

Poetry Series

# **Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai**

## **- poems -**

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## Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai()

I was born on 24 April 1967 at Kasur(PAKISTAN) .I passed MA English in 1996 from Punjab University Lahore and then got MPhil degree from Ansted University (UK) I write poetry in ENGLISH, URDU and PUNJABI.

# A Clever Hawk (Time)

You are still, still you walk  
Though silent, yet you talk;  
We are homeless sparrows  
You are a clever hawk.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# A Couple Of Doves

In middle of a congested city  
A college paid its full duty.  
Its grand building was excellent  
All lawns and grounds decent.  
Peaceful atmosphere ruled around  
Here the deer had no fear of hound.  
All the rooms and corridors were well  
It seemed that it was paradise in hell.  
A couple of doves too dwelt here  
Because there was no risk near.  
They peacefully perched on the roof  
Of good life it was a good proof.

The pair preached a lesson in silence  
Do your job without any resistance.  
Life is short; art is long is a fact  
Have on your mind a soothing effect.

Dove policy is a peaceful passage  
For all humanity a unique message.

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# A Great Show

The fish-seller is  
Butchering fish in the street;  
The poor children  
Can only watch the great show  
And get all enjoyment.

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# A Handless Beggar

On the footpath of a fast and vast road  
A scene cut my heart like a hard quick sword  
Into countless pieces my heart scattered  
For a moment i was cut off from my horde.

A handless man was sitting still and calm  
For help, the wrists were stretched out  
But the wound was to remain without balm  
From the game of life he was entirely out.

All his misries I could not imagine  
The horn were making all it a mockery  
I couldn't offer a response genuine  
Vast distance was between letchery and misery.

Instead of offering I got something  
That the man has not been defeated yet  
How staunch is the humble man's reasoning  
Who has put to rout life's fever and fret..

With hands I can do, no doubt, a lot  
One day I will be able to change my lot  
I should not weep on my fate's plot  
I must be energetic in life and hot.

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# A Lessom From Mud

Why does mud become dark like pitch,  
When soil falls in some drain or ditch?  
Company of base things makes it so;  
Black prevails on things lying low.  
But when taken out and spread,  
Changes the color of this mud.  
A strange effect in sun light  
Falling on mud from the sun bright,  
Is seen when black turns into livid;  
No doubt a wonderous view vivid.  
As sun's light can turn black into light,  
You can get a lesson very polite.  
That when sinful society sullens soul  
And Evil prevails as a whole,  
The company of good heart is good,  
We should live in whose neighbourhood.  
His eyes' light will turn black heart hoary  
For our bad deeds, we'll feel sorry.  
This regret will give us solace  
Of Evil we'll not be accomplice.  
Good heart's company will make us good  
Furniture is made of ugly wood.  
Flowers' close touch will make us fragrant  
We ourselves will become flower innocent.

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# A Unique Mobile

Day and night I check my mobile's screen  
To read my friends messages or see missed calls  
For this I am ever ready and keen  
So much from space in my simple lot falls.

Without the mobile I feel uneasy  
It is a must of my existence  
With it I am relaxed, with it busy  
Along with time, energy it takes expense.

But I require a unique mobile  
That may get some message from the Highest  
Who lives at a distance of endless mile  
Who regards me as the friend dearest.

Yes I have that unique mobile in my chest  
Where I can read all messages and calls too  
Without charge and balance, it's the best  
Yes, you also have, it is the heart true.

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# Abominable Souls

Human eyes have some likes and some dislikes  
Though the wanton glance on many things glides.  
What is beauty, where is beauty, who knows?  
Glances are pickers like ravens and crows.  
As art lies in concealing art, you know,  
True beauty lies in hiding, not in show.  
Close flowers attract more than do the open  
With greater expectation to happen.  
Those who trespass the bounds of morality  
Are wild intruders into humanity.  
Such women as behave like animals  
Are not women but such seeming mammals.  
Such men as go beyond all morality  
Belong to Darwin's wayward animality.  
Man is sacred as man, not as wild beast  
If not sacred, moral should be at least.  
Animals are in bounty in Nature's lap  
Only man can wear high honor's cap.  
Murder, rape, abduction and corruption  
Have become today's prevailing fashion.  
We have become the abominable souls  
Who have downright forgotten pious roles.  
Man should be honored first of all as man  
Then as religious, local or what he can.  
Human beings must be safe from human beings  
Then Heaven with Earth happy sonnets sings.

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# Again The Rain

Again the rain reminds the pain  
Passing hour has my past slain

Each drop becomes my eyes' tear  
Silly become my thoughts seer.

Cool wind winds up warm sighs  
From torture-cell soul upflies.

Sorrow is the souvenir of rain  
That starts long lost memories' train.

It brings life to dried up shoots  
That fills pleasure in plants to roots.

It grants peace to disturbed dust  
That otherwise remains burst.

In my heart it arouses dust  
The gold of Will begins to rust.

O jolly rain bring some blast of joy  
I may enjoy you like a wanton boy.

Illusion-nest be built again  
To forget for some time the pain.

I may ride in a careles train  
O rain come again, come again!

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# Ah Miserable!

Earth deals like a step-mother, no meal  
The sky like a tyrant, filled with zeal.  
No soothing wind blows, no clouds, no rain  
Everywhere misery, cries, pain and pain.

Have all human beings gone to stars to live  
No morsel in the mouth of drought to give.  
Where has the world Sympathy gone to sleep  
No kind eyes into dark misery peep.

Worse than skulls look human heads and faces  
So much so, they seem to be other races.  
Living death can be seen in their bodies week  
Even soul dislikes such statues, so meek.

O misery of man! please take some mercy  
Lords of world are lost in diplomacy.  
O God send some clouds of blessing  
The condition of Somalia is very pressing .

Would that man were kind enough to share  
His tears, his laughter and his care. AMEN

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# Air's Color

All colors are good  
But the color of air  
Is the most charming  
Because it is reality  
Devoid of false duality.

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# All Around

All around I find great grace  
But without human face.  
What has happened to man  
Where has gone Adam's race?

Houses don't like neighbours  
As masters hate beggars;  
Streets don't like children  
Glances fall like daggers.

Leaves, wings have been banished  
Ancient links now finished;  
Winds and clouds need not come  
Or they will be punished.

Charming stars charm no more  
Moon light enters no door;  
East is west, west is east  
Now are lost directions four.

Roads are dead without sigh  
Vehicles make cry on cry;  
Ah! from earth's dead body  
Man's hopeless soul did fly.

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# All The World Is A Stage

Scenes change, acts change, senses change  
Players change, times change, games change,  
Hunters change, birds change, breaks cage.  
All the world is a stage.

Flowers bloom, smile soon, comes morning  
Sets sun, languish leaves, comes evening,  
Comes storm to strongly show its rage.  
All the world is a stage.

First hearts run after desire,  
Then minds after it thoughts fire  
They get ready a war to wage.  
All the world is a stage.

Stars twinkle, moon changes, runs the sun  
Man with them also has a long run,  
Through centuries that does him outrage.  
All the world is a stage.

Writers write, readers read great books,  
They attract our minds with firm hooks,  
People wish their names in some page.  
All the world is a stage.

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# Allah Is Unique

He creates all things of this vast universe,  
We can't count their kinds, merits diverse,  
Our sharp thoughts with bafflement move reverse.

Allah is Unique,  
Allah is Unique.

He supports the endless sky with no support  
Of all courts of the world, greatest is his court,  
Of all forts of the world, strongest is his fort.

Allah is Unique,  
Allah is Unique.

He creates delicate things like butterfly,  
Things of colors and light like firefly,  
That fascinate the eyes while flying low and high.

Allah is Unique,  
Allah is Unique.

He bestows us with health when we fall ill,  
Withered, vacant hearts, with hope he can fill,  
He listens hearts from deep depth, from high hill.

Allah is Unique,  
Allah is Unique.

Bright sun and moon are servants of His house  
All alone He lives with no family, no spouse,  
But takes care of His beings from lion to mouse.

Allah is Unique,  
Allah is Unique.

Sweet smelling flowers and dancing rainbow show  
He is Unique with no rival, no foe,  
Sole commander of thunder and whispers slow.

Allah is Unique,  
Allah is Unique.

Oceans wait for His orders, mountains weep,  
In his control is each angel's flight and leap,  
His eyes can observe all thing high and deep.

Allah is Unique,  
Allah is Unique.

Make your heart His estate and then observe  
How He can, from all decay, you preserve,  
For endless life only He can conserve.

Allah is Unique,

Allah is Unique.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Ambulance

The world is a fast moving train  
That often crosses borders of brain.

Here life is born but for death,  
Must decay all forms of health.

Laughter must turn to sorrow;  
Past will become tomorrow.

Each morn is to become even;  
One one will be lost of eleven.

Loneliness will search you out;  
All pleasure will be put to rout.

All wanton springs mourn at last,  
When fierce Fate's flood flows too fast.

Motionless dead bodies rest in graves,  
Moving dead bodies live in built caves.

All walks lead to a single goal  
Of hanging in the vast world's gaol.

World, in fact, is an ambulance  
That does not approve resistance.

It carries bodies to Death's house  
As if dark Death were bright Life's spouse.

Without Death, Life is incomplete,  
His speck from her face we cannot delete.

While sitting in this ambulance  
We must have some jerks of repentance.

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# An Ant's Step

An ant's step is full of great wisdom  
That can be had but only seldom.

Worthlessly small step is a meagre thing  
That is to a worthwhile idea into mind bring.

One ant's step taken per day, in future  
Will become a giant's leap out of measure.

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# Anger

Anger spreads poison in mind  
Destruction it leaves behind.

It snatches all our senses  
And increases all our expenses.

Bloody sword in its hands it keeps  
And climbs up on thoughts bulky heaps.

It becomes blind in its darkness  
Hatred it can only express.

It cuts and bites with nails and teeth  
Thorns are spread in flowery heath.

It casts eclipse to sun and moon  
But when is punctured its balloon

Often it sits with head on knees  
And is heard saying ' please, please, please.'

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# Anxiety

Search out beauty in ugly sights  
Look into darkness without lights.  
Heights of depths not known to scholars  
Who are lost in search of dollars.  
Astronauts go up to bright stars  
Conquerors are plotting to win wars.  
Gracious flowers do deeds of charity  
Philosophers resort to clarity.  
Fortunate ones enjoy laughters  
Unfortunate ones weep for quarters.  
Drinkers depend on wine's bottle  
Bookish wish to meet Aristotle.  
Some wish for Paradise for joy  
For simple ones a joyful toy.  
No one wishes to embrace it  
Nor in Anxiety's couch to sit.  
A strange pleasure it contains  
For those who from low joy refrain.  
You need no intoxication  
To enjoy Anxiety's passion.  
It opens doors to sobriety  
And ideas of endless variety.  
If you come across Anxiety  
Try to enjoy its society.

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# Beautiful Fingers

Beautiful fingers are not a proof true  
Of symphony, of charity, of some virtue.

No doubt, but they themselves have such effect  
That they can cress heart's strings so perfect.

They create music without any touch  
That no flute, mandolin, pyre produce such.

Fingers's scene is itself a great charity  
That diminish confusion, create clarity.

Chaos seems to be between these fingers  
And of endless peace they are harbingers.

Virtue kisses these fingers day and night  
For heart's dark cave, they are candles of light.

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# Become A Tortoise

Art is long, life is short  
Build huts, don't try fort.  
Laziness is a poison  
That kills without reason.  
Heart's hare bounces and leaps  
It wants to bypass jeeps.  
But at once it goes to sleep  
That is worse than to creep.  
It retreats to its refuge  
Instead of doing tasks huge.  
When it awakes, it again jumps  
But it never breaks hard lumps  
That are on the way to run  
Not to be broken by the bright sun.  
Those lumps become staunch stone  
That can't be broken by the hare's bone.  
But a tortoise humbly moves  
And he astonishingly proves:  
If you want to get your goal,  
Hard work must play its role.  
So become a tortoise in your mind  
And win adventures of each kind.

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# Below The Surface

Smooth and safe looks the solid surface  
Who knows what is below it perhaps.

Trees and mountains raise their heads  
No doubt below the surface lie some beds.

At once some storm comes and shakes  
To straws what wise labour in weeks makes.

Into rivers flow high buildings and palaces  
No one knows why Nature has such malices.

Behind eyes surface countless worlds live  
But tongue to them seldom words give.

Heart is a treasure of secrets unknown  
Misinformation often gets renown.

Below the calm waters wells are gapping  
That do not appear on watchful mapping.

Above the skies eyes can't cast a glance  
No one knows the pleasing romance.

Glittering metals are not always gold  
Though they have shine sharp and bold.

Time looks like a smooth surface ground  
In fact a thick jungle with fierce hound.

Ups and downs often lead us down  
Kings are beheaded alongwith the crown.

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# Birds And Worms



Birds enjoy flights in endless space;  
They live a life of honour, grace;  
Worms are always creeping, eating;  
The greedy can't uplift their face.

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# Boiling Springs

O what is burning deep down in heart  
That hot sighs so soon seek to depart?  
Eyes are flinging scalding tears fast  
As in heart's house there occurred a blast.

Have my dear eyes gone mad?  
Or the heart has become so sad?  
The soul seems to have got angry  
Or Death says 'I am hungry.'

If nothing, what is the real reason  
Is it eyes' weeping season?  
Or the dry wind needs moisture  
To make dew, flowers' rapture.

Or the clouds have come thirsty  
From the vast oceans musty.  
And they wish some water neat  
To wash hills heads and feet.

If nothing like that, love is to blame  
Because love's symptoms are just the same.  
It brings flood in eyes' streams  
Who forgets sleep and see day-dreams.

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# Bubbles

When rain falls, bubbles are seen  
Matchless, marvellous in their sheen.

For small moments they exist  
And before you open fist  
They dislike to exist more  
In this world, sullen and sour.

Charming they look to children  
Innocent minds riddle-ridden.

To youth they look like couples  
Who enjoy love's ripples.

To the old they say: life is short,  
Death is sea, you are at the port.

To the wise they look like graves  
Such thoughts can be had by braves.

Bubbles attract poets' fancy  
Who at once face real fantasy.

Bubbles convey some message  
Momentary is life's passage.

Bubbles' sheen ravishes thoughts' queen  
It remedies defects of Spleen.

Weepy hearts like bubbles most  
For pure thought, they are good host.

O Bubbles! exist for long  
O dear, listen to my song.

But they say: Goodbye dear friend  
It is our life's eternal trend.



# Chained Chairs

Some chairs are there in my class  
Where I come a period to pass.

A few chairs have chains round their legs  
Others have free and clean pegs.

Chains cause no problem in sitting  
Because they have a good fitting.

But I don't like to sit in  
A chained chair, that seems a sin.

Free thoughts can't sit in a chained chair  
This dreadful act is quite unfair.

Though flowers can bloom in thorns company  
Nightingales sing without any penny,

Yet to sit in a chained chair  
In no way can be called fair.

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# Change

Seasons must change, reasons must change;  
Completion goes beyond our range;  
Young Present looks askance at old Past;  
Time's womb is full of acts strange.

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## Chasing Shadows(09-12-2015)

Time beheads man's wishes and makes him sad  
After some time, his targets seem a fad.  
In childhood, he weeps bitterly for toys  
In youth, he does the same for other joys.  
Coruscating hopes get confused with murk  
He gets lost in mundane loss and perk.  
Mid-age woes and wishes build a new hut  
Different walks, at last, come in common rut.  
In old age, all things seem to be ropy  
At last, he sleeps under the earthen canopy.  
No one lives with him, no one brings him back  
On all sides, he observes lack, lack and lack.  
The whole life seems to be a wild goose chase  
Not more concrete than shadows seems each phase.  
Shadows can't be caught in wise thought's hard noose  
Here all shrewd designs and fast knots prove loose.  
Shadows stand cleverer than man's wisdom, fake  
They make musty all the cookies he can bake.  
Whole sojourn is spent in chasing shadows  
Into barren lands, change lush green meadows.

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# Cleanliness

They say ' cleanliness is a must  
We need dust nor any rust.  
Students come here neat and clean  
Roughness is not liked by any dean.  
She comes to sweep when we are teaching  
Worthy lessons to students we are preaching.  
Dust disturbs, sound perturbs us all  
This anxiety to us should not fall.  
If she doesn't come in dawns silence  
We will think over her absence.  
For this job, she should not come  
How much the dismissal be solemn.'  
Helpless husband puts forth the thought  
'Jobless I am; I take up her lot.  
I shall come to sweep in her place  
In penury, light sum is a grace. '.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Clouds

sitting on the steeds of zephyr  
Fast they rush forth like wild fire.  
A unique phenomenon of nature  
Beyond gray-haired wisdom mature

Fire and water in one spongy mold  
Silver, water and burnished gold.  
Lo! Thunder frightens us, hearts tremble  
It seems the vast sky has started to rumble

I ask the clouds what do you say  
They say: life is ground, you are to play.

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# Contentment

The say contentment is the best rule of life  
What can you do if not understood by wife?  
Old age with old rules has gone the Wind announces  
Now even soil is measured by pounds and ounces.  
New lords, new laws a guiding maxim  
Man is now weighed according to his income.  
Old rules are ruled by new ones Nature says  
And he who lingers in it high price pays.  
Contentment lives on rent in some shabby room  
And always ponders on his bleak, bleak doom.  
No, not at all; contentment has heart's calm  
And for all heart's injuries and pains, the best balm.  
Contentment is no doubt the brightest diamond  
Found in beggars bundles not on crowns round.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Cozy Corners

Life runs through seas, deserts and high spaces  
So many times it wins and loses races.  
World is vast; nothing is last; death is fast  
Days fly, months glide, years slide, present is past.  
Peaks peep into caves but find darkness  
Smiling silently at the helplessness  
Of the high winds and spaces boundless  
Because corners are better than limitlessness.  
Life never allows us to breathe a long time  
Because it is to keep in mind its short rhyme.  
A corner is vast like a continent  
The world is full of things irrelevant.  
Paths are there to pass through a desert  
Otherwise desert becomes a quagmire alert.  
Hearts' vehicles must be run by thoughts wise  
World is vast but you must be concise.  
Dear, live in peace in cozy corners  
Of all fields, you cannot be the journeyers.

(13-05-2017/ Sat.,3: 30pm)

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Day By Day



Day by day, my dear, all days pass away;  
We are, at last, led to the sole grave's way.  
Absolutely helpless we prove in this fight;  
Even for a second we can't delay.

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# Death

Death is arrest for God's rebels  
But for his slaves joyful bells.  
It is both departure and arrival  
That puts man to heaven or hell.  
It opens doors to complete justice  
All aggression becomes helpless.  
It leads eyes to Allah's realms vast  
Where combines future, present and past.  
It fills meanings in earthly stay  
Serious is, no doubt, even play.  
Life seems an agent of Death's plot  
That, at last, leads to a narrow slot.  
It deletes man from air's screen  
Sudden it is, sometimes serene.  
It removes from bent backs burden  
Like the Rescue's vigilant wardon.  
It's the most soothing pain killer  
An elixir and the quickest healer.  
It stops tears falling from eyes  
And the rushing gale of deep sighs.  
Life is ground, death is D for goal  
The only gap for escape for soul.  
It's the painter of life's picture  
That fills colours in each feature.  
Death becomes birth in its circle  
If we ponder on vast cycle.

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# Death's Sword

Death's sword is stronger than that of Damocles';  
It can cut the throat even of Hercules;  
No escape, no refuge, no conclave:  
The whole body becomes the heel of Achilles.

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# December

O month of sweet and sour memories  
You bring snow to wash all worries.

You bend branches with cold burden  
Wafts of fog sway them all a sudden.

White western Queen comes to defeat  
Golden bright King of east to beat.

Past is present, present is past  
Vast is narrow, narrow is vast.

Gray haired Year breathes last  
The shroud of snow on it is cast.

Trembling tears fall down from trees  
When they are slightly jerked by breeze.

Nature is stunned by Sky's frown  
All things seem gloomy and cast down.

D for death, D for December  
Forget all but, it remember.

D for draw, D for December  
Draw life from death, it remember.

D for door, D for December  
Some come, some go, it remember.

D for drink, D for December  
Life's sweet and sour, it remember.

D for doom, D for December  
Live lively dear, it remember.

D for deep, D for December  
Surface deceives, it remember.

D for drive, D for December  
Life is a hike, it remember.

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# Desire Is Fancy, Fate Is Fact.

So silent, strange is life-strom  
Who can playfully his play perform.  
Notning is clear, nothing exact,  
Desire is fancy, fate is fact.

Soul's bird wnats to fly so high  
But the fist of dust is made to die  
This conflict is the basic defect.  
Desire is fancy, fate is fact.

Even if we reach the glory of fame  
And each our dream may prove the same  
Even then we cannot feel perfect.  
Desire is fancy, fate is fact.

Here we want to live for ever  
Fear of death comes to devour  
Our passing away we cannot reject.  
Desire is fancy, fate is fact.

I wish flowers may not wither  
And autumn may not come hither  
That Nature her course may neglect.  
Desire is fancy, fate is fact.

Desire is glass, fact is stone  
In the fair of world, man is alone  
Often light things cast a heavy impact.  
Desire is fancy, fate is fact.

May God bless you O my dear  
Sorrow of no type should come near  
Service of man I choose my sect.  
Desire is fancy, fate is fact.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Distance Wins

A competition started between man and distance  
Man was for meeting and distance for distance.  
Man built cities to keep all his clan there  
But he had to travel and pay fare.  
Man made mail to keep abreast with kith and kin  
Distance broke bridges because he was to win.  
Man made telephone to keep close to friends  
But Distance brought more engagements in new trends.  
Man made internet to be as close as possible  
Distance brought more tensions with it to jostle.  
Man created mobile to be in others' heart  
But cries are so loud in financial mart.  
Distance leads hearts to so vast regions  
And maintains distance in all seasons.  
Time and death also help Distance in his match  
Man's wish to remain close ends up in a catch.  
Man does not accept his concrete defeat  
His past in memories begins to repeat.  
Distance makes a laughter, and man a sigh  
Distance is proud of length, but man looks high. (13-09-2015)

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Don'T Get Angry

If you get angry with me,  
I will get angry with life's tree.  
I'll sit in its shade no more  
Dry will become its fruit's core.  
Sighs' heat will burn its green leaves,  
Heat comes out when red coal heaves.  
Your memory will make days dark  
Silent Night at me will bark.  
Flowery springs will give me thorns  
I'll be crushed by Anger's horns.  
Eyes' springs will spring fast  
Each day will seem to be the last.  
Self hatred will multiply,  
Soul flutters like a butterfly.  
My heart's rose will soon wither  
Worthless I'll be like a feather.  
Your anger is a death for me  
Its remedy is sweet smile's honey.  
Please say some sweet sentences  
Or my hours are severe sentences.

(11-04-2008)

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Don'T Go Abroad

All good ones walk on the same road  
And say that the West is the best.  
They find in it peaceful life's code  
In the Third World there is no rest.

Bag and baggage they go to west  
And leave behind inferiority  
In all those who want to contest  
With problems with torn poverty.

Brave ones don't leave the battlefield  
Good cause is all they want to have  
Neither medals nor shining shield  
And for coming time the path pave.

Please live in Poverty's cottage  
And try to build it up anew  
Try to fill the empty pottage  
With paradise' honey and dew.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Don'T Pine For Prince O Gypsy!

Shed tears from morn to even  
So sadly you pass days seven,  
But no one feels deep sympathy.  
Don't pine for prince O Gypsy!

Your sighs have burnt your pretty heart  
That has been run over by cart,  
This plight only high God can see.  
Don't pine for prince O Gypsy!

You gave your heart to a great prince  
Whom your true Love could no convince,  
Of this unique bond, he was quite free.  
Don't pine for prince O Gypsy!

Humble hut cannot be his abode  
You are to roam and roam on road,  
And pine for his kind glimpse to see.  
Don't pine for prince O Gypsy!

You can tell no one your mind  
The cruel world cannot be kind,  
Ah! death prevails on love's quay.  
Don't pine for prince O Gypsy!

Cruel wind blows fast in winter,  
Poor heart with sorrow splinter,  
When will come times of clemency?  
Don't pine for prince O Gypsy!

With one sharp glance your heart was cleft  
In ominous moment he left  
Could not feed on his face your eye.  
Don't pine for prince O Gypsy!

Torn your clothes with dusty hair,  
Show of them you take no care,  
Anxiety has become psyche.  
Don't pine for prince O Gypsy!

You are made of mud and clay,  
You can reach him in no way,  
He is what you can never be.  
Don't pine for prince O Gypsy!

May you soon find your Prince, amen!  
May you be happy and glad seen!  
May of shackles of grief get free!  
Don't pine for prince O Gypsy

May your tears and sighs bring fruit!  
May the Prince come on your route!  
May he live with you happily!  
Don't pine for prince O Gypsy!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Don'T Sweep The Road O Woman!

Who is your son, who is father,  
Whose mother are you, whose daughter?  
You get up from bed before sun  
Don't sweep the road O woman!

Your clothes are torn; cold wind runs fast  
You saved nothing in young, long past?  
You always work, rain or hot sun  
Don't sweep the road O woman!

Scattered your hair, loaded with dust  
Mindless of yourself, work you must,  
In world populous, you seem one.  
Don't sweep the road O woman!

You seem to be talking with broom  
Lost in deep grief caused by some doom,  
Long game of life you have not won.  
Don't sweep the road O woman!

Sound of broom music to thy dirge,  
Wind ridicules with rising surge,  
Dust dancing around makes your fun.  
Don't sweep the road O woman!

Man's mother in deep anxiety  
Home's grace in civil society  
No matter Muslim or christian.  
Don't sweep the road O woman!

Fallen a prey to class distinction,  
What you do is not your function,  
Humanity must be man's religion.  
Don't sweep the road O woman!

When I pass by thee silently  
My heart is turtured endlessly,  
So much I want to say, but say none.  
Don't sweep the road O woman!

You give me a great prescription  
Sweep ways of life, control passion  
Even all things you mention,  
Don't sweep the road O woman!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Education

An ugly, dark, aged woman  
Seemed to be expelled from heaven,  
Sat in a university's green lawn.

With worn shawl spread before,  
Selling pens was her pet chore.  
No one came to buy from her store,  
Students were laughing more and more.

Her ball-points waited for hands warm,  
But hands enjoyed physical charm.  
Psyche dissolves in ink to write,  
Purity's power is required for flight.

Worldly gains, without pains, can't write  
Long, sharp teeth, without will, can't bite.  
She had neither suitors nor friends,  
Ugly woman couldn't change trends.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Embrace

See the clouds have come  
O damsel handsome  
Let us enjoy rum.  
O lady of grace  
Give me a full embrace.

When cheeks will touch cheeks  
It'll be pleasure's peaks  
It is what our Wish seeks.  
O lady of grace  
Give me a full embrace.

Souls feel bodies' touch  
Small moments are much  
It is a joy such.  
O lady of grace  
Give me a full embrace.

Wines have not this taste  
It's not a time waste  
Please my dear make haste.  
O lady of grace  
Give me a full embrace.

We need not paradise  
Your touch is so nice  
All my being is its price.  
O lady of grace  
Give me a full embrace.

Please come in my arms  
Take me in your arms  
Show me all your charms.  
O lady of grace  
Give me a full embrace.

O dear darling Poesy!  
Cool, cool, subtle, cosy  
Fragrant like a posy.

O lady of grace  
Give me a full embrace.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Eyes And Heart

Come and exchange eyes with eyes, heart with heart  
Come and exchange passengers, cart with cart.  
I wish to see the world through lovely eyes  
And through lovely heart, I want to heave sighs.  
When your eyes and heart I'll possess  
I have enjoyed heaven I will confess.  
Through your eyes wild wilderness will be wine  
Fervent Furies forthwith will become fine.  
Flowers will wish for charming glance of grace  
Restlessly they'll wish with them to keep pace.  
What light, polite delight I'll get from heart  
From which I'll never wish to depart.  
Such pleasure neither in pray nor in pride  
I can find in oceans or heavens wide.  
Rather Beauty will haunt my lovely eyes  
Seeing which Grief will forget its sighs.  
I cannot express my pleasure my dear  
Come and exchange these things without fear.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Fact Is Fact

Withered flowers never blossom again;  
Man has to tolerate old-age pain.  
Past gets demurred in mist of time;  
Smile and Sigh knit the strands twain.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Flowers And Thorns

Flowers' life is far shorter than that of thorns  
As the life of flesh is shorter than that of horns.  
She gives life to strong things, death to weak  
A great lesson from it the wise can seek.  
Stones and metals build graceful monuments,  
That change into concrete, abstract moments.  
Strong teeth chew flesh, fruit, and vegetables  
Those who fight tooth and nail can turn tables.  
Smiling flowers are momentary but charming  
As the sunshine of winter is warming.  
Pleasing things, the nature rules, often die  
Soon as the fourteenth's moon, lives awry.  
You know, pleasure is so small in nature  
And the most wide-spread law is venture.  
Nature always believes in adventure,  
Even the stormy winds have to nurture,  
All big or small things have to make a try  
As for each distance a fly has to fly.  
Thorns and flowers are sermons from her pulpit  
Only the strong fighters remain fit.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Flower's Life

Out of dust Nature's magic gives him birth  
The flower is no doubt the pride of Earth.

It can be called the gift of heaven  
It blooms almost for days sevrn.

The virgin bud wrapps its pretty face  
It seems to hide a matchless grace.

Slowly the shame's sense shatters  
Petals take a yawn and scatter.

Youth wears the crown of honor  
And he becomes a great donor.

He gives in charity sweet smell  
The Air applauds well done, well!

The leaves serve him like public  
And thorns guard his acts heroic.

Some days kingship siks at last  
And the winds blow hard and fast.

Petals commit treachery and fall  
No one comes for help at his call.

Misery becomes the hard fate  
That is to fall without any late.

He feels for himself a deep hate  
Blank seems once again life's slate.

Humbleness like dust comes again  
From embracing her he can't refrain.

From dust to dust the cycle completes  
This miracle the magicain often repeats.



# Fog

I met your friend  
She has your trend  
Borrows nothing  
Somethings does lend.

Full of secrets  
Joys and regrets  
Silence, silence  
All interprets.

An embrace cold  
Soft, strong hold  
A bliss priceless  
Nor bought, nor sold.

Sun's golden face  
Evades silvery grace  
The western Queen  
Walks with calm pace.

Sky's King retreats;  
His signs deletes,  
She cannot bear,  
Her realm repletes.

Her silvery dress  
Flaunts in each cress  
Brings drops in eyes  
When takes in press.

Go out and meet  
She is a damsel sweet  
Her heart is light  
All clean and neat.

O friend! come please  
Tension release  
I wait for you  
ALL worries freeze.





# Foot Ball

Foot ball's fate is to be hit by feet  
Kicks from all sides the poor is to meet.

Each team carries it to the goal of opponent  
This homeless has no place permanent.

It runs, it bounds, it moves in the ground  
Focus their eyes on it people around.

When a team succeeds in throwing it for a goal  
Rise hues and cries resound the sky whole.

Players embrace, greet each other with joy  
No one pays heed to it - -a worthless toy.

Man himself seems to be a foot ball  
He actually is, therefore, I him so call.

By hit of Fate thrown into mortal-half  
All things around at this poor one laugh.

Team of worldly players to death's goal carry  
Now a grievous kick, now a bound merry.

All foot balls serve only one purpose of goal  
Countlessly various lives, but end is sole.

Man's match ends in a draw by goals one-one  
The time of match ends with the setting sun.

What we can expect from a hollow foot ball  
Fallen from sky, in a ditch to fall.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Foot Prints

I walked behind him on mountains  
I got tired but reached the highest  
Saw pleasure's and sorrow's fountains  
And caverns fearful lowest.

I walked behind him in deserts  
Dryness welcomed me with long hands  
Fear follows even the experts  
It seems life is sands, death is sands.

I followed him in deep deep seas  
Where the end is not to be seen  
Underground hills, animals, trees  
The vast lord seems to be globe's dean.

I followed him in the blue sky  
And found it burnt with human sigh  
The sun, the moon and stars moved by  
All of them also wished to die.

I followed him in human heart  
Lo! the foot prints of Time were lost  
Soul and body wished to depart  
Time's house can be found at Life's cost.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Friendship

Friendship

Prof. Niamat Ali Murtazai

For ever exists the relation above board  
Reality is a strand of the cord.  
Individuality is to be submergerd  
Ego is not, at all, to be heard.  
Nobility of thought with action is there  
Dress of modesty they are to wear.  
Sunshine or storm they stand with each other  
Hope or dejection they do not bother.  
In fact, they are two bodies but one soul  
Purity of heart is there to play its role.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# From God To God

From God to God

Man journey in this world has countless ways  
Some have quick movements, some have delays.  
He can't be comprehended as a whole  
Though one body he has and only one soul.  
His ends are vaster than seas and longer  
Than the endless mountains manger.  
He seems to be a traveler of endless  
Unseen destinations of curse or bliss.  
His mind is a junction of thoughts' trains  
Some of which he expresses, some refrains.  
Old and young dames of philosophy allure his mind  
Some are callous at core some are keenly kind.  
Worries like Furies snatch his peace, at once  
They have swords, daggers, many a lance.  
Duties and desires also haunt his head  
He lives with laughters, sighs, tears shed.  
His relations revolve all around his heart  
Each one has the right to demand his part.  
Life's fly is caught in the cobweb of world  
Most scenic look the scenes that are absurd.  
The traveler forgets the cause of journey  
And becomes cat's paw of Evil's attorney.  
The tents of thoughts turn into castles grand  
Illusions ad infinitum expand.  
He never sights the boundary of next world  
Going to that realm he sees flying bird.  
He either sleeps or awakes to physical  
That he regards actual and real.  
But he ignores the divine companion  
And gets lost in the gambling of reason.  
Reason that changes with passing season  
Itself is blind and put to prison.  
Desire enslaves her like the yoked oxen  
And into lust bad and luxuries is driven.  
He comes down to the level of wild beasts  
Animality based become his functions and feasts.  
Sterility prevails on mind and hearts alike

Despair, sullenness, bleakness, boredom strike.  
Amid pleasures he finds no pleasure at all  
Into a well of hell he seems to fall.  
Life is a journey from God to God alone  
It should always be to Almighty prone.  
If one succeeds in finding out this aim,  
Murtazai, he will be the best who here came.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Get Lost

## Get Lost

How delightful is to get lost  
When in the lap of zephyr, dances frost.  
No need of intoxication;  
Itself runs the remembering operation.  
Silence embraces us though in noise  
All passions mix up: foolish or wise.  
We see but we don't see  
In that flee we get a glee.  
We find things in nothings,  
That is close to heart human beings.  
We find our real asset  
Nothing we lose, all we get.  
In this getting lost, we find  
Something very pleasing and kind.  
That teaches us what means to find:  
To find, in fact, is to lose our mind.  
Without loss, nothing we achieve  
To sew something, something we cleave.  
Findings are there in getting lost  
When in the lap of zephyr dances frost.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Give Me Your Eyes

Before my heart dies,  
To heaven my soul flies,  
And stop my deep sighs,  
Give me your eyes.

Your eyes are my world,  
All except is absurd,  
Selling itself, my heart buys,  
Give me your eyes.

More precious than moon or stars,  
More delicate than petals of flowers,  
For them my soul cries,  
Give me your eyes.

Colorless the world is without them,  
They all my thoughts overwhelm,  
With them my passions rise,  
Give me your eyes.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Graphite And Diamond

Black Graphite hides itself in wood pencils  
And in narrow sharpeners spills.  
The black maid serves society's hands  
A useful device of working bands.  
But Diamond crowns Honour's high head  
Dream of eyes open or in bed.  
Light is its food, light its soul  
With light it plays a wonderful role.  
Both seem to have no relation  
But their close link disturbs reason.  
Of one carbon, they are two forms  
But externally have different norms.  
The difference is only of thought  
That has led them to opposite lot.  
If graphite changes its arrangement  
It can also become resplendent.  
Man's thoughts make him diamond or graphite  
In his mind can exist day or night.  
Try to turn graphite to diamond  
Try to learn the difference fecund.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Graves

Graves lie not only in graveyards silent  
To speak of great authority of silence  
As all speakers at last become penitent.

They seem to be the grey haired wisdom  
Fallen in the lot of only a few shrewd ones  
Who know that Death arrests souls after freedom.

They seem to be the waves of Time's ocean  
That come to shore and bring out what they have  
Endless and eternal seems this motion.

They seem to be the boats turned upside down  
Whose passengers have entered the clay caves  
Yes it is the tired travellers' best town.

They seem to be the tents against sun or rain  
In which some outlandish are to take rest  
Who want to get rid of temporary pain.

They seem to be the crown of willful Pride  
That wish to be higher than humble ground  
Even here, it was hard for him to hide.

They seem to be the tears shed by the sky  
At the lot of Earth full of dark miseries  
Who has no one to listen to its sigh.

They seem to be the blisters on Earth' face  
That rise on her skin when grief's cauldron boils  
That are the sum of whole human grace.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Greatness

Great are those who don't cherish greatness;  
Remain helping others in helplessness.  
Eat simple food but think themselves lucky  
Always in high morale like people plucky.  
Throw away selfishness, wear service dress  
Never tease anybody nor oppress.  
Ever keep themselves alert to do good task,  
Sober, solemn in hopefulness bask,  
Sole face they enjoy never wear mask.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

## Haad(Pbuy) (The Guide)

The sun rose so bright  
And spread its rays all around  
No cave remained dark  
All deserts and mountains shone  
Dark forests yawned with pleasure.

Lost caravans found route  
To the true destination  
That is humanity.  
It was because You(PBUY) showed them  
The path that leads them to Allah.

Wayward thoughts led man  
To the lake of burning fire  
But You(PBUY) came to teach  
Them the modest behavior  
Of Allah's obedience.

The ship was sinking  
In selfishness' deep ocean  
Without guidance' map  
You(PBUY) came and the ship was saved  
Frightened people felt relief.

The moon was eclipsed  
Earth had forgotten the route  
Evil was strolling  
But You(PBUY) removed the eclipse  
Moonlit nights were smiling.

Springs got angry  
Autumn sprawling all around  
Flowers and buds withered  
But You(PBUY) came and springs smiled  
You(PBUY) paved the way to heaven.

All those who love You(PBUY)  
Will ever be blessed by Him  
Will walk on the right path

As You(PBUY) showed them centuries ago  
For ever they will follow.

May I also walk  
On the path shown by the Prophet(PBUY)  
And get a great success!  
The path leads to Allah's will  
The path leads to Allah's will

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Half Heaven Half Hell

The whole universe has two main divisions  
One of horrible hells, one of lovely heavens.  
Eyes are to watch scenes of two categories  
One of Venus' face, one of frown of Furies.  
Ears are to hear melodies or death bells  
One buys pleasing pleasures, and other sells.  
Tears are filled with deep pain or bursting joy  
Shed by ruined age or by an adolescent boy.  
Black hair with passage of time becomes gray  
Either life is spent in prayer or in play.  
Shining teeth get retirement in old age  
They are to get rid of mouth's muttering cage.  
Joys are to wither into sadness one day  
Each comedy becomes at last a tragic play.  
Life is divided into days and nights  
And men into cowards and daring knights.  
Sometimes sun and sometimes fog is to rule space  
Sometimes death and sometimes life is face to face.  
The world is a combination of two extremes  
One has nightmares and the other sweet dreams.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# He And He

He placed a cap on a baby's head  
The baby was immature and couldn't  
Maintain it and dropped it on bed.

He placed a cap on a child's head  
The child was rash and could not  
Hold and dropped it in cycle-shed.

He placed a cap on a youngman's head  
The youngman was conceited and couldn't  
Keep the balance and soon it despoiled.

He placed a cap on a middle aged man's head  
He was lost in worries and could not  
Keep the holy cap as it was sacred.

He placed a cap on an old man's head  
He was unable to take care of himself  
So he was not worthy of it, it was said.

Thus He ever gave man divine honour  
But he lost it not later but sooner.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Heart Dwellers

Those who live in the heart of others  
Cannot be captured by Death's paws  
Eternity's brothers and sisters  
To live for ever they have cause.

They not doubt leave the stage of action  
The rule of time must be obeyed;  
They are of human faction  
But the statues of their memory are made.

Tears are shed, sighs are heaved  
For their cause sacrifice is made  
When they go far, flowers are grieved  
Under their feet lives are laid.

Eyes search them everywhere  
Hearts cherish to provide accommodation  
They lose all but one beloved care  
They find love's last station.

Heart is the most precious piece  
In the endless universe  
And he who in some heart finds place  
Is the person most prosperous.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Heavenly Light

Though the sun and the moon shine on all alike  
On all mountains, deserts and the worms on the dyke.

The stars also do not have any distinction  
For the humble or the men of perfection.

The physical light is for all and sundry  
Whether in or out of human boundary.

But the heavenly light is only for those  
Who are higher than sheep or cows.

Who overcome the grazing appetite  
And search for spiritual delight.

Their eye view everlasting survival  
Each age celebrates their revival.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Hit Me Hate Me

I'm a fast rock  
Not a soft sock  
Wisdom not mock  
I can face shock.  
Hit me hate me  
You can never break me.

I'm the bright sun  
Always I run  
Useless is thy gun  
Storms are my fun.  
Hit me hate me  
You can never break me.

I am K-2  
Upright and true  
Soldier of Tipu  
You can't pursue.  
Hit me hate me  
You can never break me.  
I am ocean  
Live in commotion  
Full of passion  
A surging nation.  
Hit me hate me  
You can never break me.

I am certain  
Behind the curtain  
Future smiles  
Rebuts thy wiles.  
Hit me hate me  
You can never break me.

( 10-11-2016)

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# How Is It Possible ?

When no iota of dust can stay in eye  
Without making its presence realized.  
No hair can enter the mouth stealthily  
Without astounding the alert guards.

No ant can run on skin without a quake  
No fly can rest on hair without burdening  
No draft of wind can pass without a shake  
No slight sound can enter ears without hearkening.

Then how is it possible that an idea evil  
Enters a pure heart without an explosion  
And innocent eyes fail to cavil  
About the fatal abominable delusion.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# I Thank God

A patient crying with pain  
All efforts end in vain  
So stern is fate's decree,  
I thank God when I see.

A blind man devoid of eyes  
For him the universe dies  
Sympathy deserves he,  
I thank God when I see.

A youngman who is dumb  
Without words ideas come  
What a sorrowful tragedy,  
I thank God when I see.

An old man with white hair  
Full of worries and care  
From which who can be free,  
I thank God when I see.

A helpless woman torn  
Clothes and shoes by her worn  
What her future can be,  
I thank God when I see.

A child working in sun  
On burning earth does run  
Tender feet bare may be,  
I thank God when I see.

A prisoner with fetters  
Repenting past matters  
Years ago he was happy,  
I thank God when I see.

Persons killed in mishap  
From whom is sucked life's sap  
Death's plan is so ready  
I thank God when I see.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Insect Noise

The poor insects  
Make much noise day and night  
No ear hears  
Because of traffic din  
Their cries die down.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Kings And Queens

All men are kings, all women queens  
Who, to live life, have some means;  
Who have Allah's memory in heart  
And are not charmed by worldly sheens.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Let Illusions Live

Let babies play with toys for a while  
Then the page will be turned in the file.

Let the young ones raise laughters  
Then they will be lost in sons and daughters.

Let the old ones heave a sigh of relief  
Then the tree will shake away dry leaf.

Let the poor enjoy their cheap game  
Then dearness will make them lame.

Let the girls stick flowers in hair  
Grey will they be made with care.

Let the labourers sip the hot tea  
Then they will fall from society's tree.

Let children run about in hilarity  
Scant will become life's charity.

Let eyes gaze at things of beauty  
Weak will they become in duty.

Let tongue chatter what it wants  
Feeble will become its chants.

Let illusions sway around life's park  
Without them it will become dark.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Let Us Disguise

O my love let us disguise  
And turn into other wise.

I hide in you, you hide in me  
No difference of gender may be.

The disguise will be most fruitful  
Softly it would perform tasks uphill.

We'll get rid of distance between  
The wonder by no one will be seen.

In this way we quench other's thirst  
Each will be host, each will be guest.

No controversy to be had  
We angles find nothing bad.

No dread of separation will be left  
Sand and cement mix without cleft.

Then love will be complete, perfect  
Tentative thoughts will be exact.

Disguise is perfection of arts  
Which begets solace of our hearts.

Without din let us disguise souls  
With deep peace play each other's roles.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Let Us Exchange

Let us exchange things  
Because we love each other  
Love exchanges things  
Life for life, death for death  
Because love is exchange of hearts.

Let us exchange sins  
Because they are similar  
And commit more sins  
As you know love knows no sins  
It has its defeats and wins.

Let us exchange souls  
Because they want to do so  
This shift will please them  
As spring and autumn do  
New body is new joy.

Let us exchange eyes  
So that waiting may be stopped  
Though for some moments  
It would be a great relief  
For the ever waiting iris.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Let Us Go To Zoo

Birds and animals live according to nature  
That is, in fact, life's greatest feature.  
But man has gone far from his real base  
So called progress is worthless and base.  
In the company of machines, man grows mechanical  
And wants to spend life with some way technical.  
Noise is filled in minds with teasing tension  
In freezer have been cold pleasing passion.  
Let us go to zoo, not for a short visit  
Neither for escape, nor for quick exit.  
But to look into Nature's mirror  
Whether we are human beings or other.  
To learn some good qualities of contentment  
And ponder over ways of merriment.  
Make Zoo your alma mater, my friend  
Only then you will learn true humanity's trend.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Let's Build Mountains

Let's build mountains as a wondrous act  
That may defy the long existing fact.  
Man has ever been building high mountains  
Some with good virtues and some with sins.  
Hills of pride and ego ever exist  
Only great ones against the instinct resist.  
You want to build mountains with coins of gold  
You gathered with greed of today and old.  
But I do want to build mountains with words  
Spoken by servants, commoners and lords.  
I think gold will rust or be usurped by earth,  
Then will be lost all its value and worth.  
Or some lightning will burn it into coal  
You will get from it only deep dole.  
My words will not be eaten away by soil  
Wanton winds will not scatter my toil.  
My words will prevail all over the world  
Never to be burnt or cut by some sword.  
My mountain will lead me to the sky  
Like stars, I will be saved; I will not die.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Let's Leave The World

The leaves falling from trees do say:  
Their comes one last end to each play,  
Whether you keep standing or sway.

Let's leave the world,  
Let's leave the world.

Withering wreaths of flowers smile no more,  
Beauties of nature lived hours but four,  
Thrown on the garb-heap, kicked out of door.

Let's leave the world,  
Let's leave the world.

Past is the mountain dead time ,  
Silently it haunts without chime,  
Songs of life get broken their rhyme.

Let's leave the world,  
Let's leave the world.

Countless beings have left the fake stage ,  
How much we write blank seems life's page,  
How meaningless becomes our rage.

Let's leave the world,  
Let's leave the world.

Emperors and queens are worthless dust,  
Each new thing is overcast by rust,  
Nothing is certain, death is must.

Let's leave the world,  
Let's leave the world.

To leave the world means to reject,  
From your heart, worldly things abject  
Fake is this world, that one is fact.

Let's leave the world,  
Let's leave the world.

Boat floats on water safe and sound,  
It's like prey in the mouth of hound,  
Water enters, it can't be found.

Let's leave the world,  
Let's leave the world.

Birds fly high that buffaloes can't do  
Analogies of world for us are true,

Time's scythe our life's tree will hew.

Let's leave the world,

Let's leave the world.

Dear friend don't love this hotel sweet,

Be ready for attack of Time's fleet,

All champions it can quickly beat.

Let's leave the world,

Let's leave the world

Leave the world, but live in it too

World's ship always changes its crew,

New eyes always cherish things new.

Let's leave the world,

Let's leave the world

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Life Is Short

Life is short, art is long all wise men say  
In silent ground of Time, all players play.  
Fate herself is the referee, you know too  
To refuse her judgment, you have no say.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Life.....A Task

God broke a glass toy  
And gave it to man  
His art to employ  
To do what he can.

Day and night man tries  
To search out pieces'  
He dives, runs, and flies.  
But each Hour teases.

His hands are cut deep  
And heart and soul bleed,  
He becomes a bones'heap  
Reduces to seed.

Soul feels the agony  
And leaves the world hard  
Life is such irony  
Stony house of card.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Like Stars

We come close to each other, by chance, like stars;  
We go far from each other, without wish, like stars.  
Like dust particles, in the crowd of world, we move  
Though we are told or we think we are bright like stars.□

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Little Moments



Little moments make hours;  
Hours build up high towers;  
Towers rise towards sky;  
Our soul flutters so high.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Lo! What Is This

In bereavement I was walking along a road  
When I saw in my life a startling episode.  
Heavy heart had forced my glance to be cast down  
Wilderness surrounded me in the busy town.  
At once I saw a young man without sense  
Mad he could be called in a romantic sense.  
His locks, saturated with dust, were like flax braids  
It seemed it was all the same for him dark nights, bright days.  
His beard was like Anxiety's torn portrait  
Along the road he sat knowing no hurry or late.  
He seemed an old statue of misery and plight  
Who had not permitted to come near all delight.  
Flies were examining his head and walking on face  
Reason was at loss to understand the sad case.  
Like a generous lord he distributed charity  
To all those who were defunct in hilarity.  
Or like a stigma on society's bright forehead  
A nightmare for the soft. warm luxury bed.  
O! the conquerors of skies tell me what is this?  
Unless all human are not man, all plans dismiss.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Love

Love is there in universe,  
In so many forms diverse.  
It keeps us on right path,  
Without it we go perverse.

Like true gold, love is one  
To lose oneself to win someone,  
It can make a hard heart soft,  
Very delicate it is not a fun.

It makes life very beautiful  
Idlers in love become dutiful,  
A very strange thing it is:  
Sorrowful at once delightful.

Life is desert, love is flower;  
Life is ditch, love is tower;  
Life is love, love is life,  
Life is weakness, love is power.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Love All Seasons

Love all seasons, they are Nature's daughters  
That make us weep or put to sweet laughter.  
Summer brings sweat, flies, mosquitoes, heat  
Bananas, melons, apples, mangoes sweet.  
Winter lashes with icy hunters deep,  
Along with cozy coffee, dry fruit, long sleep.  
In spring, springs spring with flowers fair  
That for the time being ravish us from care.  
And then, Miss Autumn comes like a sweeper  
Who manages Nature's house like a keeper.  
Long trains of clouds come in rainy season  
They seem to be out on gardening mission.  
Seasons are our teachers who come to teach  
Our temporariness is the thought they preach.  
Love all seasons; they are our gentle guests  
Who come and go at Queen Nature's behests.  
Love all seasons; they are our annual friends  
Who bring with them marvelous, fantastic trends.  
Love all seasons because they too love us  
They alter World Order and bring change thus.  
We are to live in the realm of seasons  
Though we may nullify all sound reasons.  
Seasons are our rulers for the time being  
Its their intent what they ring or what sing.  
Love seasons and they will make your life great  
Because love is a greater force than hate.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Love Love

Love, the matter of soul, gives life pleasure;  
Those who keep malice dig sulphur's treasure.  
Love creatures without cherished benefits  
In love's chateau enjoy endless leisure.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Lover And Beloved

A lover and a beloved started a journey  
Through deserts and bushes thorny.

They breathed in each other's thought  
And faced weathers severe cold and hot.

At last they reached a small harbour  
That seemed in their favour.

By chance a small interval separated them  
Or the wayward Fate came to overwhelm.

The lover came back after a pause  
Who can change Power's laws.

The beloved was no where to be found  
Love's sheep had been lifted by Time's hound.

Love's torture welcomed the simple youth  
Love is loss, he came to know the truth.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Loving Wives And Beloved Wives

Like everything, wives fall into categories  
Some get lost in luxuries, some in worries.  
White, red, pink, brown all colors they observe  
Some get, some don't what they really deserve.  
Some are loving and some are beloveds  
Some are all serving feet, some are proud heads.  
Men often aspire for their sweethearts  
For whom Fate has no meeting in her charts.  
Then some emotional souls readily escape  
They tumble down before reaching high cape.  
Loving wives serve you far better than others  
They save you as glass is saved by steel shutters.  
Mere beloveds may prove the otherwise  
Thus to get them is not an act very wise.  
Get the loving soul if you want success  
It's the relation of body and dress.  
If you get a loving plus beloved wife,  
On this earth you enjoy heavenly life.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Man In His Age

Man is so much bound to his age  
As a bird is confined to his cage.  
His conscious has evolutions  
For problems and the solutions.  
With little thoughts and fickle desires,  
He gallops out of childhood mires.  
Bubbles, balloons, birds and bright beams  
All are thoughts, whims, desires and dreams.  
Solemn shadows of youth prevail  
As scenes change in a faery tale.  
Bales of duty burden shoulders  
As energy savers are stuck in holders.  
Wasted is the wealth of old past days  
The youth nymph scorns at colored fays.  
For fame and dame, jealousy and pride,  
They fight, kill or commit suicide.  
Old age staggers with three legs  
For each and every thing she begs.  
A mask-wearing or a real change  
But surely it is out of man's range  
Man gets buried in worries so wide  
Last exhibition is ready to hide.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Maps

Crawling move this way and that  
Eyes imagine a fluttering bat.  
The primal Nature knows no scale  
Or passing time leaves behind trail.  
They are the sketch of human mind  
Some cruel, some humble and kind.  
Or they are the decree of Fate  
The dialogue between Love and hate.  
They are the relic of old myth  
Or the same has been old Earth's heath.  
Look at the lines of maps and think  
Into ununderstanding sink.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Marriage-Carriage



Marriage-carriage moves on compromise route;  
Neither a flower nor man is a heinous brute;  
Doomed to shatter is the glass of ideal;  
Sometimes happy, sometimes sad sounds life-flute.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Melancholy

When I have a fit of melancholy  
Even in company, I feel lonely.  
Stealthily it occupies my heart  
And makes lethargic each my part.  
I do not know why I am sad  
Even good things look very bad.  
Flower pricks me like a thorn  
Nothing delights me, even or morn.  
Then I wish to travel no more,  
And readily enter death's door.  
Nothing all around can me please  
Nor thoughts withered from me release.  
Lingeringly it loosens the claws,  
And lets me observe nature's laws.  
It is Death's deep plot against me  
Life is colorless in melancholy.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Memories

Friends come and go; memories remain  
That give us pleasure or ignite pain.  
Memories are our worthy treasure  
Silently moves lost moments' train.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Men Of Principle

We chide children for talking in the mosque  
But not the judge for not doing justice;  
We are fully men of principle, we know  
It is right that might is right, nothing else.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Mirrors

Mirrors are necessary for reflection  
Because they show us what we are in fact  
That helps us to step to perfection  
No doubt they have on us deep impact.

But each mirror has its own mood and mind  
And shows a scene in its own personal way  
How can we the real reality find  
Or what is proof of what mirrors do say?

We like the mirrors that often praise us  
Don't criticise us to mend this and that.  
And ask us to come down from a large bus  
To sit in a car wearing a special hat.

Mirrors are generous to mimic us free  
Look at nature -the store of mirrors all  
Sun, moon, star, river, ocean, mountain, tree  
Yes our mirrors in each of them do fall.

Mirrors also adjust our personalities  
We are what mirrors we like to observe  
Our reflections are replete with realities  
Mirrors can destroy us or do preserve.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Morning And Evening

Morning generates demands for more;  
Man gets busy in many a chore;  
Evening makes all of them even;  
Sleep is death, death is sleep, no more.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Mount Everest

So hard is to climb on mountains  
All in passion, controlling passions.  
One slip is enough for life's loss  
Man's worth is no more than humble moss.  
Higher heights are there in my being  
Between which I enjoy a swing.  
But the heights can be overcome  
By bending down with humble plumb.  
The humbler you become my soul  
The higher, no doubt, you will play the role.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Mubashar Nadeem

In pitch-dark night, a beacon of light  
For the cause of truth you always fight,  
Though hard, yet you beat the path right.  
I salute you Mubashar Nadeem!  
I salute you Mubashar Nadeem!

You were not frightened by poverty  
God blessed you with righteous surety  
Your pocket ditributes charity.  
I salute you Mubashar Nadeem!  
I salute you Mubashar Nadeem!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# My Depression

A fairy imp always accompanies me  
Sometimes we are one, sometimes we are three.  
I, myself and he, a company of three,  
Move through streets or sit under a tree.  
He, a critic of my activities,  
Often exposes my deficiencies.  
When I go to some suburb and find plight  
He claps for me, gives me a dose of delight.  
But when I visit some well-off colony  
He stares at me like an old loony.  
He becomes stalwart and laughs at me  
When I pass through a bazaar of finery.  
He begins to creep like a snail in graveyard  
When I come back, he gallops like a pard.  
In my sitting-room, he sits between us  
That is I and myself, he divides thus.  
And wants the whole world like the most needy  
And that's also very speedy.  
He becomes my cushion when I go to sleep  
And makes my dreams descend to darkness deep.  
In marriage halls, he ridicules my past  
And commands me to look at the world vast.  
An angry companion I always keep  
That often to sorrow intends to leap.  
Than my own shadow, closer to me  
And hits 'myself' off like a strong tee.  
I know no norms to check his brutality  
So secret, so civilized, so soft cruelty.  
He silently raises storms in my mind  
I find nothing when nothing I find.  
He corrodes my wish, aim and sound pleasure  
Melancholy-drenched he leaves my humble leisure.  
He turns my springs to autumns, dreary  
Ah! starless become my skies starry.  
My mind is his bed-room, my heart his lawn  
He sleeps and strolls in them dusk or dawn.  
He becomes my iron-cage with hard bars  
To get rid of him, I'll have to fight wars.  
He was born with me and will die with me

I am bound to him but he is ever free.  
He persuades me to commit suicide  
And asks me the horse-of-escape to ride.  
He becomes my master, I his slave  
In two-fold slavery nothing I can crave.  
At last I resort to my Maker High  
Towards His heaven I send my weak sigh.  
Then some solace reveals on my heart, sad  
Without which I was going to be mad.  
My pieced-thoughts come back with patchy-peace  
And I get ready to play on life crease.  
I take up my tools and start my work again  
For the time-being I forget torturing pain.  
In this way, I move in a cyclic mood  
Rude, normal. Pleasant, and then normal, rude.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# My Sins

## My Sins

A heavy bundle of sins I have brought  
In evil's cobweb, thought's foolish fly was caught.  
Sins surrounded me on all sides day and night,  
I deserve to be burnt in Your hell hot.  
Tears spell down from my shame ridden eyes  
I fell a prey to my subtle enemy's plot.  
My wayward wishes led me astray far  
And thrust me deep into false lust's slot.  
I got lost in the vast variety of the world,  
Went down and down in the sea of time my boat.  
Like fools I filled my pockets with sand and soil  
The fresh fruit of life began to badly rot.  
I filled stench, darkness and deadly fears,  
Nothing good I could store in my heart's pot.  
A worm I became, never looked at the sky;  
Like absolute blinds I could not see my lot.  
O my Allah, forgive me all my sins!  
Only from you this bliss can be sought!  
Days have become dark and nights bleak  
Bless me Allah before my blood becomes a clot!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# My Thoughts

My thoughts, like birds in a winter night  
Filled with deep darkness and fierce fright,  
Sit on boughs and twigs of hope  
And try to save from breaking the delicate rope.

My thoughts, like pearls of dew,  
Assure me of something new  
That for success I must fight  
When the sun rises to some height.

My thoughts, like the flowers smile  
But all this is for a short while  
Because they soon resort to withering  
Nothing is left for preserving.

My thoughts like stars impudent  
Twinkle and travel permanent  
But when the sun rings morning bells  
They move to take rest in heavenly cells.

My thoughts like waves of a stream  
Move with charm as if in a dream  
But when the shore stops them at once  
They are awoken from this trance.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Never Equal

Hens are never equal to cocks  
As keys never equal to locks; □  
Nature determines proportions  
Feet are feet, shoes shoes and socks socks.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# New Shoes

My simple childhood  
Wished for shoes new and shining.  
Youth came with fast shoes  
Old age staggered in torn shoes  
Why did I wish for new shoes?

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



## No Link

With life we are not attached  
in a desert, like sand, patched.  
We have no link with life  
Misconcept is though so rife.  
Wet petals on a branch dry  
Day and night, for the stay we try.  
We are linked with some other world  
Relation with this one is absurd.  
A broken reed it proves always  
The same it is though you try all ways.  
Polythene in water \_ no link  
Whether it floats, or it may sink.  
We are linked with some other world  
Though the fact is not pleasantly heard.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# No! Why?

Please, give me your heart  
Because no one has ever given me.

No!

Why?

Because you cannot live without it,  
Then please take my heart  
Because no one has ever taken it.

No!

Why?

Because I will not live without it.  
Then let us exchange our hearts  
Because love cherishes this exchange.

No!

Why?

Because this transplanting incurs expenses.  
I am certain that you love me  
I am certain that you love me.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Not His Cartoons

Not His Cartoons

(Prof. Niamat Ali Murtazai)

Allah made him the best of all  
Creatures, without any pitfall.  
He's (PBUH) Prophet of prophets, so great  
His glory no one can negate.  
Each moment of his life is alive  
For humanity he did strive.  
He uplifted the down trodden  
And filled life in despair ridden.  
His praise is sung by heavenly beings  
Each grain, each leaf his eulogy sings.  
This universe was made for his cause  
The matchless is free of all flaws.  
The greatest reformer of the world  
Shining like star is each his word.  
The Blessings for all worlds he is  
His great praise each moment rises.  
He brightened each nook of our life  
For each knot his teachings are rife.  
From battlefield to cooking place  
His manners are replete with grace.  
He led to paradise astray souls  
And classified all persons' role.  
He taught us how to move our eyes  
And defined the whole body's tries.  
He led our thoughts to Allah's light  
And forbade us from doubtful bite.  
He told us the meanings of death  
And the ends of each person's birth.  
He took pity on women's folk  
And saved sparrows from cruel hawk.  
He rescued slaves from servitude  
Even animals feel gratitude.  
He blessed days and nights, each moment  
And turned the proud into penitent.  
His face can be imagined in flowers  
In full moon or in sun's rising hours.  
No defame can touch his bright face

Allah blessed him with such a unique grace.  
Resplendently shines his great name  
In the sky is established his fame.  
None can make his cartoons at all  
But the one who in hell does fall.  
The ruined makes shapes of his own thought  
In fatal quagmire he is caught.  
He is a cat's paw of Satan's plot  
On his own face he put a large blot.  
He is worst of all human race  
Shame and curse will ever haunt his face.  
Never rescued from hell's prison  
Wouldn't be fruitful any treason.  
All these assertions are not proofless  
In all eras they wore reality's dress.  
Those who love Muhammad's(PBUH) are best,  
For ever their souls shall find peace and rest.  
His comrades are like stars and suns  
Of all humans they are blessed ones.  
Allah's bliss ever haunts his name  
On the rise is always his soothing fame.  
May God bless us with eyes to see  
His name highest on prophets' tree!  
May the astray be led to the path right  
Otherwise darkness prevails on their sight.  
May Allah save us from blasphemy!  
May we learn morality's alchemy!  
Respect of all prophets is due  
It's the message of pulpit and pew.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Nothing Done

Neither have I stopped a star from falling  
Nor helped any flower against withering.

Neither made any stony heart soft  
Nor surmounted any high loft.

Neither guided a wayward soul  
Nor filled misery's dark hole.

Neither dried tears from eyes  
Nor relieved any heart of sighs.

Neither could I lend my eyes  
Only selfishness in my heart lies.

Inferior to a tiny lamp I am  
Far shorter than a petal I am.

Snakes and thorns are free of malice  
Only I live in Hatred's palace.

No breath, no glance, no smile  
Of love I afford even for a while.

Something worthwhile may I do  
May I become a human true!

May I think sympathetically for others!  
May I sew soul's torn off tethers!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# O Bee!

O dear darling bee!  
Far better than I.  
You make sweet honey  
I make gross money.  
That heals dying beings  
It poisonous thoughts brings.  
Heaven has honey;  
Hell tortures money.  
You fly to sweet flowers  
With greed I spend hours.  
You kiss Nature's cheeks;  
In a cage my soul shrieks.  
You suck flowers' nectar  
I eat stale matter.  
You serve humanity  
But I my unity.  
Silent you remain  
From noise you refrain.  
I enjoy walking  
Without work walking.  
You miss no target  
Often I forget.  
Simple but strong  
Work! work! work! your song.  
O bee! take me with you  
May I become man true!  
May I make honey  
Instead of money!  
May I make something sweet  
Tasty, healing and neat!  
Let me a cell in your hive  
So that I may there live.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# O Rising Sun

Your bright beams bring darkness to earth  
Equal to night you are in worth.

Darkness sways east to west ye know  
Your beams don't seeds of goodness sow.

You get tired of spreading light  
In the evening comes down your kite.

As you close eyes, darkness rushes  
With strong arms to sea light pushes.

Stars remain trembling with high fear  
As if their dark enemy was near.

Your beams never enter dark hearts  
After centuries they aren't experts.

Human beings are closed like wood logs  
Souls seem to have been drenched in bogs.

You take no pity on torn rags  
Nor tear apart riches' big bags.

You don't make stoney hearts polite  
Tasteless has become light's delight.

O Sun don't shed your rays on soil  
Fruitless, no doubt, is your toil.

Man's heart is eclipsed O bight one  
Useless have become many a sun.

Go and take rest in Night's calm lap  
When you brighten heart of no chap.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# O Somalia!

Torn thoughts, shorn sighs, uncertain breathing  
Silent sermons, invoke misers' offering .  
Dreadfully dark ghosts walk in day-light  
Whose darkness spreads everywhere night.

The Night puts to shame the bright stars  
As if all atoms blast in fatal wars .  
In hunger's hell burn human-like beings  
Deserts devour the sane Sympathy's sayings.

Ah! Humanity sleeps in primeval icy caves  
Bright lights are hanging on stony graves.  
Who can rise from his grave to serve mankind  
Stuff, instead of soul, is filled in man's mind.

O Somalia dear! may you live long!  
One day you will also sing a peaceful song .

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# O Cold Bloved !

I love you day and night all the long year  
You may not get angry I have the fear.

You are shrinking in your size I think  
At this thought I become pale from pink.

Sweaty summer is not liked by my eyes  
In spite of kindling beams passion dies.

I wait for you with eyes, heart and body  
Though you are a bit wayward rowdy.

You cherish long nights and dwarf days I know  
Veiled of fog you wear to move to and fro.

I wish to embrace you with full force  
But I have to check my careless course.

Your icy touch can soothe all my warm blood  
I'll become cold and motionless like dead wood.

You will then resort to some other one  
Chill of fear through me begins to run.

My passion seems fake and frustrated  
Like trodden dust I am depreciated.

Hot tea and woolly dress provide me first aid  
Like light straw I feel like a humble maid.

I profess I love you but you don't love me  
Out of your love's net I'll be never free.

In your embrace I begin to shiver  
At once stops surging passions river.

Your kiss brings tears in my waiting eyes  
I don't know which of the desires dies.

O Cold Beloved come to meet at noon  
Though for moments and depart soon.

Bless me your company in warm sunshine  
Do come! for you the whole year I pine.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# O Cold Wind

O Cold Wind

O cold winds, don't be so cruel,  
With weak ones you have a duel.  
You wear the mask of cunning fog  
And heartless you are like a rogue.  
Like an agent of death you plan,  
You are one of subversive clan.  
What's the benefit of your coldness  
While fire of hatred is surplus.  
O darling niece of hard winter ,  
Don't become a death splinter.  
Or you are the excess of love  
And embrace us all lovers above.  
You want to enter our warm blood  
And come like a fast surging flood.  
O wanton minx, don't be so fast  
That we think your kiss, our breath last.  
O cruel queen, who sits on throne  
And toward atrocity is prone.  
O fairy of blue mountain land,  
You'r always with a charming band.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# O Facebook

O Facebook, o neat damsel sweet,  
So charming and easy to meet.  
O great Circe's younger sister,  
Who knows how each thing to minister.  
You render ardent lads sissy  
And hesitant virgins dishy.  
Scholars are turned into actors  
Vast wholes condense to small sectors.  
Man's face is composed of your tads  
His long history is made of fads.  
You polish a person's flair,  
Provide playground to each player.  
Your bag fills with precepts glorious  
You expose devils notorious.  
The greatest charmer of the age  
Your page is of all thoughts' vast cage.  
Our thought's boat is moored to thee  
All seem to be same, he or she.  
O goddess, each mind is your shrine,  
Plight or pleasure, you are all fine!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# O Mistress

O mistress! how swiftly you follow me,  
In my house, on the way, in the bazaar  
Walking in rain or under a thick tree  
Nothing is near for you nothing far.

You come in my bed without any shame  
You are my companion in my meals  
You don't care for yourself nor my fame  
You through to winds what any one feels.

You take books and stop me from reading  
And ask me to go with you to dark forests  
Helpless I am without my case pleading  
You cherish my company without warm rests.

O wanton you come in my friends' company  
And take seat with me in noisy canteen  
And attract me like an evening rainy  
Like charmer Hellen's sister in age teen.

I am also ravished with your sweet cheeks  
Sweet lips and breasts are out of description  
I am surprised each scholar your company seeks  
And you visit them without hesitation.

I am divided what I should do now  
Should I wait for you or shut my heart's door  
Should I love you or take hatred's bow  
To pierce in your white breast arrows four.

Then I would become completely lonely  
Without rosy loneliness my Mistress  
Ah she was my companion only.  
Come Loneliness you are my dear Mistress!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# O Serpent

Please take your fang out of my heart  
I am dissolved, my soul's root is cut  
Existence has become meaningless  
Straws are broken of my hut.

You have filled poison in my being  
Congealed blood cannot reach its goal  
The decay is, no doubt, worth seeing  
Only you have played your role.

O Serpent, let me breathe a while  
To touch the ashes of my desire  
That's my efforts high pile  
Except misery, nothing I could hire.

Oh! you have wrapped round my body  
Like chains round a delicate wrist  
All my struggle is but shoddy  
Jaw has been broken by Fate's fist.

O Serpent! I am dead, soul soars  
Hold the flesh as long as you wish  
Death hovers on life, on death life hovers  
Ocean becomes each tiny fish

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# O Time

Sitting in the fast flying rocket to the heaven  
You will not come back to earth for all the days seven.

Man searches you in bazaars, streets and watch's corners  
Neither in the house of marriage nor of those of mourners  
Can he trace you out in any pocket or socket  
Because you have gone to the sky in a rocket.

No spy can tell about your haunt dear or cozy court  
All researchers have failed to prepare a report.

You seem to have gone to bottomless seas of past  
Where you enjoyed all the day delicious repast.

Or the forests of Africa have allured your old heart  
In the glades silent you drive your slow slow cart.

Or to the topless icy mountains you have run  
To avoid the burning beams of heartless sun.

Perhaps you were slain in the wars of the past  
Yes you were seen in bygone days the time last.

New born eyes wish to cast a glance in some museum  
You have hidden in the atom of Uranium.

Come back o Time! please, please, please my heart and soul request  
Request of a beggar is a request not a behest.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# O Wintry Nights !

O wintry nights, daughters of some charmer  
Ye change bright sky into murky harbor.  
Ye seem to be full of conspiracy,  
Thy silence hides from us deep privacy.  
Mysteriously like hermits of old age  
Ye convert the world into a close cage.  
Thy coldness alludes to sheer heartlessness,  
Puts into Death's icy arms thy sweet caress.  
Ye seem conducive to love and romance,  
Like strong wine, such passions ye enhance.  
Ye seem to hate spring and colors bright,  
Like red- alert army, ye wait for fight.  
Ye seem to have worn thy armor and all  
And a great regiment at thy beck and call.  
Or ye are memories of the far gone past  
That we have lost in this universe vast.  
Thy silent confusion reflects my mind,  
Where I get lost and never myself find.  
Or ye throw gauntlet to summer's proud noon,  
Or bring for exhausted laborers sweet boon.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Ode To Miss Loneliness

Thanks to have met you Miss Loneliness  
When laughters are lost you are a bliss.

Your door remains open for every person,  
Of abstract edifice you are a mason.

You accompany each person alone,  
And you always talk in friendly tone.

You sit at sea-shores or wild places,  
White hair and tears are your graces.

When people get tired of comradeship,  
You extend long arms of warm friendship.

In dark nights and in autumn season,  
You wait for comrades without reason.

When Youth runs away, riches leave pocket,  
You come and sit in lost eyes' socket.

When friends shatter like petals of rose,  
Poetry of life becomes dull like prose.

You come with with your flute and mandoline sound,  
And create an intoxicating round.

Those who get lost in your music sweet,  
No friend or comrade they seek or meet.

Long live Loneliness, Queen of times all!  
All great Kings, at last, in your realm fall.

You make garlands of beads from eyes' mine,  
With sighs from heart's goblet, you take wine.

You decorate your face with wrinkles all,  
For wedding garments, you wear black pall.

You welcome withered flowers and kiss thorns,  
When you get joy, you get lost in mourns.

You choose your companions from great ones,  
You are the station, how long train of Time runs.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Ode To Tea

O Goddess of my heart!  
May thy priest play his part!

Each heart pays you tribute,  
Angels bow, fairies salute.

Incense rises from cups,  
Eyes bend, souls search ups.

In each mind you have a shrine,  
They love you but hate wine.

When Bacchus gets tired  
And vanish joy hired;

When he wants to take rest,  
Thou are the companion best.

When laborer's hands exhaust,  
In thy search eyes are cast.

Minds exploring worlds vast  
At your door bend at last.

Hut to heaven you rule  
Humble wise, haughty fool.

No one says 'no' to you  
You are the Goddess true.

Gone are days of Diana,  
You are worshiped in china.

Your reign will never end  
As long as stars beams send.

You give grace to Majesty  
Round you sits humanity.

O soul's soul! so supreme  
Better than charming dream.

Lips don't part from thy lips  
While eager heart takes sips.

Gold and soil worship you  
You are the Goddess true.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Often Wrong

I at once lose temper and go to rage  
For the satisfaction of doubtful heart  
By tearing from life 's book a peaceful page  
Taking fire in mouth I want to play my part.

I feel that they deceive me cunningly  
This feeling fills my heart up to the brim  
At once I am devoid of bliss heavenly  
All bright beams of thought become dark and dim.

Often I come to know that my belief was wrong  
And to the extent of shameful action  
I was giving music to a false song  
And feel I can never reach perfection.

May I get a mirror of watching doubts  
That may tell what is right, what is wrong  
And my conscience never to itself shout  
With full peace may I sing life's sweet song.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Old Age

A severe torture is called the old age  
Man looks like an old book's torn, worn page.

Wrinkled cheeks, the ruins of rosy youth  
Tell us what is Nature's permanent truth.

Wounded bones cry of pain like withered flowers  
And often remember the long lost hours.

Delicious world seems to be atasteless yam  
Full of turmoil minds seek for recess calm.

So hard is to pass through old age's desert  
All are lost whether naive or expert.

Make preparations for this last uphill task  
You will have to obey what others ask.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Old Memories

When a new season comes with new wishes sweet  
It seems to be with vast designs replete.  
It brings huge bundles bound in winds frisk  
And wanton wafts that move about so brisk.  
But when one sits to open these bundles  
And the finger of Time on them fondles,  
The old memories come forth like Alah Din's giant  
That speaks in words very hard not pliant.  
And takes us back to the shadows old  
To wrestle against the giant, we are not that bold.

When a new season brings new flowers with scent  
Whose forceful invitation no one can resent.  
The colors, like banners, allure our imitation  
To get lost in them without any preparation.  
Then the colors mix and become red like blood  
That drowns us in the past memories' flood.

When a new season brings clouds of flash and thunder  
The ice and fire's combination creates a wonder.  
He seems to be an expert in actions of plunder  
His wrath seems this world to asunder.  
When the rain captures our minds to forest  
Memories come there to take us to old sunset.

When a new season brings fog, cold wind and night  
Obscure, blurred and romantic becomes each sight.  
Warm clothes become part of our skin and bulk  
From heaven to earth stands a hollow hulk.  
When we want to compose poetry sweet  
And begin to write on a paper neat,  
Old memories take the pen and put it aside.  
We find bushes, shrubs, herbs in a desert wide.

When a new season brings fall that fills ground with leaves  
It seems that the season, like bereaved people, heaves.  
Old servants get rid of their duties, at last

And move to their mud houses so fast.  
When we watch the ruined leaves falling down  
We find ourselves in memories to drown.

Seasons come and seasons go, but memories stay  
Memory is heart, heart memory, to all they say.  
Old memories are like the old wine for a drunkard  
They have their arrangement in life haphazard.  
They are the gold of our heart's cabinet  
All the time, there they remain present.

08-05-2017, Monday 5: 05pm

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# On The Road Take No Rest

Get not lost in the fair,  
Be on alert and take care,  
Drive to hame is the best,  
On the road take no rest.

Search some sincere, fast friend,  
To him even your life lend,  
Pay no heed to the world rest,  
On the road take no rest.

Road cannot be your goal,  
Sole aim is to furnish soul,  
Wise men on it insist,  
On the road take no rest.

Delight we get with less luggage,  
We go hence bag and baggage,  
The air all things infest,  
On the road take no rest.

Different scenes can be seen,  
Some dreadful, some serene,  
Morn in east, even in west,  
On the road take no rest.

Feel this passing slow time,  
Things happen without rhyme,  
To tolerate them is the best,  
On the road take no rest.

Soil and soul in you forged,  
This unity will be forked,  
Die all: weak or strongest,  
On the road take no rest.

Look through glasses of care,  
Costume of piety wear,  
Prepare for the coming Test,  
On the road take no rest.



# One Thought

Hands in fetters,  
Strange matters,  
Men of letters,  
Useless pratters.

Seen is unseen,  
Behind the screen  
Though glances keen  
Seekers have been.

Life stands for death,  
Death for rebirth,  
Worth is not worth,  
Pain real mirth.

When waters flow,  
Stars gather glow,  
Seasons show show,  
'What', how we know.

Sane seekers see,  
How flourish tree,  
Where lies key,  
'What'when should be?

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Open The Cage

Let the cage of your heart open  
For your friends to fly away.  
The pets get tired after some time  
And look to sky for better flights.  
And start fluttering their wings for a while  
And then look at you as a manner of debt,  
That they live in your heart's cage day and night  
While they dislike all this bondage of friendship.  
(10-06-2017)

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Our Beloveds

Life without beloveds is a lost game;  
You know, facts for us are almost the same.  
They make our life easy as well as hard  
For them we live, work and play our trump card.  
They direct our path and determine goal,  
They turn us into gold or burn to coal.  
They become our breath and dissolve in blood,  
Their loss makes us shed tears in a flood.  
They are closer to us than dear souls  
More than our conscious, they command our roles.□  
We can't think of living without senses;  
They protect and preserve us like fences.  
They fill marrow in our weak bones to work  
And kindle lamps in the path lost in murk.  
Our first beloveds are our good parents  
Who are the best of all Nature's presents.  
Our brothers and sisters are second ones  
They are our best life-long companions.  
Our spouse and children are the next dears  
Who encourage us to face all fears.

(05-01-2016)

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Partial

I carried the sky on my head  
I was jammed, could not move ahead.

I lowered my burden so that  
I could carry the heavy weight.

I found myself able to do  
Something to make my fancy true.

Only five senses with to cope  
Countless things of universe shop.

Only two eyes that can't look far  
One mind that is always at war.

Two ears twenty to twenty  
Beyond which sounds are in plenty.

Only some instincts let to deal  
Countless things that are out of feel.

As wave in sea, and waft in wind  
Petals prettily in flowers pinned.

Part can become part of a whole  
But partially it is to play its role.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Passage Of Life

In the long passage of his life  
Man needs friends and a dear wife.  
He performs activities diverse  
Prose sometimes he reads sometimes verse.  
Passes through rain, gale, storm or flood  
Loses soul sometimes, sometimes blood.  
Smooth, soft, velvet grass under feet  
He feels sometimes thorns, stone and heat.  
Blissful heaven smiles, springs dance  
Earth induces him to advance.  
But stare sometimes the sun, moon or stars  
Friends turn foes on all sides wars, wars.  
Days are murky, nights are jerky  
Gloomy look all passions perky.  
Leaves leave the tree, birds change the nest  
Pleasant haunts become haunted pest.  
Lost thoughts find no recess for rest  
Company loses friends who're the best.  
Live lively as long as life allows  
Bent towards death are seen all bows.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Philosophy

Grey haired, wrinkled face, but always with grace  
In each nook and corner we can it trace.  
Without it poetry is versifying  
And oratory but just like crows' cawing.  
Without it religions' edifice collapses  
Without it life seems a game of losses.  
Philosopher's stone can turn base ore to rich gold  
It means Philosophy possesses the best mould.  
Without it countries shrink to small cities  
Without it springs remain but pities.  
Love of wisdom isn't a meager thought  
This one thought can change a nation's whole lot.  
Wisdom is difference between man and beast  
It turns fodder into a delicious feast.  
Philosophy fills meanings into this vast world  
Without which all galaxies are absurd.  
It provides light for eyes and mind  
It helps us see forward as well as behind.  
O Murtazai, philosophy is soul's soul  
Unlimited and unchecked it plays its role.

Prof. NIamat Ali Murtazai(19-11-2016)

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Please Come And Sit

Are you in poetic fit  
Or in depression a bit  
Or hopes lost in a pit  
Please come and sit.

My eyes are our conclave  
My heart is love's cave  
And my chest is wish's grave.  
Please come and sit.

If you come and meet  
My life will be sweet  
The sky will look neat.  
Please come and sit.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Please Sit In My Boat

Please sit in my boat, my dear  
Response of world should not fear  
O God my prayers please hear,  
Life is short, end is so near.  
Please sit in my boat, my dear.

We'll always sail in long wide sea  
All things of interest we shall see  
We'll be busy like honey-bee  
To far strange lands we shall flee.  
Please sit in my boat, my dear.

Vast sea of art and learning calls  
Ah! man at last in aditch falls  
Those who fly high cross walls  
No one is without of some pit-falls.  
Please sit in my boat, my dear.

My alone soul falls in love with you  
Life will be so pleasing with you  
Your heart confirms my love is true  
You will be I, I will be you.  
Please sit in my boat, my dear.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Price

Who can pay the price of dry leaves  
Who have, in them, seasons' history.  
Who can pay the price of sharp thorns  
Who have a shining rare beauty.  
Who can pay for the wayward winds  
Who seem to be paying duty.  
Who can pay for the twinkling stars  
Who shine without electricity.  
Who can pay for graceful sunshine  
Who never disobeys her treaty.  
Who can pay for running rivers  
Price seems to be thought's travesty.  
Who can pay for sweet chirping birds  
Rainbow, and clouds' vast tapestry.  
Who can pay for parents' true love  
Feelings against which prove casuistry.  
We cannot pay for anything around  
Though we live in false sophistry.  
We can only make some exchange  
If it falls in a feasible range.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Problems

As thorns have chosen their flowers  
Problems have chosen their hours.  
All souls wear cares' dress  
Some hide while some express.  
Life is born in problems' hub  
Whose taint you can never rub.  
The newly born does raise cries  
As if stung by tsetse flies.  
Worries wire surrounds palaces  
Anxious wind all walks traces.  
Poor tensions live in huts  
In restless sleep each eye shuts.  
Problems exist there like sap in plant  
Day and night on our heads haunt.  
Problem is life, life problem  
Whether mocking or solemn.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Professors' Wine

Wine wins vessel as well as soul  
Such a marvelous plays it its role.  
Its color fascinates eyes  
To unknown realms mind flies.  
Its addiction makes man drunkard  
Who stumbles as he moves onwards.  
Some take wine of truth, some of fruit;  
Some remain human, some turn brute.  
Professors' wine is deep wisdom  
That they take in words' cups handsome.  
Libraries are their haunts and pubs;  
They attend daily discussion clubs.  
They deal in heart, soul and full man  
Of the dance of Art, each is fan.  
Of aesthetics they are apostles,  
For cups of wine each one jostles.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

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Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Prophet Muhammad(Pbuh)

He (pbuh) is beyond human comprehension;  
His praise human minds will ever mention.  
He (pbuh) is the greatest proof of Allah's being  
Each His creature, his eulogy does sing.  
He (pbuh) is the greatest teacher of mankind  
All human qualities, in him we can find.  
He (pbuh) taught us how to think and how to act  
He (pbuh) brought us out of myths and led to Fact.  
The universe was constructed for his cause  
He (pbuh) is living his life today as it was.  
You will feel his presence if you read 'darood'  
Always to clemency is inclined his mood.  
He (pbuh) told us how to live and how to die  
Those who love him shine like stars in the sky.  
He is the Prophet(pbuh) for all generations  
He (pbuh) combines, in one, all human nations.  
He (pbuh) brought the Quran and Islam for all souls  
To teach them how they are to play their roles.  
May Allah bless us with his love boundless!  
Allah has increased his praise to countless.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Prostitution

Prostitution

t Ali Murtazai

Post-civilization a profession  
Relation of body without passion.  
Oriented around belly and loin  
Sure straight path to death and coffin.  
Though they are guilty of nefarious act,  
Indeed this is not comprehensive fact.  
Thorns shoot up, along leaves and flowers  
Unseen their cause was in roots in past hours.  
Tension tries to search out solace serene  
Industry of body has become keen.  
Ocean of sins can be dried by sun's beams  
Nobility is not absolute as it seems.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Ramzan

What a holy month of Ramzan!  
Allah has praised it in the Quran  
A bliss bountiful, balmy dawn  
What a holy month of Ramzan!  
What a holy month of Ramzan!

It is the month of holy fast  
Allah's blessings are wide and vast  
He forgives all the sins of past,  
Clouds of happiness are overcast.  
What a holy month of Ramzan!

It saves us from fire of hell  
What a horrible, horrific dell,  
And rings a sweet sounding bell,  
That of Allah's charity us tell.  
What a holy month of Ramzan!

The true harbinger of Eid  
That comes to fulfill our need  
To whom we pay a lot of heed  
To true pleasures that can lead.  
What a holy month of Ramzan!

The fortunate month of prayer  
Of the poor to take care  
Damaged thoughts to repair  
For next world to prepare.  
What a holy month of Ramzan!

The month of Muslim nation  
Who spend it with great passion  
Of seclusion and session  
Evils and vices they may shun.  
What a holy month of Ramzan!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Relation

## Relation

Real sense of oneness governs mind  
Easy to think but hard to find.  
Long lasting unity with someone  
As light is concerned with the sun.  
Till last moment, breaths are twisted  
In one pure soul, never rusted.  
On all sides, eyes find, never search;  
Near always, in peace or in lurch.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Resistance

No particle of the world is without it  
So common is it that even our thoughts  
And ideas cannot move about without it.

Flying birds have to face air's opposition  
The same the swimming fish feels in water  
No ant without it can carry its ration.

Flying kites go high in sky on its wings  
They dance with joy, and strain their chest  
A song of love and pleasure the string sings.

Without prohibition, no joy in evil  
Forbidden fruits are sweet, people say  
The rule is common in rustic and civil.

Without separation, meeting is tasteless  
Without darkness, light is not a great bliss  
Without death world will become charmless.

Without resistance, pen cannot draw lines  
Pleasing painting will become impossible  
No thumb impressions, neither any sighs.

Without resistance, heights can't be reached  
Even walking will become unreal  
Yes, without vices what good can be preach.

The world is a good play of resistance  
Sometimes it makes us happy, sometimes tense  
It has made the world a land of romance.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Revolution

Darkness sways the whole night  
All deeps and the highest height.

At last the prince of light appears  
And take to heels all evil's peers.

Light enters each dark house  
Go to hole malicious mouse.

The dew drops shine like pearls  
Diamonds in each side the prince hurls.

The plants heave a sigh of relief  
Gets strengthened life's belief.

Birds warm up the air for the flight  
Like a plane is seen the flying kite.

Wind also gets courage from light  
And moves about with pure delight.

Green land smiles in the sunshine  
Intoxication comes without wine.

Running rills raise ripples rows  
To the earth the heaven bows.

A great revolution takes place  
From dark to bright changes Earth's face.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Roles

Great ones capture sky; mean ones dig dark holes  
On the First Day, they were assigned their roles.  
Nature determines flying or crawling;  
Various creatures ply between the two poles.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Running Waters

Running waters tell, moving winds too say  
They have no home; they are always on way.  
The world is a large inn in souls' journey;  
All beings are to depart from it one day.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Satan's Fingers

Jealousy, pride, lechery, wrath are fingers four  
Of the right hand of Satan and much more  
Envy, sloth, wine and sex are of the left;  
Two thumbs are lie and darkness of heart's core.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Selfish

Slave of his wish wishes to slave others' wish;  
Hungry hunters hunt the troubled waters fish.  
The proud statue of dust, at last, becomes dust;  
But in his life, he always remains selfish.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Separation

Souls come to earth in new born bodies  
Shrill cries are raised by vulgar babies.

Petals enjoy revelries day and night  
Against humble dust they ever win fight.

Mischievous leaves pass their time in clapping  
They play hide and seek and overlapping.

But when the wind of separation blows fast  
Wanton glances at once become downcast.

No one can stop the wind from blowing  
It is in fact coming time's seed sowing.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Separation Is Must

The mother stood in the gate  
While the child seemed late  
Who was crying at her peak  
Her mother's favor to seek.

The child wished to stay in home  
She seemed afraid of class-room  
But the mother stood like a stone  
Without sympathy in her bone.

The 'ricksha' started with a noise  
And the baby changed her poise  
At once to get down from the seat  
Unwiling she was from head to feet.

But the ricksha ran far to some school  
Carrying the crying delicate baby fool  
The scene gave the mind a good idea  
I could not get from quick, sharp media.

Separation is must for re-creation  
A seed in a fruit will face perdition  
But a separation will give new birth  
Flowing tears give lasting mirth.

The soul separated from the Creator  
And it itself became a great operator  
Most poetry is composed in grief  
'Separation is must ', in brief.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Seven Days

A week has seven days  
Good is one who goodness obeys.

Saturday is a day very good  
May each child enjoy childhood.

Sunday is a day very fine  
May each youth be a warm sunshine.

Monday is a day of leisure  
May manhood be peace and pleasure.

May Tuesday bring happiness  
May oldage get excellence.

Wednesday is the day I like  
May safely run life's bike.

Thursday is the day of saints  
Each person his picture paints.

Friday is the chief of days  
Obey truly what Time says.

Life is shorter than seven days  
What one gains, for it he pays.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# She Must Be Killed

She snatched all peace of my heart,  
She shattered to pieces life's cart,  
With despair my heart she filled,  
I asseert she must be killed.

Mercilessly, she cut my throat,  
In hopeless sea sank my boat,  
In fruitless deserts I tilled;  
I asseert she must be killed.

My soul melted to worthless tears,  
Happiness was shadowed by fears,  
No desire my heart fulfilled;  
I asseert she must be killed.

I threw to winds my dear life,  
She slew my Self with ruthless knife,  
To death my warm blood was chilled;  
I asseert she must be killed.

Springs turned to bleak autumns,  
Life was left mere in doldrums,  
Sorrow in tea-cup was filled;  
I asseert she must be killed.

A murderer must be murdered,  
Without law, life is absard,  
To torture she must be drilled;  
I asseert she must be killed.

Don't kill her as I love her,  
Crime was not done but through her,  
In this art she was not skilled;  
I asseert she must be killed.

The crime was committed by her desire,  
Her desire burnt me in unseen fire,  
Hence, her desire must be killed;  
I asseert she must be killed.

But don't kill her desire too  
It is this that combines us two,  
The force that separated us must be killed;  
I asseert she must be killed.  
I asseert she must be killed.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# She Was Happy

Princess Happiness does not meet us alone,  
So sad sounds sonnet of this sojourn's tone  
That Happiness has become frightened deep,  
Often she is disturbed in her sound sleep.  
Laughter, the crude form of pleasure, comes out  
Who, in the pub of glass menagerie, is a lout.  
Ambient Air does not welcome pleasant scent  
For each healthy change it shows resentment.  
She was happy like a spring blossom  
It seemed no tension lived in her bosom.  
Her smile was natural like ripples of lake  
With anxiety she had no give and take.  
But where the font of her soul's pleasure was  
Without two legs, she was just like a vase.  
Behind a man on a bike she was sitting  
"I don't fall", she said. So fast her seating.  
She seemed to have no sense of her lost legs  
Precious legs seemed to be but moving pegs.  
Her great heart conquered a surging defeat,  
Man in his heart can defeat each defeat.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Shifting The House

He lived in my heart for a long time  
When life was in its metre and rhyme.

When the house became shabby  
He was reminded of his old hobby.

He searched out a house newly raised  
Day and night its beauty he praised.

Then one day he took all his luggage  
And left the house bag and baggage.

He was welcomed with open arms  
He got lost in its fascinating charms.

He enjoyed a long passage of time  
As long as life was in its rhyme.

Insted of house now he became old  
Over the change he had no hold.

Now the house wanted to shift him  
Because the light of his eyes was dim.

Wrinkles are not to be cherished  
Now he was only to perish.

According to the misery's demand  
He was proper for dust or sand.

He wa kinly sent to a house of clay  
It was the dropp scene of life's play.

As it was a house most shabby  
To change house was his hobby.

He was waiting for a good shift  
That may prove a good gift.





# Shop

Some run a shop of wine;  
Some deal in love divine;  
Each one performs his task;  
Fine souls take subject fine.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Silence Prevails

Wars thundered heard all over the world  
But could not win one single word.  
Guns, tanks, fighters all came to rest at last;  
At the same time, world became fast and fast.

Pulpits banged, infidels cursed hard;  
Enemies were ordered to be put to sword.  
Silent guns, in papery fields, fought word-wars  
And put the hellish rivals behind bars.

Storms, tsunamis, volcanoes thunder loud  
And seem to be of their status proud.  
They spread havoc like cruel kings,  
But at last Breeze, the anthem of peace sings.

Man's mind, a factory of noise, day and night  
Prepares products of most horrible sight.  
Stream of consciousness never takes rest

But at last icy Death brings down high crest.

One day, the din of Judgement Day will rise  
Each being will be stunned with great surprise.  
Again Silence will descend and all would die  
No sound will survive, even a meager sigh.

Urban rattling is baffled by graveyard,  
Of all roars, silence is the last reward.  
Silence is to be born of each noise' womb  
This thing is conveyed by each sleeping tomb.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Silent Revolution

Revolutions occur with loud hue and cry  
An earthquake makes the Earth tremble  
In loud shouts innocent sighs simply die  
The proud are made to become humble.

A rose blossoms with a pleasant smile  
And is seen by narcissus like eyes.  
Great revolution takes place in a while  
It itself gets lost in its charming dyes.

Full of emulation winds dislike the grace  
And try to scatter the virgin like petals  
Hide enmity under the mask of embrace  
Conspire with simple hearted sepals.

Tricksters come flying on their wings  
Like guests take the cups of drinks  
Selfish heart ravishing songs sings  
In poverty become weak strong links.

Helpless petals fall like wet mud walls  
Humble leaves watch the prince's demise  
Who in the lawn of his palace falls  
The silent revolution seems so nice.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Silent Tears

Tears are hapless that they have no sound;  
Worthless pearls are dropped from eyes to the ground.  
Voiceless volcanoes of hearts burst calmly,  
They solace the wounds of soul so balmly.  
They fall in the sea of human sorrow,  
And strengthen humanity's bones' marrow.  
From the base of loss dreadful, they spring  
And soul's ditty of pathetic grief they sing.  
Tears are treasures of soul's wealth, I say  
But only wise persons to them heed pay.  
They furnish our thoughts and remove all scum  
Man gets rid of all types of doubtful sum.  
They make the Master take pity on us  
Who from anger resorts towards kind bliss.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Slave Of His Wish

Slave of his wish wishes to slave others' wish;  
Hungry hunters hunt the troubled waters fish.  
The proud statue of dust, at last, becomes dust;  
But in his life, he always remains selfish.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# So Many Deaths

Though we have one life, one birth and one death,  
We have to pass through many a birth, and death.  
Flowers bloom and wither with seasons;  
Hearts bloom and wither with reasons.  
We die time and again with loss of dears,  
When we put them into graves with tears.  
We find no courage in our legs to stand;  
Stone- like strong hearts shatter into sand.  
Our eyes die when lovely faces disappear,  
And our route to wilderness becomes clear.  
When teeth are lost, occurs the demise of taste  
Worldly heavens look like lands of utter waste.  
Old age is the punishment of youth's wrongs  
Into cries and sighs are turned all joyful songs.  
Life flunks us though we are flunky,  
Death proves cunning and chunky.  
If so many deaths besiege life's palace  
We should not become heartless and callous.  
Each death gives birth to a new life, it's so;  
You think death is death? My dear, no! no!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Sorry Sparrow !

My dear sparrow please forgive me  
I have cut branches of your haunt tree.  
You come daily in the morning and noon  
Your presence is no less than a boon.  
Your chirping more melodious than flute  
Though it seems filled with sharp dispute.  
You know winter is coming so quickly  
Without sunshine we feel so sickly.  
You know man is selfish by nature  
No care to be made for other creature .  
Money has made man blind to beauties  
Except one he knows no duties.  
Ah! trees are a taboo in modern houses  
But parlors are demand of new spouses.  
Birds and plants can't live with busy man  
He has channels, scents and blowy fan.  
But my sparrow I am really so sad  
Breaking hearts is no doubt very bad.  
Man has broken Nature's innocent heart  
No doubt awry has become Life's cart.  
Dear sparrow I love you, respect you  
With heavy heart I request you.  
I request you to forgive me  
I have cut branches of my tree.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Soul And Science

A combination of soul and matter  
Requires food for both the essentials  
One shouldn't be thinner and other fatter  
Their hunger must be fed with victuals.

Science presents before us what matter keeps  
And makes us lost in the world of magic  
The rash hands go on making heaps on heaps  
But alas! most of them become tragic.

It makes us forget the Hereafter  
Matter can give us almost all delights  
Man should always raise laughter and laughter  
Soul must be buried in grave without lights.

Soul says'I am immortal o listen  
You serve only the statue of clay  
With which something fatal may happen  
That has a very limited role to play.

I have the treasures of satisfaction  
For all those who come and knock at my door  
I am not biased for any faction  
And I believe in giving more and more.'

The dying soul must be rushed to Emergency  
The sooner the better for the human race.  
Science must be saved from illicit pregnancy  
For good balance Soul with Science must keep pace.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Soul's Music

Traffic, machinery, and tension  
Torture mind out of mention.  
I resorted to sweet sounds  
Different from the howl of hounds.  
Mandolin, flute, cymbals and pyre  
Could diminish hot burning fire.  
I was full of great pleasure  
Music mastered my leisure.  
Rainbow, spring, morning sweet  
Were no more than music's beat.  
I asked my soul 'Are you happy? '  
But she looked sad and choppy.  
I could not know the matter  
Why I had failed to flatter.  
I asked her, 'What is reason? '  
Was there, I thought, some treason.  
Sad soul smiled and said slightly  
All that I listened politely.  
She said, 'Listen dear mate,  
I speak the truth of first rate.  
Music is melody of sense  
But I have other expense.  
Silence is symphony of soul  
Enjoy it in parts or whole.'

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Suiciding Europe

Wine, the sweet poison, destroys great races  
In world-history, you can find such cases.  
Sex, if badly used, corrodes man and his kind;  
Only ashes, even bones you do not find.  
Relation of man with man must be there,  
Otherwise, thought is caught in web of care.  
Money is a means to give life some meaning,  
As to smooth feather is end of preening.  
But if one falls victim of money-hunting,  
The callous will not avoid heart-hurting.  
Posterity must be there to keep you alive  
Otherwise, it's hard one's death to survive.  
West is going to west, wasting its great wealth,  
Patients don't survive if doctors lose heath.  
Men at helm are voyaging to the Dead sea  
In the name of more and more and more free.  
Even naked Nature has some rules fast,  
And he who disobeys, at last, gets lost.  
Slow poisoning is not to be felt at once,  
But at each step, makes path more, more tense.  
Slow-blinding, too, is of the same manner  
To see through is the task of a scanner.  
When morality and religion face failure,  
Eyes and tongues become more, more secular.  
When we don't get light from sun, moon and stars  
Wayward thoughts are involved in endless wars.  
Blinds can't be the torch-bearers of caravans  
Eyes are the necessity even of vans.  
Nature is the last resort to get guide,  
Its long lasting laws, man must try to abide.  
To ignore nature is to ignore life,  
Nature has pairs of husband and wife.  
A word to the wise is enough, they say,  
Life is a game, rules are there of each play.  
Those who try to look at future far  
Will predict Europe's demise without war.  
Passions defend nations, vice versa ;  
Along with Time becomes the terza rima.



# Symmetry

Silence has symmetry with cemetery  
How soul spreads on soil of geometry.

Grave graves seem to be tired of movement  
Solemn soil 's statues look so much decent.

Peaceful parliament full of deep secrets  
With silence lingua franca speech rejects.

All mysteries of life sleep in tiny mounds  
Though to endless bounds go human beings' bounds.

The last emblem of the time past so meek  
Here centuries seem to have shrunk in a week.

Who can converse with these statues of soil  
Except those souls who face lashing love's trial.

Love can make silence speak though turned to stone  
A pathetic heart can hear tears' tone.

Heart itself is the shrine of love long lost  
Of endless mysteries it becomes a host.

Sea's waves look like graves to gloomy eyes  
Sun and moon lose their brightness when love dies.

Before starting to love a charming face  
It is proper to enjoy silent graves' grace.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Take Rest For A While My Dear!

Before your thoughts are disturbed,  
Before your solace is perturbed,  
Before you something wrong hear,  
Take rest for a while my dear!

Please take rest, please go to bed  
You will be to somewhere led;  
That place will be without fear,  
Take rest for a while my dear!

Through sleep go to fairy land,  
You will hear songs, musical band;  
There no worry would be near,  
Take rest for a while my dear!

Go and play with clouds so high,  
Raise laughter, no tear, no sigh;  
Take goblets of wine and beer,  
Take rest for a while my dear!

Go and gambol with winds so fast,  
Forget your future as well as past;  
Skip with rainbow, shed no tear,  
Take rest for a while my dear!

With your rest, no worry will rest,  
A good medicine you can easily test;  
Go not far away, dear it is here,  
Take rest for a while my dear!

Your tired face I cannot see,  
You are busy like a bee;  
At variety of life please, peer  
Take rest for a while my dear!

Your good face is a withered flower  
That induces a refreshing shower;  
With matchless eyes please leer,  
Take rest for a while my dear!

This rest would renew your charms,  
My dear, rest is best, no harm;  
My dear, what I say please hear,  
Take rest for a while my dear!

(20-06-2002)

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Tears

When words fail to speak  
Some secret matter aloud,  
They burst out and tell  
That a state has collapsed  
Without any noise.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Thanks Dear

In a sad mood I was walking  
With my own mind I was talking.

While returning from a funeral  
I was lost in laws eternal.

When at once I saw a small girl  
Far more charming than a ravishing pearl.

From some distance I watched her play  
I thought she was not made of clay.

Only three or four year old  
She seemed to have been made of gold.

I was much pleased to see her face  
Made of delicacy and grace.

And then my delight knew no bound  
As if some treasure I had found.

As she extended her small hand  
Heavenly link I felt on land.

I shared hand with her with kindness  
And prayed to Allah her to bless.

She again looked at me with bright eyes  
Made of innocence and rare dyes.

My heart was filled with deep delight  
From gloom I plunged to colorful light.

I left the place and left my heart  
From the place I was to depart.

My heart was filled with thanks for her  
It uttered: thanks dear, thanks dear!





# The Life Tree

Wind is blowing,  
Leaves are falling,  
Boughs are moving.

Lawn is graveyard,  
Death has no sword,  
Command of the Lord.

The sun is bright,  
Dark is night's kite,  
Stars shine at height.

Seasons must change  
Out of man's range.

.....

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Sculptor

Shapeless stones look warward and ugly  
Without any sense of nice feelings  
Still silent stones are lifeless really  
Use no politeness with others' dealing.

The sculptor like a god conceives a shape  
Careful peeling leads him to a form  
That is called great artistry's high cape  
Though an idol, seems to have feelings warm.

Welldone brave sculptor! , welldone hard hands!  
A soulless statue seems to have a soul  
How thought concentrates and how it expands  
Perfection in likenes from head to sole.

The philosopher is also a sculptor  
Who derives an idea from confusion  
Of dumb thoughts he becomes a narrator  
Dormant feelings awake and become passion.

The musician cuts silence's hard stone  
To carve out sweet, alluring symphony  
That penetrates to the marrow of bone  
Beauty is there in sounds harmony.

O Sculptor look at stone of humanity,  
Does there sleep a statue of unity?  
Please derive it out with vivid clarity  
And hand it over to man in charity.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Boat

Sitting in the boat of a few friends  
Some familiar habits, some known trends,  
Some common laughters, some sighs  
Some laughing stock, some called wise.

The boat is needful to pass through the sea  
The endless shore of voyage seems nigh  
Angry storms, proud tides, treacherous whirlpools  
Can be defeated with friendship's tools.

Moonlit nights, wanton winds give you pleasure  
When you enjoy friends company in leisure.  
Cloud's thunder is repelled by friend's laughter  
Miseries slip down fast from friends' rafter.

If you have no friends, you are still two  
You and your self\_ let go to the shore the canoe  
The shadow is the third friend, you know  
Silent companion, no where such friend\_ lo!

Good intentions are the best fast friends  
Towards them turn all energetic trends  
You will never feel lonely, cold or hot  
Through life ocean smoothly 'll sail the boat.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Chirping Sparrow

The world has changed rules and regulations  
Not only thoughts but also sincere passions.  
Day is night and night has become bright  
Moonlit nights are but charmless sight.  
Seasons come and wander in streets  
Not allowed to enter homes and fleets.  
Wanton winds are forbidden strictly  
We have our own seasons perfectly.  
But O Sparrow why are you chirping  
You have no duty time usurping.  
Your chirping is sweeter than melody  
Though you are far from prosody.  
Thanks for chirping in my compound  
You make my sick soul so sound.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Eid

You are my life, not its need  
But for you, desert is my mead,  
No pleasure without you in Eid,  
No pleasure without you in Eid.

You are sole aim of my sole life  
May Despair not cut it with a knife,  
To it, my dear, I pay full heed,  
No pleasure without you in Eid.

When I fail to find you anywhere,  
I am filled with worry and care,  
Worthless like dust become bright bead,  
No pleasure without you in Eid.

Look, poverty weeps all around  
But prosperity is nowhere found  
How, on rocks, can grow sympathy's seed?  
No pleasure without you in Eid.

Ah! I have seen women begging,  
And the poor their grave digging,  
Children crying no one to feed,  
No pleasure without you in Eid.

Each one is worried about things some  
And hard times that are about to come,  
No one for happiness can plead,  
No pleasure without you in Eid.

Harpies of thought eat up my peace,  
Tears fall fast that do not cease,  
Blood is suck so heart do not bleed,  
No pleasure without you in Eid.

Happiness you are my beloved,  
With welfare you are related,  
Where are you, see has come Eid?  
No pleasure without you in Eid.



# The Endless Magnet

Where Titanics sink, how yachts can be saved  
Truth is often silent, lies are raved.

A magnet becomes powerless out of its field  
Then on iron no effect it can yield.

But a magnet has no limited field or border  
More compelling than death is its order.

First it attracts eyes, then heart, then body  
Even high intellect here becomes noddy.

Like a master it beckons, like slaves hearts obey  
Quick response it demands, without any delay.

A slippery slope where wisdom can't walk  
Shrewdness can't escape, no design to chalk.

From toe to head, attraction embodied  
All rich gold and silver purified.

Cheeks, lips, breast, thighs attract lifeless statues  
How surging youth can withstand attributes.

Physical presence is not necessary  
Dream, screen, paper all are accessory.

For her not only heaven is lost  
But also hell bought, but at what cost.

Come what may! the magnet has a great pull  
Against which no advice is helpful.

May we be saved from this magnet's effect!  
We don't know how its pull we can reject.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# The Gale

A gale like my dispersed, confused, mad thoughts,  
Runs helter-skelter like storm-ridden boats.  
The ill-mannered dust makes heads its harbor  
And falls just like rainy season's shower.  
It blinds my eyes that can't see in future  
Endless anxiety bursts at its rapture.  
It seems to be an old aunt of wild storm  
That follows no civilization's norm.  
She looks like Hamlet's revengeful pale ghost  
Who wants to get back some thing precious lost.  
It seems she has seen Ophelia's funeral  
Or Spring's sad suicide in days vernal.  
Or her own cherished marriage draws near  
Or she has run amuck with some fear.  
Only the mad can understand her mind  
Because she seems to be of the same kind.  
Or the drunkards can know her deep secret  
Who their benefits graciously reject.  
She seems to be the agent of Furies  
Who follow the culprit by law's juries.  
Or she is man's mere meaninglessness  
Or she embodies unfortunateness.  
Just like the "Abyssinian maid" searches  
Her 'demon lover' lost in bulrushes.  
Or like a kind old dame removes hotness  
Who in no way else her love can express.  
Whatever she is she is nature's agent  
Who in emergency brings something pleasant.  
She take us centuries back to age of cave  
When this man was absolutely nature's slave.  
But nowadays man has become cultured  
His hands, unlike of past, are not fettered.  
Now gales should also be civilized  
In this way Time can be surprised.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Labourers

Once a crew of labourers came at a place  
And build a cottage shorn of cherished grace.  
The started to execute a grand plan  
Of some great land lord or business man.  
The worked day and night without stop  
And began to build top on another top.  
People wondered what was the project  
And what was its master's purpose exact  
Roumers spread all around in guise of fact.  
No thought in itself was sound and compact.  
Passing seasons saw the labourers working  
Hard workers they were nothing work shirking.  
These cottage dwellers built a grand palace  
No brick of prejudice was used nor of malice.  
Their nails were satisfied with the hard toil  
The cottage against the palace was a foil.  
But they cared for the Master's pleasure  
Nothing else they gave any measure.  
At last the kind Master visited the place  
His eye was pleased to see the palace's grece.  
He allotted the palace to the good souls  
Who had with honesty played their roles.  
Man is the labourer, He is the Master  
Peace in heart, peace in world, no disaster.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Morning Star

Clouds took the charge of sky  
And Darkness wanted to buy  
The lives and souls of good beings  
And Dismay installed high swings.  
The land was sanguine with blood  
Eyes released endless flood.  
Foreign foxes injured birds  
Wounded lay lambs' herds.  
Cries began to get dry  
Time burnt fire, hearts to fry.  
Sub- continent was a butcher house  
Human beings were gnawed by mouse.  
Paths were lost, life was an alley blind  
Cruel was earth, heaven unkind.  
The morning star mounted the sky  
Who solaced the weeping cry.  
It shone bright and filled light in mind  
Then galloped those who lagged behind.  
It indicated the cherished goal  
And taught them the real role. (14-10-2016)

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The New Horizons

As change, the law of nature, prevails all  
Those things that in its dynasty fall.  
The map of the world always mimics amoeba  
Along with the changing circumstances of the  
Socio-political environment of humanity.

Once white West ventured to red and black lands  
And became masters of mountains and sands.  
They colonized bodies, minds and manners  
The world was the hide and they were tanners.  
What they did projects in books of history.

Now West shrinks as a reaction of Nature  
And the whole world has become mature.  
Now red and black expand to cold, white West  
And under cozy roofs are taking rest.  
Some of their own accord and some with calamity.

East and West, North and South are becoming one  
The coming World only in this way would run.  
The West will enjoy the sun of the East  
Now humanity's palate will enjoy mixed feast.  
Though some may call it sheer insanity.

Tolerance and sympathy will govern the world  
Now will walk side by side nice and awkward.  
Pride and prejudice will have to be minimized  
And opponents will not be heartlessly criticized.  
Human beings must first work for humanity.

The light of change is spreading all around  
You will find it in all scenes and sound.  
Humanity is to fight against non-human  
It is not the age of fight of man against man.  
It must be the age of human parity.



# The Quran

If you follow Quran's map,  
You will face no mishap.  
The world will salute you;  
Like a crown will shine your cap.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Reign Of December

When Nights sleep the whole night  
And days hide their face with shame;  
When winds become cold like ice  
And sluggish Ice becomes lame;  
When Sun seems to have got tired  
And the heat does not remain the same;  
When birds seeks the refuge in mist  
And shrills turn into silence tame;  
When new diaries will be seen in shops  
And passing Year loses its fame;  
When Morning extends to Noon's house  
And Evening enters soon Nights tomb;  
When memories will escape to moments passed  
And Future will be forget its claim;  
When eyes will be filled with hot dew  
While watching faces who came;  
When leaves will break with parent trees  
And Time its authority will proclaim;  
It will be the reign of December my dear  
It will be the reign of December my dear.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Round Coffin

You send down tortures for the mortal man  
He takes refuge in tears, what he can.

Sun beams pierce like sharp arrows in eyes  
Death with bullets all around flies.

Bomb blasts, Death's laughters, are heard now and then  
No one knows what is going to happen.

Poisonous food, life in death, we daily eat  
Dearness comes with lashes us to beat.

Sun, Moon and Stars seem to laugh at the plight  
Wounded Soul wanders about like a thirsty kite.

The sky seems a dome of dead humanity  
To live is a crime, and Death is penalty.

The jumping springs are Earth's tears  
Day is worry, and Night a shawl of fears.

Volcanoes are sighs of dying Earth  
Deserts say life is of no worth.

Thunder and lightning are Heaven's scold  
Against which man can never be bold.

The world is a corpse of humanity  
A fact it is not an insanity.

The sky seems a round coffin of man's soul  
Mountains are nails from pole to pole.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# The Sun Is Hot

A tired traveller walks on hot sand  
Without knowing the last cool grove  
Alongwith only dear thoughts small band  
Knows not how the question to solve.

His shadow requests him to stop  
Because it has got tired too  
The sun has burnt the mountain top  
False ideas can never be true.

Death with life has a secret plot  
The traveller can never escape  
Soon or late he will be caught  
Watch is strict from cave to cape.

Perspiration will dry his heart  
And heat will burn his bones' thick core  
He will no longer play his part  
Only of death he will be sure.

The sun is hot, life has a plot  
The end of journey is unknown  
Sun beams already know the slot  
Body like seed in land will be sown.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Third Eye

Eyes are a must to see light and colors  
They are one of kind Nature's great favors.  
The great show of Time can be seen clearly  
Dear ones can be loved through eyes more dearly.  
All impressions and expressions are read  
They can say what through tongue can't be said.  
One eye is for past one for present  
But the one to look at far future is scant.  
The third eye is required by the scholar  
Who can look beyond the hedge of dollar.  
It can look even beyond the skies  
It remain alive even when one dies.  
Look at the world through the third eye  
Only then you will watch its true dye.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Third Parrot

Like the unfortunate sunset of gloom  
Or the ruin of some hours' colored bloom,  
Or the deserted king's lonely tomb,  
Or the river that in dryness finds its doom,

Or the traveler that is left behind his caravan  
Or the unfortunate thrown out of his clan  
Or the commander who fails in his plan,  
Or the morning that has lost its bright dawn,

A parrot stood lost in its cage of iron  
More downcast than Saturn or Hyperion  
Its silence was louder than loud clarion  
It seemed to be a baron of lands barren.

The she-parrot had lost her companion  
Since then she lost interest in her pinion  
She did not preen her feathers as a treason  
Against the gaiety of the young spring season.

In the same flat of his iron cage  
Lived a couple of parrots full of rage  
And seemed against this slave, sage  
They seemed lords but it seemed a page.  
Forceful Fate had snatched her companion sweet  
And she could not her past pleasures repeat.  
She, as in 'Satti', wanted to burn in heat  
Of the grate of her heart from head to feet.

Silence was her companion in speech  
The chirping of flocks was out of her reach  
She seemed to be a skeleton on life's beech  
Interested neither in listening nor in speech.

Like the third world or the cripples helpless,  
Or like the wandering refugees homeless,  
Or like the children wounded in wars aimless,  
She was like the worthless tears in distress.

The third parrot launched the poetic rocket high  
And Imagination could endlessly fly  
As high as flies a newly broken heart's Sigh  
In that grief, she seemed to be fully ready to die.

Life, sometimes, leaves us alone like the third parrot;  
Life and Fate have their own or they know no merit;  
We are for them just like radish or carrot  
Or like small midges or a worthless ferret.  
(06-05-2017, Saturday, 6: 12pm)

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Thorn

However ill you may feel to think of a thorn  
He is to do, no doubt, for what he is born.

He can be regarded as the lover of the flower  
And he is clear in his point of view each hour.

He can be regarded as the wise elder  
To give advice to the wanton younger.

He can be regarded as the jealous cousin  
Who always burns without any reason.

He can be regarded as the unfortunate  
Who has only sorrow to narrate.

He can be regarded as the ascetic soul  
Who always prefers to remain all sole.

He can be regarded as the outcast  
Who wants to say something last.

He can be regarded as the hopeless preacher  
Who wants to do his task like a strict teacher.

He can be regarded as the crooked Evil  
Who can never become polite and civil.

He can be regarded as the agent of the sadist  
Who is to prick at last as well as at first.

He can be regarded as the realist  
Who arrests all the wayward escapist.

He can be regarded as the guard  
Who is to perform his duty hard.

He can be regarded as the Nature's rule  
To be taught to the careless fool.

At last a thorn is merely a thorn  
To do what for which he is born.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# The Wind Is Blowing

The wind is blowing like an addicted one,  
Not mindful of the remarks of the Sun.  
It pulls shoots and twigs to lose the balance  
Today she need not know resistance.

She laughs at the falling grey haired leaves,  
As sand- grains fall down from the holes of sieves.  
The time- sieve drops down the weak, and the old  
To be buried in dust fold over fold.

The blowing wind also makes dust restless,  
As Fate makes human beings totally helpless.  
The whirling Wind seems to have drunk a lot  
So much that her thirst has emptied the pot.

She also makes flower- petals scatter far  
As if there was coming some dreadful war.  
Like the war of man against his surrounding  
Or the decay that is always hounding.

The long processions of faeries dancing;  
Light denizens of air lost in romancing.  
Some festival seems to be going on  
To which the hilarity of the Wind is prone.

O, it seems to be filled with past memories  
Of passed dear moments' glass menageries.  
She is sobbing and moaning like a girl  
Who in modesty her hair does not furl.

Or she is upset with her today's matter  
Some sad call from clouds or some bad letter  
Has ravished her calm and peaceful posture;  
Or she is invited in some green pasture.

Or she is carrying fate to souls' houses  
In this hazardous task makes noises.  
Or she is lamenting on death of man  
And has become worthless her airy fan.

Or she is passing through summer's threshold  
Where she will ever wait for showers cold.  
For some months she will inhale hell's hot breath  
Will turn into frying pan her sweet, cool berth.

Or she herself is scourged by tyrant Time  
Unhoused she moans all around without rhyme.  
Or she is ringing an alarm of danger  
For the coming time is much stranger.

Or she carries a mirror for each face  
To observe relevant species and true race.  
Or she is asking man to keep moving  
For life is, in fact, reaping and sowing.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# The Winter Nights

Fast, violent gustoes raise laughters  
On silent roofs and sleepy streets  
And seem to be vulgar pratters  
As if they were quarrelling over seats.

They laugh at the torn tents of paupers  
Enter cloth homes without permission  
And roam about like misery's hawkers  
Destruction of nests is their mission.

So romantic they are for strong walls  
That defend the precious lives of the rich  
Who enjoy dinners in royal halls  
Who are great players on the life's pitch.

Warm wool welcomes winter's wayward waft  
And enjoys the company of hot tea or coffee  
Along with wonderful facilities' charming raft  
From tortures of tensions their minds are free.

Winter nights are full of misery and pleasure  
They bring tears, sighs as well as leisure  
Disliked by someones and someones' dear  
Fancy for some and for others dark fear.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Thistle On Encyclopedid

Natural beauty confines to no limits  
Countless creatures declare countless merits.  
Most beauty resides in birds and plants,  
When a rose blossoms and a peacock flaunts.  
Gold adorns beauty brides in a specific way;  
Nature `s spell charms us from stone, coal and clay.  
Water constructs waves, ripples and bright sheet,  
Foamy clouds make fiery thunder with sleet.  
Precious diamonds, sapphire, emeralds and all  
Leaving heaven and earth, they thistle call  
To sit with grace on the store of knowledge,  
To be honored in universities and each college.  
Instead of hair, sharp thorns cover head  
One vision of them snatches rest of bed.  
And all thoughts green or golden become red,  
To what thorny deserts they have been led.  
That from top to toe they are bruised and torn  
As if under an unlucky star they were born.  
Encyclopedia Britanica I say  
That in fields of learning has a great say.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Thorns And Thrones

Thorns and thrones are so close to each other,  
Of Reality, they seem father and mother.  
If one wishes to get honour of thrones,  
One must wear dress adorned with sharp thorns

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Three Hands

Tick, tick, tick the watch makes a run  
Look, look, look move stars, moon and sun.

The frisky child moves with second  
The dial seems to be a play ground.  
In pleasure's wind it makes quick bound  
And leaps ahead like a fast hound.

The minute youth moves with proud stance  
And seems to have lost in romance,  
Searching for something in thought lost  
Far and wide looking in time's frost.

The hour's old age lacks power in knees  
Ready to sit under green trees'  
Tired of running on life's crease  
And is shaken with morning breeze.

The dial seems to be world-wide map  
Meeting somewhere, somewhere vast gap.  
All hands are to play in time-lap  
The earth is to wear blue cap.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Time

You are still, still you walk  
Though silent, yet you talk;  
We are homeless sparrows  
You are a clever hawk.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Time Exists

Time exists like a stage; men come and go  
Tree of life moves with fast winds to and fro.  
Seasons change and tell us a year has passed  
We are stunned at the change: so fast, so slow.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Torn

Torn

A torn cloth is better than a torn body;  
A torn body is better than a torn heart;  
A torn heart is better than a torn soul;  
A torn soul is better than a torn faith;  
A torn faith is better than a torn love;  
When love is torn, man is to mourn.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Torsos

Preaching is pleasure; teaching is leisure  
For souls noble, they are endless treasure.  
They turn torsos to living human beings  
Without positive sense, what is man's measure!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Touch The Stars

Though the clouds want to check your path  
And Night wants to take a blood bath.  
But you must touch the stars  
And try to win surging wars.  
Silence is brewing vast turmoil  
To destroy honest souls' toil.  
You must go on working hard  
And with it cut the cruel cord.  
With hard work make a sky high stair  
And leave on earth the resistive care.  
In brightening sky, insert your share  
Go on doing things fair and square.  
Confusing Dust will check your way  
Care will can turn green grass into hay.  
But you must go on working hard  
Dash to your target like a pard.  
You must go on plowing minds' field  
One day it will give you a great yield.  
In shining stars, locate your goal  
And with diligence play your role.  
Touch the stars, they invite you to sky  
Asks you honestly this Murtazai.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Trees

Sun or rain, they stand  
Just like alert guardians  
Never have a sleep.  
Butterflies come and sit  
For rest like those in the shade.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Trica

The world, heaven, and hell  
Message, ear and the bell.  
Soft flower, leaf and the thorn,  
Wonderfully are born.  
Sun, moon and tiny star  
Peace, progress and then war.  
Eyes, heart and conscious mind,  
Found is unfound you find.  
Life, death and the sole soul  
Thought finds but hole in hole.  
, mortal man  
Planner, project and plan.  
Sky, earth and vast space,  
Starter, runner and race.  
Hunger, hungry and meal  
War, warrior, and zeal.  
Love, lover and beloved  
Book, knowledge, and learned.  
Two tears and one sigh  
Bright truth, gossip, black lie.  
Trica surrounds us always  
Theater, player and plays.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# True Scholars

Books are heaven of some eyes and hearts  
Thoughts are their kites and philosophies, carts.

Great ideas are the treasure, honor palace  
They do something good for the populace.

They are the miners of human soul  
Behind the screen they play the role.

They work wonders for the suffering passions  
They don't follow but lead swaying fashions.

They are far from prejudice like drawbacks  
They fight against evils' torturing packs.

They are above distinctions of humanity  
They live and die only for humanity.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

## Two Butterflies

Once in a lawn I was sitting  
In a sorrowful, tired mood  
Not interested in surrounding  
All were bleak, absurd and rude.

That a couple came there playing  
Dancing, mating with full pleasure  
And plucked my mind that hating  
That at once put me to leisure.

Now my glance was chasing the two  
And I heard the unheard love song  
That was being sung by lovers true  
I felt I was completely wrong.

Why do I waste moments in hate  
When love has not been completed?  
I sold my life at so low a rate  
And my frivolities repeated.

The whole lawn became paradise  
Tension's rock was dispersed with wings  
The butterflies gave me advise  
A glance is enough for the wise.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Two Daughters, Two Eyes

I have two dear most daughters  
That serve me like my two eyes.  
With the help of which I watch earth  
And beautiful scenes of skies.

One daughter gave me modesty  
That made its stay in the right eye  
And the other showed me future  
That seemed to be standing close by.

Now my mind and heart are balanced  
As if I had found a great treasure  
No doubt peace of mind is gold mine  
And the satisfied heart is pleasure.

Long live my dear daughters \_ my eyes  
May you never die though the sun dies!  
May you be ever bright like Truth  
And ever enjoy Virtue's youth!  
AMEN!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Up And Down

All the world is a game of up and down  
All souls wish to go higher and higher  
We welcome success and failure frown  
This passion has been all generations' sire.

We want to raise a pile of shining gold  
So much that for it our faith can be sold  
This cancer on our heart has complete hold  
For this purpose we are extremely bold.

But we never wish to go up to God  
And have a meeting with the Creator  
We never lift our feet from sticky sod  
We are not our real benefactor.

We can go up only through humanity  
By burning to ashes baseless vanity  
First we must burry all fake priority  
Then we can touch real sublimity.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Variety

All trees are not shady  
All clouds are not rainy,  
All moments are not same,  
All days are not shiny.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Vowel Sounds

Sounds fall into two categories  
Some of miseries, some of luxuries.  
The space of Time is filled with such sounds  
Sometimes laughter, sometimes shriek resounds.  
Noise or silence may it seem to be heard  
But without meanings they are absurd.  
Traffic horns or rustling corns when wind blows  
Some tension, some mention nightingale shows.  
The thundering clouds utter dangerous noise  
To the core are frightened foolish and wise.  
Vowel sounds pierce into heart and soul  
In composing cries they play their role.  
Vowel sounds have wings to fly up to sky  
Replete with sorrow, they give birth to sigh.  
Vowel sounds surround the poor masses  
Who are guilty in most of worldly cases.  
Poor vowels serve rich consonants to do  
Things of all types often wrong seldom true.  
Vowels lift their palms up in prayer  
To get rid of consonants' torture.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Waiting

Stars wait for the sun to get tired,  
And take back his shafts all around fired.  
The sun waits for the morning star  
To set aside his tiny car.  
Spring waits for winter's retreat,  
Fast showers follow summer's heat.  
Youth waits for childhood to depart,  
Old age gets jumbled with slow cart.  
Preparations wait for exams' date,  
While exams wait for results' fate.  
Parents wait for children's marriage  
Marriage waits for babies' carriage.  
Life is a circle of waiting,  
Whether with love or with hating.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Waiting-1

O my dear! come, I wait for you  
My endless love for you is true.  
You did promise today to come  
Very painful time has become.  
Without you garden is desert  
In it you should not me desert.  
Eyes have become tired but heart  
Cannot from your memory depart.  
Without you life will be so sore  
That I will not live it any more.  
Heart has grown very impatient  
To you many messages it sent.  
But no! you are in my memory  
Where you will live all the century.  
I should not wait for you any more  
To meet you must open heart's door.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Watch And Time

Often time is measured with a device  
That has numbers or hands to do the task  
She often is pretty, dainty, and nice  
It seems that Time peeps through this little cask.

Time and Watch seem to be cheek by jowl  
Watch is Time's haunt it can be said  
Both are reticent; they know no howl  
Both are jogging always, no rest, no bed.

It seems they will live and die together  
Hand and glove with each other they are so  
That they will live separately no weather  
One is river the other water's flow.

But in fact they have no link at all  
As sounds have no meanings of their own  
As the ground has no relation with the ball  
As a gown has no link with a town.

One is ethereal, other concrete  
Time will run even if all watches stop  
Even Sun, Moon, and Stars cannot him beat  
Watch can be bought, but not Time from shop.

Time can be passed without watch, without clock  
It doesn't depend on dainty watch hands  
It passes on ocean as well as on rock  
It passes on pastures and too on sands.

Look at Time and not at numbers or hands  
Try to know its secrets and deep mysteries  
It surrounds heavens, spaces and all lands  
No historians know its long histories.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# What Is Life

A dry leaf trembling with fear,  
From an eye falling a tear,  
An illusion seen far and near  
What is life, O my dear?

A flickering flame in wild gale  
A priceless pearl but for sale  
Death is lion, but it is deer  
What is life, O my dear?

In darkness a tiny beam  
A silently running stream  
A deafening din if you hear  
What is life, O my dear?

A thing worthless or a toy  
A sigh deep or a laughing joy  
More obscure than it seems clear  
What is life, O my dear?

A thorn painful or a soft flower  
The glaring sun or a fast shower  
Hemlock it is or sweet beer  
What is life, O my dear?

Always changing like a cloud  
Silence sometimes, a thunder loud  
No one can know how it does veer  
What is life, O my dear?

No one can understand  
Sin, virtue; sea or sand  
Beyond approach of a seer  
Life is life, O my dear.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# What Is World

Tears brimming out of wounded hearts' eyes,  
Or the parched, deserted lovers' deep sighs,  
Or the orphans' hungry untoward cries .  
What is world, a word absurd, often heard.

A theater full of laughter and clapping,  
Or a vast book of plotting and mapping,  
Or an arena of boxing and slapping .  
What is world, a word absurd, often heard.

A journey in desert or in ocean,  
A camp on land or depot of ration,  
A boat of paper or flower of passion .  
What is world, a word absurd, often heard.

A light in darkness or darkness in light,  
A place of peace or fatal front of fight,  
An eagle brave or poor homeless kite .  
What is world, a word absurd, often heard.

A duty to build bank balance so huge,  
Or from unseen storms a meager refuge,  
A mere sound and fury of wayward deluge .  
What is world, a word absurd, often heard.

A charming garden pruned by good gardener,  
Or a field of crop ploughed by fast farmer,  
Or a buried treasure searched by miner.  
What is world, a word absurd, often heard.

An iota of dust or pearl in oyster,  
A blooming rose or a heinous monster,  
A shining star or full eclipse solar,  
What is world, a word absurd, often heard.

A realm of mere signs without meaning true,  
A ship on long journey with human crew,  
A loud lion- roar or modest cat-mew.  
What is world, a word absurd, often heard.

A rainbow swung by wanton, young spring,  
An adder's fang or scorpion's hard sting,  
A king in his court or a stone in the sling.  
What is world, a word absurd, often heard.

Only they know who say they do not know,  
Those who say they know, they do not know,  
'I' is the vast wall before eyes, you know.  
What is world, a word absurd, often heard.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# When Disturbed

When disturbed I feel myself a slain petal  
That is crushed under feet of stone hearted ones  
Who think that feelings are made of some metal  
Or the human beings are harder than cattle.

When disturbed I feel myself a shattered glass  
That with some deep sorrow shatters its body all  
And becomes more worthless than feet kissing grass  
And the shadows of swaying gloom become tall.

When disturbed I feel myself a tearful eye  
That is to shed worthless drops without reason  
And it seems that heart and soul are going to die  
Charming Spring weeps to be the autumn season.

When disturbed I feel myself a torn light kite  
That is hanging from some high tree or some wire  
That is to spend there its long day and dark night  
That is punished for the crime of rising higher.

When disturbed I feel myself a juiceless fruit  
That is to be thrown on dust as being worthless  
To be kicked by passing feet or sniffed by brute  
What I can call myself except a soul helpless.

When disturbed I lose interest in life itself  
Nor anything else becomes a cherished dream  
Nothing exists even the universe itself  
Deep darkness not pierced by any wanton beam.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# Where To Go

The world is surrounded by stormy shores  
For those who want to go out shut are the doors.  
Man has to sit in a boat or a ship  
It shortens the base from continent to a chip.  
Mountains like sentinels are there to watch  
High passions of winds they successfully catch.  
The sky is also a limit of sight  
Higher than it you cannot fly your kite.  
The stars with torches watch the rebels  
They arrest him and send to roaring hells.  
Forests are full of tearing animals  
Man does not want to go to cannibals.  
The bowels of earth are full of anger  
They seem to be nothing else but Death's chamber.  
Cities are swarming with shameful servitude  
Rude mentalities, brutish thought are so crude.  
Play grounds and parks are devoid of heart's peace  
When soul is shattered into many a piece.  
No where to go in such a condition  
Go to yourself under such a passion.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Who Is In The Fog

Whenever Fog comes and roams about  
In her whitish bulk I feel some doubt.

I feel some unheard footsteps  
Follow me without stops.

They neither come near  
Nor they go too far.

Perhaps it is some past memory  
Or the dead days ghost hoary.

Or my own fickle fancy  
Or peaceful Fog's discrepancy.

Never alone I feel in this earthly cloud  
Surrounded by an endless crowd.

Fog is the dispersion of my memories  
Or a noise of my soul's silent cries.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Who Is Rich ?

The sky stands for all human beings  
The sun, the moon and the star shine  
Clouds come, winds whistle for all  
Frost for all is cold, morning fine.

Earth is humble for master and slave  
Like a kind mother it fosters all children  
Some cruel, some kind , each kind  
Whether they live or not like brethren.

Death is common for the high and the low  
Physical torture are to be tolerated  
Fire or soil welcomes all men's bodies  
Social differences must not be created.

Health is wealth, honour is property  
Good deeds are the real estates, dear  
Pride hath a fall, humbleness is rewarded  
Solace is the treasure without fear.

In this regard the humble are the rich  
The wealthy suffer from some vices  
They are poor who are not contented  
They are sold at so cheap prices.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Wife And Bee

Wife and Bee

Strange similarity exists  
Between straight path and twists.  
Wife is matchless in the vast world  
Nothing is like her, serene or absurd.  
A flower unique, a wine most sweet  
Life meets only when she is to meet.  
Paradise is pasture without her  
Loses warmth, without her, coat of fur.  
You can't get honey without bee  
Though for months you suck a sweet tree.  
Wife gives you honey-moon then honey  
Furrows of heart become lawns sunny.  
O! the bee also has a sharp sting  
But wife moves us like a finger ring.  
Her spasmodic moods sting us hard  
Life then seems only a house of card.  
But you are to accept the bee  
As with all plus minus a tree.  
Man himself is not better than she  
'She' has only one 's' with 'he'.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Without Expectation

When eyes are filled with bright hope  
And ears enjoy melodious symphony  
At once breaks the strong rope  
And disperses all cherished harmony.

When vines of wishes climb up a wall  
Some surging storm dislikes the rise  
The strong wall proves to be near to fall  
All leaves and branches feel

Waves traverse long distance for meeting  
But when it actually touches the shore  
Slashing is the long wished for greeting  
The desire of meeting is left no more.

Friends water expectations ' plant  
And raise it up to the height of K-2  
But when the adversities come to haunt  
No claim is found to be true.

Learn to live without expectations  
So that the train may move to goal  
And pass through alone stations,  
Dear in this way play your good role.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Without Sun

Without Sun

The sun sustains life on the earth  
Without him, she loses all mirth.  
He brings colors in flowers through beams  
And realities to her night's dreams.  
She seems a widow without him  
Who is often lost in her whim.  
Without sun snow mountains can't shine  
World will look dark like a long mine.  
The sea beings will see nothing around  
Somber, cold water will not be sound.  
Trees' leaves will not look soothing green  
Each bright being will be shorn of its sheen.  
Birds' chirping will change to silence  
Presence will be lost in absence.  
Bright eyes, rosy cheeks and red lips  
Each form will scatter in bleak chips.  
Sons are the suns of mothers' eyes  
By losing them each mother dies.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Wounds

Flowers are born in the company of thorns  
Nature's darlings cannot live without it  
They are crushed and wounded with airy horns.

Some scenes cause wounds in eyes that begin to bleed  
Delicate beings cannot tolerate such grim sights  
But at their hue and cry no one pays heed.

Hearts no where in the world are free of injuries  
Each one cries for balm of sympathies  
Torn hearts can be seen of dainty daisies.

No soul is safe and sound in this world's war  
Feelings are hts bemused all  
Miseries crawl all around, pleasure has gone far.

Delicate hearts are wounded day and night  
By the rays of the sun and charming scenes  
Monsters come and with long teeth give a deep bite.

Memories' saw is always working on mind  
And ever bringing out phases new and new  
Some are cruel and some seem to be kind.

Wounds are the fate of each sympathetic soul  
Birds and flowers are kept in the fore front  
You may survey the world from pole to pole.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Years Come And Go

Years come and go, but friends are not so  
We will reap, one day, what in Time's field sow.  
We think that a year ends after a year  
But, in fact, each moment it happens so.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai



# You Come To Me

When darkness parades in the field of silence  
When tired Day falls down on bed of helplessness  
You silently come and embrace  
I am lost in your matchless grace.

When airy sprinklers come intoxicated  
And repeats a story already narrated  
I watch you coming wet in rain  
I forget at once all my pain.

When the sun rises with a yawn after long rest  
And the purple screen presents a scene the best.  
Nature welcomes the virgin beams  
You have come ever it seems.

When fast winds blow with long locks rustling in streets  
Peaceful pleasure in pores of poverty permeates.  
Life enjoys sitting in cart  
I find you sitting in my heart.

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai

# Your (Pbuy) Love's Miracles

The space is full of small droplets, delicate  
But all of the don't have the same fate,  
Only those the colors of the rainbow create  
Who are blessed with your love, peace be upon you!  
O Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon you!

Countless flowers smile in parks and valleys  
Not for months and years but some dailies  
Only those give forth sweet smell in rallies  
Who want to see you, peace be upon you!  
O Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon you!

A large variety of herbs spreads on the ground  
Some with ease and some with hardship found  
Only those for good health are the most sound  
That want to kiss your feet, peace be upon you!  
O Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon you!

Numberless particles lie down on earth's face  
Humility stays with them in close, fast embrace  
Only those shine with marvelous, high grace  
Who wait for you, o dear peace be upon you!  
O Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon you!

Countless oysters live in the lap of ocean  
Pearls are not found in the same proportion  
But in those who have your love's passion  
Are blessed with pearls, peace be upon you!  
O Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon you!

Countless stars roam about in endless heaven  
All the time, in all seasons, round the days seven  
But only those flames dark night does enliven  
That pray for you o dear, peace be upon you!  
O Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon you!

Homeless clouds float in the sea of sky  
Some crawl low some move on high  
Only those quench the thirst of earth dry

That saturate with your love, peace be upon you!  
O Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon you!

Countless breaths come to us and depart  
With them moves ahead life's slow cart  
But only those give life to the beating heart  
That are filled with your love, peace be upon you!  
O Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon you!

Endless tears trickle down the walls of eyes  
Along with repeated sobs and fast sighs  
But only that to the high heaven flies  
That is shed in your love, peace be upon you!  
O Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon you!

May we also become fortunate Amen!  
May we also get your love's charming sheen!  
May we get a glance of your kindness keen!  
Life and death in your love, peace be upon you!  
O Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon you!

Prof Niamat Ali Murtazai