couch rides the skies,
Ne'er to let go the way of all flesh, my elbows and knees,
Not least by white biers to brave the day,
When all hideous nights hath forsaken thee;
But in mother's lap a child of old that grows
Young e'eryday by darling buds of May!

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Date Created: Tuesday, April 08,2014 4: 24: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

Masquerade

Not least in the morning dew her eyes be wet,
debarr of looks so bright my darkened days
against too vague a vertigo of your dream,
we two shall have eternity knit-together by a subtle thought,
oft marked by love of what you hide from eternal,
ah, in the grey evening star of thy most high deserts,
while all that is writ in thy presence alone,
this world beside to places-far-off beyond the sunrise:
ere in waste of words my mind hath lost all charm in thee,
I'll make hallow of a ring play a hunch for the parade,
too deep for woe at midnight lease in waking hour;
a foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
half-so-dumb, deaf to the ear of eyes so blind,
at break of day arise, arise by the sea-ashore,
away from out of sight to e'er melting snow,
that day of unaltered eye thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Thursday, July 09,2015 12: 11: 23 AM

Naveed Khalid

Master

Methought no fair aspect in winter cold,
that to my mind still
of white bier to brave thine holy eyen;
against this world of waking hour,
wide awake from deep inside, my love,
of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow!
ere in the morning dew her eyes be wet,
more bright to illumine at sunset of the evening sky:
than what the stars in secret influence comment,
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality,
Lord of my vassalage, merry, merry christmas!

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Date Created: Sunday, October 11,2015 2: 12: 43 PM

* Be as it may, if you're exponent of a thought or idea, must ye represent your inner self to full extent; else it would merely be a false pretense to vague impressions.

Naveed Khalid

Matinee

This embassy of what I write to love's deceased frame,
Of another rent at midnight lease, foreshadow'd by light;
For the ransom paid by twice to that forfeited dark,
That through e'ery pouring shadow, my mind, to e'er living memory,
Oft illumines more bright, in seraph wings of gold, a star-lit night,
Too soon shall fade in fair aspect of cold repose
Against the world of thy most high deserts:
Else thy Muse of allured looks to my eyes so blind
Than to witness beauty under the canopy of a hut;
Where but least I find e'ery flower upon a barren hath,
Fills the page with thy unattended presence in graceful ease.

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Naveed Khalid

Matins Performed At Cistine Chapel

Largess of some thought that by thought more blessed thy Muse,
Than by love of what I write in thy graceful ease, but to thee suffice;
But O! for one look on thee through e'ery pouring shadow, my bride,
That in living memory more bright to illumine in summer's pride,
Bestowing twice by canker and a rose, full rich content of that forfeited dark:
I fain would bring to the page of eyes so blind thy most high deserts,
All but for sake of thee alone, needest no wanton tapestry at thy throne;
Else in solemn strain this barren rhyme at the gallows of thy feet,
Leaves of autumn in a phantom of chaliced wings to a star-lit night;
Hath o'erturned e'ery vain thing, so vaguely imprinted on my mind,
Oft steals such darling buds of May from e'ery fair ere thine unweird eye:
Which if from a bowl of stars you drink, of yonder looks her silken-satin,
Away! away! from the boat that rocks her bed of crimson joy in winter cold;
The golden strand around your head at break of day arise by the western isle.

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Naveed Khalid

Matricide

(On Writings of Mary & Charles Lamb)

When oft I find you hid from the common eye,
And not in a drag of suspended consciousness,
What I Knit with stars of silken satin- -
Her parallel beauty's modern electra,
Would, too, but wear out soon, of late with age:
I never seek to write, save you to please,
That our Muse from all effusions of the heart,
Be so wise and pure of a belat'd sight:
This paralys'd world at the helm of affairs,
From afar with such stillness of the mind,
Genius! twice remov'd by far more with love
Than in rhyme with thee of nothing remains,
Except which I hear you sing in bless'd hour,
Her breathless song, not in all eternity.

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*Republished

Date Created: Sunday, July 28,2013 3: 21: 03 PM

Naveed Khalid

Meanderings

This world that leads me on to where no feet hath tread,
Nor no scope of light to my eyes so blind;
And all doors are shut under the bolted sky
Of thy unattended presence with no destiny in sight,
More bright that crimson bed of wanton tapestry at thy throne,
Uneclipsed of looks so fair, my love, from thy fairest brow,
La rose! moves me more so than by thee what I write
Through e'ery pouring shadow ere thine unweird eye:
Some vulgar paper to rehearse, too deep for woe,
A strained note on the table, of unnerved blood in vein;
That in solemn strain this barren rhyme,
Oft on clover-tops but hangs a golden bow,
Whence no darkling insights can bewail the night,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light I behold! I behold!

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Date Created: Thursday, August 21,2014 8: 06: 42 PM

Naveed Khalid

Melancholy

(On Raptures of Sight)

That fair youth whose pulse still runs through my vein,
His golden hair, so thinly wrapped around my head;
His smile, a bubble burst in early morn,
When in summer stole a look through my bed;
His love of cold repose by waking hour
Had all princely steps in a midnight dream;
and before sunset behind the mirror,
A dark red line emerged from cupid's eye,
Until a kiss of orange sky made wither,
See! a fiery flame of those blushed roses,
that in garden grow under the bower,
Measured by a thousand mile's walk back home, die!

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*Republished

Date Created on: Friday, May 24,2013 6: 55: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Melodrama

Of such subtle thought that in reality
of the mind,
oft goes blind of his own shadow,
that in wilderness of pure heaven,
ah, but from another shore to arise,
this world of waking hour,
of eternal silences in the mellowing year of spring
at sunset of the evening sky that star
of thy most high deserts, my love,
has some dry leaves of autumn in rosemary garden,
that crow's quill beside, no dark can e'er illumine,
of unattended looks to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Monday, October 12,2015 3: 57: 37 PM

Naveed Khalid

Merlin's Prophecy

Know ye not in fair aspect of cold repose,
that by fair means foul, flawed in e'erything,
this world of romantic indignation,
too, but corrupts the mind of eyes so blind,
a love-sick thought on thee by two lovers dead;
away, away from the golden banks of silken-satin,
else upon a lone bark of a tree- -
that boat by the riverside;
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes:
I could see far-off in nurslings of immortality,
that crow's quill beside, a crowd of host among daffodils;
hung aloft the ghastly night with darling buds of may;
of departed looks to my mind still in cruel hands of time
ere in thy presence alone I hath tread the mundane shell,
a goblet in the rainforest still burning, burning,
ah, in whose love hath rent at midnight lease
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in solemn or strain,
full rich content of some vulgar paper to rehearse,
that day of unaltered eye no dark can e'er illumine.

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Date Created: Tuesday, August 04,2015 1: 32: 08 PM

Naveed Khalid

Meshed Tomatoes

When a black cat purrs at the citadel
of bewitching looks in ill-omen,
her most ardent desire awakes a wonder in thine eye;
that to my mind still my shipwrecked dreams
of broken mast-shaft at north,
oft marked by the sun e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
shall but be revealed unto this waking hour some such snowflakes
of moon-lit night against a desert titan more bright,
that crow's quill of my love-sick thought on thee,
arise, arise beyond the sunrise to this world forlorn,
of eyes so blind in autumn leaves by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Wednesday, April 15,2015 2: 57: 54 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mesmerism

When through that age-old window-pane,
The morning sun arise from out of the blues;
And last night's twilight dream is brought to light,
Which, too, by day's labour shall wear out soon,
Withered in autumn leaves by sweet breath of Zephyr - -
In gentle breeze of the west wind, by time hath fled:
A heart break of all my love for thee, Prince of Light!
Not less than what by sight you find, thy myrtle crown,
This sky, full of stars, can fill the page no more- -
Not unless, O Venus! The world of our dreams,
That by one such quiver in cupid's hand,
More be paid by whom you live forever,
Than, if not in my verse, but in my heart so,
The red-eyed Poet to meet in the mirror of mine eyes.

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Date Created: Sunday, December 30,2012 8: 57: 23 PM

Naveed Khalid

Michael Angelo's Fresco: The Creation Of Adam

When by no man's art you created him of dust,
Nor not a devil you had in your mind;
But you alone amidst thy greatness stood
Against all that I could think about the mirror,
That this image of no god from heaven,
Which long since had been looking for thee,
Started to emerge from the corner of thine eye,
Before you could see him writ in black and white.

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Date Created: Friday, March 29,2013 1: 10: 50 PM

Naveed Khalid

Midnight Summer Camp

Nothing that by sight hath e'er mov'd me more,
But you alone in whose hands this sun,
The world's eye is lit by a hallow'd fire;
Not to say that I in those blessing hours
Hath ever found solace in love of thee,
That in my rhyme all things of beauty at thy feet,
Be no more than what I always desire,
While so rich my muse, needst no poetry;
Nor of such Poet by whose great mind,
Many are at his expense in a waking dream;
And that summer! you walk'd out of the barn,
A loitering star, burns in haystack of woods.

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Date: Friday, June 07,2013 2: 26: 24 PM

Title Revised from: Midnight Summer To A Midnight Summer Camp

Naveed Khalid

Mind Blocks

Far worst than I can think of my woe-begone days,
that in silent hours of soliloquy,
e'ery departed look beyond the sunrise;
makes wither my shipwrecked dreams
from off thy lost memory to another's plight
of white bier to brave thine holy eye!
grows, giddy, cold and numb with what I most desire,
contented least that star of thy most high deserts:
away from this fedora of yore dream I my secret hath kept
ere the world knows no bounds in full abundance of thy presence,
her stumbled feet at measured distance from afar,
makes beauteous my nights by day's toil too bright,
tolls the bell at my door of eyes so blind;
that crow on wings, on wings thy gilded monument astounds,
of broken mast-shaft at north,
beside the bed of oak in the late evening,
some dry leaves of book in autumn,
full rich content of some vulgar paper to rehearse
that day of unaltered eye no dark can e'er illumine.

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Date Created: Monday, December 21,2015 3: 56: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mirror

I think, dreams and visions
are the make-up of a woman,
while going out she wears
upon her face;
and hides the ugly realities of life
in beautiful colours,
mask'd behind the mirror
of her eyes, my love.

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Date Created: Wednesday, November 09,2011 3: 17: 28 PM

Naveed Khalid

Missing You In All Eternity

Mere beauty of such looks that haunts the text,
That in thy unattended presence to my eyes so blind,
Oft breaks the dream through e'ery pouring shadow;
This world of what I write to my love,
A false pretense to vague impressions
More real than e'ery flower upon a barren heath
Against the wall on high, above the mantle piece;
Too, but hurts me to think on thee, see the picture!
More bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye,
I still am looking, looking away from out of sight.

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Date Created: Wednesday, November 12,2014 2: 25: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mistletoe

What needst I this mirror that to my sightless view
Brings forth nothing but what I write of my own shadow;
Of what I can ne'er see, you have loved more than I,
And e'ery falling star in snowflakes to my mind still,
Whence all the panorama of this world in winter cold
Has no return, nor no darkling insight can bewail the night:
Behold! that day of past woe made new, blind of looks so fair,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light, a pilgrimage to thee,
Of virgin mother born this our common happy morn,
The Sun's eye in whose love e'erything flows to eternal bliss.

Naveed Khalid

Mistletoe II

What needest thou my fair of eclipsed doom
to bloody tyrant time,
of untried places far-off her vacant looks more bright,
that in the ocean sink where all graces abide by a hawthorn,
amidst a bunch of roses thy gracious muse to hide, my love,
from black swans ethereal wings in heaven's high bower,
oft grows more blessed by the west wind in autumn;
hath rent this world to e'ery falling star in winter cold
against that forfeited dark in Hades of a star:
I still am looking, looking through e'ery pouring shadow,
not least by dark bewails the night in unattended hour,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon along the pavement of cow parsley,
a mistletoe on his back to that day of unaltered eye in my spilt words
through the staircase window of the wall too but corrupts the mind,
ah, down that road under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
that crow's quill by the sweat of thy brow at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Monday, May 11,2015 5: 39: 02 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mona Lisa

The canvas goes blank by more looks to the sun,
and Da Vinci's Mona Lisa, a perfect match;
her exuberant smile; her stealing looks
through many a moon by night,
are so bewitching in colour, word and line,
that no mirror is enough for such a scholarly work,
which by the artist with all his genius
fades away in the public eye,
a paint'd picture of a vanished sight;
a wrinkled lip from valleys wild
towards where her cold kiss hath dried
a false summer of the evening sky;
but O! for one look at morn I behold, I behold!

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Date Created: Sunday, May 19,2013 3: 16: 46 PM

TOMTONY Barganzabogambotentwotow

Naveed Khalid

Monty Python

This that you know not in presence of the mind,
that in unaccounted love remains
but a phantom of chalice wings
to far-off places unknown;
hid away from out of sight,
I still am stranger to the soldier's grave,
where freshly sown buds of may,
oft I find in hurtlings of country rhymes,
against a pastoral background,
a village life of a beautiful lady,
too soon shall fade with every fading eye
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree.

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Date Created:

Naveed Khalid

Moon Walkers

Of such odd sightings in reverse reflexion,
that of no compare,
of darkened days her beauty's fair;
God forbid! ere I e'er think on thee,
my love of eyes so blind,
needest no light at sunset of the evening sky
o'er the wall on high,
too deep for woe against bloody tyrant time,
to my mind still in heaven's high bower:
this world of thy most high deserts,
of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
ah, but to thee suffice by the sweat of thy brow,
all dappled things of vine-ivy to some rivulet blue,
From mother-earth arise in the backyard of my garden,
of ages that are dead beyond the sunrise,
has a hold me height to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Friday, July 03,2015 8: 44: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Morning Star

No sense impression will bring you sight so pure,
that in my words, blind of the eye;
nor least dissolves your whole being,
but where not a line is drawn, less is more,
a smudge of colours would spread in gray,
and make the canvas more beautiful,
where no light in the eyes can behold
what the lense of thy concave mirror
reflects upon me an oblique bend,
no beauty can tell how it is like,
except what goes down and down
for another sunrise in the morning dew.

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Date Created: November 23,2012.

Naveed Khalid

Moths

What use my wit if not by love can grow,
And that faculty alone sustains me on wings;
When no thought but thy thought in words is writ,
Nor moves me more thy breath in winter's cold;
Unless in clouds of stars thy mind digs deep,
Roses, roses, at e'ery step of the way:
Children of light! at break of day arise
In another world against the setting sun.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 18,2012 12: 21: 06 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mulberry

Me not so dim-witted as to paint my room
with heavy daubs of colour in oily skin,
a cobweb upon a barren heath,
dampened in the rain forest;
whence the horse rider threw a nous of light
to catch up with the moon!
the cat still purrs at the citadel
of her good old days in the cellar barn,
darkened by a dreaded night;
along the crow that sits and broods o'er,
the nurslings of country rhymes,
long hath vanished in Hades of a star.

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Date Created: ~~S~~aturday, April 12,2014 2: 22: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mundane

Of such sweet absence from the world my love,
needest no witness in thy name to prove thee virtuous,
that outnumbered the hand that writ this embassy;
And by whose worthier pen in winter cold,
this mirror that shows not half thy part,
away from what you hide from eternals,
hath rent a star at Christmas Eve!
My double-dark to illumine through e'ery pouring shadow,
that man by whose arrow, we two shall victim be;
of same old facade, flawed in e'erything,
unlooked for love my Lord's light to the end of aeon,
under the Archangel's brow, darkly lit in thy abode.

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Naveed Khalid

Mustang

Shall I but keep posting a star of wallaby hunches
o'er the wall on high,
so to speak of woe-begone days,
my shipwrecked dreams upon the sand dunes,
e'ery passing minute in heaven's high bower;
this world of eclipsed doom to bloody
tyrant time,
that bewailing night asleep:
wide awake from deep inside of unattended looks
no love can hide in waking hour;
of surpassing wit thy brow to eternal bliss,
ah, but to think thee better off my mind,
away from some snowflakes in winter cold
her enchanting slogans of disparity,
a love-sick thought in wattle and daub,
cockerel's crow beside the bed of oak,
of eyes so blind amidst rose-coloured glasses
at sunset of the evening sky,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
that to my adversary's most high deserts
shows not half thy part where I
my feet hath tread upon the mundane shell.

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Date Created: Sunday, November 22,2015 6: 10: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mutability

Must I stand against all odds,
all vicissitudes of the sky,
that in wind, storm and rain
would cloud thine eye,
and darkened by a stardust
of the Supernova,
raise a desert titan
from hallucinations of the world,
until all visions corrupt,
all thoughts wrong,
all frescoes melt
against this wall of generation...

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Naveed Khalid

My Fair Lady

The fabric of that subtle thought I deny,
which to mind's eye still
holds perfect ceremony of words
to unending line, oft so blurred;
and I can ne'er know what is in the mind,
that by what I write goes blind,
the adobe of a dream,
has not enough wits to prove
I am lost in thought of thee,
too deep for woe,
thy love to understand,
a woman is a complex affair.

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Date Created: Sunday, December 29,2013 7: 57: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

My First Love

Everything looks pretty good at first sight,
But the more you focus the more you look at it,
Until from every angle loses charm
As more and more images start pouring in,
Before you're left wondering what it would be like;
No, not the same; nor blurr'd or unintelligible,
Though no image best fits in, yet it is here
That creation begins, more or less like you,
Which is e'er changing, making things anew;
And vaguely unique in all its details;
However, intensely, you look, it looks back at you!
For you can see it all happen as soon as
You close your eyes, till nothing remains to be seen,
Not even he who has seen my love at first sight.

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Date Created: Friday, June 29,2012 2: 09: 27 PM

Title Revised: From To My First Love First To First Love

Naveed Khalid

Myrtle

I think I have lost my voice in still waters
Of forest deep in the valleys wild;
That roaring of the rivers under the hill,
Hath brought me to this end by the sea ashore,
Whence e'ery beginning seems but a far-off cry
To see a damsel on white horse's back,
Some lone bark of a tree beside, of golden tress her hair:
Well-protected shields and spears from a cut-throat island,
They led me through the door against the bolted sky,
Weighed down by the heavy chest of thy most high deserts;
I sat beneath the palm-tree in scorching heat of light,
Which in peak hours of the sun to a melting snow,
A drifting dream amiss along the rider's waking hour,
The fabric of her shadowless love will ne'er die.

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Date Created: Thursday, September 25,2014 6: 00: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

Myrtle II

Some strained note of broken strings at north,
not least to wake you from slumbers deep,
the boats are slowly drifting away from the sand dunes,
this world of my shipwrecked dreams,
of eyes so blind under the canopy of a hut
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in rosemary garden,
above the mundane, of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words her night long love:
beside the oak in the late evening,
needest no darling insights in nurslings of immortality!
pricked with a furr coat thy most high deserts,
fakes out of the blues in still waters under the bolted sky;
away from heaven's high bower that man-in-the-moon,
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffodils,
more temperate than darling buds of may
than what the stars in secret influence comment
unto the spine of a book leaf in autumn,
our little john of fealty's Apollo at my door,
still musing o'er the dale in full abundance of thy presence alone.

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Date Created: Sunday, February 07,2016 2: 36: 00 PM

Sunday, February 07,2016 2: 37: 23 PM

Sunday, February 07,2016 2: 40: 39 PM

Sunday, February 07,2016 2: 41: 57 PM

Sunday, February 07,2016 2: 42: 56 PM

Sunday, February 07,2016 2: 43: 54 PM

* To Her Excellency The Queen

*BAAZ Aja: means Eagle come 26nb8517-21-128-ram41-82: a prank message
on the window at sys2

Naveed Khalid

Mystery

Should I but of such human vulgarities be part
To play my life's stage to a crippled countenance?
Of sheer scope to die in abundance of thy most high deserts,
That my peers would dispel me with thy unattended presence,
Away from all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky, my love;
Not least to show thee my pride by prejudice more despised
Than if from a bowl of stars you drink this wold at helm of affairs,
Some vulgar paper to rehearse in nurslings of immortality:
I fain would bring to the page e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
All too well writ in my mind ere thine unweird eye,
Unaccounted for what I unfold from yellow pages of history
To a falling star, of another rent at midnight lease in winter cold.

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Naveed Khalid

Mythology

I know how you create a myth
from out of nothing;
that through insensible transitions
all eyes to the star against the sun;
and in darkling mascara,
a moon-lit night,
but day's old visage hide
the stealing looks of my lady fair
from light, love and beauty;
until no such thing in my untread dreams,
except what is still for a vanished sight.

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Naveed Khalid

Narcissus

When oft the sun from nowhere arise,
Of what in beauty's look but you suffice,
That I can ne'er be, thy love no more;
Nor by what capacity of Poet's mind,
Methinks not in vain of thy unattend'd presence,
For what in yellow leaves of thy age-old book,
I still behold thee in youth's eternal hour;
And through such overtly seminal works,
One day that I, too, shall cease to be
Before all else fades away from thine eye,
This world alone bears witness to thee.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 30,2013 4: 17: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

Night Owl

Of deserted looks to my mind still
some such leaves of book
by the west-wind in autumn,
which by beauty's looks to afford so rich a pride,
that by thought alone my mind
hath rent this world of my shipwrecked dreams,
ere in the mellowing year of spring,
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise
that bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts:
oft makes my old days anew in rosemary garden
o'er the wall on high, my love, at sunset of the evening sky,
indeed! by thatch-eaves is run where I my feet hath tread,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon
that day of unaltered eye at midnight lease in waking hour,
ah, but barred of e'ery fair in seraph wings of gold,
her most ardent desire with pen-pricked angels by two lovers dead.

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Naveed Khalid

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Date Created: Thursday, July 23,2015 9: 42: 16 PM

Naveed Khalid

Nightingale's Song I

That beaker full of heart's desire can never fill,
For as long as there are stars in the sky,
Or men on earth live by thy waking dream;
Nor no one can ever escape thy love,
But when I, for whom thou hast thrown
Thy silken net, behold my fair lady
Against the sun, her eyes of night-long love
In winter's cold, are wash'd away by clouds of rain;
Are still two ingots of burning gold,
Into which thou pourest thy love of coral made,
Of honey-dew, that breathes in my ears
The song of eternal silences, O Nightingale!
Sing to me at heaven's throne above,
Whose wings of poesy are stretch'd across
Every living being so far and wide:
They're made of nothing but love, sweet love,
That one last look of thine is enough for that boy,
For meeting of the minds, sing upon an ancient lore!
Whence a titan of dust shall raise someday again,
And our divided love shall know no bounds.

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Date Created: Wednesday, July 11,2012 2: 12: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Nightingale's Song II

How can you know but unless I tell you?
All my heart and mind in clouds of rain,
Old stars shed tears to thy keen ear, my love,
A dumb fool! to whom no word is enough,
No thought matters to thee except what I weave,
Deaf and blind in my verse to the lasting day- -
A wing'd victory o'er my sweet voice in the wind,
Which if I could sing that to the bird's wing,
I need not follow thy tread feet in my rhymes;
Nor my song be stringing along thy mute muse,
That thy unsung chorus soars high in heaven,
And be my only delight in times of eternal night.

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Date Created:
Saturday, December 15,2012 5: 08: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

Nightmare

Nothing that by a shadow in the night
has but this world alone,
his worn-out coat on the peg,
a wooden stick beside,
his cowboy hat of ruffled feathers,
that in the wind is bowed to the knees,
alongwith fair lady his choking star,
his spectacles to see through the skies;
and drumb-beat of the far maddening crowd,
starts pouring in his mad song
through e'ery rhyming feet in mud,
that unmanned horse came loitering around,
of golden tress his hair,
unbridled from the saddle his shoe,
his night-cap in the sky,
still blows the trumpet of his iron car.

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Date Created: Friday, January 31,2014 6: 39: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid

Nightshade

Oft I make hallow of a sun around my head,
tinged with stars of old in deep azure
of broken mast-shaft at north;
the four-squared wall on high o'er the lagoon,
that Eagle on wings in Hades of a star,
something to wonder at thy golden brow,
beside a fire hurst in summer's prime,
too, but drowns an eye to some rivulet blue:
of foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
I could see them from afar at sunset of the evening sky,
awaiting to hear the church bell toll by the sea-ashore,
a straw hat on knees in ruffled feathers under the canopy of a hut.

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Date Created: Wednesday, March 04,2015 6: 03: 44 PM

Naveed Khalid

Nonsense

When of such thoughts, not yet thought, I think,
Nor by words are dress'd up in my mind;
I lose sight of you, that with my thought is wed,
And let fly on wings of poesy thy Muse:
Always against me myself to prove,
Uselessly lying unto me those white lies
Which by senseless notions of thy book,
Are still, rest content, unread on this page;
But nothing more of you to understand I approve,
Than to deny your whole Being of my company,
So that I deny you of this nonsense verse
I have ever writ to fill the emptiness of my mind.

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Naveed Khalid

North Wind In Sails

I can ne'er know by what cruel hand or eye,
what worst time of the year to that day of morning's pure serene,
I behold my love that grows to eternal bliss;
that of erased looks this world to my mind still
of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour,
too, but fades away in dismal shades of age-old grey
against that forfeited dark more bright to illumine
than what from a fumbled mouth hath spilled to becharm the skies,
alas, in waste of words some vulgar paper to rehearse,
all wrapped in shroud of a star a broken shaft of feathered mast at north,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Sunday, November 16,2014 2: 13: 25 PM

Naveed Khalid

Number 13

Not you, my love, by waking hours
had ever lived this day by night;
but I alone in cruel hands of time
when full many a star at thy feet,
brought me down to write this line,
and let the world take you away,
that by thy bed is lying dead
this sky, this earth, this world.

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Naveed Khalid

Obsession

Nothing in the world of mere fallacy
hath e'er exited,
that of no compare by what you think
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise;
but in the mind of thy e'erliving memory,
full glorious sun of our common affairs
from off e'ery graceful ease,
twice by far removed from all vicissitudes of the sky
this embassy of what I write thee:
while our little john upon the sand dunes,
still my shipwrecked dreams at sunset,
of ages that are dead against the wall on high
by two lovers at equal measure apart,
be made to remember well our Lord
of hundred years from hence,
that crow's quill mourns her woe-begone days,
ere in whose departed looks,
no heart can afford so rich a wand
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 08,2015 7: 22: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Ode To Love I

I'll not show thee, love, in summer's prime,
That by the sun before your eyes,
Hath fled as well in ethereal wings,
What in beauty's look you still behold;
And by a worthier pen is writ alone,
Against time's e'er changing face:
A shadow from the tree of wilderness,
Of May morning in the mellowing year,
Full ripe gourd of some hazel nuts,
Which to my decaying form abides,
The world of your sickening desires,
a bag of bones with two lovers dead;
Oft rich in colour more scope of things abound:
Eternity! shall have no place in heaven,
Or else on earth if so you please,
Enwrought with stars the sky, moves on!

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Naveed Khalid

Ode To Love II

My Love of seven winters have thy November,
And each day of a hundred shadows by thy grave,
I, too, hath stood and wept, divided by night;
This far-fetched sky of woeful dream in thy abode,
Eternity! marked by titanic visions of the world,
Where'er unhindered scope of such beauty abounds,
The sun 'gainst all odds, moves afoot to eternal bliss!
Alongwith pen-pricked angels to a vanished sight,
For what I see not, all-encompassed by thine eye,
That boat upon the harbinger, still decked ashore;
Roves well ahead of time to fixed destination,
'Til humble ode at thy feet would ne'er stirr the mind,
What oft in season's breathless rhyme but fades away,
Away! away! from golden banks of silken-satin.

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Naveed Khalid

Ode To Morning

Of virtuous pen my love reads, Milton!
and not by dew her eyes be wet,
that in May morning by summer's eve;
from e'ery turning page to age-old sun,
hath writ this line of holy birth;
of sunset in my bed with no dark insight,
nor epitaph by the grave unattended,
be still of yonder looks her sepulcher:
this world alone by sight, too dear,
which, by Jove, to a star-y velorum hath rent
e'ery flower upon a barren heath
as marigold in autumn of thy book.

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Date Created: Sunday, January 19,2014 2: 01: 49 PM

* Two more lines commended to the poem in the end.

Naveed Khalid

Ode To Spring Moon I

From among the tree-tops to heaven's high bower,
under the cottage-hill by the sea-ashore,
amidst autumn leaves in the mellowing year of spring;
the sun in deep azure to eyes so blind,
oft steals looks from my bed of crimson joy,
of age-old love at sunset of the evening sky,
while I stood at the door of hundred years from hence,
something fell from myrtle to e'er melting snow:
above a fire-hurst through the staircase window of the wall,
I could see a rocking chair that crow's quill beside,
many a chirping bird that sing in melodious accents I, I,
of untread places far-off upon the sand dunes this world forlorn,
that in dull hours of the night my shipwrecked dreams;
God forbid! thy gracious muse shall hide from eternal,
ah, ere that horse's hair beyond the sunrise in a nous of light,
still weaves around my head of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 06,2015 2: 44: 47 PM

Naveed Khalid

Ode To Spring Moon II

No, I'll not of love in secret influence comment
that in silent hours of soliloquy,
stakes are too high to a close afraid;
such darling insights in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
too but feeds upon nurslings of immortality!
hung aloft that half-baked masonry's night,
I could see e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
beside the bed of oak in the late evening:
lo! this world of departed look to my shipwrecked dreams,
conspires against the sun with pen-pricked angels,
more temperate than darling buds of may;
besmeared with time in the mellowing spring,
of glorious days her cherubim Wing,
fell from myrtle in my bed of crimson joy
some such snowflakes in winter cold,
of eyes so blind under the Archangel's brow,
mud-feet silhouette o'er the dale you hide from eternal
while our little john upon the sand dunes,
still watching the skies of thy most high deserts.

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Date Created: Friday, January 15,2016 7: 39: 04 PM

Friday, January 15,2016 7: 40: 46 PM

Friday, January 15,2016 7: 41:24 PM

Naveed Khalid

Odyssey I

O not in false pretense of vague impressions,
That of hidden meanings unfold in my verse;
Nor by what you think I deny thee so,
Makes no sense! Greek to me this romantic indignation- -
This trance of unmet desires in phantasmal reflex,
Hath rendered numb my untam'd heart, and cold
His untaught feeling by pen-prick'd angels;
And which by poetry alone hath madden'd the world:
No! none of these can e'er find worthy of thy perusal,
Save what still burns before the sun in hallow'd fire,
His unconquered love be but in ecstasy of heaven.

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Naveed Khalid

Odyssey II

So what are they? of sunset dreams to far-off places,
A trip to Hawaii, Makatea or half-way between the seven seas
in silent hours of the night amidst lightning, storm and rain,
That soon as I remember, will fade away in the back log
Of living memories, the dust-trodden feet by the sea-ashore,
Subliminally soaring high above the dale, asleep or awake,
Somewhere down and down the road to heaven-ward bent;
Apart from where the door bell rang, leads him on ahead of time:
The star that burns in haystack of woods, a palm tree,
Hung aloft the sky from the day first to the end of aeon,
So sickening to the bones my love, darkly lit in thy abode,
Has but little scope where this world of light most abounds,
No voice to claim from out of the blues in still waters,
Until nothing stirrs the mind under the Archangel's brow.

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Naveed Khalid

Old House

Nothing remains of what in mind's eye
through sickness of desire,
has long abandoned for sake of poetry,
his untaught feeling to account for love:
Father! that to this end brings forth
our woe-begott'n dream,
oft beguil'd by looks in the empty mirror,
turned his face upon the world, not yet in sight;
nor I e'er seek to write in thin air
of shadowy vision at his feet, children follow;
but he sits still unmoved, watching them from afar,
night and day, day and night,
unattend'd by waking hour,
his presence alone makes me think
I, too, am relic of a living dead
around this house of mortal clay.

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Date Created: Tuesday, August 06,2013 4: 16: 15 PM

* Of

Naveed Khalid

Oldman

No such thought hath ever escaped my mind,
that by time I write before you think so;
and in this blessed innocence of thy presence,
which if be loved by thy journey through the world,
the more the pen will move ahead of time
when no beauty's image is enough without thee,
I behold you everywhere in the mirror
in whose light alone I've travelled this far,
this sight needs no witness of eyes by looks,
nor by a shadow that my love grows old;
but O! by the sun this silver lining
each day arise from sullen earth at morn.

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*Republished

Date Created: Sunday, May 05,2013 3: 32: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

On Blindness

Not more by looks my eyes be blind
than what by love I look,
that I should hide myself from myself;
but by beauty no more,
which you by my heart possess,
and break the mirror of this all:
for where'er I see you not,
I see the fake show of this world.

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*Republished

Date Created: Tuesday, March 12,2013 6: 19: 16 PM

Naveed Khalid

On His Metaphysics

When in my mind I think on thee,
that by thought thyself alone;
and thy beauty's argument more sweet
than in love I love thee so;
but would still be in lack of words,
else what to a fool is all evident,
except you that of nothing real,
not least in verse be revealed.

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Naveed Khalid

On Poetry

There is a bird on wings,
and he has never found solace,
that in the world by time;
nor by love his beauty,
by Jove, can move me more;
but what by mind is writ ashore,
all for sake of poetry;
when a loitering star by night
pays homage to the moon
in ebb and flow the world beside,
a helping hand in sea of troubles,
is printed, printed upon the page.

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Naveed Khalid

On Poet's Self

This is not love that by love you deny,
Nor what in my thought I can ne'er comprehend,
Hath left no impression of poetry whatsoe'er;
And I feel I am in love, bound by thee,
Not through the imprint of your cynical states,
That oft disrupt my mind to contemplate
Your higher being, most sublime, most beautiful,
Perfectly in harmony with the world,
Unless same as well is writ in my fate
What in false pretense of poetry you love:
Myself and I in your company alone,
Fore'er be but in little desires of such a rhyme.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 02,2013 2: 52: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

On Valentine

The valentine day has pass'd away,
and I am still thinking of you;
that by night with moon be spent
what all eyes before the sun,
goes loitering around the world:
a fire ball of our little desires,
which if by love is bound thy time,
I'll but celebrate the sight.

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*Republished

Date Created: Saturday, February 16,2013 1: 31: 44 PM

Naveed Khalid

Opera

Opera - Poem by Naveed Khalid

Let no one say that I've lived this day in vain,
and our Shakespeare in whose presence
what use this verse that in poetry
is not worthy of thy praise,
not least can move me more,
what by the time is writ ashore,
but unacclaimed by the public eye,
his monument stands still
apart from the common grave,
whence his sun against the picture, behold!
wrapped in shroud of a star,
his love needs no witness of this world.

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Date Created: Thursday, May 23,2013 3: 59: 09 PM

Naveed Khalid

Oracle

I'll not speak to thee by what I write,
Of eyes so blind to my mind still unawares;
More blessed by what I know not,
Nor need to know what can ne'er be,
This world of a vanished eye;
Oft printed twice through e'ery pouring shadow:
Of thy unattended presence to illumine more bright
Than if from a bowl of stars you drink:
I fain would bring to the page of solemn strain this barren rhyme,
Against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky;
Unaccounted for love of thy most high deserts
To a star-lit night that abides by thee alone.

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Date Created: Wednesday, September 17,2014 2: 37: 38 PM

Naveed Khalid

Oracle Eye

When touch'd by the choir of heaven, my heart beats,
And muses sing from the elysium of thy last abode,
A song of songs for one that goes missing in my rhymes;
That no time can tell by what lines so old, withered,
What season of the year in his breathless breath
The wind blows, a rustle in dry leaves I can hear;
But no more than that voice of airy nothing,
Unless more by love be mov'd his part'd lip,
Something to separate, all mascara from the wintry night,
Not knowing how my insert'd words break the rhythm,
How those skin-tight dreams of woolly bright are departed,
Packed in the bonanza of an oracle-eye, will never return.

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Date Created: Saturday, February 16,2013 2: 12: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Orchard In The Cottage-Hill

Of fealty's Apollo that hill view,
where I sit still,
watching the skies of thy most high deserts,
the suburbs below the shabby island,
a mileage to take far-off beyond the sunrise,
away from heaven's high bower!
hung aloft the ghastly night,
that carries no burden of thy yoke too dear;
heaven-ward bent my shipwrecked dreams,
ah, fill the cup with Mocha coffee,
dine the table, the chair, the bed of crimson joy,
beneath the sheer taut surface, a broccoli,
of untread feet upon the mundane shell,
they led me through the door of rosemary garden,
some dry autumn leaves in the late evening,
no eyes can see beside the bed of oak,
her enchanting slogans of disparity
hath weaved around my head
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Monday, December 28,2015 6: 15: 21 PM

* Title Revised from previous Meadow by the Cottage Hill

Naveed Khalid

Pageantry

What beauty's use shall I make of thee
that of no compare
her Cherubim Wing in wanting looks,
more bright in wild ecstasy of pure heaven,
no eyes can see my love at sunset of the evening sky,
that rose in whose light my reckoning days
of withered leaves in autumn by the graveside,
this world of waking dream:
hath rent at midnight lease
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
no dark can e'er illumine my shipwrecked dreams,
that by the sweat of thy brow to e'er melting snow
along the pavement of cow parsley,
of eyes so blind that man-in-the-moon
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
that crow's quill beside, of broken mast-shaft at north.

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Date Created: Wednesday, September 23,2015 5: 55: 51 PM

Naveed Khalid

Painting The Sky

And there by love my mind in waking hour
Where I my reckoning days most count;
And in numberless blessings will abound
The inner reality of your Being, too dear,
That to a spectator be still of beauty more
Than e'ery passing minute to endless time:
But O! this world from a bowl of stars to drink,
Of encrypted tongue is born of thine eye,
Too, shall fade away in hurtlings of past woe,
Against the broken arrow of his hollow reed.

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Naveed Khalid

Pastoral

And that crow's quill of a dreaded night,
darkened by earth's infernal grave;
and dried of ink in time's golden hour,
has but one such look from out of sight,
that by the sun in dull round of day,
you with all thy presence illumine the world;
until I, too, fade away in a nous of light,
see! how oft it hurts me to think on thee!
when half-eyed mirror in the morning dew,
of love's stony sleep through thine eye,
would burn all colours by the grey evening.

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*Republished

Date Created: Monday, September 02,2013 5: 18: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

Phantasmagoria

It is your eyebrows,
which haunt me the most,
beshadow'd by darkling mascara
in a moon-lit night;
a concave mirror of various hues,
and shades in blues saturate the sky;
a few stars scatter'd here and there,
some serve for your goggles,
some flout about in wilderness
with high-wing'd birds o'er the dale,

to ambush your dreams in the forest deep,
palm trees are standing still, on guard,
touch'd by the clouds of rain,
pray on with solemn hands,
rais'd to the nature's deaf ear:
such a picturesque imagery as that

can be seen on the bay,

where boats are tied to the strings,

waiting to break loose their sails
away from the golden banks;
for the best archer's bow is stretched
across the horizon of each eyeball,
ready to dart forth
the roving boats under the hills;
while there you sit,
in the centre stage
of a compact house of show,
hold a magic lantern
in nous of light (pleroma):
or if I may relate you with
Leonardo da Vinchi's God,
who can decode the language
of all species, except that of one
common man's code of life to break,
he needs those stars, too,

that the more he looks
the more he loses sight of himself,
and the (aeon) world around him,
would vanish as far as the eyes can go.

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*Republished

Date Created: Thursday, May 03,2012 12: 57: 12 PM

Naveed Khalid

Pharoah

No, sir! I'll not visit you places far-off
beyond the sunrise to Montana, Missouri,
bag-pies of blue-stockings, heaven-ward bent;
tightly knit to my thought her apparels in spring,
of halcyon-days that to my mind still,
a horse-on-saddle at his knee touched the ground,
curtailed behind the corner of that street,
a man-in-the-moon, a mistletoe on his back,
hath laid a path to star-lit night of my shipwrecked dreams
to e'er melting snow that crow's quill of feathered mast-shaft at north,
ere in the grey evening by the sweat of thy brow,
this world beside, that I still play a hunch for the parade.

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Date Created: Wednesday, August 05,2015 7: 04: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Pheasant's Last Words

Let it befitting to the circumstance,
that odds are to my reckoning days;
of unaccounted judgment to wear out soon,
my tattered soul of passion worn
between lip and desire, a league is took
to christening- -I, too, hath passed that age!
so sickening to the bones, my love,
in thy diminished sense of being:
one more in hope to be Lord's serviceable men
under the burden of thy yoke, too dear,
e'ery living breath to passing years, agoing, agoing...

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Naveed Khalid

Phoenix

While I had very pleasant view of the world
from where my untread feet
to eternal bliss in waking hour;
of untamed heart's forfeited first in nursling of immortality,
beyond the sunrise to eyes so blind in thy graceful ease,
ah, but to think on thee in winter cold,
that in dull hours of the night to my mind still
some such snowflakes by the sea-ashore:
I fain would bring to the page my woe-begone love,
oft in full abundance of thy presence at sunset of the evening sky,
that crow's quill of my shipwrecked dreams to some rivulet blue,
too deep for woe of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
all too weird of what by day's toil more bright
than e'ery fair by fair means foul, flawed in e'erything,
a foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters.

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Date Created: Tuesday, May 05,2015 3: 04: 28 PM

Naveed Khalid

Pico-The-Gnome

There stands the cloud of a hundred shadows o'er my head,
That by the nighsky her seraph wings unfold;
And I can ne'er know where gone are the days
Of happy hours, each moment in waste hands of time,
Goes ticking by a buzz of the church bell afar:
The sun has but yonder looks to awake a wonder in thine eye,
Weary with toil, too old, has nothing that by a shadow,
The dream of the world hangs by the door in full-bright summer.

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*Republished

*Date Created: Tuesday, December 24,2013 2: 01: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Pitza

Full glorious sun of our common affairs
is but a mere fallacy of old,
besmeared in worn-out time
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dreams,
no dark can e'er illumine, my love,
a fajita with some toppings, all dressed up
in your thought my mind,
that goes loitering around the world:
of thy most high deserts at sunset of the evening sky,
heaven-ward bent in the mellowing year of spring,
full ripe gourd of some hazel nuts in my account;
a shrub of wrinkled lip in my split words of what I write
beside the bed of oak that day of unaltered eye o'er the dale
of foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
e'ery falling star to e'er melting snow,
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead.

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Date Created: Wednesday, November 11,2015 2: 35: 54 PM

Naveed Khalid

Plato's Dialogue

It is not that you cannot see,
But nothing more is left of you
Through the stillness of these eyes,
Which I can paint on the vault
Of thy broken heart and mind:
Together we have shared for so long
This common wall, this mutual sky
Of the other world you have not seen,
And that man, worthy of thy praise,
That has loved thee more than I,
You know not, nor you need to know.

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Nadcine: meto1ogang

DW: Don Key King: DIA meter!

Naveed Khalid

Ploughman I

When the sun at my doorstep each morning,
Arise from out thine eyes of glittering gold;
And through that taint'd glass of Dionysian spirits,
Oft I behold him at his throne, akin to God:
That each day is but a dull, common round of day,
Cast out in a dismal shade from old woes anew;
A world of troubles begin in a Greek land of dreams,
Behind the night-long love upon the earth evermore,
Provide nature with her departed looks for a fertile crescent.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 58: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Ploughman II

No! not least I know thee in tweak and twirl
of what by a feathered pen hath writ thrice,
a whorl wind of autumn beside the oak,
hath e'ery skipped beat to count I my shipwrecked dreams,
of unnerved blood in vein at midnight lease, my love,
a laurel wreath thy myrtle crown of thy most high deserts
against peace offering under the Archangel's brow!
this world in foams of wrath hath rent a falling star;
of fealty's Apollo at my door white swan's ethereal Wing,
shall break lose their oars to some rivulet blue:
needest not that man-in-the-moon, above the mundane,
a hedgerow of a cottage-tree at makatea,
paradisaical injunctions in haystack of woods,
where a picture hangs by the wall in the late evening,
of snow-capped myrtle at Minerva's golden bough,
along the pavement of cow parsley her furrowed fields,
away from morning's pure serene her departed looks,
our little john upon the sand dunes with pen-pricked angels,
opes a garden unto my unweird eye, sweet maid.

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Date Created: Friday, February 12,2016 11: 45: 04 AM
Friday, February 12,2016 2: 44: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Poetic Justice

Of chamberlain maid her stumbled feet upon
the mundane shell in the late evening,
that thy argument her lawful plea commence;
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise
under the Archangel's brow,
of fealty's Apollo at my door this world!
needest no dark that by dark hath rent
e'ery flower upon a barren heath at midnight lease,
all wrapped in shroud of a star my shipwrecked dreams:
ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, my love,
beside the oak in white swan's ethereal Wing,
that to my well contented day be still,
a plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
pricked with a furr coat her departed looks,
no heart can afford a love-sick thought on thee.

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Date Created: Thursday, February 04,2016 3: 51: 39 PM

Thursday, February 04,2016 4: 56: 59 PM

Thursday, February 04,2016 4: 04: 23 PM

Thursday, February 04,2016 4: 12: 48 PM

Thursday, February 04,2016 4: 16: 28 PM

Thursday, February 04,2016 4:17: 48 PM

Thursday, February 04,2016 4: 26: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Poet's Corner I

If only I could tell thee how I feel
for thy love,
I would not have to write;
nor you'd read with much difficulty
the mind
that in all-encompassing depths,
brings forth that particle of light:
Large (Head-on) Collider,
from fathom five, of thy battl'd bones,
which seem to have settled on the page,
so porous as the eyes, with stars has burnt;
and while looking up for some engraver,
in the dark corner I've found,
is writing on stones
for fossil records,
to be discovered by poets;
to be one with him alone;
who is as old as nights and days,
divided by time's waste,
but too young for me as if
a newly born day-trotter.

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*Republished

Date Created: Thursday, July 18,2013 4: 40: 44 PM

Naveed Khalid

Poet's Corner II

O horrible, horrible awhile but to think on thee,
Of e'ery wanton look to morning's pure serene,
That in worn-out time to precious minutes waste;
I still hold dear with what I least contend,
Oft marked by that forfeited first in Hades of a star:
Not least by travel tired at sunset of the evening sky,
A drifting dream amiss along the pavement of cow parsley,
Of furrowed fields against the harvest moon:
To my eyes so blind that darkling inkpot of ruffled feathers,
Away from out of sight to wonder at thy golden brow;
The sun in deep azure through studded feelings arise
From out of the blues in still waters of e'er melting snow,
Alas, my woe-begone love to unending doom of poetry,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy;
Of ages that are dead through hurtlings of past woe,
The crow's quill beside, thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Monday, February 02,2015 5: 32: 24 PM

Naveed Khalid

Poet's Pen

The stars are stunn'd to see
the reality of the world,
which you have created:
a grand show
of such awe and wonder,
that without lifting the pen,
all things of beauty are writ
in thy book of numbers;
and you can see everything
through love and light,
except as soon as you are blind,
you see light, all light!
but who hath eyes enough to see?
O! praise be to Poet's Pen,
to whom it no matters,
to marvel at one such thing
by writing a line in thy name:
the invisible light
of my Lord's hand
is wet in ink
upon the white pages of history,
you have signed the papers
before coming into this world
of your own making.

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Date Created: Saturday, September 15,2012 3: 22: 59 PM

Naveed Khalid

Poison Ivy

Some such stray thoughts to my mind still
of subservient nature's most ardent desire
to e'er melting snow in heaven's high bower;
of what all too weird by shipwrecked dreams to count I
my woe-begone love of cut-out trees in the rainforest,
e'ery groaning heart that feeds upon nurslings of immortality,
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise at Minerva's golden brow,
her enchanting slogans of disparity to that day of unaltered eye:
I most my heart hath fed in silent hours of the night,
apart from rest of the world in thy presence alone,
that crow's quill by time's devouring hand to my decaying form abides,
where blue-bells hang o'er the wall thy most high deserts
in the backyard of rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Sunday, May 10,2015 2: 24: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Poltergeist

My boy, let this waking hour pass ere you know
of scarlet-jewels that masonry's night,
amidst the heraclitean moutain at the salt-beach mine;
sticks out his head like a soring thumb impression
to my mind still against bloody tyrant time
as marigold in autumn by the west wind,
of emerald eyes, my love, beyond the sunrise,
long hath fled from this dark, dreary world forlorn:
a last kiss goodbye to my shipwrecked dreams
of untread places far-off to our new-found ancestors,
that crow's quill of winding stair above a fire-hurst,
down that road to e'er melting snow in haystack of woods.

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Date Created: Tuesday, May 05,2015 3: 17: 31 PM

Naveed Khalid

Postman

See! how autumn leaves by the wind
in age-old garden wither;
and unsettl'd page upon,
these stars with love are scatter'd
at thy feet,
that you may find your way
back to heaven above- -
thy last abode of untread dreams;
where but you suffice
at a bloody post
for window shopping!

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*Republished

Date Created: Friday, November 23,2012 4: 37: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Prayer

Mere words, mere words, and nothing more
than what in these threads of thought,
more children in your account;
and I need them not to undress before thee,
what you for your garment wear:
nor e'en with such words would e'er be more light
that at your door abound,
unless I grow old, giddy and numb,
not knowing what to do with time;
except to watch you sit still at thy throne,
a book in your hand, rais'd to predestined stars,
I pray, I pray, I love thee so.

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Date Created: 9/25/2013

* 100 Days

Naveed Khalid

Prickle

The wall on high that carries no burden
of sinless souls,
at the pedestal of thy throne;
pasta of well kneaded chocs and chums,
be my bread day and night;
some will dine the table, others will stand,
a cloth spread across the matted floor,
of untread feet upon the mundane shell,
half-way between lip and desire:
measured by a distance of the world
that meeting place of love-sick thought on thee,
I still hold dear to my shipwrecked dreams,
serves the menu of sweet-heart's memories,
from past woes made new
some dry leaves of book in autumn,
pulpy enough mud-salt upon the sand dunes;
full moon o'er the horizon in deep azure,
that boat decked ashore, slowly drifting
away from the golden banks of silken satin.

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Date Created: Thursday, December 17,2015 3: 54: 40 PM

Naveed Khalid

Primrose

When that captain sailor, above his head the star,
Moves afoot through titanic visions afar,
Away from all that corrupts the mind;
Not least to fill with high deserts, his last resort,
A somersault flying bed by the oasis,
Awakens me to my bride's love in the morn:
Brings forth nothing but to my sightless view
This world of a vanished eye, in timeless tide
Against crow's quill to debarr at heaven's gate,
The Eagle that soars above in deep azure,
Hath spread his seraph wings to this far-fetched sky,
And full-rich content of my reckoning days,
The hand that writ in laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
Under the Archangle's brow, darkly lit in thy abode.

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Naveed Khalid

Printer's Devil

No, sir! I'll not move thee more with such stepping stones
in subtle reality of the mind,
of untouched grace thy most high deserts
against time on wings my shipwrecked dreams,
hath her first falling winter snow in the late evening,
ofwrinkled lip in my spilt words upon the sand dunes,
her night-long love in rosemary garden,
unsettled upon the page is printed, printed e'ery flower
upon a barren heath of fealty's Apollo at my door,
of thought so insidious this world at midnight lease all woe,
methinks not least of such vulgarities be part to play
a hunch for the parade under the Archangel's brow,
beside the oak, thy iron car at Matilda's farm
mere wild wagoner's wheel in rust of crowquill
her enchanting slogans of disparity,
would never let my muse fly, fly away from high heavens
those stars you'd them beaker full still musing o'er the dale,
needest not our little john in nurslings of immortality
of wayfarer's clime that half-baked masonry's night.

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Date Created: Fri 8/19/2016 5: 37 PM

Naveed Khalid

Prosaic

Poetry is nothing but to abandon the malpractice
Of brooding evil that corrupts the mind;
And soon as I depart from where he left us in dismay,
Against the mirror of thine eye, marked by soring thumb impressions,
Alas, but to fill the page in fake reflections by e'ery falling star,
The hand that writ in laurel wreath thy myrtle crown!
Oh, lord! thus my journey here should have ending,
That I have not enough wits to prove this world of empty vessels;
My bride's love of expression prowess in marigold autumn,
Oft dribbles down her chin in meaningless embarkation,
Celebrate! the confetti of her dream through e'eryday happenings.

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Naveed Khalid

Puppetry

Many a flower upon a barren heath,
that grow and wither under the cow's shed;
a weasel hat in the cellar barn,
dampened in the rainforest;
a mistletoe on his back
such darkling insights bewail the night,
fill the room with kitchen light:
tableau! of smokey suburbs by the shabby island,
marked by a soring thumb impression
the beheaded youngman from Verona,
not least to claim I by the sweat of thy brow,
goes soaring high above the dale on a golden couch.

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Date Created: 07/19/2014

Naveed Khalid

Purgatory

Who hath ever lived to see
such dreams of wild ecstasy?
that in the mirror of thine eyes
this house of show would never end;
nor would I be but a shadow
under Hades of some lone bark of a tree:
see! a treasure of gold,
he writes with his wings of poesy,
and hide! there's a line upon the world,
for he who sees it among the living dead,
be one more in hope to be.

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*Republished

Date Created: Friday, August 31,2012 12: 39: 30 PM

Naveed Khalid

Quintessence

(A Tribute To The Queen)

Not least in precise measure to account for love
of thy most high deserts,
where but the scope of things most abounds;
that in thy unattended presence alone,
I find myself away from out of sight,
a shadowless nothing, so off-hand to my mind still,
a false pretense to vague impressions:
oft I seek to write by what I can see not
to that forfeited dark more bright
than e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
a feathered pen hath writ to thy gracious muse,
twice by far removed from thee my Lord's light.

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Date Created: Friday, November 07,2014 7: 56: 47 PM

Naveed Khalid

Radiant

Lo! Las vegas lights of unattended looks
to e'ery passer-by o'er the rainbow bridge,
parked beside the clover beach,
I could see thy iron car
of half-baked masonry's night
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead
against this world forlorn,
that bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts:
has a hold me height in heaven's high bower,
above a funeral pyre, of snow-capped myrtle,
that day of unaltered eye in my bed of crimson joy,
apart from where you tread the mundane shell;
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon,
the farmer still works to land, day-in, day out
of paradisaical injunctions in haystack of woods,
full glorious sun of our common affairs at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Tuesday, October 06,2015 3: 11: 22 PM

Naveed Khalid

Rainbow

Full glorious sun of our common affairs
in waking hour,
that in thy presence alone,
must I keep in check my pulse in nurslings of immortality,
of eyes so blind her love that by beauty more;
above a firehurst, of untread feet to count I
subservient nature's most ardent desire
at sunset of the evening sky by the sea-ashore:
too, but abounds by what I most desire, contented least,
this world of deserted looks that to my mind still
e'ery fig leaf of snow-capped myrtle to wonder at thy golden brow,
that crow's quill beside, by the west-wind in autumn,
hid away from e'ery falling star to a close afraid,
of laurel wreath beyond the sunrise in age-old grey,
that in white bier to brave thine holy eye against bloody tyrant time,
while drifting dream amiss of darkened days to some rivulet blue.

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Date Created: Saturday, June 20,2015 11: 07: 11 PM

* Re-written and republished
Date Sunday, June 21,2015 8: 18: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Raincoat

See! how that forfeited dark,
o'ershadow'd by night,
oft blinds the eye
through unhindered scope of light,
bereft of eyes so blind, my love;
uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
hid away from out of sight,
fills the page with darling buds of May
of wanton tapestry at thy throne,
some watcher of the skies!

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Date Created: Saturday, September 13,2014 2: 19: 23 PM

Note: * Revisited with line arrangements.

Naveed Khalid

Rainforest

Of such subtle reality this world,
that e'erything seems but a far-off cry,
no eyes can see beyond the sunrise;
of darkened days my shipwrecked dreams,
besmeared with time in winter cold,
I still behold as marigold in autumn!
of unattended looks in silent hours of soliloquy,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath at sunset,
becharms the skies in loving grace of thy most high deserts,
full glorious sun of our common affairs ere thine unweird eye:
no dark can e'er illumine under the Archangel's brow,
that crow's quill of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Friday, November 06,2015 5: 14: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Reality

AND many by the grave
Have stood and wept,
For that one morning
Before he died,
All the stars stood witness to
The setting of the Sun,
That our Lord was going to bed,
Sweet dreams, my child, sweet dreams!
At the heart of the mirror,
When one world is wide awake,
The other is in the dark:
We all are blind to His eyes
For as long as the curtain;
but you would see everything
Through the other world,
Sweet dreams, my child, sweet dreams!

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Date Created: Thursday, September 27,2012 5: 16: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

Relativism

Let us not stretch this tale too long,
and where the threads of thought go unchecked;
nor I can weave what is in your mind;
but quite unawares of such suddenness,
you bespeak of this when all the world is silent:
I sometimes think I am not alone,
that in all eternity of thy presence,
no one can live without love of another.

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Date Created: Friday, April 05,2013 1: 21: 53 AM

Naveed Khalid

Rendezvous

Thus, having writ thee of doomed youth
in flaunt flemingo,
thy cherubim Wing no scope shall find,
such acoustic connections of so close thy charms
this world that shows not half thy part, sweet maid,
away from e'ery departed look to my shipwrecked dreams,
that through insensible transitions too but stirrs the mind;
the Eagle on wings, on wings o'er the horizon in deep azure
hath spread the word with pen-pricked angels,
that in full abundance of thy presence alone:
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy;
against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky to prove thee virtuous,
needest no witness in thy name under the bolted sky,
my love of thy most high deserts thy merit hath won,
paradisaical injunctions in haystack of woods,
of eyes so blind that day from past woes be made new.

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Date Created: Monday, January 04,2016 6: 51: 19 PM

Monday, January 04,2016 6: 53: 46 PM

Naveed Khalid

Resurrection

Me thought no fair aspect by time's devouring hand,
That to my decaying form of mortal look in cold repose;
Else in white bier by what I write to my eyes so blind
Than e'ery fair from thy fairest brow in ne'er ending night
To that sheer scope of light, my love, glorified in abundance
Of living memory's pen-pricked angels in waking hour,
Oft illumines more bright a wanton tapestry at thy throne,
Lo! full rich content of that forfeited dark ere thine unweird eye:
I fain would bring to the page in solemn strain this barren rhyme,
Not least to contend by waste of presence thy most high deserts
Against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky, to my mind still
Of consuming art by canker and a rose at midnight lease- -
Alas, too, shall fade in summer's prime such darkling insights,
Where least I find, in timeless tide, by the sea-ashore, arise! arise!

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Naveed Khalid

Rhapsody

No star is bestow'd alone but by thy grace,
And by light-wing'd horse the path you tread
Is not weighed by our dust-trodden feet;
But each to each stands witness to thy love,
While upon a cloud-couch ruth you ride the sky,
I sit beneath the moon and write out this line;
Which if from a great bowl of stars you drink,
The ink will not dry unless in veins of autumn leaves
You breathe your last, a lasting farewell to the world,
Where not a thing without thee more beautiful than ever.

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Naveed Khalid

Ringlets-O-Ringlets

Wherefore oft I beget in solemn or strain this dull rhyme
of broken mast-shaft at north,
needest not e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
this world of my shipwrecked dreams,
fills me with thy most high deserts,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown!
against e'ery fair to count in prayers,
of what the stars in secret influence comment:
at midnight lease in white bier to brave thine holy eyen:
love of beauty's looks but desireth increase;
of fair weather days in the mellowing spring,
her stealing charms bereft of sight in my bed of crimson joy;
past woes made new away from high heavens,
the Eagle on wings, on wings o'er the horizon in deep azure
hath spread some leaves in autumn by the riverside,
apart from where you tread the mundane shell,
beside the oak in nurslings of immortality,
our little john still musing o'er the dale,
of plucked parsley, pricked with a furr coat upon the sand dunes,
not least of human vulgarities be part to play a hunch for the parade,
her stumbled feet of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise
hath brought back home a maddening crowd in a split of hair,
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffodils,
more temperate than darling buds of may,
that man-in-the-moon under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Wednesday, March 02,2016 5: 25: 12 PM

Naveed Khalid

Romance I

Nothing in the world more true than love,
but that as well by thee no more;
and what in such abandonment I seek
is not thy love, nor hate by more
can fill the page of my broken heart,
for of thy beauty still has some use
that I can learn this unknown art,
which from such studded feelings arise
when all else by the sun hath fled,
except what hath left no scope of creation,
oft upon the page is printed, printed in a starless night.

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Date Created: Sunday, March 03,2013 12: 44: 19 AM

Naveed Khalid

Romance Ii

When from heaven above, being blind of looks,
and blessed more by light, love and beauty,
I think on thee that more by thought alone,
is unmoved by the world this star-lit sky,
more against the wall be bestowed of ink
than what in verse by the mind I prove;
needst no man's art, nor no man's wit, no less,
oft be thy presence more to eternal bliss;
that in counting prayers I love thee so,
what by wonder works miracles to thine eye,
but which to illumine this dull rhyme I beget,
my lady fair, no work is more beautiful than you.

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Naveed Khalid

Rosemary

What needst thou the praise for want of word, my love,
That I from thy brow hath plucked so fair a rose;
And by the grey e'ening will erase too soon
what all eyes to the star in Beulah's night,
Straight bears witness to thee a bright-lit sky:
More to eternal bliss the darling buds of May,
Oft grow by apple blossoms under the hedgerow,
Of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream;
But to steal looks from my bed in waking hour,
This is the happy morn of Sun's dull round of day,
Doth sing with seraph Wing in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Thursday, January 02,2014 8: 56: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Rosicrucianism

One day that I'll sneak into the grave
of Philosopher's stone,
where but to make the elixir of life
work miracles in the desert titan;
and not by stars I count my love,
that in timeless treasure abound;
nor by what those invisible immortals,
you burn the candle at Godwin's farm,
and plough the fields by the harvest moon:
this oasis of the world, they say,
would spread her wings forlorn,
of magic, myth and folklore.

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Naveed Khalid

Saint Sebastian

What needest I in dark hours of the night,
That by day's toil but weary of such looks
To full bright summer at midnight waking;
While I stood at the door of million years from hence,
Still catcing up with those flies at sunset of the evening sky:
This world of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow, my love,
Oft makes my old days anew from out of the blues in still waters,
To that day of unaltered eye I behold, I behold!

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Date Created: Tuesday, January 06,2015 6: 09: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sanctuary

Of such frivolities to speak I have no wits,
Nor my body aligns to a mast-shaft at north;
every fawning bay at my door to drown an eye, unused to flow,
through looks more bright than by what I write,
of thy unattended presence o'er the wall on high;
that to my well contented day be still
of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour:
A brain-drain of all in the debris of ruined ashes,
the quill at thy brow can prick no more,
the thought that arise in a fabric of day-dreams,
a death-like trance to my living memory
of my mother's departed song in sweet-scented letters.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 19,2014 6: 01: 42 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sanorita

What needest I this world of thought so insidious
beyond the sunrise my shipwrecked dreams,
so fairly lost scope in the late evening
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes,
of glorious days thy most high deserts,
at midnight lease hath rent e'ery flower upon
a barren heath, of wrinkled lip in my spilt words,
too shall fade in the back of mind:
her night-long love in rosemary garden
away from high heavens when I saw her from the gallery
all in red, twice by far removed from thee
thy image divine under the Archangel's brow!
hung aloft the ghastly night some vulgar paper to rehearse
such departed looks, overwhelmed by the setting sun,
the stars in deep azure, toll the bell at my door
in full rich abundance of thy presence alone,
that outshines in white bier to brave thine holy eyen,
of e'ery loving grace the crowqui'l, darkly lit in thy abode,
thy gilded monument astounds in full bright summer.

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Date Created: Tuesday 09 August,2016.5: 12 P.M

Naveed Khalid

Santa Claus

Not in grandiose of that horizon in deep azure,
what lies buried in a gift box of modern electra,
that by this mark'd journey of the sun alone,
a procession of stars leads the way to Beulah's night;
of what in measur'd distance from afar, thy world;
and where but blue bells hang by the door of long ago,
move on! this dream still needs a bit more treat for the eyes,
I behold him on Eagle wings of my untaught feeling;
hath weav'd a golden chariot for a surprise party:
happy christmas! to a symbolic family on red carpet,
of candle-lit dinners, the table and the evening sky.

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Date Created: Sunday, November 03,2013 3: 55: 09 PM

Naveed Khalid

Scapegoat

That furr coat in winter cold
on a golden clime,
pricked with old formed memory,
I hath plucked from dust-covered page
of thy book in churl bones
at white's lease her unforgettable time,
a full measured hour glass,
ah, fill the cup with stars most revered,
that to play a hunch for the parade,
must I hide from eternal this world
of thy most high deserts
at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Tuesday, October 20,2015 12: 54: 27 AM

Naveed Khalid

Scarecrow

Methinks not in vain of what to my mind still so bright,
of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour;
that e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind by beauty more
than by what I write of eyes so blind to my age-old love,
this world that grows to eternal bliss through e'eryday happenings;
of snow-capped myrtle upon Minerva's golden brow!
oft worn-out by time in the mellowing year of spring,
alas, too, shall but wither to a fawning bay at my door,
barred of such looks at heaven's gate, my bride,
that in solemn strain this barren rhyme to a falling star
against that forfeited dark, opes a garden unto my unweird eye,
more temperate than darling buds of May in my bed of crimson joy:
the last dance of happy shades upon the strand of still waters,
goes soaring high above the dale in silent hours of the night.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 26,2014 12: 20: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sewing Face

All things of beauty come to pass
before you know
the hand that writ
in eternal numbers thy name;
and my pen is westward bent
along the hair strand,
without lifting the veil of night
from her sewing face;
for its sulky expression is bound
to the spine of a book-leaf,
like a dry musk-rose.

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*Republished

Date Created: Sunday, March 11, 2012 3: 26: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Shakespeherian Rag I

Whence else beget my words this light,
but by the oldest star of the next generation;
that in the early morn fills the page,
and with a big bang knocks at the door:
when all night long been reading Shakespeare,
the great heir of fame in electric spirits,
boosts the brain, brings a good news to the world,
what to himself he holds dear; loves her still,
while wrapped in his garment, by looks be loved more
than what is officially filed in the papers,
the day of a midnight summer's dream.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 58: 03 PM

Naveed Khalid

Shakespeherian Rag II

It is this dream of the world I long for,
And expect nothing than miracles
Through e'eryday happenings:
Such mind of surpassing wits thy brow
Of far-fetched sky in haystack of woods,
Against time's eternal hour!
The crow that picks crumbs at my window,
Of a hundred shadows by the grave,
Hath writ her chalice wings of gold,
That, love, thy age-old visage hides;
No matter what the odds are to my reckoning days,
I'll but serve Lord's work to the ending doom.

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Date Created: Saturday, March 29,2014 4: 25: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

She: Who Knows Her Love More Than I

She visits galleries
of Victorian Age paintings,
with Raphael in the background
of her most expensive frame of mind.
heavy daubs of her red, oily hair
drop down to the matt'd floor,
like long, thin wires along the corridor;
slow steps she takes with caution
as she walks, and touches one of the artworks
with her soft hands, eyes on the canvas
of a distant timeless horizon
'tween her reality and dreams:
the line is drawn; the space is fill'd
to leave no scope for printer's devil.

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Date Created: Monday, December 20,2010 2: 05: 42 AM

*Titled of this poem has been revisited.

Naveed Khalid

Shelley's River

Far from my view in grey matter of the mind
to where no feet hath tread,
of cut-out trees in the rainforest,
tinged with stars of old,
that bright-lit mirror in heaven's high bower;
of hideous looks so fair to this world forlorn
against bloody tyrant time,
e'ery passing minute by the dull lake in autumn leaves:
to e'er melting snow my shipwrecked dreams:
that in the mellowing year of spring
arise, arise at the pedestal of thy throne, my love,
more temperate than darling buds of may,
away from a rassel in the wind in whose light hath fled,
oft marked by what I write in thy graceful ease,
not least by dark bewails the night,
that crow's quill at sunset of the evening sky,
more blessed of ages that are dead,
much too rendered in age-old grey
to unhindered scope of beauty abounds that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Sunday, April 19,2015 8: 53: 42 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sirius

Or how else you dwell in mine eye,
that in season's breathless rhyme
you fill my waking hour;
and what in my verse I can ne'er reveal,
this world that needs more love,
goes soaring high in eternal silence;
but for want of a star,
needs no witness in thy name alone;
nor I in whose dream o'er the dale,
of waiting and bewailing night asleep,
you through such secret looks steal
this sky, this earth, this world.

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*Republished

Date Created: Monday, October 07,2013 8: 17: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

Skylark

That flickering flame of a hundred shadows,
And each star that outshines the golden brow,
Guides me my moving away from the world
Of mirrored eyes stunned by a star-lit night;
That, too, in melting snow still flows through me,
The boat by sunset of the evening sky
To where e'erlasting love by thee alone,
In whorl wind upon the strand of still waters,
Behold! the lark at heaven's gate on wings,
Keeps wide awake the mind at table of thine eye.

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*Republished

Date Created: Monday, February 10,2014 5: 17: 15 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sneer Of Cold Command

I could see her sit still by the dull lake,
edged upon the horizon in deep azure,
all mascara of her eyes to places far-off;
that remotely old village in the background,
lit with a star of thy most high deserts,
sighting smokey suburbs by the shabby island,
that in trash and tinsel hides from eternal,
half-so-blind through e'ery looking eye:
of my shipwrecked dreams I most despise
than what the stars in secret influence comment;
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, my woe-begone love,
not least be worthy of thy perusal at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Wednesday, September 09,2015 5: 33: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Snowdon

Let beauty of such looks be more
Than what in the world I behold;
More against my pen to prove,
That oft in praise of thine eye,
Worthy be of writing well;
And what in my verse is hid
Away from out of sight,
Has his love of woe-begott'n dream,
Where but all else is in vain
Except what in my mind you weave,
This fine thread of subtle thought,
I, too, can slumber on with thee alone.

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* Wordsworth's misty peak

Date Created: Tuesday, October 08,2013 2: 55: 29 PM

Naveed Khalid

Snowfall

Then, that you see not, too, can fill the page
of eyes so blind, my love, to illumine more bright
than by what I write of ages that are dead,
that this world with what I least contend,
hath so many lovely things unto the public eye,
oft unaccounted for thy most high deserts;
not least in precise measure to arise by thee alone,
the day of our happy morn, bereft of so pure a sight,
grows and withers e'ery passing minute in waste of time,
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers,
e'ery fair from thy fairest brow in solemn strain this barren rhyme.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 12,2014 7: 16: 50 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sojourn

For hours and hours, I contemplate
my inner being,
of how by reality this world;
hath torn apart between hatred and desire
my age-old love of worn-out time,
that in the mellowing year of spring,
e'ery groaning heart to a close afraid,
of eyes so blind bereaved of light:
ah, from all too weird my shipwrecked dreams
e'ery falling star of violet blues that melt in summer's prime;
too, but by counting more in prayers,
of bewitching looks her most ardent desire to think on thee,
of sheer scope unto my darkened days more bright,
fills the page against the evening sky, too deep for woe,
that forfeited dark in Hades of a star,
of whom, they say, hath fled with fedora of yore dream.

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Date Created: Wednesday, June 03,2015 4: 45: 20 PM

Naveed Khalid

Solicitations

This world of drifting dream amiss
in my retiring room,
hath lost all charm in thee;
not least can e'er illumine my darkened days
of lost memory to another's plight,
be but one such thing that pelted grave
of my shipwrecked dreams!
bereft of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise,
of departed looks to my mind still,
that day of unaltered eye ere thine unweird eyen.

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Date Created: Wednesday, September 09,2015 9: 01: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Some Words Upon The Windowpane

O ye in whose enchanting slogans of disparity
e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
oft in precious minutes waste by Poet's pen,
of what I write to my eyes so blind,
so off-hand to know thee better-off my mind;
more blessed of such thought that in secret influence comment
than if from a bowl of stars you drink, my love,
away from out of sight all the panorama of this world,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon,
hath brought me to this end from out of the blues in still waters.

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Date Created: Saturday, November 15,2014 6: 53: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sonata

Wherefore oft thy rhyming feet are decked ashore,
That many moons ago I hath tread without thee;
And not least Sun's eye can e'er underscore
What still lies beneath world's unfolding sea:
A jocund dance turns to the west her mild wind,
'Til of such complaints I hear you from afar,
Which but to disgrace our long worn-out mind,
For heaven's sake best in place of a star!
The dream that awakes us early morn each day,
By beauty's looks beguile e'ery throbbing beat,
Thy heart will grow in numbers more that day;
Lo! a throne beset in thy own conceit:
Ah, thus of more bent to thy age-old bed,
I lie low, lowly t'be laid by high heaven's head.

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*Republished

Date Created: Saturday, February 08,2014 1: 28: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid

Song Of A Village Girl

I'll not show you the rosy picture
of that village girl dressed in muslin;
and in whose fabric of subtle thought
this adobe of a dream by night,
that by love of no compare,
let beauty alone be the judge
against all else ere thine eye:
nothing in the world shall find,
nor no witness, too, be worthy of thy perusal,
of her majestic walk through the gate,
along Erin's rustic feet in rhyme,
blessed with the star her song.

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Naveed Khalid

Song Of A Village Girl Ii

I am not by poetry moved,
nor by a beautiful lady;
for she has her own soul
of pure song and delight;
syllables & rhymes best fit in
her garment of atoms,
for as long as she is young
in the eyes of her lover,
that in lines of verse a poem;
and can never wear out,
except that when I see you
all nak'd ere mine eyes,
stand still in the mirror,
among so many other alone:
I am mov'd to write another
in a style of fashion, not in vogue,
to make my old days new;
but more than ever
these words can tell
how much I love you
like a beautiful poem
in old worn-out clothes,
befitting an ancient song
of a rustic girl in china clay.

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Date Created: Monday, September 10,2012 3: 39: 24 PM

Naveed Khalid

Song Of Harp

Ah, how mute is the song!
and no music
from thy ancient lyre
can one sweet hymn afford;
however pen-press'd
I my bosom rend,
I hear the sad account:
lo! how dreams in thin air
catch fire,
with the burning of desire;
while wreathing smoke in thy breath
hath extinguish'd
the electric spirits;
but you'd put all the blame
on season, mist and rain,
or may find faults
with the instrument;
see how thy fingers move,
as soon as they touch the strings,
it makes the heart blow,
like an empty vessel
of skipp'd beats,
as well break the chord,
much too strain'd is the nerve;
and no music
from thy ancient lyre
can one sweet hymn afford,
see, how silent is the harp!

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Date Created: Monday, April 23,2012 4: 33: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Soul Mate

O! Let me compare thee with the honey-bee,
Or else, if you like, with the Bud of May
That blossoms to the full in summer's day,
Yet withers away into the fresh garden air,
Whilst the busy-bee is on the wings of time there.
So shall I compare thee with Time?
Till thou pass away with my verse to rhyme!
I wonder still thy beauty shall not in words
Be express'd, nor thy smile like the chirping birds
Shall sing for thee in rhyme with me
Whenever I look in thine eyes, full of eternity.
Nay-No, I shall compare thee not with nothing,
For thou art my soul-mate, and not a thing.
But then, I look at myself and thee.
How shall I compare myself with thee?

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Date Created: 1/10/2015

Naveed Khalid

Spellbound

Know ye not how I my days hath spent,
divided by night, half so blind in ill-omen,
of measured distance from afar this world;
lo! erased of looks so fair to my mind still,
my age-old love in nurslings of immortality,
the setting sun by the west wind in autumn,
too deep for woe that by time's effacing hand,
hath cast that arrow, full of venomous pride:
ah! awhile but to think on thee o'er the wall on high,
some such snowflakes of violet blues in the grey evening,
his roman blood of royal lineage in much too wreckage of a nerve,
leaves behind a strained note of unletter'd ink upon the matted floor.

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Date Created: Thursday, June 11,2015 10: 4: 16 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sphinx

When the rhythm of a meter moves afoot,
not more thy feet in my lines count;
but the beats of my heart know,
how oft you drop thy skin-tight garment;
and in my words each note a measure,
knit up by threads of a silken-satin:
the world of thy untread dreams,
goes soaring high above the dale in silence.

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Date Created: Sunday, January 20,2013 2: 52: 51 PM

Naveed Khalid

Spiritus Mundi

Lord! who can e'er by such vigilant observers
estimate?

what, on earth, is writ in cruel hands of time
through heavenly bodies,
that you know I have come this far,
whence there is no return;
nor in this dark room of void
but a luminous cloud,
enrich'd with exuberant ecstasy
of estrang'd acoustic connections,
I always long for, and e'ery moment counts
before in thought so pure thy word divine,
would emerge from the corner of thine eye.

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Date: Tuesday, July 16,2013 5: 00: 12 PM

Naveed Khalid

Spread Her Leaves By The Riverside

Ah, so I spake my fair love to thee in worn-out time,
that in tempest beats of untamed heart and cold
hath rent this world of cherubim Wing,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
bereft of eyes so blind in the late evening,
the sun of our common affairs in majestic looks
stands apart from where you tread the mundane shell,
that soldier's grave unknown, heaven-ward bent:
I too hath stood and wept my outcast state forlorn,
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes ere thine unweird eye,
not least shall move me more by the sweat of thy brow,
of days that are gone and nights of pouring shadow;
at midnight lease her enchanting slogans of disparity,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown by the sea-ashore,
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree, for woe too deep,
that crow's quill of foul fawning bay at my door.

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Date Created: Sunday, September 06,2015 9: 22: 20 PM

Naveed Khalid

Springfield

O ye say not that our Lord is preparing
a meal or two for another dull round of day,
that by the time in seraph wings of gold,
I hath writ e'ery flower upon a barren heath
against a star of thy most high deserts;
the soaring Eagle on wings of snow-capped myrtle
shall toll the bell at my door,
ere in vain words of plaintive looks
to count I in timeless tide by the sea-ashore,
this world in thy graceful ease at break of day arise,
by Jove, to stars hath rent at midnight lease in waking hour,
of crow's quill my shipwrecked dreams make wither in autumn;
that day of unaltered eye in my bed of crimson joy,
bereaved of light in yellow-pages of history, no dark can e'er illumine,
unless you in such lichens of desire o'er the wall on high
has a hold me height under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Friday, July 31,2015 12: 16: 07 PM

Naveed Khalid

Stalwart

Westley, Westley, my white Westley,
white as a swan, my English!
of such a stroke and rupture wild,
that by each word dribbles down the chin,
his cliché of some common place stalwarts:
they pick the thread from where the words
are weaved of a needle thin;
and suck there where the bloody tyrant time
has left his mark permanent,
a few phrases get stuck up their sleeves,
ready to let out the same old daemon,
always there! hung on the wall, my white Westley!
a sponge of tears on the floor,
of thumb-nailed eyes, our teddy bear!
the world of humane feeling too dear,
Westley, Westley, my white Westley,
white as a swan, my English!

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Date Created: Wednesday, January 29, 2014 4: 11: 10 PM

* Teddy bear

Naveed Khalid

Stardust I

You can ne'er know by what I write
through such deliberations to account for love
my reckoning days in seraph wings of gold,
against many a maiden garden beset
ere thine unweird eye,
much too rendered in age-old grey,
this world of thy most high deserts:
full rich content of e'ery falling star in winter cold,
but thy star to my sightless view,
a vault of heaven in the sky, abides by thee alone.

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Date Created: Monday, November 12,2012 5: 31: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Stardust II

O! shall I e'er break free of broken threads of thought,
her nibbling toes in a phantom of chalice Wing?
e'erything seems but a far off cry,
something better to explain that corrupts the mind
ere I weave thee this world,
of boundless sea upon the strand
of still waters,
my feet half-sunk in stony ripples;
against timeless tide fills my heart with love
that by counting more in prayers in subtle reality hath ne'er existed:
of whom they say, not I, but by the sweat of thy brow,
goes blind of his own shadow
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
no dark can e'er illumine beside the oak,
the cat still purrs at the citadel
of her good old days in the cellar-barn
that bewailing night asleep
my shipwrecked dreams
unto the stars in secret influence comment,
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
ages that are dead upon the sand dunes.

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Date Created: Thursday, February 11,2016 4: 20: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

Starfish

Methinks not so blind of what in deep azure,
Oft I write to the setting sun by the western isle;
That in hurtlings of past woe to the effulgent sky,
The fabric of subtle thought that I deny thee most,
Of age-old love that to my decaying form abides,
More bright to illumine this world ere thine unweird eye:
Than that forfeited dark under the canopy of a hut,
Can e'er hope to arise through e'eryday happenings;
Of whom, they say, like a blind, crooked, old fool,
Keeps staring through the staircase window of the wall;
Alas, but leaves my mind to unhindered scope of light,
A bunch of stars to collect by the sea-ashore,
That in my smooth sailing rhyme, slowly drifting dream amiss,
Of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 05,2014 10: 14: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Stigmata

No, me not myself to claim
that man-in-the-moon
of lost memory to another's plight,
be my only woe to be one with thee alone,
amidst many a love lost in the twilight
of thy most high deserts, sweet maid;
that through the staircase window
of the wall on high by two lovers dead:
must I hide from eternal this world
of my shipwrecked dreams at sunset of the evening sky,
that crow's quill beside, a drifting dream amiss
of woe-begone days that by the sweat of thy brow,
goes loitering around the world,
of ages that are dead in my bed of crimson joy
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
a-going, a-going to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Saturday, October 10,2015 8: 10: 32 PM
Saturday, October 10,2015 8: 12: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

Stuntman

I'll not go by that man-in-the moon,
of whom they say not I,
ah, but by thy age-old love,
unawares of the world around my head,
hath weaved a laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
that crow's quill of my shipwrecked dreams;
ere by the time to count more in prayers
of what hath a hold me height in heaven's high bower:
I fain would bring to the page in dry autumn leaves of thy book,
of surpassing wit thy brow at sunset of the evening sky,
far from where I my oars hath sunk in the ocean deep,
there by thy presence alone at Matilda's farm,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
that day of unaltered eye beyond the sunrise I behold, I behold!

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Date Created: Friday, September 18,2015 3: 09: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Summer

Not in presence of the mind I can e'er know thee,
Past woe made new by old day's rhetoric,
That I can still see Oldman sitting on the bench;
Whiling away his time with children in the park,
Unlike my Father in whom I find no match,
Silence reigns o'er Him to ending doom of poetry!
What needst I but to fight against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky,
The star in dismal shades hath rent thy solemn mien;
Else season's breath in melting snow, so cold and gray,
Love's woeful song of thy fair lamb in November,
Of looks so awry to witness beauty in summer's prime.

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Date Created: Thursday, April 24,2014 4: 32: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Summer's Eve I

You're but the presager of mine eye, more eloquent!
Of timeless tide her love of burning gold;
And in words, too, hath served the painter's art,
What oft by ghastly night is marked by thee,
That grows by e'ery passing minute a star!
Has nothing than this fedora of your dream:
All roses fade, withered from their cheeks all red,
The desert in my eyes with salt of seven seas,
From afar by world's wit to prove my bride,
Still virtuous than I, by pen hath writ more great,
More to eternal bliss her sightless view apart,
Beset from dark her abode in full-bright summer.

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Naveed Khalid

Summer's Eve II

No dark this world can e'er illumine,
erased of looks so fair to my mind still
in wild ecstasy of pure heaven;
of what the stars in secret influence comment
at sunset of the evening sky,
that crow's quill of my shipwrecked dreams
along the pavement of cow parsley,
awakes but a wonder in thine holy eyes, sweet maid:
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time
that bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts,
shall prove thee virtuous under the Archangel's brow
against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky;
of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour,
apart from where you tread the mundane shell
of paradisaical injunctions in haystack of woods,
that day of unaltered eye in dry autumn leaves of thy book.

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date Created: Monday, September 14,2015 6: 43: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sunburnt

Nothing in the world that by a shadow, my love,
Under the bower by thatch-eaves is run,
That to me my Lord hath revealed;
And not a mark in the moon-lit star
Be enough to prove I love thee so:
Behold! her enchanting looks so fair,
Of blushed roses her cheeks;
Melting violets mirrored beside,
A sunset by the evening sky;
Of myrtle wand her waking eye,
From summer's eve doth steal,
A JEWEL hung aloft the ghastly night.

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Naveed Khalid

Sunflower

Of halcyon-days, but to remember thee,
Our Lord in manger of mandrake roots;
Mother-earth beside, in cowslip her part'd hair;
A horse-on-saddle still hung aloft the night-sky;
His bed stole looks from e'ery corner of the world,
Of blushed roses, for beauty's sake a belat'd sight:
Behold! love's fair face in summer's fairest brows;
That in Hades of a star, thy unweird eye, less used to flow;
And that upstart crow's quill of ethereal wings,
Oft cheek to cheek conspires against the sun,
What in a canker dwells by thy arrow,
All too well is writ in book of numbers.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 19,2013 7: 42: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sunset I

Ah, me all too weird of this far-fetched sky,
That to my unattended looks of eyes so blind
Ere you know by what cruel hand or eye;
Oft unmoved by what I write to my love
From out of the blues in still waters,
That forfeited dark in Hades of a star
Against the world of thy most high deserts,
Away from out of sight to my mind still:
a heart-rending night of unnerved blood in vein,
I, too, hath stood and wept in hurtlings of past woe
To bewep my outcast state forlorn,
Of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers
That crow's quill to my e'er living memory,
Along the pavement of cow parsley
E'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead,
Agoing, agoing to morning's pure serene in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Monday, December 22,2014 4: 46 AM

Previous title: A leafless sunset

Naveed Khalid

Sunset II

Thus, they took me o'er like I knew not who I am,
a quick sand against the world
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time;
still I seek to write how I used to be,
nothing doing, awhile but to think on thy sweet lot
than what the stars in secret influence comment,
that in white robes of heaven,
all wrapped in Hades of a star:
ere you threw me against the picture with such subtle thought,
needest no light that crow's quill ere thine unweird eye,
less used to flow to e'er melting snow,
my woe-begone days at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created; Thursday, September 03,2015 8: 08: 01 PM

* rewritten with a few modifications.

Title Revised: A Flying Bed

Naveed Khalid

Tablet Of Simurgh

This long voyage in the mirror hath brought
a dream back home;
that I have come to this impasse,
a feeling of cold numbness passes o'er
my head, that imagery imbrogilo,
my diminished sense of being,
paint'd upon the unfathomable sky
of seven heavens; and of all that you know, I know,
can never be; except in words to mesmerise
the Albatross on wings,
thirty birds along this tablet of Simurgh:
each day anew, our Majesty's voice,
far more by the pen is writ ashore,
than if hand in hand together
we'd those walks by the sea,
are tweaked and twirled in rhyme with the tide,
but before the line is dry in white surfing angels
for sake of love's pinnacle,
the colour of this world fades away by night,
by day bestowed be more light;
for he who loves thee best will bring us near the sun.

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Date Created: Saturday, February 02,2013 1: 57: 41 PM

Naveed Khalid

Tale Of A Tub

No, not I can e'er profane thee with all too weird
my senses numb,
of what lies buried in yellow-pages of history
to eyes so blind in nurslings of immortality,
this world that most abounds by thee alone,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown at sunset of the evening sky,
my woe-begone love of darkened days to some rivulet blue,
much too rendered in age-old grey at Minerva's golden brow:
that crow's quill of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers
of broken mast-shaft at north my shipwrecked dreams
of another rend at midnight lease in waking hour,
away from out of sight to my mind still under the canopy of a hut,
some vulgar paper to rehearse that day of unaltered eye,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
of ages that are dead through hurtlings of past woe,
oft leaves me in dismay upon the sand dunes by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Tuesday, March 31,2015 6: 33: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Textman

Oh, that man! the western avant-garde,
In whose footsteps the rest of us follow;
That you may be the next, beware, my lord!
No first man is ever born to do this,
And such a way in reverse reflexion
That things would start up again, textilian,
In the language of uniform'd words:
I remember him in my prayers of silence,
But I have no wish to be that man,
Nor in his company can stay for long;
For he would become another man soon
Before anyone can recognize the identity
Of his unrecorded Being in the register,
While unnam'd lies with me his dark secret.

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Date Created: Wednesday, August 15, 2012 5: 11: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Angelus

The Angelus - Poem by Naveed Khalid

Of bewitching looks to my mind still her beauty's face,
That in melting snow to a vanished eye in winter cold,
Me thought fair by fair means foul, flawed in e'erything
Before the sun this world, would reflect not in the mirror;
Nor forsaken love to profane thee I prove my faults more
Than a rose in whose blood oft I my words hath spilled,
Wandered away from where you first cast thy iron-poker:
The drop of vintage alone hastens me to my bed in the morn,
Can but visualize the unforeseen through e'eryday happenings,
Thy age-old monument remains confounded in Beulah's night,
A bunch of stars to collect by the sea at the gallows of thy feet.

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Date Created: Tuesday, June 03,2014 7: 14: 32 PM

* Creed: A social system of mankind

Naveed Khalid

The Emerald Isle

What needest I this mirror that shows not half thy part,
Of ages that are dead under the Archangel's brow?
That through emerald eyes of titanic visions afar,
You paint me the picture of thy most high deserts,
Some unreflected Being, hid away from out of sight,
Hath beset many a maiden garden ere thine unweird eye:
Uneclipsed of looks so fair, my mind, by what I write,
Oft illumines more bright where least I find my love, abides by thee alone;
To fill the emptiness of e'ery falling star in winter cold,
Dragged along a mast-shaft of broken reed at north,
The crow's quill beside, of a hundred shadows by thy grave,
I, too, hath stood and wept against time's waking hour;
Ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in hurtlings of past woe.

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Date Created: Sunday, August 24,2014 8: 48: 35 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Emerald Isle II

(On Yeats' 'Tower of Thoorballylee')

Me not on sure footings to beget her charms,
fore'er watchful at midnight lease,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise;
above the archway, that to my mind still
through the window-pane o'er the wall on high,
opes a garden unto my unweird eye, unused to flow!
a yellow-tinged star of thy most high deserts,
that by the sweat of thy brow in heaven's high bower:
all the panorama of this world beside,
blows the trumpet-horn in tempest beats of wild ecstasy,
of whom, they say, not I in revery of sublime feeling
that crow's quill of compass'd ark at sunset of the evening sky,
barred of e'ery fair in deep azure under the canopy of a hut,
that day of e'er melting snow to eternal bliss upon the sand dunes,
of such stirred looks a fleeting shadow by the west-wind in autumn,
ere I write thee, sweet maid, against bloody tyrant time.

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Date Created: Thursday, June 25,2015 8: 32: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Eye-Catcher

There's a small eye-catcher in the dark,
above the humming birds,
a syntax error, or a good way of delineating
the line, through e'ery pouring shadow;
lost in the twilight by the phantasy of thy love,
that feeds upon nurslings of immortality,
to which my eyes attract attention,
the bird goes soaring high above the dale.

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Date Created: Wednesday, September 24,2014 6: 45: 54 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Grim Reaper I

This world is but a dinning room
of cardboard symbols;
that moves afoot by a subtle thought
of my mind's impromptu,
the reality of your dappl'd things.

that pathway of snaky entwines
at staircase window of the wall on high
hath led me to rosemary garden:
of plucked parsley her love of old,
a table, a chair, a bed of crimson joy,
that crow's quill beside, at sunset of the evening sky,
hath writ this embassage upon the strand of still waters.

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Date Created: Friday, June 05,2015 7: 30: 43 PM

* a previous poem from my collection of literary work, which remained unpublished for quite a while. This poem I created alongwith Sunflower, but never published until now.

Naveed Khalid

The Grim Reaper II

Wilt thou not for folly's sake, say I,
e'er sustain me on wings?
that in timeless treasure abounds;
of crow's quill my shipwrecked dreams
in rosemary garden,
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead,
some dry leaves of book in autumn
ere thine unweird eye:
of departed looks to my mind still,
full many a maiden garden beset at Erin's gate,
still be waiting that bewailing night asleep,
more temperate than darling buds of May, my love;
besmeared with time to remembrance past,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
half-so-dumb, deaf to the ear of eyes so blind,
that man-in-the-moon to eternal bliss in waking hour.

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Date Created: Saturday, September 05, 2015 5: 51: 56 PM

*Rewritten with inception of four more lines.

Naveed Khalid

The Little Prince

Me not so dim-witted that by wise words to profane thee,
Nor can e'er unleash the curtain of thy most high deserts,
That show not my head where thy crown, of worthier pen born,
My mind still shines so bright before the world's eye,
And in wanting looks a wanton tapestry at thy throne,
Of a plumed hat on knees, to prove thee virtuous:
I wish I'd that parody played a hunch for the parade
Of heavy steps, a march towards spring's apparels,
Under the hood of the sun, amidst green leaves of clear morning;
Stood amongst many a maiden garden of blushed roses,
All wrapped in ecstasy of full-arrayed ribbons, our little prince, sleep on!
I'll make them my stepping stones, a mileage to take far-off,
The living memories of love's great heir, her excellency the Queen;
For such darling insights to thee suffice, more sweet my humble ode,
The stream of golden nymphs beside a beautiful cascade,
Away from high heavens, grows to eternal bliss in thy abode.

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Naveed Khalid

The Peacock

With all the grandeur
of the interior of a garden
you stand straight,
ready to spread out
your tail plumes of star-lit eyes:
all too many of your attendants are
of rainbow-colour'd combs and fans,
who always make too bright a show
to the world of your burning passion;
and in the eyes of those who dare
to behold you at the throne
of women's headdresses- -
You Bird of Paradise
at the Golden Gate
of the Indian Ocean!

You'd serve the poet's quill,
for the verses writ
in arabesque patterns
in the Book of Calligraphy.
You are mark'd for reference
at every plum'd page I read,
I remember you, you who once
played all poets to me,
except for one to be you or I.
Today, all poets, I grant you;
all the leaves of scaled-wings
I present you for the sake
of your holiness.
Even I shadow my eyes at the 'line,
where you in all your beauty lie;
and before I open my eyes
from the Darwin's sickness,
you can walk away into
the gulf of all-poets-eyes,
at the Golden Gate
of the Indian Ocean!

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Naveed Khalid

The Red Moon

When majestic sun from sullen earth shall raise
All battered things more witness to this world,
That still by recourse to the mind alone
'Gainst the wall on high in desert titan,
What by treasure trove is buried with thy bones,
Of stardust dime this darksome house of clay:
Three burning candles at equal measure apart;
Far from the skyline hide in gray thy brow,
Whence e'ery fair face from summer's eve doth steal,
Such awry looks of radiant cheeks his love,
More red with blisters grow at break of day.

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Created: Thursday, January 30, 2014 1: 38: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Rossetta Stone

Must I of such thought that first arise in my mind,
Of erased looks to the world through e'eryday happenings
To my eyes so blind in fair aspect of cold repose;
More bright to illumine, my love, to unhindered scope of light
Than e'ery vain thing in vain words bereft of sight,
Away from out of dark, oft unlooked by what I write,
I fain would love to claim ere thine unweird eye:
Then, that you know not where least I find thee more so,
Of thy unattended presence to fill the page in waking hour;
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in hurtlings of past woe
Against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky in graceful ease;
I stand apart from all the panorama that abides by thee alone,
Unaccounted for what abounds in nurslings of immortality,
More blest of ages that are dead under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree.

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Date Created: Monday, September 29,2014 1: 42: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Rosy Cross I

(On the writings of Mary Shelley & Rosicrucians)

All that is in the world
of love's long diminish'd sense of Being;
and what in words I still am warbling o'er
his e'er lasting song,
that in my breathless rhyme,
I have no tongue to utter;
nor no oppressive power can o'ertake,
Jesus! on the pedestal of thy throne,
only you suffice,
let him who thinks on thee twice,
I'll not of such unnerved blood in vein,
be thy love of woe-begott'n dream.

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*Republished

Date Created: Tuesday, November 12,2013 4: 46: 51 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Rosy Cross-II

Not least by what to my mind still in winter cold,
This world that moves me more to a vanished eye,
Feeds on nothing but what I write of my own shadow;
Blind of wanton looks so fair, a drifting dream amiss
From what remains confounded in Beulah's night,
My love of hallowed fire in Hades of a star!
The Eagle that soars above in high heavens,
Full many a pen-pricked angel at his beck and call,
Hath beset this throne at the gallows of thy feet,
And all my reckoning days in seraph wings of gold.

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Date Created: Date Created: Wednesday, June 18,2014 11: 02: 13 AM

Naveed Khalid

The Royal Nativity

This world that of erased looks to my mind still
Of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour;
Against all else, too, shall but in precious minutes waste,
More temperate than e'erything that grows to eternal bliss,
A hallowed ring in deep azure at twelfth hour of the night,
Enwrought with the star of thy most high deserts
To unhindered scope of light through e'ery pouring shadow,
Uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow, my love,
Hath beset many a maiden garden ere thine unweird eye:
Of wanton tapestry at thy throne Her Excellency the Queen,
Oft sits brooding o'er the dale with darling buds of May;
Barefooted you tread the mundane shell under the canopy of a hut,
Above the mantle piece where the picture hangs by the wall,
I could see the crow's quill beside, of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,

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Naveed Khalid

Thinking Of You

Me, too, can speak not of what I deny thee most,
That of silence in effect to prevail o'er infinitesimal blessings;
Than by what I write of ages that are dead
To hardly think of this world through e'ery pouring shadow,
More bright to illumine, my love, of eyes so blind,
Uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow!
Where oft I my light hath spent in vain words to prove it,
Which to my mind still more blessed by thought alone,
Of unhindered scope, alas, but to desecrate thine holy eye,
I fain would bring to the page of wanton tapestry at thy throne.

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Date Created: Saturday, September 27, 2014 11: 35: 00 AM

Naveed Khalid

Thinking Of You Ii

Speak not unto me of thy mind
that in fair form's graceful ease,
exponent of that bright-lit mirror
of thy most high deserts,
heaven-ward bent that bewailing night asleep,
I too hath stood and wept
against this world forlorn,
gone are the days of happy morn,
tinged with stars of old in a host of crowd:
besate upon the stone of Bohan
from another shore to arise,
of our unmet desires in timeless tide,
encompassed with thy dappled things,
thy gilded monument astounds,
twin draperies of her iris by the time count,
soon will go to sleep,
on wings, on wings that crow's quill
of lost memory to another's plight,
will ne'er find solace in thy presence alone.

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Date Created: Thursday, September 17,2015 2: 35: 22 PM

Naveed Khalid

Three Lines Of Indian Hierarchy

The three lines of Indian Hierarchy
mark on my forehead
the beginning of my father's dream.
It all start'd from the Cambridge River,
one misty sunshine in silver lining,
when angels danc'd in the wind,
breaking loose their white attires
after midnight's long escape;
when golden boughs bow'd over
their heads against the bleak horizon.
All the three were sailing in the same boat,
their black coats neatly press'd,
creas'd at the collars
by some unknown launderer in 1957...
and they say they roved
through the City of London,
passing under the Thames Bridge,
a few steps ahead in the distance,
not more than their eyes could go,
they saw him there, the Captain of the Vessel,
and many a shooting stars in a rainbow,
Seaward bent, toss'd upside down,
baptiz'd upon the beach.
Folks say, he was found with the map
of three lines of Indian Hierarchy,
mark'd on my forehead
the end of my father's dream.

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Date Created: Wednesday, February 3,2011.3: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

Title Of A Poem

Each time I bring to thee thy face anew,
And from out of world's chaos of cosmos;
But by the sun arise in early morn,
That not a star is hid by veil of night;
Nor my love, by error remov'd from thee,
Which if I've all the riches at thy feet,
Myself nothing more than a speck of light,
Be one such shadow at corner of thine eye
What simply for a moment's glance, behold!
This nature of things in my verse unfold,
More by looks be loved than by loving look
I create this form of thy beauty's book.

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*Republished

Date Created: Saturday, January 26,2013 10: 36: 38 PM

Naveed Khalid

To His Excellency

What in words thy Muse hath brought to light
is but by thy heavenly stars inspir'd,
which for enough too long thy mirror hath served;
that without my reflection, a lasting gaze
through those spectacles of a man-in-the-moon,
in whose eye, no one dare look when you look;
nor not a word can write without direction,
unless in revelation from the other world,
you pour forth a dream, that never comes true,
but from first to last a mind's journey begins
from yellow-pages of history, back to the beehive.

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Date Created: Monday, October 29,2012 2: 21: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

To London's Clock

You look at every passer-by
As if he is your acquaintance
When lopsided you walk past
Thy old days young or young days old;
And the daylight stars you count them at night:
Mother of our harvesting children,
Blest with every moment of eternity,
Full armour thy shield
Stand witness to
The difference of time- -
And time, they say, is money
For as long as you have it,
It is worth a heaven,
Always on wings
Against nature's timelessness,
Which can never be spent in the end,
Except that the compass moves along the line,
Would draw as big a circle
That thy heart's desires can stretch you
On a phantasmal oasis;
While I, to whom you vouchsafe this dream,
Am too poor to run by the clock,
Not to think of making my both ends meet,
Until I find myself standing at 90 degree,
Exactly where I started from,
Though time has changed at 12 O Clock,
Yet not for me since we parted,
I remember you for one minute's silence,
Lo! not same be the world,
Nor the mirror that still
Hangs up there on the wall,
Makes faces at each of us,
Mocks our liberty,
Round and round grows fatter,
Bigger everyday from behind the scene,
I see your big smile face.

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Date Created: August 10,2012.

* Title Revised: From To London's Clock To A Big Ben

Naveed Khalid

To The Moon I

I'll write, I'll write thee more so
what is hid from thine eye,
and all things of beauty, great and small,
are in the world of a vanished sight;
but you in whose presence this verse,
I can never bring to light,
a borrowed face of the sun,
that in the beehive, of cherubim wings,
bespeaks a glory of the mind
o'er all else that is not real,
nor a shadow in the mirror
can ever reflect thy love.

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Date Created: 6/7/2013

Naveed Khalid

To The Moon II

O bright-lit mirror of the world!
not half thy part thou hide
from this bewailing night asleep;
nor from day's old look when he looks in thee,
and whoe'er else beguiles thee so
on thy behalf, his love's faults more
than thy beauty's face can show;
which, too, but in love of thee goes blind,
that, thus, thou returnest in the same light
what his eyes would receive from the skies,
no one hath e'er seen things so fair, bereft of sight:
when on that darkest day of history,
God, Lord of the heavens and the earth,
set ablaze thy name abroad,
all mankind stood aghast;
it was a total black out,
the eclipse of the constellations,
until from the pedestal of his throne,
he stepp'd down to visit the world twice,
for one look of thee since then,
all seek light of the last blue moon.

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Date Created: Thursday, September 06,2012 2: 08: 25 PM

* Lord be praised for no man's favourite
his love of high heavens,
for dappled things yet the reality
of this world beyond the sunrise,
remains in the back log of memories;
a dream of long ago to know his ways,
comes to pass down the ages,
thy supreme most angels of life's long journey
through such visitations far from the maddening crown;

are still communion with men of old!

Naveed Khalid

Tomb

What I can bring to the surface of a page,
is far too less drown'd in a drop of tear,
dried of ink; than what in fathom-five hath sunk,
too deep for woe to tell thee of thy tale;
which if in a glass of wine for me you pour,
thy sweet lot more unto my view for inspection,
that no less heaven in my words, full of sight;
and where the mirror reflects thee not thy face,
the spirit evaporates too soon, pigeonhol'd through the sky;
the crow's quill on a night-cap takes flight
from Trafalgar Square, and a flock of pigeons
in the garden sit no more; nor eat crumbs by the window,
but in love's girdl'd loins of silken-satin,
unsettl'd round about the common earth again.

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Date Created: Monday, October 29,2012 2: 17: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

Torrential Rain

Must I deny thee most the heart that fed
in nurslings of immortality,
so fairly lost scope of days that are gone
in my bed of crimson joy her stumbled feet
of cut-out trees in the rainforest, my age-old love,
that half-baked masonry's night such darling buds of may
of clay and wattle-made thistles to some rivulet blue;
pebbles and stones in the ocean sink her woes too deep,
of golden tress his hair upon the sand dunes:
full ripe gourd of some hazel nuts in my account,
small minions that arise like to the lark at break of day
this world of my shipwrecked dreams in the late evening,
of e'ery departed look down the lane in amber woods,
beside the oak, squirrels make hoards while musing o'er the dale,
a black cat crossed my way pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn
away from high heavens thy most high deserts,
of crowquill my feathered pen hath writ thrice with holy dread
too shall fade to a close afraid of darkened earth's infernal grove
above the mundane, untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath under the Archangel's brow,
full fathom-five thy battled bones awhile but to think on thee,
rest content be oblivion of a host among daffodils in summer prime
this darkly drowned enigma of yore dream can ne'er illumine
of fealty's Apollo at my door, ages that are dead by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Saved on: Sat 8/20/2016 5: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

Touch-Me-Not

Far, far away from out of sight,
I sit still unmoved by what I write
Of eternal silences, beneath the bed of crimson joy;
That untouched by e'ery falling star in winter cold,
My love that abides by thee alone,
Of untread places to a land of fairies,
Opes a garden unto my unweird eye!
A sponge of tears to the fabric of day-dreams,
Cooled in the morning's pure serene:
The sun on my back in hurtlings of past woe,
Oft marked by a wanton tapestry at thy throne,
Too soon shall fade e'ery flower upon a barren heath.

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Date Created: Monday, September 22,2014 5: 07: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Tragedy

I, too, find myself at odds
with what I can see not
to unhindered scope of light,
that by dark bewails the night
through e'ery pouring shadow;
my love in hurtlings of past woe,
more bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye
than e'ery vain thing in vain words I write:
of ages that are dead to my eyes so blind,
away from out of sight his same old facade,
flawed in e'erything that hangs a picture on the wall
against a pastoral background,
this world that abides by thee alone,
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island,
oft printed twice by far removed from thee
e'erything so fair from thy fairest brow;
else in simple fold my vain endeavour,
I behold in false pretense of vague impressions
e'ery flower upon a barren heath.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 08,2014 7: 39: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Turret Of A Crown

Methinks not in vain words of e'ery departed look
this world all woe,
nor no heart can afford in silent hours
of soliloquy,
her stumbled feet upon the sand dunes,
pricked with a furr coat in the cellar-barn;
a weasel hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown:
sticks out his head like a soring thumb impression
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in rosemary garden;
a lurking limbo to my shipwrecked dreams,
of woe-begone days in my bed of crimson joy,
beside the oak in the late evening too bright,
that crow on wings, on wings still musing o'er the dale,
of fealty's Apollo at my door, his age-old love,
makes beauteous my nights under the Archangel's brow:
needest not I of my adversaries be part to play
a hunch for the parade, our little john,
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time,
where squirrels make hoards in haystack of woods,
I my secret hath kept away from high heavens,
above the mundane, in nurslings of immortality!
for I love thee not for beauty's sake that by looking liking moves
me more in thy graceful ease to a close afraid
than what the stars in secret influence comment, sweet maid.

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Date Created: Friday, March 18,2016 4: 02: 23 PM

Naveed Khalid

Turtle-Dove I

Hear ye not full-throttle song of a thrush,
that in thy graceful ease,
of cherubim wing her beauty's fair;
shall but sing in melodious accents I, I,
of glorious days her love of old,
all wrapped in shroud of a star
o'er the wall on high,
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise:
no light can e'er illumine in wilderness of pure heaven;
her enchanting slogans of disparity
to my mind still by the sweat of thy brow,
of snow-capped myrtle in rosemary garden;
some shadow fell at sunset of the evening sky,
ere I beheld that wrecked boat upon the sand dunes,
subservient nature's most ardent desire,
at midnight lease in waking hour
half-deaf, half-dumb to the ear,
above a hawthorn, sticks out his head
like a soring thumb impression.

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Date Created: Tuesday, June 30,2015 11: 38: 24 AM

Naveed Khalid

Turtle-Dove II

Me not myself to claim
of such presences that stirr the mind
against false pretense to vague impressions,
the reality of yore dappled things
bespeaks of love her enchanting slogans of disparity,
this world beside that crow's quill
of my shipwrecked dreams,
I most my heart hath fed
in nurslings of immortality,
of eyes so blind that day of unaltered eye,
goes soaring high above the dale
with pen-pricked angels at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Saturday, September 26,2015 1: 35: 33 PM

Titled revised with 'A'

Naveed Khalid

Twelfth Night If So You Please!

When at about time two we twain parted unawares,
Whilst all the panorama of this world beside,
Save I to bewep my outcast state forlorn;
That to a land of fairies abides by thee alone,
Of golden tress her hair upon the strand of still waters,
A bunch of stars to collect by the sea ashore
Against this modern electra of thy most high deserts,
I still can behold, my love, to that day of unaltered eye:
Away from out of sight to my mind still in abundance,
Full rich content of e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
Oft in precious minutes waste many a day by nights;
Else thy higher being's most eloquent other around my head,
Pardon me! not least to claim I by the sweat of thy brow,
Along the pavement of cow parsley, a mistletoe on his back,
Too, but hurts me to think on thee of ages that are dead,
Twice by far removed from thee my Lord's light to crow's quill of ruffled feathers;

Of whom, they say, not I that moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour,
Ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers,
This embassage of what I write to the west wind in autumn.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 13,2014 3: 59: 38 PM

Naveed Khalid

Twilight

Ah, those walks that we had of both
so intricately woven in the aurora of your dream;
and that pathway above the archer's bow,
where oft you sit still watching the skies
at staircase window of the wall,
of snaky entwines, that in seraph's wings unfold,
a shrub of wrinkl'd lip in my spilt words:
the beehive shook off her golden head by the stream,
alongside the purple pavement of cow parsley;
I could see each flower grow in heaven's wilderness,
amidst many a moon stood, the tree, his faded glory,
had him beset too deep for woe, darkly lit in thy abode.

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Naveed Khalid

Umbrella

Maybe somewhere else of man's sovereignty
this world,
can be of such propensity more bright
than what I can ne'er think on thee,
that in thy presence alone,
full glorious sun of our common affairs,
of eyes so blind to e'er melting snow
that day of unaltered eye at sunset of the evening sky,
needest no light by the sweat of thy brow,
that bright-lit mirror of thy most high deserts
o'er the wall on high by two lovers dead,
that crow's quill of foul fawning bay at my door,
bespeaks of love her beauty's fair,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon,
that masonry's night from earth's infernal grave,
hath raised us above a funeral pyre.

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Date Created: Sunday, September 20,2015 6: 55: 51 PM

Naveed Khalid

Unicorn

What is dark? that by dark more bright, my love,
Than my light can e'er illumine by pen-pricked angels,
Of golden tress his hair, makes beauteous my nights;
Else by days, too, hangs a picture upon e'ery wall,
Away from what to my mind still more blessed,
Of ages that are dead under the Archangel's brow,
Some unreflected being in the mirror, darkly lit in thy abode,
Of unattended presence through e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
E'ery fair from fair robs her red, ere thine unweird eye,
That I can ne'er hope to claim such slogans of disparity
Oft to thy solemn mien in trash and tinsel hides,
The reality of this world through e'ery pouring shadow.

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Naveed Khalid

Unrhymed

I sit still by the oak tree,
waiting to hear the church bell,
ring with e'ery falling star,
so deafening to the ear in winter cold;
posies around my head of eyes so blind,
oft are swayed by thy love
of mellowing year in spring:
bespeaks of thy unattended presence,
more bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye
than by what I write to my faults concealed.

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Date Created: Thursday, October 02,2014 11: 23: 27 AM

Naveed Khalid

Utopia Of Swangeans

I feel not so cold and numb to the world all woe,
No vein can afford such a skipped beat,
That in solemn strain this barren rhyme;
Of royal blood that rose in my heart,
A drop of tear to wipe in summer's breathless rhyme;
I'll pick some sweet-scented flowers from love's note
To weave a wand of posies around your head:
For in whose enchanting slogans of disparity,
My bosom rends in attire of bewilderment;
Say not, a weasel hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
But which to revery of thy iron frame in fair aspect,
Still abides by thee alone to that day of unaltered eye;
Oft goes unchecked by what I write to my eyes so blind,
Away from out of sight upon the page is printed, printed.

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Date Created: Saturday, October 18,2014 9: 58: 35 AM

*Poem revised to 14 lines instead of 12 or 13, and line # 3 shifted to line # 8- -a few structural reshuffling has been made as well.

Naveed Khalid

Vendetta

All too well framed in the back of my mind,
What still hangs in the bosom of my shop;
And of posting no need my love to claim,
That more be rehearsed after me thy name:
So to remember thee by heart I behold
That picture hid away from thee more sweet
Than if in her presence is marked by thee;
I know not what hand or eye will bring to the page,
This line to read against thyself suffice,
Methinks not in vain by world's wing thy angel.

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Created: Thursday, January 23, 2014 12: 34: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Venus I

Love has but a cruel heart,
and no more I can bear
the burden of thy yoke;
nor the ploughman in his field,
by the sun will work to land;
but this cross that I carry
with a heavy heart,
must yield to me, my love
of yellow bees in the bower,
is hid in myrtle's golden brow:
that moon of madness,
hung aloft the night.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 57: 54 PM

* A mythology of the unknown, unravelled mystery
which speaks of the fertile crescent, that of the harvesting moon has fourteen
generations, and the darkling love of autumn at the sunset!

Naveed Khalid

Venus II

Of youth's age-old love that grows e'ermore
Than in time's measured breath I count,
Be of world's infinite blessings;
And beauty's fair face in timeless treasure abound,
Has but no mortal look in the mirror to hide
From what oft in breathless rhyme fades away,
That I hear you sing of eternal silences;
Of unsaid words too dear in winter cold,
Too soon will settle on thy brow so fair,
Lord of my vassalage! Merry Merry Christmas!

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Date Created: Sunday, December 22,2013 4: 06: 29 PM

Naveed Khalid

Verbal

I am in two minds with equal measure apart,
From what I think on thee;
That none has enough wits to prove
What oft I deny thee most,
The first in his own right- -
Not least can claim I- -
To whom the second best abides,
My love of either's woe:
All, too, but subverts itself to nothing
More than by what I write
Of ages that are dead in summer's prime,
To bewep my outcast state
Of another rent at midnight lease,
This change with e'ery changing eye
Against time's waking hour.

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Date Created: Tuesday, October 07,2014 7: 50: 23 PM

Naveed Khalid

Verger's Tale Of A Tub

No thought so insidious that to my mind still,
begets the wind of her apparels in spring,
half so off-hand at Minerva's golden brow,
of unhindered scope this world beside
at sunset of the evening sky,
hath love-sick thought on thee,
that crow's quill of my shipwrecked dreams;
that in the mellowing year to e'er melting snow,
needest no light in the backyard of my garden,
where e'ery flower upon a barren heath in worn-out time,
too but steals looks from my bed of crimson joy,
the bonanza of yore drifting dream amiss.

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Date Created: Tuesday, September 15,2015 6: 15: 56 PM

* Rewritten with readership of the mind.

Naveed Khalid

Vespers

By what words I pluck at thy heartstrings,
That Ovid's veneral Amores run in deep sorrows;
And through Roman blood of royal lineage,
In whose much too strain'd wreckage of a nerve,
Cut through a sharp knife for smooth sailing,
Of all that hath pass'd o'er in a twilight dream!
But by love is bound his reverberations in the mind,
Whose drop of vintage cools the morning sun;
Not less than a song of cupid's far-fetch'd arrow
When crescent bow at his knee touched the ground,
A ballad dance of black swan's ethereal wings,
Are long depart'd in sweet-scent'd sickness thus.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 29,2012 1: 19: 35 PM

Naveed Khalid

Vine-Ivy

Of freshly sown seeds that grow and wither
in time's waste,
that in silent hours of the night,
the feet that I hath tread;
of unhindered scope to think on thee,
that by thought alone thy mind,
pours forth in e'erything beyond the sunrise
to that day of unaltered eye:
else by the west-wind in autumn,
oft goes unchecked at sunset the of the evening sky,
my love of thy most high deserts,
that in the mellowing year of spring
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
too deep for woe by the sweat of thy brow
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
that crow's quill beside,
of foul fawning bay at my door,
lost in the twilight of waking hour,
some dry leaves of book in rosemary garden.

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Date Created: Wednesday, September 30,2015 1: 34: 08 PM

Naveed Khalid

Vineyard

Somewhere deep inside the vein of thought
that by thought alone my mind
of unaltered look in the mirror;
oft by travel tired my pilgrimage to thee,
of ages that are dead, blind of looks so fair,
above my head a star guides my moving
away from Chapman's Homer:
unlooked for love my Lord's light at Cortez,
curtailed behind the canopy of a hut,
an olive branch by thatch-eaves is run,
hung aloft the ghastly night in slogans of disparity:
I could hear him speak through sign posts,
such words of a far-fetched sky,
neatly dovetailed along the pavement
of cow parsley, a drop of vintage hides,
still in haystack of woods burning, burning.

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Date Created: Saturday, October 04,2014 4: 18: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Wallaby

See! how this world in reality
of the mind,
still through studded feelings arise, arise,
meted out of proportion in disfigured form
thy haggard bones, pebbles and stones
by the ocean sink this darkly drowned enigma
of yore dream o'er the dale,
ah, pays homage to the setting sun,
that crow's quill of foul fawning bay at my door,
of cut-out trees in the rainforest with pen-pricked angels,
apart from where you tread the mundane shell,
heaven-ward bent that soldier's grave unknown,
from another shore to arise, to suffer by thee alone
against a plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
a horse-on-saddle at his knee touched the ground,
of ten thousand and one Jewel that bewailing night asleep.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 28,2015 4: 49: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Wickerman

Soon as I depart from what by love
You illumine the world before the sun;
And not with eyes but to paint the skies,
The seraph wings of legendary figures,
Of such Word upon the window-pane,
That by writing more shall blind the eye,
Drain blood from out of vein to fill the cup;
To see them forlorn, e'erything in me rebels,
Against the sun those bewitching daemons, cry:
Slain! slain! that Wickerman of burning gold!

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Date Created: Monday, February 24,2014 12: 13: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

Wide Awake

O let him who thinks on thee more bright,
fade away in the back of your mind
than what the stars in secret influence comment,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
that in largess of some thought on wings, on wings;
heaven-ward bent at sunset of the evening sky,
that crow's quill of my shipwrecked dreams,
pays homage to the setting sun at Matilda's farm:
besmeared with time a few dry leaves of book in autumn,
no dark can e'er illumine in my bed of crimson joy,
so sickening to the bones, my love, of snow-capped myrtle,
beside that soldier's grave unknown by the sea-ashore,
honey-combs in wattle and daub to e'er melting snow,
cowslip her parted hair upon the sand dunes
of foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
that day of unaltered eye under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Friday, October 09,2015 4: 23: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Wild, Wild

This world of what I write to my love so blind,
bereft of e'ery look that by looks more bright
than if from a bowl of stars you drink;
away from out of sight that to my mind still,
of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour;
pours forth in e'erything to that day of unaltered eye,
a man of all seasons that of wanton tapestry at thy throne:
needest no light in dismal shades of age-old grey;
uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
oft in three beats of my heart's forfeited dark,
tolls the bell at my door in the early morn.

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Date Created: Date Created: Monday, October 13,2014 7: 49: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Winter Moon

Me not in much haste to morning's pure serene,
that in largess of some thought to a far-fetched sky
such phantom of chalice wings in thy graceful ease,
makes beauteous my nights by day's toil too bright
of what I write in thy presence alone to thee suffice;
that crow's quill to eternal bliss in waking hour,
more blessed of ages that are dead in love of thee
to my eyes so blind that day of unaltered eye:
while hung aloft the ghastly night by heaven's high bower,
I fain would bring to the page of my shipwrecked dreams,
a shrub of wrinkled lip in my spilt words of snow-capped myrtle.

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Date Created: Saturday, April 11,2015 5: 20: 22 PM

Naveed Khalid

Winter Moon II

See! how else I so fairly lost sight of thee,
that e'ery loving grace
of surpassing wit thy brow,
that becharms the skies
of woe-begone days my shipwrecked dreams
beyond the sunrise this world
of thy most high deserts
hath rent at midnight lease in waking hour:
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
no dark can e'er illumine ere thine unweird eye
full glorious sun of our common affairs,
beside that crow's quill upon the sand dunes;
of passion worn her stumbled feet
shall wear out soon against the harvest moon
in the backyard of my garden,
of virgin mother born in the late evening,
of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time,
our little John o'er the dale with pen-pricked angels,
that day of unaltered eye,
hung aloft the ghastly night,
I still behold along the pavement of cow parsley,
some such snowflakes of seventy winters have thy November.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 17, 2015 1: 04: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Witchcraft

O, lend me your ear to the tunes of harp,
wired at e'ery step of a lady finger;
and of pluck'd beats from his eyebrow:
the queen calls for the butler,
goes mad at him to keep the stove on,
'Where is the butler? where is the butler?
that of the burner such a waste,
hardly a poor man can bake,
not to speak of eating well,
you bastard! there you are!
next time I'll not see you in the kitchen
keep the lights on,
away from my sight! ':
the image of that picture still hangs o'er my head
of my Father's tell-tale,
whose catapult hand wav'd me out of doors
to call for a shot with a fallen star,
when of the three bushes,
he gave me a ring of eternity.

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Monday, October 28,2013 7: 14: 16 PM

Not yet our Lord's high heavens bespeaks
my mind's impromptu

Naveed Khalid

Writer's Block

What it matters if not in words I write,
And nothing more against light
Than what by love to thee suffice;
Which if spread by Muse's wing,
The stars from every corner would pick,
On their way back to heaven,
Whence while musing o'er the dale,
You may find this line already writ.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 19,2013 3: 00: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

You & I

You're still the same as you've ever been
In my mind's eye, though far removed
From yourself the very image of you;
That I know not the man, nor need to know,
By whose arrow we two shall victim be;
And suffer as much as he alone hath suffered
At the expense of night's ink, all wrapp'd in darkness,
Which in words, who hath eyes enough to see,
Where uncertain scope of things most abound,
Is yet by one single ray of light revealed,
Whereupon I myself from myself should hide.
So I, my promise, hath kept, not by words,
But by false pretense to make believe it,
What exists not but in self-creat'd illusion,
Unknown, unseen secret of invisible world;
For words oft deceive us, bereav'd of light,
When with me thy much quot'd tale is writ,
I think not on thee, more or less than mine,
While in such thoughts I spend time with thee,
Love! how divided we live, but together die!

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Date Created on: December 4,2012.

Naveed Khalid

Youth

Lord! me, too, hath passed that age of crimson joy,
That grows to eternal bliss in silent hours of the night;
More blessed by what I write, of wanton looks that boy
Than by looking more, so porous as the eyes, such darling insight
To my mind still of another rent at midnight lease,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath ere thine unweird eye:
My love of youthful prime in summer's evening sky,
Much too rendered in age old grey under the Archangel's brow,
That lone wanderer's bed, a star-Y velorum, Mitzva in his hand,
This world against a pastoral background, but to thee suffice;
Ah! from a bowl of stars to drink, a drop of vintage hides
Away from out of sight in that cottage-tree, burning! burning!

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Naveed Khalid

Zeitgeist

While where I stood alone amidst the debris of ruined ashes,
brimming with applause of some stray thoughts,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon;
oft marked by what I write upon the strand of still waters,
that boat beside, of broken mast-shaft at north:
to the west wind in autumn of e'er melting snow,
this world of thy most high deserts at Minerva's golden brow!
else in courting flame her love of eyes so blind
to that forfeited dark in Hades of a star:
I could see from the harbour of eternal silences,
down that road my shipwrecked dreams,
engulfed with all too weird my senses numb
amongst the stars of stigmatised innocence,
too, but slowly drifting away from the sand dunes,
a foul fawning bay at my door, bewails the night
to that day of unaltered eye my e'er living memory:
hath weaved so rich a wand around my head of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown;
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
e'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 31,2014 3: 51: 12 PM
Rewritten and updated on: Friday, January 02,2015 3: 48: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid