

Poetry Series

Quaid-Uz- Zaman - poems -

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Quaid-Uz- Zaman()

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Grammarly

Life unpunctuated
errors--a plenty,
Welcome! Late learning!

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Two Lines

heart bleeding red
fairies in white blooming fast.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Untitled 2

A tree stands upright
its roots finely chopped off
the sun is setting.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Desperate Moments

Each house is a volcano
live or dead,
gushing out lava red,
panic is the name for white blood cells;

Witches telling tales to their's progeny,
owls knitting silence in vain, sorry, I can't tell tomorrow's fate,
even after a second, my breath is a mystery, bending always towards the
western sky.

Still under the rubble beneath the ashes, I will keep on searching...
I want my magic lantern back.

Shadows wandering,
black deaths hovering
over the long stretched Milky Way,
I hear the soft sounds descending,
I turn to the soul,
Oh! Welcome, my native language.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Reconciliation

Love it or not
but i am to live with it,
In a place between joy and sorrow
i accommodate myself;
a soft tongue, safe and sound, at the mercy of cruel jaws;
an evil-
i may name it a necessary evil, is gilded here; a devil in disguise, an angel
misguided,
i must watch the fate of a
shooting star. a dream -way diverged;
betwixt sleep and sleepless ness
i must awake
and rise up
In a necessity.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

A Response

The moon has no accessories
but holds the beauty;
the sun with its power at the core glorifies the earth; colors dispersed and
displayed
carrying the dreams to their different choices.

darkness shiny and resonant holding the senses and non-senses but
light always traveling in a straight line, bending on follies.
here defaults are many
and the fault lines-artistry ever sprawling;
out of chaos, the globe serene and beautiful, rising up against the falling apple-
sky wondered and overwhelmed.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Lines From A Distant Land

here, i hear the humming of
boiling water in a pristine kettle
and am going to prepare a cocktail drink all with
clove, cinnamon and Malabar pepper
against all the odds
and for a resurrection;

i keep aside the side dish full of allurements,
a giant fish deeply fried,
or a grilled chicken displayed high;

i avoid red meats, fats and oils as doctors suggest me;
i take greens and salads a plenty
i prefer spring water,
i prefer now natural herbs,
and am going to drink the cherished drink;

here, i hear, the humming of boiling water and distant wild bees collecting
nectar,
i hear the buzzing sound of the unseen
and definitely unanswered.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

The Other Language.

let biology return to its health and chronology past by;
greed and high consumes have reached to the peak
enough and enough has been done
now a recess, an exchange that we deserve comes the grimace;
roars of sea and howls of wind,
burnt up beetles and turtles upside down,
sea -shells shivering and corals torched must have stories of theirs own,
a hole in the sky,
or a default in the earth,
melting of ice and sprouting of wildfires have theirs say.

we are blindfolded but nature must not be-
with measures soft or hard,
bitter or sweet it will take its course,
in biology healing comes from within and let the clock be set right,
the little or small is beautiful;
the earth craves for its health, vigour and tranquility;
let biology win and chronology past by.

.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Covid19: Looking Into(Part 3)

11.

corona virus: be not positive immunity, indemnity never guaranteed.

12

isolation

a trick with no arms
fighting in silence.

13.

an

order

for a new setup.

14.

no veils, burqas or shrouds but with masks, gloves and PPE
-a replacement.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Covid19: Looking Into(Part 2)

6.

novel corona:
a fall out or
a divine conspiracy!

7.

social distancing
six feet apart
-a new measurement.

8.

handshakes not,
wash your hand
properly.

9.

hand sanitizer:
handling
the virus.

10.

covid19:
a new normal
access to virtuality.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Covid19: Looking Into(Part 1)

1.

cleanliness: misunderstood
and malpracticed
-a new learning.

2. Covid 19:

a package of disciplinary
actions teaching discipline.

3.

pandemic
a
reshuffling yet to be defined.

4.

courage,
a
new strain developing fastly.

5.

follow the Book revealed
and
steps as shown.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Poetry: Three Lines (Part 5)

21.

tears:

frozen words melting
in a flow of language.

22.

stainless stone
curving in a pattern
-a joy of innocence.

23.

heaven in heart
ever living,
the earth is declining fast!

24

in search of solitude
we meet here and build up artificial gatherings.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Poetry: Three Lines (Part 4)

16.

a valuable caracass
left for the heirs,
till it ruins to the end.

17.

befooled many a time discovering the follies; and
new ones always emerging!

18.

had a long way to go but feared the pathways; now
time a little and steps many.

19.

an art politicised
shivering,
doorway to destruction.

20.

in autocracy rulers find plenty of opportunists and
blind admirers fool.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Poetry: Three Lines(Part 3)

11.

Public domain:
mirror deflected,
-a return to the self.

12.

where rumours blocked and
facts fanciful,
myths multiplied.

13.

a big beehive
consumers learning how to disperse and collecting honey.

14.

death searched everywhere and found in history
confirmed.

15.

here,
no watch dog
everywhere an insect eye.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Poetry: Three Lines (Part 2)

6.

Facebook:

vision activated

 sound snapped.

7.

youtube:

 you lose your path

 and a way out difficult.

8.

hereafter,

a divinity where Juckerberg

 has got no entry.

9.

a promising cloud overlooked, growing fast
despite all the conspiracies.

10.

looking through a pinhole camera: it's raining blood!
sermons led by the fools.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Poetry: Three Lines

1.

poetry
deep in the mantle of darkness
a pink pearl glittering.

2.

here,
Orpheus in vain
Pluto unmoved.

3.

the debate is lovely
and chasing a butterfly
is a nice idea!

4.

ignorance:
always a curse
sometimes a blessing.

5.

globalization:
at the cost of individual
happiness.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Pride And Prejudice

Voices gagged; pledges pounded.
In a frozen peace
she takes a pride in.

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Covid19: An Interpretation

lockdown:
unlocking many
a truth.

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Bitter Truth

A fallen
with the hind legs spread
inviting the transgressors.

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Touchstone

In a dilemma

I touched a touchstone and it melted therein; sailing love and tears away.

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Consolation

Life

on the other planet

No more deaths; no more sighs.

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Untitled

hidden charges: customers

must be paying

and the sky is cloudy.

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A Nonsense Poem

No roses,
No thorns,
Stainless steel stares at me..

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Black Magic

A Hand is so handy
to create a havoc multiplied.

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Kosmos

glimpses; terrible and
thundering
the earth reshapes itself.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Anti Climax

Tongue scissored,
voice gagged; in a toothless time we all welcome the Milk Teeth.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Time And Tide

The sun rises in the east and
sets the west
but always anew and fresh,
waves rush to the shore with promising cures
and go back
adding the strength of salts vital
here lie the dolphins dead and oysters scattered
and the sea always invites
the joys and sorrows to be shared with
blue...
blue...
and a spreading blue
you depart as well and he comes in.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Incognito

Realities, myths and fantasies
all have distinct flavors:
here, welcome, Charles Darwin.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

In Between

As we pretend to be liberal
the genes continue conserving the characters ancient and
new ones
with follies
and imperfections
with virtues and boons
inherited or acquired
though
always in a line of changes do we mutate
and create
Heaven
or
Hell
from within
or outside
And witnesses all.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Pandemic: Covid 19

If prayer houses are
safer not
What places are safer then?
When chambers close down
hospitals deny the treatment
no vaccine proper in hand
when PPE, ventilators -ICU not enough
when the air is heavy
with tears and sighs
when isolation -lockdown a daily gossip
when there is a breath
hard
and a cry for Oxygen
when neighbors shut the doors
funerals feared
when graveyards hesitate
to receive the gone
curses-crises paranoia on
calm and quite in all the front
when it is dark and less a light
i cannot paint it as full bright
all i can say with a heart pure
'In His Mercy we have a cure'.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Freedom Of Choice

Let free will
move freely
breaking all the chains of sufferings
and let soul be saturated with love and care seeking for beauty.

As
cleanliness and purity it always endeavors for
we must meditate
and
honor the deeds;
only then
we discover the horizon
leading to freedom
and
cherished dream.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Impromptu: Ode To Nature

flowers unfurling,
stars sailing and dying
-----but in a genomic way.

the world is an order
and time infinite
-----acting the same way.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Living Or Dead: A Preference

Dead beings are dearer and sweeter to us than are the living ones.

We pray for the gone and praise a plenty.

We celebrate the days and years in honour of them.

We feast on sighs,
weep, shed tears and keep on mourning sometimes in a pretentious way.

We have no time for the men alive nor
for
the aged ones lying still in bed or
the sick suffering
the orphans left
the hungry,
unfed, suppressed and depressed ones;

we have no time to meet and
help a needy
or utter a little soft words for the wounded soul

we prefer swarming around the coffin and pay rituals before the gone.

We are fond of deities, demigods and the deceased ones.

We offer them the warmth of heart while
the living ones in loneliness unseen
unspoken and unheard
counting gloomy ending days.

To us digging has been a preferred
choice.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Struggling

Let not the life be shorter than death;
let it grow to the height of one's dream.
Dreams that go beyond the skyline.
Death never comes before the appointed time
and
a graceful mind is always prepared all through;
here everyone gets the acquired share
of sins and punishment
of virtues
and rewards.
Let not the darkness eat up your light
Lit up yourself.

Thorns here and there strewn all around in a spiteful way.
you clear up all.

Vultures with their sharp claws will make your sky bloody.
Be courageous
and resistfull.

Let not the evil poison yourself
clean-
and be true to yourself.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

A Midnight Poem

No choice.

Nor a preference -

hidden or exposed.

But a constant desire for a restless

change.

No place but a doubtful refuge with dark

and light intertwined.

No Cause and Effect.

'Being'

That is all -

A necessity.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

All In A Moment

When the days are brightful
let the brightness be intense a little more
all
with the flutterings of butterflies
and
with the rays revolving around;
with nights descending
let the darkness be darker and
deeper
enough to see the stars brightest;
hide not the buried loves and tears
let open up the layers kept in reserved periods.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Reshuffling

Let go out... fly over...

and dive into.....

the house has been collapsed.

With colors scattered and diffused let us

create a new.

With hues and multitudes we make an image lively and vibrant

and with the strings of joy and sorrow knit a shadow dispersed

and pursued.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Insomnia

Sleepless all the hours I am hung
an owl screeching in a dark dense tree
no Freud no Carl Jung.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Vision: Access Denied

When Access denied -
we lumber in the emptiness and mystery
shrouds over the lonely moon.

The sky holds all the messages.

The clouds carry all the scriptures.

If everything is kept in secret
we have enough time to seek
for

and

wondering at.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Walking Around: A Note

no where in and out of the globe but here
in dreams
butterflies come and go
-an art work by a prudent hand;
nothing lasts long and
new wings emerge out
that carry us
to their preferred choices;
waves rushing to the shores
storms storming in every shelters
and lightning splitting the sky
with lines, curves and deviations;
we transform ourselve and create our circles
drifting to the enormous joy of openness
an ethereal blue.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Homecoming

life reeled off and
i drifted far away to the height of a sky
now i reel in myself
when the sun in crimson setting fastly and the shadow close to the chin
dancing in a mystic way;
memories here and there
live or dead
thoughts seived or paranoid and the
whisperings new and old ones rattle all through
the conscience
and closing the diary not easy
but definitely
---a different job.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Unending

With jasmine scent
and nectar intoxicating
you bloom inviting the buzzing bees;
The earth has grown grey and fragile
carrying the sins of senility; spring goes but comes anew
and
love is reciprocated with love; in a shade
cool and bright
in a rippling air
let us
sing,
dance
with humming sounds and gentle kisses let the sheaths of darkness open
before we depart and sail gently
rest the way.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Painted Gloom: A Curse

time exhaled by 'Circe'
we are no more humans;
with nights Swartes
we sail to the darkness
never to come back again.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

No Other Choice: A Time

The volcano has erupted
and
lava gushed out.

Don't get puzzled
or
irritated
or
be
agonised

rather you be calm and quiet
and do the best
peel up not the layers
of onion
as you cannot hold the tears back
let that demon sleep in a delta level but be smart enough
and don't worry
if it is alive or dead.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Beyond The Horizon

gods minor or major
are not as powerful as they had been;
with the vestiges of deafness and dumbness
they only rule the glory of myth;
souls of Greek and king pharaohs those lived mighty
now wandering in silence
in quiet submission;
Man with soul has touched the Soul eternal
The Omnipotent.
With no Tarot cards in hand
With no Black magic
but with thoughts multitudes
souls sail to Oneness.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Unexplained

How will the soul be living then without flesh,

blood and bones

with a house undefined?

The existence of which human mind

yet know not

perhaps that be with a structural design

uniquely of its own.

At the end is always a new beginning;

A newer thought

with a visionary explanation of dreams

of techniques with twists and turns,

of metaphors,

of allusions embedded in life

here and hereafter.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

A Journey: Close View

Connecting to uncertainty

i dwell the pathways

and

evaluate

all the possibilities.

i energise and paint the ideas

emerging within.

with colorful signs

that

swim beyond the skies

i explore my self.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Existence

So go on..

you cannot stop acting

Until the curtain drops down.

Do not go exceedingly high or far away

Act and react accordingly.

This is the way

A discourse determined or not determined

A destiny inevitable.

Don't pull back

Uncoil...and

don't go for hibernation.

Arise and act.

The stage is not for the fallen

who does not arise again and act accordingly.

(C) Quaid -Uz -Zaman

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Covid 19: An Apology

'In His will is our mercy'---

Dante

We are well.

No Rumour.

No Panic.

Only numbers shooting up!

Of death

Of infection.

We meditate in silence

On adequacies and

On inadequacies.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Lost In Thought: Memories

When memories do not die but always kept alive
hidden in lyre heart
singing
in seclusion
awakening the deep and silent volcano with the merit of a moment
a fossil tweeting to the prudent hand
a geography narrated
and history explained with distant scents and colors varied
connecting
the past
present
and future
--- a timeless zone.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

More Than Words: An Exercise

I hold off myself and let the takeover
a hold of me by the power that settles in my heart from within;
I close my eyes
take deep breaths in and out
and all through silence
ethereal
charged by the cosmic rays
playing the calm and serene role;
in darkness light rearranges itself and dreams glow
wandering all the pathways.
No more question
No more answer
Till not the soul finds its way
and takes a reborning;

in a quiet deep sleep
dialectics would do no good work and
here,
welcome the inevitable.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

A Thought: Body And Soul

Placed on
'being' and 'being nothing'
with
longing love and earthen
desire
do we exist.

Not fire we are made from
but with glorified soil,

with mystic talent and ethereal beauty.

There must have been the words:

'Be and Happen'
that
we return to soil
and
Soul to eternity.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Identity

Everywhere I discover
myself
or
nowhere.

I carry no address
permanent
or
temporary, though
I am not in exile.

Paradise
dwelling in the heart,
Hell
flaming with all the agonies of fire.

Everyone loves
the story of love and tears;

in a figure less space
I
fill up the blanks
with
dreams colorful.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

In Perspective

Even echoes that we love and dreams do we indulge have their own inventive way;
lie in our magical hands
are
the traits and trails of history with full of myths
realities;
contradictions-hypocrisies
have we too;
but we always mending a life to be reviewed and framed
the other way.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Transmutation: A Longing

A life in a cocoon silvery and silky
now simmering and
simmering come to the boiling point where
the
glinted philosophy
always rejoices the upcoming
-a happy welcome!
but before that the deprived soul seeks a try for the world once and forever
again;
years do come
and years go by
but who could predict the Dooms Day?
Each era has its rise and fall,
with
fascinations and distractions stars and planets always spinning around;
a stillness kept in secret battling for a new butterfly.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Healing

Even promising clouds
driven by a strong wind
and far away from the high mountains
know not the course of their journey;
the sea appearing calm and gentle pay heed
to no whims.

It roars to itself
with a punctured thought.

Then prediction
an unworthy and always been suspended;
time speaks thereupon
in order of merit.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

In Silence

You are the mirror
And I stand naked.
Can a man absolutely be true to the self?
You are the utterances,
voices surfy
offshore and deep in the sea.
With unspoken words of the distant blues
in conversation with the threads of silence i look for the shadow
musing
lost and muted.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Innovation

The sun in the East and the sun in the West is not the same one;
moments always summing up to paint the sky with shades of color changing.
In a caesura -- we discuss who is the painter and who the painted is
-a situation impossible
there always been a number of beginnings and a number of endings
and death always a beginning- a new moon on the other horizon.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Ophthalmic

Even i fear to approach the red roses
and
red inside and outside me
turning deeper and deeper.

The sky is painted red
and
the clouds draped in red hues
are on endless journey.
Greens or
blues,
no where.
But seas and oceans are groaning with red
and flags in bright red
fluttering furiously.
Here all the challenges sink in red
and the steppings pass by as usual
caring not at all.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Playing: Face To Face

A mischievous bug has crawled in: though it is not unseen nor undetected and its nature being whimsical
with no remedy is in hand and we know not how long will it stay
or will be leaving the scene ever at all;
it will pierce through the velvet invading each cell sickening the wholeness
and integrity so far achieved
the end proving is pus and pustules;
the air around rumbles with nausea and ceaseless retching
with broken glasses here and there,
autophagy may come cleverly but in a foolish way;
each mind has a unique flaw
and time as appointed perpetually arranges all the mending
in a novel way;
to the amusement here,
a porcupine displaying its sharp spines and an armadillo ball keeps on playfull
rolling.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Essence

Converging and diverging
tuning the brightest:
no sauce,
no vinegar

nor other dressings spicy or yammy,
raw is beautiful,
with transparent
aqua,
holding all the memories;

undressing.....

wild and nascent.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Inertia

Nothing goes,
Nothing comes back.
But
time always infinite and justified by itself.

Nothing adds,
Nothing distracts.
With harmony and with absurdity all are absolute
equistatic.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Catharsis

There lie under the veil of falsehood
a truth hidden
in kernel to be
sprouting in dignity;
but here in a state of drowsiness
light carries no light
no rays
no energy
no promises
nor a sight;
shadows twisted
and heart beating its silent beats
only whispering to itself;
with surfs in the shore and blues beneath the blues with forms and colors
agonised
antagonised-
all may be a tumultuous toiling
-a true testimony of life.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Confession: A Glimpse Of Life.

It could have been better if i had known the past; but the problem is i dont know
what is happening on the other end of the journey
the sun is going to rise up tomorrow and the day next;
within the reach of my hand is the ready tea,
a handful of crispy noodles and a poem in a day;
I will not let my mind be stuffed with so called news feed,
let the nature soft and wild, open its golden treasures somewhat in a naked
way before
I indulge in history narrated;
life has its own buzz.
And swarms of thought reign over us in a deceitful way.
But i have to prepare myself the launch, dinner and a good night's sleep
And go a far away.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Endless Thirst

I could not say
of what i actually lost
-where and how?
and
have not found yet thereafter;
poet lalon and Hason Raja could have percieved this very well;
The distant flowers pouring fragrance,
the gentle wave touching the lonely shore-
fire flies
carrying the light
cool and blue-
could say something;
sunshine gone and
shadows fled,
in this twilight zone
how would i translate my yearnings then!
a graceful morning and
a lazy noon
or
a starry night could perhaps say but they do not do;
I still keep on
searching the inconcievable
in a path always
thirsty and bending somewhere.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Immortality

I never existed!
and I do not exist now and so will I never exist;
but always 'a being' out of nothingness-
that traces back to the supreme, the eternity
the essence of which I know not
I am a soul;
a body of lust and desires
I am a thirst perpetual
A love universal
A fire indistinguishable
A riddle unanswered
often overdescribed,
Yet not defined;
I am a pulse to be felt in the pulsation of an unknown pulsar
I have always been beyond my existence
and without mortal existence
I glorify myself in oneness
the immortality.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Ice And Fire: In Retrospect

Around the pith of theirs heart
lie the annual rings
narrow
or
thick
with visuals and
scriptures
to tell the time not by any virtual clock
but kept reserved in frozen steps
and with
flaps of Archaeopteryx
-periods all along alive.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Echo

When sounds do not make echo or get absorbed elsewhere;
When shadows wander silently and get thinner and thinner;

I turn to myself
to my Soul
then, echoes I make
shadows I knit;
with the dreams scattered
and with the mirror broken in pieces
i reconstruct one
sonorous and livelier than the echo unfound.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Utterance

High powered conversations: no meanings.

Shadows all around: no figures.

Only whisperings: no significance

---a puzzling downfall

inevitable.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Racial

My skin does not believe in color:

white

Or

black or in colors of varying wave length;

tricks of melanin cannot hide the essence of humanity: hues are genuine trickers.

A chlorophyll is no pigment

without light.

A light glowing through all the pores is universal.

all the creatures living or nonliving-

sponges,

pelagic,

or shallow and deep sea creatures

the benthos, corals

known and unknown carry the colors

but with the illusion of receptors diverged.

All the magic turns into black

in absence of light.

And humanity the boldness flows through the veins

boldly.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Interpretation: A New Novelty

Someone holds me back and allures to the novel vault of fragrance taking me to
the eden of love where dreams and fantasies dwell in freedom
with a gentle kiss
stepping unto the galaxy of countless stars;
a journey that ends in a twilight shore where a mermaid lying half awake and i
find myself in a wilderness;

a sinking soft and silent
but with a pledge safe and sound
it has a flag of its own;
a history well defined.
wings spreading in the vast blue sky and the sealed
yet unopened.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Safety, Somewhere

The walls whisper -'we have ears too'.

Handsets say -'we record no less'.

A pen warns:
write not this and mind the 'Act' before acting.

Angled eyes keep on staring

from

above

below

from the right or

left
and from all around.

Shadows searched,
psyche stormed, and thoughts sieved.

we are tagged and targeted
nothing is spared--

our toilets

bedrooms

all the exits and

all the entries.

Our
safety no where.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Perfect Freedom

Wings clipped.

Love tamed and caged. A cut flower in a showy flower vase.

Freedom chained, lacerated.

Speech trimmed, tailored and filtered thoroughly.

No excess

No little

But measure for measure.

No wilderness

No ecstasy.

Yet access to liberty not denied!

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

A Crisis

All in that place are

eunuchs,

gays or lesbians;

no masculine no feminine;

from a rib left side

here, i try, refashioning

itself

a women

beautiful,

assimilating,

and

rebirthing a poem.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

The Inner Voice

I do not sing as you sing
i have my singing
and i sing my way.

i do not light up the candles as you do
i have my arrangements
i have the illumination mine

i have my rituals,
i have my festivals too and
i feast on them in my own way;

i have the words knitted,
verses composed
i have the melodies,
beats,
rhythms,
i feel the pulse in my hearty way;

i have the songs sinful, virtuous,
mortal-immortal
I have the times
past, present and moments ahead
I have signature at my finger tip
i sign mine
in a modulated way;
I have the sun and the moon shiny
i have thoughts linear and convoluted,
I glimmer mine way;
i have beliefs and disbeliefs also
i have assertions,
dassertions, musing the nearer and distant;

I have the horizons
emerging,
sinking and
emerging again
i credit to the plains and deserts stretched -
to the furrows deep -

hills and mountains high;

I swim to the seas,
ocean turbulents,
i charm at the clouds
still and
wandering-
i look the skies,
the galaxy,
the milky way and follow the steps in a destined way,
i always adore the adorable
in my way.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

In A Lullaby

An indemnity there always been
but
The soul is set free.
Clouds
knowing it very well wandering more freely
touching
the
soils,
mountains,
rivers,
and the enormous seas:

While the roses are blooming
and
birds flying,
the wind blowing
north-
south-
east and west

And time in a cradle of uncertainty
always singing
'Let it go...let it go...
-In a lullaby.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Meditation

I love poetry,
I love religion;
both carry the signs of tradition, the essence of newness
of Man
and Nature.
I meditate on both ways
seeking the truth
religion set with revelation holy the blessings
and poetry ever
challenging heart to heart.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Blind Spot

here no critics
but blindfolded beings to
the follies a plenty;
no man but people castrated praise the mightiest empowering the evil hands
stronger and stronger.

lusts and greeds to the highest peak
humanities rolling over the barren grounds;

here all the happenings in the name of development
all in the name of human rights
of peace
of
'freedom of speech'
of sustainable growth and cherished goals;
round the clock and
round the tables with frothy talks of
accountability,
transparency,
integrity,
always feasting on peoples faith-
and stepping towards an unknown zone;

gagging the truth distorting the facts
eliminating the rivals with foul games;
with the play of mischievous fine arts
we are siphoning off
the blood,
money,
doing all the possible
and impossible the best;
of so many 'ism' have had we tried
now we are on the track of dehumanizing
churning out darkness from the light
and going to be swallowed by
a shivering
cold and hidden star.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Poetica

A blank page she looked at me
and I found so many
possibilities and looked for my
pen embroidered with the merits of archeology and bordered with geographical
lines or
with no boundaries at all;
I often doing my work instinctively in a trustful way.
And words like measured nuts and bolts, light or heavy together with all the
accessories
I now encounter the poetic maze
And analyze the elements sincere and decorative ones to go for the orgasm
and
page printed.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Lunatic

While one does sleep,
the other awakes
and
dreams deliberately.
Half the clock is a day,
half the night;
perpetuality is the true essence,
joy and sorrow follow each other,
The Sun rises in the East and sets
the West.
The Moon has different faces
we wait for
a
FullMoon
-the brightest.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Erotica

Sweetness;
sweeter than all the sweets
and a coffee,
seemingly less hotter than what i assumed of
i stepped down.

With a blazing Sun
rising in the West
and
a Moon
melting
in a broken sky
Fire balls went on swelling unheedingly.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

A Quest

Stars falling one by one

in the vast black darkness

only to reappear with more intense and

bright colors.

Nothing departs.

On my journey in the glittering path ways

I look for mine

-a distinct and a different walk way

yet not defined.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Sunset Gleams

time is running fast
and
now every step is worth countable
i must stay to have my share allotted
and must i leave to get the share thereafter
a measure for every measure;
but as i leave
the earth is getting smaller and smaller and
it looks like a
tiny moon glowing golden
and i am far off the land
in this Milky Way;
time here is a molten watch and counting is a foolish
idea..
but i must count the times past and present and measure the dreams;
dreams i dreamt of
and
those yet to be dreamt about;
out of nothing
i must create a world within a world
a universe endless and
ever expanding;
i adore not the Black hole
but
hold the truth and
seek
the Eternity.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Facial

It is not me.

My wrinkles, my sunken eyes, mistrusted frames all are the
magical works of divine time

neatly knitted with the golden and silvery threads
embroidered in sophistry;

The old lady of the moon always with a smiling face
weaving but with a pitiless hand.

Sinking a face within a face.

A mirror within a mirror.

Even i can't recognize me

-a pure deception.

But a soul always without a little increase or decrease.

A shadow broken and dispersed but always contemplating
and recombining itself.

A machinery always assembling

and i cherish it in a secret

-indestructable.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

The Mirror

Am i not adult enough
to have the portrait life-size? then what's of
metamorphosis if nothing changes at all
and all that retrieves to itself?
Everything seems to be constant but always changing in a
relative way,
-an illusion of thought and vision that stirs the world.
We are not always the players
though keenly observe the glimpses of actions that we
pass through.
Are we in divine persuits? We are always in a dilemma
between right or wrong
truth and false
stumbling over myths and realities.
We return to ours dreams
with the colors we have and with hues that
we always have dreamt of
-an eternal thirst for reshaping the portrait
true to the soul.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

The Other Face

i do not find you in yourself
nor do i find me in my ribbed cage.
your eyes with deceitful look
your face a false mirror...
the fire you create is bold but icy
and the shadow you knit is massive but always uncomfortable,
'love' - a daily utterance, merely a pretension
-a fancy
it does not matter how many likes and shares do you get
may it be in astronomical numbers
but believe it or not
love does not exist here as it had been existed before.
our soul does not play hide and seek
but registers every thing 'true or false.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Fingerprint

A playful eyeball playing with
form and style of its own;
butterflies flying with distinct color and membranous
artwork.

Here individualism is all intrinsic
and reflections always varied.
love is welcome and hatred that we hate;
thus run all the categories and idiosyncrasies-
each soul has its utterance and thus is unique.

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Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Ageless

All roads leading to destinations
travel back confused but in a restful way.
Copyrights always reverting to the
author
and man is not a commodity itself.
Here is the body naked and the mutilated moon outcast its
shadows all over.
The bones,
the flesh red and bright
the convoluted thoughts
soft and creamy
the gall,
liver,
pancreas,
lungs filled with hopes and sighs-
pieces all together fastening
an orchestra of sounds.
The soul returning to its nest and symphony neatly
measured.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Symphony

My soul always assimilating but never growing old
always constant in mass and energy
though here forms are many and metamorphoses on
i still carry the light
with the same wavelength
as has always been with my spectrum;
the earth is turning grey
the sky thinning
ice melting faster and faster;
may be a doomsday approaching near and nearer but
still the ocean is blue
and sky studded with dreams
my soul
evergreen
finds no decay
and still muses on love and
all the beauties.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Illusion

Last night i died several times and definitely i was a
coward one;
wrapped with heavy darkness
i smelled my body soil and smelled the soil reserved for
me;
fire flies gave me the light flickering all around;
i found my body naked
and had my undressing as well
i took off all the garments
one after another
all my ages melted away
all the thoughts evaporated and
all the dreams went on leaving
till i came to myself
-to the soul
and found an answer but
unexplained and mystified.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Persona

Some one is pulling off my ribs
one after another;
the bleeding is mine-
memories scattered here and there
hard to knit;
an image far away
always streaked in blood,
sighs,
sorrows,
and lamentations piling up
the sky enormous;
-blue and vacant
and as cool as ice
but still i feel the pulse
act
and dream
in a time pneumatic
hard and foul.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Status Quo

falses and pretensions violent now
and do
play their hideous role
to venomous climax;
night shrouds not the
sorrows and sufferings
but make them acute and sharper
furrows deep and open enough
to bleed profusely;
reality is beyond
our imagination;
here,
time at this moment
though wild and stormy
will bring seemingly
no
relief.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

The Last Supper

This is a farewell party,
a goodbye dinner;
all have been decorated
and all have been cooked;

millions of balloons
colored and tattooed
fully blown and also a million needles ready for punching the powered.

-a burst of joy
-a relief
much awaited for,

no space is left
no corner abandoned;

walls, aisles, all
welcome you
with festoons- banners and with the portraits
glittering,

flocks of pigeons
flying away from a magical box
to and fro-

sizzling sounds everywhere
candles burning on both the ends
welcome for the last bite
-the last supper.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman

Handicraft

Here is an art,
a pattern;
sunken eyes glowing with wisdom from deep beneath
feathers shiny and as white as kans flower
tossing in a gentle air..
furrows and wrinkles the embroideries
skillfully scribbled on the face;
fineries of web and tide.

A frame with dismantled structures
dislocated
deconstructed

terrifying to a juvenile eye.
uncompromising moments
assembling to form a time within a time

a trail of history left behind,
mystified,
the inevitable.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman