

Poetry Series

# Quaid-Uz- Zaman - poems -



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**Publication Date:**

2023

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Quaid-Uz- Zaman()

Retired college teacher.Lives at Jamalpur, Bangladesh.He has published two books of poetry and he writes both online and in print media.



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# Turning Point

Days and nights  
we have lived in the same tunnel but have not found the light at its end.

We had always wanted  
a change -change and a change..  
changes have been made  
but still no light at its end.

No place to stand on  
and chasing our dreams to the distant sky  
with  
multiple commitments, airy ideas  
We have always failed to make them true.

We are only to keep ourselves  
trapped  
in the dark and loitering  
but no light yet seen at the two ends.

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## Submission

seized by the power-Omnipotent  
soul is free from all the chains.

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# Testing

when litmus get puzzled  
over the colors it shows.

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# Today

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow.  
Today is the time to tee me up.

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# Life

Each generation  
is a peel to be washed away  
by the tide of time.

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# Black Stone

Beauty

-----

Black stone: a condensed  
glow in the darkness absorbing  
all the shameless whites.

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# Absurdity

--a feeling that  
fills with ruffles and frills.

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## Is It?

truth, a tongue tastes bitter most  
- a universal truth.

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# Forecast

Cirrostratus clouds spreading fast  
and the earth has been dry and thirsty long  
-there will be raining soon!

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# Perception

in imagination  
we seek the truth,  
in reality, we experience it.

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# Politics

The Ball is in other's court,  
and  
we are playing with the replica one.

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# Jealousy

--a devastating fire  
that consumes the whole of oneself  
right before touching the target.

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## Later Poem

Earth is old and grey  
her eyes still young and undying  
catch me on fire.

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# Measurement

life is not like as i think and sometimes a little drizzling  
or a minute gust of wind is  
enough to stir ones mind  
profoundly.

There is always a different story behind a story  
surface measurement is only a mathematic, the philosophy lay underneath deep  
inside  
and what words cannot express  
is our genuine feeling.

The midnight is thickly silent  
holding all the noises  
and the calm and stillness.

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# Climate Change

Season keeps the Earth  
alive and seasoning perfectly  
it is not like Mars or Saturn as  
barren and lifeless;

it is love and tears that make us lively and rhythmic, not like  
a burning blister, agonizing  
under this glazing, dreadful Sun.

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# Beauty

the moon in the sky  
shining gold  
who cares about her spots?

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# Dawn

The birds are chirping  
let there be light  
the darkness is over.

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# Ethics

Codes

written in the human heart

Activate as per excellence.

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# Hard Truth

Good morning!  
the sunset is not too far away.

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# Lacerated Lines

time explosive  
delayed but not destroyed  
just wait and see.

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# Life And Living

some people are virtually dead  
but pretend to be alive;  
some are alive but pretend to be dead,  
others shuttle between living and dying,  
to someone life is a Hell  
to some one life is a Paradise  
to others life is as it is.

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## Device

a suitable App  
and in a poetic frenzy  
-ore rotundo.

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# Rivalry

we look for an image  
true or false,  
and in rivalry, we complement each other.

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# Farewell

the sun is sinking,  
all painted on the western front,  
birds are returning home.

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# Looking Back

a mirror broken,  
the shardsflownandgotpuzzled  
images be reassembled.

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# Variet

-a choice, an adaptation  
a new living,  
and we live differently.

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# Elixir Of Life

drink as much as you can  
but there would always remain an enormous amount of thirsting.

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# Welcome

amidst the clouds, raven all over the sky,  
the sun gleams at the edges  
cheerfull are the blossoms.

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# In A Response

The sky is big enough to  
hold the smallness  
of all kinds.

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**If..**

if there were absolute power  
in human hand  
the whole of Mankind would have resort to suicide  
there always have been cuts, checks and balances;  
i fear if there were no Absolute Power and Will as well.

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# Chosen

My life is nobody's choice  
and i celebrate it myself the way i like or dislike; it is no one's else, mine and i  
hold the right to have the entries my way;  
for my dreams, desires, lust and loss  
for my love and tears,  
for my despairs all i owe to myself and never blame the tide high or low;  
my regrets, repentances are my own  
and i grieve not upon them  
and i liberate all the wings in the seven skies and beyond.  
i hear the symphony of my soul  
my hands are clean and fear not  
holding blue stars and winter snow.  
if i believe in the unseen and do the right  
then, who cares for the Heaven or Hell?  
i seek for the truth and adore you -the Almighty.

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# Bad Time

A narcissistic view approaches  
all these souls and drowning themselves all together into theirs own beauty.

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# Salvation

with a curious look i stared at the wild - wild white duck how gently it shook off  
all the dirt with luminous water and how aptly made her self cleaned.

man is not the problem;

it is the misery of thought, in the curled brain, the riddles that block the way  
forward

hands are empty and can hold  
the moons- soft and silvery,

there has always been magic unless and until unanswered

and the sky is ever expanding to the tune of our dreams and desires;

a pulsar lost or did never exist but there is enough space for the red red blood  
and an enormous blue

for the restless and  
jittering heart.

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## A Note

peace, if it descends from somewhere  
or evolves within;  
sorrows in blue feathers alighting on my chilly hands;  
i give wheat grains, corn flakes,  
i know not where they come from and how they take off gently.

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# Paradise 2022

Heaven  
do we live in  
only to feel the Hells of Fire.

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# Invisible Clock

time rolls on and life is as it is; we put barricades and dig deep into the heart  
sometimes to the whims of nature; moving back is fine and a step forward is  
bravery; math is a task, texts and messages are worthy but logic had never been  
friendly; And we have dots to be filled with universal thoughts -a proactive  
laziness wandering smart and high but no wondering: only with ebbs and tides  
time rolls on and life is at it is.

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# Expression

tears,  
molten sorrows  
owes a divinity.

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# Judgement

here, a flatterer owns the best while the whistle-blower  
gets punished.

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# Prediction

a rolling stone  
stepping down from an uphill  
time, a pause, a mere silence.

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# Ticktalk

underneath this frozen, stupid silence  
lie a Sound  
explosive and revengeful.

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## Life: Three Lines

keeping aside the ashes  
i stand before the flame  
my shadow cool and wavering.

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# Olden Philosophy

Joy and sorrow  
each following the other  
till the end of life.

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# May Day: Notes

Civilization:

a case study of tears and sweats,  
each page carrying a signature with letters soaked in blood,  
of endless exploitation and deprivation.

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# Contemporary

true or false  
double-edged;  
we are bleeding.

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# Solatium

in my heart lie a loneliness, a thirst  
i take refuge, a golden shower.

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# Life Style

Clouds wandering  
to the wonders of skyline,  
touching almost nothing!

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# A Flame Not Defeated

i made a digging  
and placed my body and soul under the veil of a luminous darkness  
in the close vicinity of eternal care;  
this is the place which i have had always thought of most the time but the least  
that i could have known ever of it;  
dreams and myths are pure fantasies  
and i kept on brooding over in a ceaseless way;  
the world is a thirst with no  
perfect match  
and we go on thirsting,  
there must have been a suitable place for a suitable soul,  
the rest is a mystery  
unknown and unexplained.

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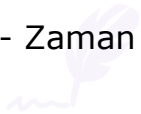


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# Lone Traveller

Highways do not sleep  
and keep awake all the night  
with tremendous feat;  
with intermittent sleep and awake, i move to and fro and  
will sleep a ceaseless sleep at the end of the journey  
and be awake thereafter; nothing persists- light posts, landscapes, skyscrapers  
all pass by gently and softly;  
no questions  
no answers  
dark or light blue starry night  
hangs a little far away;  
deep desires turning red  
dew drops cool and shiny  
settling on the silent boughs  
dreams violent and fiery roaming around the vast open field;  
the other world is unwinding  
wisely in a perfect manner and it is enough for my self mastery.

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# Cause And Effect

the usual vocabulary  
with the same syntax perpetual and  
verbatim;  
with infective phrases and the same narratives;  
with the clauses and claws  
sharp and deceptive;  
the usual howling-barking  
with the same feathers and the same flocking,  
the hidings, the appearances,  
clippings and clapping,  
shedding and shadings,  
nothing new, only evil  
designs and merciless plots,  
patterns and morphology as exposed and identified;  
the much watched salivation  
-frothing  
appearances and disappearances  
only a place in place of others  
but always becoming darker and darker from uglier to the  
ugliest.

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# Invisible Poem

there are many underlying facts in the course of a situation  
and also hidden truth that cannot be explained;  
you express it in silence or  
suffer as self annihilation  
or recover as an autophagy;  
deciding factors yet unknown to us and our mind dwells only on surface  
dwellings: beneath is a mystery;  
we have grievances and  
we have enough space for consolation;  
change is a reality  
-an archaeological myth  
incidental happenings  
must come and go  
thus we return to ourselves calm and quietly;  
deep into the interior  
the invisible awaiting.

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# Recovering

rebuild your relationship  
or rearrange it  
you are not a shut dream or  
a closed corridor;  
aisles and bonds  
are there,  
you are always connecting;

connecting to self,  
connecting to constellation of hopes and desires,  
of thoughts;  
you are also a space  
within eternity;  
soul is not bounded by geometrical lines but  
always expanding,  
you welcome all the entries,  
openness and  
you are always a maximum in  
a dream never ending.

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# Departing

Why you are in a hurry? tears still not full and heavy, the sunset has not painted  
the skyline red;  
no whisperings i hear of the  
approaching dusk,  
this night is luminous while  
the brilliant sky covers up all the melancholies.

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# Remedial

i fill up the blanks with the words like action,  
it is silent with no apparent sound effect, sometime little doings and small steps  
are enough;  
dreams winging as light as autumn clouds in the virtuous sky convey the soul to  
the enormous space;  
the language of heart is universal and it speaks in silence carrying messages in  
pulsation caught in a pulse  
each pulse is a life  
each word-  
each action  
i fill up the space in silence,  
i fill up the loneliness with my choices preferred;  
i cherish the flowers and fruition along this endless wandering time in a timeless  
space.

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# Grammarly

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

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## Two Lines

heart bleeding red  
fairies in white blooming fast.

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## Untitled 2

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

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# 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.

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# 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.

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# 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.

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# 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.

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# 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.

.



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## 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.

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## 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.



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9.

hand sanitizer:  
handling  
the virus.

10.

covid19:  
a new normal  
access to virtuality.

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# 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.



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4.

courage,

a

new strain developing fastly.

5.

follow the Book revealed

and

steps as shown.

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## 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



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

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.



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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.

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# 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.



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ignorance:  
always a curse  
sometimes a blessing.

5.

globalization:  
at the cost of individual  
happiness.

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# 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.

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# Anti Climax

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

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# 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.

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# Incognito

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

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# 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.

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# 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'.

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# 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.

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# 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.

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# 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.

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# Struggling

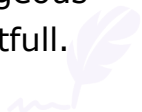
Let not the life be shorter than death;  
let it grow to the height of one's dream.  
Dreams that go beyond the skyline.  
Death never comes before the appointed time  
and  
a graceful mind is always prepared all through;  
here everyone gets the acquired share  
of sins and punishment  
of virtues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



PoemHunter.com

# 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 -



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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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# Insomnia

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

Quaid-Uz- Zaman



PoemHunter.com

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



PoemHunter.com



# 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



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# 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



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# 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



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# 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

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



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# 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



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## 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

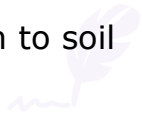
Placed on  
'being' and 'being nothing'  
with  
longing love and earthen  
desire  
do we exist.

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



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# 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



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# 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



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# 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



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# 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



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# 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



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# 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

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## 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



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# 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



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# 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



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# 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

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# 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

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# 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



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# 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



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# Utterance

High powered conversations: no meanings.

Shadows all around: no figures.

Only whisperings: no significance

---a puzzling downfall

inevitable.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman



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# 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.



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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



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# 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.

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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



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# 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,



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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



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# 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



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# 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



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# 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



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# 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

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# 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.

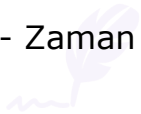
A shadow broken and dispersed but always contemplating  
and recombining itself.

A machinery always assembling

and i cherish it in a secret

-indestructable.

Quaid-Uz- Zaman



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# 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



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# 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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# Ageless

All roads leading to destinations  
travel back confused but in a restful way.

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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,

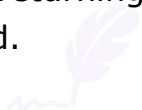
pancreas,

lungs filled with hopes and sighs-

pieces all together fastening

an orchestra of sounds.

The soul returning to its nest and symphony neatly  
measured.



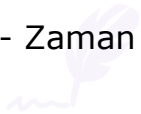
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Quaid-Uz- Zaman

# 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

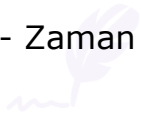


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# Illusion

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



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# 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.

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# 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



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# 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.



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