

Poetry Series

Rafique Farooqi
- poems -

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Rafique Farooqi(Date of birth 22 April 1959)

I was born in dist Gujranwala Pakistan, i matriculated from govt High School Qilla Didar Singh, FSc from Govt College LAHORE: and MBBS from Allama Iqbal Medical College Lahore: in 1984, i am doing my G.P practices, at Lahore, Writting is my Hobby.

! Evergreen

When i feel different,
sometimes,
grudges grunt,
over spics of angers,
debris of hates,
swells to degenerate,
Into sparks of illusive traits,
whereas i spare,
my actions,
to seed peaceful emotions,
calling spade a space,
and wrong a wrong,
sky and earth,
apear kind,
when i face with my opened eyes,
you can see,
with all this,
rains and winds,
keep green alive.
and evergreen.

Rafique Farooqi

! Let Us Join

just come,
and color my sleeps,
with dreams,
sun rays,
and laser beams,
and never shatter,
whatever may be matter.
anyway
you are sweet,
like a heartbeat,
and stay with me,
in a dreamy island,
with breezes,
and sunflowers,
for long lasting,
hours,
this blue sky,
this blue sea,
is ours,
these clouds,
these rains,
joys,
happiness,
all types of pain,
our success,
vain,
any strain,
any good,
or bad weather,
will be taken,
together

Rafique Farooqi

! Mutation

Blood is bitter nor sweet,
not even sour,
it seems a taste of death,
blended with ashes and dust,
innocents slain with pains,
who is to stop feuds,
fires grow in grasses,
and winds rush through windows,
when newborn screams for life,
sun blazes the sands,
peace glitters like mirage,
man mutates to monster,
when life is bitter than death.

Rafique Farooqi

! The Next Day

Glitters of snows lingers in eyes,
like a taste of a promised bliss,
while hangover of conscious,
in the chill of night,
lost in mists of dismay,
and shiver of hands,
catching the tremors,
when spark of fire dreamed in mind,
and face of winds,
refused by mirror,
While rose petals,
dropping like tears,
and numbed bare feet,
weary and lost,
the journey,
begins with heart of defeat,
there is some room,
upon the top of the hill,
as i lock the door,
waiting for the next day.

Rafique Farooqi

! The Voyage

Just the day,
comes,
with an iron will,
the way to conquer the passions,
standing strong for the will,
droned by half hearted gestures,
and sick blood,
heated to warm,
inhabiting the frozen hope,
Clenched jaw,
over the aggressions,
a defeated wish,
to surrender,
famous faces,
staring sky, ,
the voyage,
with design of numbness,
against the howling winds,
and in deep waters.

Rafique Farooqi

! Tournaments

i dream, i promise,
i break up,
i shatter,
like unstable,
moments,
in the life,
countless,
in occasions,
but,
i still wonder,
over,
my internal distortions,
viable,
noises, raised up to neck,
occasional severity,
in behavior disorder,
and shutdown,
of all random priorities,
to pay breaths as ransom,
to life,
with fetters over body,
emptying my lungs,
with labored exhale,
how you can believe,
when lies are,
ornaments of face,
and swamps of sins,
to drag me in,
you are generous,
to offer me,
your hand,
in epic moments,
with traction of my arm,
but gravity,
increasing my weight,
to infinity,
death comes,
with light speed,
Einstein writes,

EMC2,
on my fore head,
Alexander conquers my will,
Aristotle confuses,
the situation,
whatever,
it may be,
hidden,
and dormant,
t ornaments,
erupting from the soil.
under my feet

Rafique Farooqi

! Wars

I drift down,
when i listen utterances,
reverberating in my mind,
these are not melodies,
but dances of hunger and sickness,
over the broken crusts of earth,
In downtowns on real grounds.
where sky burns and ashes,
soar in hurricane winds.
where breeze does not mean,
and fires of war rain with blood,
and clouds of dark smokes,
and cannon rumbles shake the hearts,
Where life is deeper than graves,
and death may give it up,
embracing the tragic,
Can man find himself?
with wavering wisdom,
gripping necks with shaking hands,
with suffered tolerance,
In house of fantasies.
with open eyes,
and buried dreams,

Rafique Farooqi

! Withering Whispers

Memories of pain,
still droning on,
to dampen the exuberance,
of my faith in you,
raging on my brittle defeats,
you run over my silent desires,
to celebrate,
your day of,
vicarious victory,
and our vested tryst,
limping along,
desperate moments,
fading into oblivion,
and as i know,
you're not as vile,
as i thought,

Rafique Farooqi

Fire Of Turmoils

Watching the events,
from a distance,
having a thin slice of glimpse,
accolade may be,
matter of pride,
or something at bigger stakes,
denouncing a dissident on turmoil,
wrapped crush on breaths,
repentance over past sins,
partially sensible,
motivated by anger and love,
inscrutable to know the real,
bitterly tasted with frenzied joy,
worsened by fascination,
we get from the people,
we can't understand.

Rafique Farooqi

No Way To Live

When everything was at stake
I was unable to hold on my dreams
For the primitive desire
That still lingers on
The fossils of primates
Though that life is forgotten tale
With passing of time
I will never abandon my sovereign traits

As I stay in a closet
With no noise and no voice
And no step will be getting closer
To the door
Just when I stare at the roof
I see no sky
which is kind enough
To keep me as uttered voice
In the silence of deafness

The laws which hold
This universe intact
Suffer the Cruelties of the time
Waiting for the end of the days
Prone to the judgment
Reaved on settlement
Where no one fits to survive
No one claims to yonder through
The luxuries of life

Like the dire wolves
It is bitter to be remembered
A forgotten way of desert
Straying and waiting for promises
Longing for inborn sovereignty
Paralyzed by inaction
Where defining moments can be mortifying
From the self-inflicted suffering
With a privilege to necrosis
And ongoing decay.

Rafique Farooqi

(*) Rage Of Honour

Rumble of sparkling,
awaking the peace hating,
monster minded,
licking the victory songs,
written on walls of history,
with ancient spells,
roaring in the dark caves,
back for hunting,
the heads of ages,
again unsheathing their swords,
of ill design.
mothers crying,
for new borns,
and sun eaten by eclipse,
and the blood of civil,
quenching the thirst of evil,
and the suicidal bombers
invading the streets,
with virulent aims,
poisoning the ears,
with their outcasted lies.
this invisible enemy,
carcinogen to life,
hiding in the laps of civilization
Wanting terminate,
The days and nights,
To smokes of darkness..

Rafique Farooqi

(* Right But Late

Strains stretching,
my neurotic spells,
and hate rendering,
whatsoever,
the humour burning to miser,
staring walls with design of ill.
Glottis to strangulate,
with hopeless utter,
and crying feebled to hoarse,
Like a bird to disappear in horizon
and desire longed to finish,
like candle thread,
another desert stands to cross along,
and feet to blister with hot sand,
storm is to blow his wistles,
like hiss of snake, .
and mine struggles are right but late,

Rafique Farooqi

(*) Unusual Stresses

I wanted to see you,
In dreams,
and always,
It lingers,
Like mists,
and smokes,
In spaces,
before my visions,
but in realities people,
find empty mosaics,
filled with airs,
rather beautiful fluids,
Like wines of dreams,
so in a jiffy,
I saw you,
In a crowd,
like a cloud,
below a hot sun,
I felt everything drifting,
in my eyes,
I found my self,
alone,
and nothing,
alive around me,
I walked a journey,
on a barren road of life,
and smokes became still,
before my eyes,

Rafique Farooqi

(*) Waiting Eyes

My waiting eyes,
chilled in clouds,
wandering above the,
frozen peaks of the mountains.,
where darkness at nights,
and brightness of snow at day,
blinds me,
and fears of frost bite,
blown whistles of furious winds,
are to push me to drift in death valley,
why i want to know your presence,
close to my mind,
where a warmth of life,
is with survival,
my limbs are grabbed by white bears,
and they want me,
to drag in their caves,
and these bears are happy,
to find some taste of red blood,
i want finally to know a reality,
do you love,
to see me at this particular moment,
when i am to find asylum at heavens.

Rafique Farooqi

(*) Cool With Words

Stars moon,
Sun and sky,
we love to find,
and relate our pain or joy,
and fluttering winds,
clouds and birds,
our murmuring lips,
singing words,
and dancing rainbows
with love when grows,
sunshine, and rains,
soothing our body pains,
breeze and green grasses, ,
and flower when tosses,
standing trees and hills,
warm weathers and cool rills
giving hopes against fears,
giving life and wiping tears,

Rafique Farooqi

(*) Unreal And Real

The past is something,
you lost,
and becoming last of the last,
and future is a weather forecast,
the paradise is distant,
dream, walking empty hands,
a sketch made on the sands,
When we see by closing eyes,
Our vision dies,
Placing universe on temporal measure,
one page of life we tear,
better to do,
what you want,
and leave what you dont want,

Rafique Farooqi

(*) Your Smiles

Your smiles,
give me feathers,
my wings flutter to soar,
your smiles shine like rainbow,
growing after pleasant rains.
I am feeling your breaths, inhaling heavenly musks,
I am sinking in your smiles,
deep blue and clear waters,
and fresh roses with dew,
your smiles make me to know.
how my vigours grow.

Rafique Farooqi

(*) Golden Dream

milestones embedded,
in dreams,
and journey of nights,
is something different,
in lights and sounds,
tribals dancing on,
the roasides,
with golden bowls in hands,
fire flies moving like stars,
the road ended in the,
river and gold water,
running down,
and crystal boat approaching me,
i am to cross the river,
before the lights and,
sounds are over,

Rafique Farooqi

(*) Homeless Love

Thirst is never quenched,
by distant vision of the water,
It burns like a desire,
Consumed, and contracted,
With blazing of time,
You may trim the clay of hopes,
from outcast of ambitions,
and days to return empty handed and worn.,
making fallen leafs your,
Only ornament,
Fate is. a street boy,
crying over broken toy,
Your silence,
meant for confession,
unwanted sins,
dragging weary feet,
on bend of street,
Just with homeless and,
wayward love.

Rafique Farooqi

(*) Self Rehabilitation

Over with dilapidated,
outcast of past,
needless to regret,
over sentimental erosion,
deplorable skeletal wrecks,
amendable with back steps,
Cognisant of perceptible,
hands of kindness,
and hopeful disposition.
This day is nothing,
like others,
glide of soaring wings,
against the winds,
Over the sea waters,
a breakthrough,
is needed just,
with passage of time

Rafique Farooqi

(^) Edge Of Offence

on one day or the other,
some occult desire,
blinding my soul,
with fall of my dignity,
over the betrayal of breaths,
when immortal worth duelled,
in sovereignty,
looking beyond ethics,
is bleeding in tears,
yes,
insane desire,
hangs unfinished,
but what breeds,
in my chest,
someone knows the flame,
hurting my tissues,
but edge of offence,
is more than i can see.

Rafique Farooqi

(oo) Rat On The Moon

t is wild chilled outside,
through foggy window,
i can see still,
snow to yonder through,
frozen white oaks,
glittering in moonlight,
and with silence of night,
and fragile crystallised love,
and grey spotlight on my tail,
touching down, silk fur,
my pink lips and,
delicate nose tip,
and small white ivory teeth,
and sharp hunting, claw,
winged chariot coming,
to me in glories,
me for warmth of journey to,
brightened moon,
and looked so beautiful,
bright and blue-chip green,
i never ever seen,
and moon soft and plumped,
white mouse with pink tail,
jumping high amazing delight,
i was also to jump higher,
feeling light,
little resisting baby,
drifting gently from my throat,

Rafique Farooqi

* Life

Keeping with precarious existence,
life moves with,
inertial steps,
to do a little,
When soil soaked with tears,
weekend breaths smelling foul,
steep wall standing ahead,
Opaque dream overnight,
thunder storm roaring aloud,
One desire of hunting beast,
blowing brute in the ears,
Paining corns on feet,
and journey.
make me tired

Rafique Farooqi

* Moon & Star

Moon and star,
are closer,
Is ocean,
Turbulent,
Is moon pulling sea waves,
I hope so,
Weathers are predator,
Breaking the silence,
Waves are pouring,
Gems and stones,
Out of sea,
Wait for morning,
And singing breeze

Rafique Farooqi

* Night Walk

The day gone with tranquilities,
The night is to quite chirps of birds,
Longing shadows,
To rule the events,
Erupting tears from depths,
Over the blood from veins,
Hope is pushed to walls,
Big bray of time,
Shaking the tides of moments, who is to take care of,
New born moon,
Evils grow from swamps,
Of ugly greed.
This brawl of few hours,
Knocks out the revenges,
And makes to think the minds,
By skipping wilfully,
and closing both eyes,
Entering the next day,
With both feet.

Rafique Farooqi

* One By One

To stray like unskilled,
and unfortunate,
with futile gestures,
and abortive aims,
It is not always,
To loose every time,
When everyone comes,
bare foot and empty handed,
who knows the written fortune, and shining lucks,
and to live with uneven endeavour to survive,
and ruling perils and insomniac eyes, ,
uncertain and wrecked,
broken dreams,
and nightmares,
ruining everyone,
one by one.

Rafique Farooqi

* Silence And Love

On the silence,
grown on your side,
a fire that drags,
in my mind,
i drift in, when you call me,
Counting the flow,
Of river of love,
your eyes flash,
In color of wine
when musks linger,
behind you,
i wander like,
a bird with wings,
roses vanish to know,
the Lights,
on the lips of morning rise,
glow shining on your cheeks,
smile ripples,
from warmth of dimples,
life begins within my heart,
i close my eyes,
to catch this dream,
and inhale a breeze of love.

Rafique Farooqi

* Stalkers

Growing with silence,
unwelcomed,
and think stunningly,
in crowd of life,
stare clearly, with own,
deeper than the skin,
haunting dream, and nightmares,
overwhelming treacherous,
an existence which follows,
Stepped down,
Sounds of steps,
Sneezing over daffodils,
Climbing the steep walls.

Rafique Farooqi

* When I Feel Alone

Tonight i will forget my pains,
As snow is piled up all around,
and glittering in low moonlight,
Mists on windows of my house,
brought some memories biting my mind.
when a deer collided head on,
With my car,
and forgot to cry in despair
loosing vitals in minutes,
And i feel night breathing in silence,
I am with loneliness,
and shadows of dreams,
Yellow light seen
from a distant house,
Awakening pain of my sore eyes,
when i suffer from my sleeps,
spending sound of clock,
and my heart beats,
overlapping the pin dropp silence,
I inhaling a deep breath,
find a book under my pillow,
with title of a cute kid,
reading the 1st page,
Sleep lures me to tranquillise,
and the day comes during time,
I am ready to move,
Good morning,
My soul.

Rafique Farooqi

* Where To Go

Beware of his evils,
when doing good to someone,
and close this chapter,
When it is, fairly done,
The river when flows,
It knows,
Where the flow goes,
Day or night,
It does not matter,
To remain, tolerant and steady, ,
And to end,
In endless,
That matters.

Rafique Farooqi

**** Silly Desires

2 hours ago

soul smiles over miracles,
when we wait for mysteries,
we need hopes,
to survive till last breath,
we tread on ropes of hope,
and dump our body,
in structure of disappointments,
and in glitter of silly desires,
as we drop one habit,
and pick up two other,
and we love,
more than... we are loved.

Rafique Farooqi

***** Salvation

Lions have their own share
As their purpose is ultimate
Claims to endorse get nervous attitudes
When golds shine in eyes

You are inclined to shatter
With grim countenance
With no power of insurrection
That simply grows in the mind

Can you look inside
While you trust on illusions
You can never contend
The terrible atmosphere
On desperate injustice
You smile in the dark room

We do not need
And we never needed
Settled community
Where cosmopolitan intellectuals
Are asked to demonstrate valid efforts
To achieve combination of racial thinking

This can be a gratuitous insult
To the history of mankind
Where you need to educate your grandfathers
And your guru admits you
Without any reward.

Rafique Farooqi

***** Back To Silence

i remember,
i saw,
behind the trees, ,
The tender tears,
in your smiling eyes,
They meld,
beside me,
And I'll try to find,
your glancing love,
amongst the evening kisses,
with songs of birds,
drifting to the horizons,
and silence prevailed,
on sunsets,
and culmination of fears,
in shadows,
moved like hopelessly,
uttered moans,
vanishing in weeded journey,
of silence and indifference.
out of range of my viability.

Rafique Farooqi

*****the Prey

i am again
to hit your alternating baits
as i burst out from waters
to breath fresh,

you keep your
smaller lures
in your weed bag
to slide my attention
for your newest entice

and looking at me again
out of corner of your eye
you put your trap
on your way,

you should know
aggressive walleye
inhale jigs by sucking
and can spit your lure out
faster than
you can eat fresh

and this time
it is better understood
as you talk
your deceptive proverb
to cast your shadows
on my will

Rafique Farooqi

*****once More

With conscious aspect of mind,
i can feel with my glass heart,
invisible to your crystal eyes,
and when your thin lips,
slip on the skin,
with prides of being a simple,
the intricate d question,
scrambles to the brain.
the mirror tells false,
features to myself,
being with tortures,
and dragged,
and bruised,
on thorns,
i scream once more,
in some nightmare.

Rafique Farooqi

****dissappointments

on wither of desire, winds caress, my dreams, haunting night by night,
one that stands still,
is before my eyes,
and another that,
passes with silence,
i wait for long,
may be a resolve of habit, ,
or something different,
but i am for one,
that never ends,
and never comes,
and never seen,
in dissappointments.

Rafique Farooqi

****walls & Doors

your loud laughs,
wandering in the air,
like whirlwinds and clouds,
breaking the silence,
like rumbling thunders,
telling the upcoming rain,
and fears,
prevailing over the perverted sensation,
may be i will return home,
before the falling night,
.....who is waiting for ME,
I KNOW,
.....only walls & doors

Rafique Farooqi

****a Stranger**

] When pain oozes,
from turmoil,
my desires flames to fire,
I know it will worsen to agony,
Present with dormant, and volcanic strains,
Upturned from ashes,
scattered beneath,
my bare feet,
My sole blistered,
with spark,
to know at real,
that i am still a stranger,
in your eyes.

Rafique Farooqi

****faith**

some way,
my desires are to be blinded,
or i can wait the inner lights,
lit in dark.
where ethics are upturned,
under space of ruthless turmoil,
the war is undeclared,
to win is subtle and wafting in smokes,
the noises are masking,
my rancid utters,
stray life with breath of breeze,
can be vital,
my heart is sun,
to mind,
and certain events,
when to follow,
vivid spells,
have been broken,
but it is rule,
untried feet to advance in lands of love,
and faith in THE truth.

Rafique Farooqi

****homesick**

Pains make me to stay,
What i know,
Is better understood.
On the the back of the walls,
There is another peril
growing in shadows,
and hours to sharpen the loneliness,
fears over run by day,
I am homesick,
On side of the road,
the crowd passes with silence,
having candles in daylight,
and nobody is to listen me

Rafique Farooqi

****i Miss You**

Walls and roof,
Of this situation...,
glow in our memories,
The swim in thoughts,
bringing sizzling lips,
to murmur,
heartfelt emotions,
to soar like surfing,
waves of deep waters,
my eyes are carpeted,
on sands,
where your footsteps,
Leave imprints,
However the sunsets,
render horizons with glooms,

□

Rafique Farooqi

****pain Ends To.....**

While dashing over,
The cusps of my heart,
you forget,
the delicacy of rose petals,
i fear the silences of nights,
When I am driven insane in vanished dream,
When to forget the flames of the wound?
I dont know the ends of pains,
but i know how it cuts,
and splits.
deep and bleeds,
in utters of brain stem,
with distal radiation,
hunting in reciprocal and random.

Rafique Farooqi

***look Now**

We have left this place,
Where we used to talk,
at nights,
and there is now dust,
On books,
we used to hide,
rose petals in between pages, ,
The loneliness,
and barren walls,
are reverberating our,
spoken words,
some contact numbers,
are carved on wooden table,
side window is half opened,
there is whoop,
In my breaths.
There is nothing,
to be back,
except we still love

Rafique Farooqi

*when It Became Different

Words floating,
In despair in attic surface,
spoken with notion,
to breathe in your thoughts,
agonising stare,
burned to ashes
buried in peace,
beneath the snows,
you became a different,
while pointing,
Your sword to me,
and amazed over,
the abrupt turning,
when the earth,
Slipped from your feet.

.

Rafique Farooqi

/ Wavering Life**

Not just a desire,
growing from stem cells,
prone to subtle outrageous,
and contemporary consume,
haunting politeness with outcasts of proliferation,
infested with ill will and grudges,
and what you think,
whilst growing old,
even with prosperous life,
having little crawling kids,
and some tornado,
to ruin everything.

Rafique Farooqi

/ Born On A Tree

Your pleasure,
to deprive him of his liberty,
is counter to your silent pride
over your spasmodic laughs
when you talk of,
invented tastes
to sip the yolk,
and crunch of eggshells
why to give
savage wolf his taste
by irony to favour
and disgrace to nest
with audible whiff
of his spread wings
sharp breeze tickled
with sparkling wines
as he learned from the sea
also his vanity
to find his savory,
and you shed light
in case you stunt his growth
on forbidden aroma
of the soul

Rafique Farooqi

A Dream Other Than Dreams

The nights create,
mights and hidden,
events,
and DARWEN dancing,
with monkeys,
as he was like grandpa,
no,
or yes,
he was,
with hairless skin,
and holding,
stair shaped, ,
DNA helixes
arginine guanine guanine
arginine guanine arginine
with counted list of chromosome, and genes,
and moon above his head,
all trees full of monkeys,
and i was feeling alone,
on the bank of the river.

Rafique Farooqi

A Ray Of Hope

your smile
a white cloud
on the sky
let the light shine
in adversity
a chain of thoughts
lingers in my mind
i hear your
joyful voice
meeting this
will become
a vital ray of hope

Rafique Farooqi

A Still Desire

Life moves with,
every breath,
a desire stands still,
eyes seek with each blink,
the mirage keeps,
with glitters,
steps are written,
on the sands,
a tale in faded word,
erasing stains her face,
love is a dream,
unforeseen unforgiven.

Rafique Farooqi

A Sweet Soul

Every amorous sonnet
Cheering long hours of solitude
Having sweet memory
Of her early romantic glory
Taking her out of whispers
As the desire got wings
But like eagle encumbered with his hood
A song fell from her lips
On strings of mandolin
But not to deign her soul with song
Crying with various voices
With trails of tears
Like a river running its run
Moulding to eternity.

Rafique Farooqi

Ancient Grudges

Why you want,
to make strawberry jam from the head of your rival,
who made you rub your nose, on the ground,
in some business, with his, strength of monopoly.
or you want his accident,
on highway, and see his,
news on CNN, while you,
take a cup of coffee.
Why you forget,
death is a universal reality,
and one day she will make, one single delicious bite of you,
while smiling over your aromatic taste, and
will wipe her lips with her tongue, to finish your story.

Rafique Farooqi

Apart From Dreams

Dream are volatile,
and not always stay,
with me,
the contents of my vision,
are vital for my existence,
and never taken,
as weather of yesterday.
the solace of image,
of my person,
never written,
on torn paper.
may i find it somewhere else.

Rafique Farooqi

As You Smile

I own your distant memories
I suffer this in moonlight
You have your fortress of sound
Since I met your nervous laugh
I am to see the dawn
Before the rest of the world
As you smile and look back

Rafique Farooqi

Asylum

I want to hide,
From winds,
Sun and rains,
with umbrella,
of passing time,
behind the wall,
of existence,
the life is bitter and sweet,
the death is sour and bitter,
the time is little to live,
I may carve my name,
on this wall,
some stray stranger,
may know me,
and tell other,
what we call asylum,
is nothing,
than trapping,
In other danger,
and silence breaks with a cry,

we must face,
what we fear to face,
and must know,
what we dont want,
to know,

Rafique Farooqi

Attachment

Wanted to give up,
and not to look back,
this trait of taste,
That's gone to distaste,
but hunted by smiles again.
and eyes stare with no blink,
and tongue bitten by,
rum again,
This addiction is tiring,
and i am not bad, to kneel before,
a dream to be unfinished,
where the doors and windows,
are open to me.
all the times.

Rafique Farooqi

Autumn Leafs

Come,
let us journey,
through the falling,
leafs of autumn,
towards the setting sun,
that enlightens,
the evening sky,
with its red glow,
come let us move,
towards our dreamscapes,
where our love shines,
in the rainbows,
come let us go,
with birds, and stay,
to listen their songs.

Rafique Farooqi

Beneath The Pain

No more whispers
no more tears
no more longing to be around
No more wreath of fear
When i felt you lying on my side
With warmth
I saw slowly fading voice
Like falling laughter
Dwelling beneath heavens
But loneliness whelmed
In raging storm of seared sands
Of desert

Rafique Farooqi

Beyond Darkness

Facing the rage of fundamentalists
Borne with generation of lies
Might of lies stands fearless
Devouring the victories
With bloodsheds brought by conspiracy theory
Hippocrates advancing towards all natural resources
Hanging corpses of rebels on poles
Why to deter their last wings
Democracy a weapon of mass destruction
Bangs with hunger and famines
Labyrinthine beliefs of global warming
Raising their funds to grab the races.
It was fine to lie, to steal and to cheat,
To accomplish the bitterness of their own kind
To make you a more better person
Or you are to be killed like pests
War field overrun by Trojan Horses
Darkness lurking on new websites.
Pushing you better to stone ages
You run and hunt your own desires again
Again Your watch the rage of barbarians
Slaughtering mankind with steel and fire
Again you find drifting to bottom
Of ample arable farms and a irrigable lands you lost.
Before the short lived victories of terror.
Due to structural inequality
Lose all your sieges to survive
A life fatal to pretenders

Rafique Farooqi

Big Mouth Witch

i am with spell of,
some vagrant thing,
black with glowing eyes,
romping on roads,
stretching me to the thin.
magical grace,
causative of hemicrania,
ruining dollars,
a dream of Duke;
she is, my
BIG MOUTH WITCH
B M W

Rafique Farooqi

Biscuit Breaker

He comes to see her,
and always with lingered hope,
and she smiles a little and turns her face,
with a deaf ear towards him,
it is the all,
she keeps for him,
and more than that, he is.
to be become happy with.
He sits with papitations,
and cold limbs cold sweats on his face,
He watches his fate on her face.
She is never amazed to find,
near the door when she is leaving.
And looks him in side mirror of her car, as he see her off till the car disappears
from the sight.,
As she goes to see her boy friend.
She is amazing,
and he is constant,
and also more amazing,
like a teathing biscuit breaker

Rafique Farooqi

Bittersweet

loving hearts leave,
but never forget,
to join again,
life is busy on her lane,
and silky touches with warmth,
can make us insane,
and to cry on goodbye,
not less than any pain,
love is even bittersweet,
we need to taste this taste,
again and again,

Rafique Farooqi

Bounced Voices

When the,
returned voices,
broken into mysterious,
dark rooms,
straight from the roof of trenched,
caves telling the wispered,
realities to timekeeper hands,
of deliberately woven traps.
until shadowless warrior,
with their ugly swords,
moving back from safe havens,
with curse of grimness,
over running the walls made,
from skulls of enemies,
of time-honoured kingdom.
and merciless taboo,
roaring on sun sets.
hunting for the flower grazing,
monsters.
and blood of blackbirds, and
seedless plants,
burning to melt the snows,
with clearing the footprints,
of their ancestors,
leading to ended roads,
over the green valleys,
where virgins with basket of,
flowers giggling in green and red having shower in rain with sunshine and
rainbow,
are waiting with welcome songs.

Rafique Farooqi

Bright Stars

While i look at sky, in some clear night, it looks beautiful, i feel them talking, in
codes by flickering, and asking me to come, nearby them and play, and talk with
them with no fear, and join them in purity, and see the star dust from close.
i feel it more real when i remember, the words of my mother,
" i want you to be a bright star"

Rafique Farooqi

Brittle As Desires

Now i see you,
not less than my desire,
weared long before autumns,
with buried fears of quaking,
jolting my sand walls,
i wither as i know,
your veiling wishes,
i am as brittle as i was,
but still i linger like,
dust in air,
when caravan of my desires,
passes far in dismay,

Rafique Farooqi

Broken Dreams

Thousand dreams shattered
Like broken forest tales
Till memories drift from the past
I sit quietly in the darkness
As rest of the world falls apart
I refrain from the freedomless life
With parenthood of sympathies
I 'll embrace the silence again
Like last standing man
With no question and no second thought
Only a quest that drags my neurons
Telling the immortal reality
Fairly preserved on the lips of the time
Feeling life pulse softly on my neck
I can still keep my head high
While I see demons in your eyes
Life will not be forsaken.
In such a dreary pattern of dysfunctional society
And your faceless war plans
That will make you to kneel in the end
Before the rogue underworlds.

Rafique Farooqi

Broken On The Road

just broken on the way,
over shadowed by acute ill-fated, romance,
defacing the skills of artist,
bound h and the sword,
running threat for attracted, will power portrayed in sensational, rigors,
deafaced hopes, playing on,
the other sided the mirror,
standing on foot of the tree,
listening his glib,
devoted to the persuit of pleasure,
remained hedonist overall,
intended to downplay,
his esoteric interests.
wanting a junket to Africa,
riding demon on his horse,

Rafique Farooqi

Cat Eyes (Oo)

:

this does not happen,
always,
the vigilant eyes,
chase shadows,
in silence,
not only in dreams,
but over the edge of the
vested thoughts,
feeling love in shined eyes,
the fellows carve their,
heart beats over windows.
and nights awaken,
with clicks of the clock,
and nauseous phone bell,
disturb the natural skills.
and something like powdered,
milk with essential protiens
now eyes watch something,
different,

Rafique Farooqi

Cold Whisper

Serenity breaks on your cold whisper
I dwell in mysteries of your echoed voice
I continue walking down with obsessions
That haunt me while longing for you
Although I can't surrender
Being loyal to what I love
Fighting the legions with eagle's wing
For most sacred place in my heart
Where the voice of love is born
You must not break the chain
As end is not beginning
It is all silence in perfect time
With your wild gaze
I turn around
To forget everything
That lingers in free days
Like numbing pain of seeping cold

Rafique Farooqi

Darkness And Dawn

When man refused to trust
The mind enslaved in dark ages
Needed softened light
From the dropped window pane
To flash his real face
innovation Of power wheel
Wheedled with glittering generalities
Later turned out
With pause of last moments
Fueled with conservatism
Is this funny thing about life?
Between Darkness and Dawn
Life drifted down to rest
Soft fingers caressed
Man's face
And memories flooded back
Through his concious
He accepted and owned
The reality
With all temporal blues
between Darkness and Dawn
He is prepared for every contingency

Rafique Farooqi

De Natured

How you can go back,
to your past of mighty stories,
with rusted future,
like a person, waiting,
for someone, who is standing at his back door.
And unkind are gazing faces at doors,
which were open day and night for you,
and draughts of hot airs,
coming to you from the
monsoons clouds,
either you or everyone,
in this world is de natured.
and you want paradise,
in price of death,

Rafique Farooqi

Dejected Desires

yes my sweetheart,
i have changed my mind,
at least, ...a lot,
since the day you, advised me,
to learn from my own madness,
and bother not to stray, in the jungle
of your wild things,
and not to use my energies,
to melt my heart and mind,
on your tears and cries,
it makes me deafened and dumb.,
ignorant, selfish, and rather indifferent.
i am not to care about,
anything going on anywhere else.
As i have decided, to live my own life, whatever is may be, however, it may be.
or wherever it ma be.
i may find my own ways,
my own hells,
my own wills my own desires,
and i am not to bother,
thinking about your life.,
as you pushed me to,
do so,
never to look back,
never to hook back.

Rafique Farooqi

Desert Life

Sometimes i want to live,
the life of a desert,
with silence and indifference,
with hiss of night winds,
changing my shapes,
my sands may settle,
sometimes with sun,
echoes with loneliest cries,
dancing images of gigantic,
sandstorms, on my parched lips,
i may inhale the whole heat of the burning sun,
and splendid days of my love and fated hate, may deplore to die,
the rumbling cries of wind thrusts may shake the horizons of vision.

Rafique Farooqi

Disorientation

This day is gone,
Like other days,
what remains is uncertain,
looking back to steps,
matters nomore,
beyond that i was,
with a shadow,
now i am alone.,
Home is what,
Where i go back,
Put my shoes under,
the bed and shirt on the,
hanger,
close my eyes, and open next day,
I am the same,
the World is no more,
Like that,

Rafique Farooqi

Divergence

pains wants me to cry,
to bring out the fears,
subduing a wrong turn,
taking breath in suffocation
perilous trigger,
of decay,
putrification on hurt,
bringing down calm,
over the hinderance,
on the pathetic,
acts of decency

Rafique Farooqi

Door Opens

To hear the lock tumbler
door opens
i want to break from reality
everything vanishes before i see
what was never my notion
at last i stood for
you walk on a sick grounds
vaulted by withered stuffs
smokes emerge from the cracks
your next day can smash
all you wanted
and all you never got
and you can count the crows
sitting on the wall
and exactly
we come to know
the universe is functioning
perfectly

Rafique Farooqi

Dreams Die

From the chilled and cold weather
I can figure out your image
That fades out in the fogs
I fear it will be soon lost
Till the next day is over

I remember those days
When you was not out of my reach
I forget the way
We bothered to get
Out of way

If hope survives somewhere
It will grow with the moon
If it never happens
The other day is to wait
Wither miserable eyes

The lasting flame
Flutters before
It is all a smoke
And dreams die
Out of bodies

Rafique Farooqi

Dreamscapes

Like pink and white clouds,
in fluttering winds,
she waved her hands,
and smiled merrily,
after cloying talk,
her GRACE and flair eluded my mind,
there was something effervescent, about her,
some spark of mischief,
lurking in her gaze,
a bright inner elan,
it was to waft away my glooms,
and sad mists,
that clung over the mountains, of shadows,
and behind that at whiles,
huge smokes to arise,
and hovered into upper winds.

Rafique Farooqi

Eddies Of Wind

Havocs and whisling sounds
Thunder accross my mind
My passion whirls
The rustling noise
Filling my head
I step o n the cascade
And watch the brittle bones
Cursed for the abondened pride.
I feel you are vowed
To chase my simple demise.

Rafique Farooqi

Endless Path

looking other hands,
which shake for strangers,
on side roads of life.
i bearing the memories,
of sweetened pains,
got on goodbyes,
from past,
and on waiting the future,
to spread on, like sunrise.
getting slow vigours, on defeats,
and upgraded on winning.
for me and for you,
are different realities.
but the same sunshines,
and the moonlights.
we live, and die,
for different purpose,
let us take
some road,
for getting,
generation solace,
to eternal path,
endless beverly.

Rafique Farooqi

Evening Sun

Missing you on some evening
When shadows are longer
To sum up mysteries of longing
Closing doors on sun downing
Like all the birds and flowers

Claws of cold serpentine glacier night
Inching closer and closer
Enhancing the dreams
Campaigned with zest
And love to not fall down
On yellow red and crimson
Tears of the sun

You touch gently on my shoulder
Like piano key rippling in melodious moan
your silky hair slipping
With a serene promise
To hold down hands forever

Searing Glow of the sun
Hauling your unspoken words
Cradling my nights with quite smiles
Soothing my tender knees
Bowed on worship of hollow vows

From nowhere a voice raised
Breaking the silence billows
With archaic sea wave
Sweeping all vows
Ruffling aimlessly on sand dunes
Of woven dreams
And i step back on night falls
On each delivered evening sun
Every time i miss you endlessly

Rafique Farooqi

Flame Still Burns

Winds don't be so wild
i have only one candle
lit in the darkness
with thrusts and splashes
flutters my violet flame
while
you can take me
just with sardonic smile
my soul goes down to native lands
you hover to top of castles on mountains
it could be so worse
and guilt lies on you
with heap of dead leafs
i close my eyes
with faintest breath
can't see beyond whirling dusts
walking on worn stone steps
dragging down to dimness
i can find my destiny.

Rafique Farooqi

Flowers And Memories

If my earnest desire
no longer whispers
timely utterance echoed through mountain thron
my words might reach you
like silent rain drops
from the depth of silence
let it melt the ice
and bloom
the feeble pointed spikes of flowers in blowing winds
if you find rose petals
in your way
my love that laid swale in rows

Rafique Farooqi

Focused Souls

tampered love,
sizzling soul,
keeping alive,
by burning bones,
turning in smokes,
recalculating, ,
reciprocal breaths,
sound of clock,
on dusty wall,
beating heart,
counting days,
happy ones, ,
ringing bells,
ringing bells,
dancing girl,
dancing girl,
ending in well.

Rafique Farooqi

Fog Moon

I hold you in my heart
As I dream in my sleeps
You never know
How it comes back
Like a moon
Which vanished in tender fog
Standing on the toes
My hope longs for a caress
From the breeze
Which flickers like a smile
On your lips

Rafique Farooqi

Forgiveness

forgive me
for my broken heart
my parched lips
and my dusty hair

i plunged down
to a descend
like evening sun
and there was no one
to listen in the desert
my last scream

your cry for your
broken dreams
raised in intensification
barren flushing of suffered
deprivations
as i gave up my courage
on every search
of my wayward
surveillance of
ruthless time

it becomes spread
of invisible immerse
of broken promises
round hollows
before my eyes
as time gets closer to a pause

i suppose
my endearing
voice can cross horizons
and all limits
that prevail
in between you
and me

Freedom Of Soul

My utter becomes unkind
wilderness awakens from the silence
it will be a furtive glimpse of his beast
will i adore my wish
my honor to soar in moonlight
i shackle my desire again
if i could not love you anymore
it will be a hangover on my life
or as i adore
sovereign soul
to be freed
from the castles of abandoned pride

Rafique Farooqi

From Moon With Love

Green blue and bright,
come down my sweet Earth,
the moon is no more barren,
it comes from you,
and like candle,
in the sky,
love glows in the nights,
where life is to grow,
and sparrows flutter in air,
and mists over the green,
and clouds over the sea,
bring me all with you,
i am here on the moon,
you are there on the earth,

Rafique Farooqi

Good Night Friends

Glimpse of delight
pride of serenity
jubilant gaze of sublime seashore
splendid attire
with ripples of smile and myriad blessing
you are a melody in memories
Even i adore such a brighter day
Sun falls down in the lap of horizon
Fugitive shadows lay down
After losing a long battle
Souls bereft of their loves
 surrounded by garish white walls
Of ornate tombs
With voiceless cries
my nightmare was like
A drum which sounds without being touched
I walked down the ladder
Dragged the iron door
And locked it
Goodnight friends.

Rafique Farooqi

Goodnight Dreams

my dreams are alive,
with rhythm of life,
the vistas they have seen,
for all long my life,
the dream fill my nights,
with fantasies of life,
my eyes want to see,
what my brain dreamed,
like winged fairys,
that can fly,
with bunches of flowers,
from earth to heavens,
and shaking me out,
from my deepen sleeps,
i want to have, such dreams,
after every goodnight.

Rafique Farooqi

Gratitude

All with suddenness,
waves strike the shore,
we miss the moments,
that endow the graticudes every solemn sunrise,
and rest of world falls apart.
Diamonds of memories swirl
on every wave crest
as waves tumble them onward with distant vision
and such a sunrise is seldom seen.
We find the aroma of graticudes,
When world is astound hearing such words.
It is infinite, for which we hunger
and we ride gladly on every little wave.
If we are to fall, we must fall now,
as sky sphere is mounting the Earth sphere
with such palpable happier moments
.If even whole world is be blazed,
we ourselves should be consigned to eternity.
We boast and differ from winds, waves and falling stones.

Rafique Farooqi

Grievous Injustices

You smiled coldly
To blow dust from old book of memories
Like action of winds
Thrusting through desert of stunted trees
Until disaster strikes the shores
we all fall apart as drifting leafs
As aspirants making solemn vows
Through silent yards
Listening to the music moans
Suffered from weariness of awakening eyes
Dazzled by sudden sunlight.
Feeling alone in solace and panics
Of antenatal life with pre eclampsia
When life begins filling the holly dreams with fears
Built upon the shores of heavens.
Our souls were banished to the earth
with survivals
we have to prove ourselves
As only cold blooded creature
who can face the tortures
Of grievous injustices

Rafique Farooqi

Hallucinating Spaces

Fallen down from,
breathless ascend,
my passions dispelled in winds,
blood dripping on grass blades,
beast seeking my taste,
Pains ended to euphoria,
While aching jolts,
shaked my worth,
ruthless vultures,
scrabbling over my flesh,
my soul crying for help.

Rafique Farooqi

Happy Girl's Day

Happy girls day
It looks beautiful
Solderity and compassion
And the world begins
A journey that never ends
Foundation of wisdom
And education cements
The generations
Our beacons of light shine
Every girl
when born
Our moral as a nation
Rises

Rafique Farooqi

Hard Times

Your wrapped but perfidious smiles,
haunting me,
like strikes of ironic fate,
while i am walking through,
a crowd with my absent mind.
Murmuring the bitter song
of, your loud laughs.
And i see my desire pinned on street walls,
While the worn out doors,
and windows opened,
and graced with gazing eyes.
like birds sitting on trees,
wanting for rest after sunset.
with night is studded with unkind treachery, on the way,
paved with cobblestones and trash.

Rafique Farooqi

Harvested Dawn

sleeping with and,
onside of night,
and spreading prevailed,
loneliness, upto farsighted futures,
waiting someone,
coming down from,
milky ways of star dust,
and an other star to breakup,
one astray astroid to blind me,
and likely to hope for,
another missed fortune,
on my frothier lips,
with murmur of another wispered wild cry.
and pain awakening from,
breed of nightmarish sleep.
and sky is not far from my one arm length, becoming domed,
cover above all, my thoughts
with harvested memories.
i am to wait for upcoming dawn, ,
,

Rafique Farooqi

Healing

on some,
other day,
you will know,
and you will say,
in some,
different way,
that,
the inner,
is somewhat different,
than the outer,
it is chaotic from,
inside,
and also healing,
of wounds,
is not from out iside,
the dressing is to do,
a little,
healing comes,
always from inside.

Rafique Farooqi

Heavenly Bliss

Look at the bird
On your side
And wave crests
Thrusts of wind soaring
Within haze of the horizons
And curl of your raven hair winding around
The pensive gaze in daring thrill
With divinity
The chirp of the bird
Unleashed his soul around
With prism of your rainbow
Rush like sea wave
To embrace the heavenly bliss

Rafique Farooqi

Her Feudal Lord

Her pleasure dances
with his shadows
she dwells
with her feudal lord
in her day dreams
moving with
his evasive derives
of capitalism
her surreal dreams grow
with his gun powders
she quenches
her sensations
in caressing his baldness
she never forgets
aroma of his perspiration
while he stages the
stories of his tiger hunt

Rafique Farooqi

Hopeful

it may be attention,
or tired gesture,
to swim in swamped tragedies,
rather an unfaith,
or divided mindful,
ravel in stubbornness,
even in understanding,
troubled from inner,
but the mountains of,
success are never under feet,
The tolerance is last to suffer,
eyes wait for changes,
from dark to dawn,
and hopes,
are harvested fates.
that breaths in heavens.

Rafique Farooqi

How Strange It Is

when we were to fear winds,
like autumn leaves,
when we were to elope,
in our hidden dreams,
when we were to awaken,
together in chilled nights,
and cry with sore eyes,
with broken hopes,
and straying in swamps of dismay,
with orchis hearts,
and we were to paint,
our love hillock gaily,
with our green visions,
it was spade of mine,
and a dream of yours,
and now how strange it is,
that you dont know me.

Rafique Farooqi

How You Can Forget Me

something,
something which, is
breaking my soul,
i want to know,
how it happens,
how you can forget my dreams,
how you are to leave me,
with my bleeding soul this way,
i see from the window,
sadly branches of autumn,
approaching my hands from broken rays of moonlight,
and wishes of winds,
gathering withered leaves,
and blowing pieces of ice,
on my face,
my freezing lips,
murmur the sorrows,
i see the slow moon,
in front of my eyes,
some round circles of gloom,
and crystallised rays,
fallen on my face,
a row of tears,
frozen on my face,
i am never in me,
always waiting, the time,
you touch my soul,
always in dreams,
which are never mine,
i am raising my arms,
to hold you in my thoughts,
it is no more like that,
it is sinking since my, will is feeble,
over tides of frothing waves,
my feet are swollen,
i see fire, and my dreams, and
remains of inpalpable ashes
and blue sky,
sinking in his doom,

and stars are no more,
shine of my eyes,
i am unable to see,
things before me,
a faded image of tears,
i want to know,
who was that,
if it was not you, to hold me,
in lap of seashore,
a promise paradise,
and the steps on the sands,
waterbeach so sad,
waves ran over my

Rafique Farooqi

I Am Awake You Are In My Eyes

my sweet,
my heart,
my soul
i was to wait,
for you for long
with my eyes,
staring, always,
the ways for,
you, until, you, are
hereby, near me
soothing my eyes,
touching my soul,
you are brightness,
of my home,
desire of my, heart,
i love to sleep with you,
and wake up with you,
have, breakfast, with you,
when i am ready,
for my office, you,
take me in your arms,
and smile, like rose,
see me from the door,
till i move for office,
and keep on waiting,
till i am back, home,
i love you my soul,
with a promise,
to never say,
goodbye.

Rafique Farooqi

I Am Love

I am love,
see me in your eyes, i am
an image on the sensations,
close your eyes,
i am still there,
can you feel me,
this is a glow,
now you know,
a brightness tears the darkness,
to see the dusts of our,
motherland,
the soil smells the roses,
fossiled in eternity,
and sea waters germinate the pearls,
and gives clouds to sky,
and becomes snow on mountains,
i am core heat of your,
life, and glow on your face.
white doves flutter,
in my rhyme.
keep me on your lips,
i will smile in your arms.

Rafique Farooqi

I Am With You

sunlight comes from different angles,
it comes from the same sun,
i am different from you in some respects,
but i am certain to be with you.

Rafique Farooqi

I Stand Alone

I stand alone
With my warm zeal to unfold
When his soul is tired of its own
I speak words
source of solace
I pray out loud
For conviction of betrayal
For the revenge to be quenched
And savoury to be best taste
Unless you wave your sword
And behead your desire
And kneel to worship
your bluntness astounds me
A paramount of psychosis
Reminds me of natives of this land
Their voices became echoes
their screams are fossils
Buried under the concrete of your cities
How you can wave flags of peace
When their graves are unseen
While wave of anger will crash every sunrise.

Rafique Farooqi

In The Light Of Full Moon

On your wet lips,
rose water shines,
In the moonlight,
that giving soft shadows,
spreads up to horizons,
and stars are shy to flicker,
before moon,
sea waters are still and sleeping,
distant iceland,
disappearing in the lap,
of the sea,
serene notes of rhyme floating,
with swift moves of your fingers on strings,
my dreamy thoughts lost in your,
blue eyes,
It keeps me still with breaths,
and spikes of beating pacemaker,
and growing beauties of heavens,
touch my shoulders with,
warmth of breaths,
love makes me to talk,
to feel and to move,
an essence of existence,
love is water of heavens,
and soul wetting her lips,
to intake the heavenly blessings.

Rafique Farooqi

Independence Day

With green soft,
and delicate leaves,
my little friend,
waiting for my caressing,
and watering,
with smiling gaze,
happy in his container,
blooming with friendly nurture,
I think this place is not better,
for him,
he needs, soft fertile soil in the ground,
I loved him with my own way,
but he is capable of going on,
with his own way,
today is his independence day,
standing proudly,
In his soils,
breathing and smiling,
over his independence.

Rafique Farooqi

Insomniac Otherwise

Dark evils roaring
In fields,
War does not end,
Swords shines with ego,
Sun blazing the sands,
episcopal hates and revenges,
Cultivated beyond civilisation,
to get fed by blood,
Sky staring with anger,
Red storms to blow overall,
Never on price of fate,
Death leaves no pulse,
Eagle soars with sun,
Thirst chokes the breath,
Mirage shines like river,
Dawn opens the eye,
I am alone and hated,
Sands drifting in eyes.

Rafique Farooqi

Just Smile For Me

mine inner weathers,
get changed with your facies,
your sorrows,
are my autumn,
my journeys through,
the falling leafs of autumn,
with my anaemic face of withering leafs, ,
and your smiles,
are rain drops in a deserts,
your tears are suffocating summer, that burns my soul.
and your gladly smiles,
are harbinger of springs,
and fragrance of flower,
in my mind,
your are my soul,
and my flow of,
my blood, with beating heart.

.

Rafique Farooqi

Know It Better

dream was not bad
not good
not sad
sleepy eyes
wandering in bed room
raising supple twig above the face,
some mantra murmured beneath lips
tea not wine
closed eyes
impulsive thoughts
sorting putees
wrapping on thighs
wanderlust
horse strides
phone call
not yet
amazing thought

Rafique Farooqi

Legacy And Uprise Of Piracy

My ambition that becomes my sword
I dwell in mysteries
That cast shadows on face of pain
Let me succeed beyond pains
On swollen grounds
Looking with my hawk eyes
Preserving spears in saddlebags.
To begin
A journey of warrior
Emerged from untold tales
Like redemption of
crewed sailing to endless
I barely stand for that
What was never a sacred belief
Resurrection of lost civilisation
From crippled bones of natives
With ghost faces
Barely standing upright
Dressed like spooky pirates
For them most of doors of hell
Stand open
Let, give them a way
Dust rises far away

Rafique Farooqi

Let Me Go

warm the chilled airs,
with burning bones,
and smelling dead lizard,
open to roots,
eyeballs pungently blinked,
to know, the wayside exits.
weathers pleased on the way,
pinching memories with toothed fingers,

Rafique Farooqi

Let Us Dream Together

Even we can't,
walk and breathe together,
we can dream together,
and cross every line,
which stops us,
from nurture of our love,
Just smile,
like a rose opening,
his petals,
and have a soulful flight,
coming from depths,
of horizon,
and blue sky,
being kind to us,
makes everything blue.
and haze vanishing,
In the presence brightness of love.

Rafique Farooqi

Life

we have been a creature,
frail and faulty natured
finding nothing dearer and wiser
Linger on
Loves lost in silence.
A frustration to round up
With Longing soul
That withers in winters
Decline in weather
Did not find the path Right-to-door
The passion wiped in the mist and fog
Journey of life staggers on Unpaved roads
Suffering bumps
Tasting the ups and downs
And we endow
Miser engraved on the face of wrinkles
Withered leaf of life rolling with
Thrusts of the wind
Efforts to reduce
The burden of life
On Paining shoulders

Rafique Farooqi

Life To Live

life is not some kind of suave,
debonair blessed type,
i am to ask some question
from me,
what does a hot thing like,
in a man who walks around,
with his shirttail hanging out,
and his cereal bowl full of chilli,
there may be a hundred reasons to live with stilling perils,
even with cool cat killers,
and charmingly cynical vowing
to blow us in stone ages,
but hopes always not with struggles, ,
under bitter curve of tongue,
pouring out some sweet liquid.
and sky changes colors,
not asking us,
our foot prints on sands of life,
telling our path,
while death runs faster than life,
and standing on victory stand,
before we reach the finish line.
chewing our warm flesh.

Rafique Farooqi

Load Shedding

when the boat is endangered,
to sink,
some luggage is dropped off
in waters,
my feet are getting heavier,
and swollen,
in the journey of life,
what my companions,
feel better, they must do,
it remains a long distance,
to go with,
i hope nothing,
but a drop.

Rafique Farooqi

Love At Large

like a lurid love letter,
provoking to tears,
feeling you, someone at large,
meeting in secrete could be sensitive,
a litany of horror,
while i have a heart,
i never lose it,
in this maudlin world,
badly sentimental,
over crises,
to know someone good,
with oodles of silly souls,
everyone on leash, i can linger on bit,
on things bitterly familiar,
but we love, a good mystery,
that keeps in this world breathing,
revel in being mindful of things,
that wants us to bling.

Rafique Farooqi

Loved

Touch my soul with,
your blue lake eyes,
from beyond the vision,
of heavens,
I am walking on the road,
paved with rose petals.
and snow on my eyebrows,
waiting to melt with,
the glow of your cheeks.
Come down from the clouds,
like fairy of dreams.
just becoming the rain,
on my skiins.
my heart beats,
on each and every recite,
of your name,
come my soul with each,
and every dream,
making the nights,
blinks of cool and silent sky.

Rafique Farooqi

Might In Sightseeing

i am born.....to...
.....die
and blessed with time period,
to live, in between,
a life desire, a struggle, a survival,
to create dreams, in rapid eye movement sleep,
an incentive, to feel eternity, in my dreamy heavens,
numerous skies, to expose, the reality, infinity, integrity,
grey matter sparkling, to know, provoked to break perplexing notes of vanished,
translucent,
invincible, invisibles axis of existence,
dormant hidden, truths,
with escaping velocities, orbital relations, inertial sickness, centripital forces, to
leave behind the ancestors, .
accepting the drifted, weightlessness,
floating in rhythmical blinks.
somewhere in love with brightness, heavenly vision,
in all chromic spectra,
the cosmic realities, above visions,
what my tissues can mount,
with my will,
just time is about, to get,
over, i am to be replaced.
but i will go on loving,
whomever to love,
the angles prey bowing,
and respectful to this span.
i was blessed,
it is my vision, and his might.
everything bright,
my heart my mind,
i am ever to love,

Rafique Farooqi

Mirage

For my destiny,
with my blistered feet,
on unfriendly desert,
i went on,
breaking up in pieces,
that was just a mirage,
all my efforts,
vanished in a mirage.

Rafique Farooqi

Misadventures

the days and nights
are worn away
to endure bitterly provoked despair
with fear from darkened
nights
one more wound is to bleed
tearfully,
your invincible reluctance
wins all the wars by unfairness
this was a last deal by standing
on lies
celebrating concern of joined conspiracy
with failure of temperaments of outrage
willing to pay the price
of outward gratification
and shouting loudest slogans
to impose their will
suffered demise of courage
and morals in dismay.

Rafique Farooqi

Mistaken

it was me mistaken you
it was not your fault otherwise
just know this
you play
and break hearts
a sin
never punished ever
but time lapses
any regret
and neglects
any misfortune
just come
and see
how the worse
is done

Rafique Farooqi

Misunderstanding

I will be unable to stop,
with my little hands,
the wall intended,
to fall over me,
and the storm,
to over run me,
my little eyes blink to close,
while pungent smokes
that are to blur my mind.
there is one reality,
that hangs like a dagger,
on my tip of nose,
that you becoming different,
day by day,
It breaks my innermost silence,
and tranquillity,

Rafique Farooqi

Moon Rise

as i am painting,
your hands in full moonlight,
a dream is played,
in my sleeps,
and stars are shining in your eyes,
i am lost in some,
deep valleys,
as smile is born on your face,
my heartbeats are voluminous,
love fills desiires with copious
fragrances.,
a curl of hair runs on your,
cheek,
my heart dances like a boat in the, deep waters,

□

Rafique Farooqi

My Love Is Fading In

in the dark, all around,
a journey with,
eyes widely open,
and pupils whole dilated,
the dark trees, aparting clearer and clearer,
the stars vanished slowly,
while the sky becoming grey,
and brightened love,
slowly fading in,
my love is converging in me whole, and it is spreading in life everywhere,
in the smile of baby,
in the ripple of waters,
in the fragrance, of flowers,
in the eyes of waiting beloved,
in the veins of roses,
in the colours of rainbow,
in the rhythm of dancing strings,
in the melody of song,
in the beauty of face,
in the warmth of sunshine,
in the lapland of dawn,
my love is fading in,
my love is my brightness.

Rafique Farooqi

My Soul

While i think of dreams,
lingering in my mind,
i see you in extremes of delicacy, of thoughts,
fragrance and colours,
of your smiles sparkling
before my eyes,
while a ripple of smiles,
moves from the rose petals,
of your lips to the horizons,
of my imaginations giving life touches,
to my heart and mind,
and your soft minded gestures,
give peace to my visions,
when i want to paint you,
the canvas of vision extends to heavens.
i feel eternal existence in me.

Rafique Farooqi

My Soul Needs A Face

i am going from my home,
wherever i am to go,
i will be back to my home,
i will need it., to be at home.
or it will be my dream to be at home, if i am unable to return.
it is part of my life.
it is my soul,
that needs a structure,
a face to be someone,
my soul needs me,
to be someone,
my soul needs my face.
To face the life.

Rafique Farooqi

Natured.....All

Let him sting me, it is his nature,let me save him.... it is my nature.....
a little poor scorpion

Rafique Farooqi

Nightmare

Unstable ambitions,
and dreams erected,
in mists,
shattering into icy grains,
drifting before eyes,
and vistas of vested,
dreamland carved in image,
rendered subtle to existing,
Peevish thoughts,
Preverted sensations,
causing numbness to cry painfully.
and night is heavy this time,
On breaths,
and swim of survival,
Landing on bare skin,
seeming distant echoes,
to unknown fate.

Rafique Farooqi

Nightmare Fantasies

The nightmare is just,
to kiss my eyes,
while i am sleeping,
no one dies.
you can kill me,
every midnight,
lambs are innocent,
hold your knife,
i am just on my way,
come on baby, never say,
none is my friend,
life is just to end.
i am here,
come anyway,
just to stay,
no other way.

Rafique Farooqi

Not On Other Day

My heart is like a sick bird,
hiding in his wings.

And life is becoming hard,
like climbing on the tree,
with weezing asthma,

You deserted me like a running piece of cloud, leaving me alone.

I am feeling this, like an amputated leg giving false perception of its painful presence. I have become just like a shadow which is not part of any matter, my not ever at now, nor at on other day.

Rafique Farooqi

Now & Then

At times we did not collect
what we are going to recollect now.

Anyhow

Our passion shines

Still

We have motives

To drag passions

On searing sands.

Rafique Farooqi

On That Evening

once we were,
breathing,
smiling,
and living,
on the same,
and things became,
strange on some tornado,
we could not find,
our loves, our homes,
in wrecked jet sam,
and to seek the straws,
of dry jungle grasses,
to refurbish our nest,
and loneliest cries.
shadowed long,
when the days were over.
with blood sheds.

Rafique Farooqi

One Cup Of Tea.....Never To Cry

i am all alone,
in the crowded street,
hiding myself by closing eyes,
closing my ears,
feeling nothing,
a deceptive escape,
with inner mingled,
sickness,
to keep alone,
just wanting one leaf of the spring, season,
one color of the rainbow,
hiding in my raincoat,
from one dropp from the rain.
the purity of elements,
symbolic texture,
rhythm of latched desires,
integral part of solemn life,
the heat of life,
endowed to love,
nothiing else,
it is me for peace

Rafique Farooqi

Other Eyes

I can see you
when i close my eyes
when i rest on a log of tree,
in open sky,
and you know my sensations
and my all blossoms,
and my old fascination
i ll not let you go,
i ll hold you in my dreams

Rafique Farooqi

Over The Troubles

This was all,
pretence about,
the sovereign visions,
that claimed the truths,
in invited grimly, gestures,
bound to wall-to-wall,
with bones and bloods.
some vowed to rumble,
the paining heads,
and no claim on dusks, and dawns,
born perceptible approaches,
of blind hands, seeking,
streets and faces stained with sins.
the wayward feuds reluctant to pin the eyeball, over the walls,
this whole staged troubled zones.,
bounded to quite their throats.
and once again to the will, and
day robbers joined to rule.
this advance in perill,
fill the flaws of earth,
with their dead bodies.
and war fields are clear,
to see the next war of generations

Rafique Farooqi

Painful Ends

At the ends,
eagers and excitements,
find flaccid tongues,
Achieved or lost,
dribble on the feet.
The inner and outer wars,
bring vultures, to eat,
dead aims,
and ill smelling,
blood of realities, gets
served to flies of lies.
The long hands of time,
bend the spines of arrogance.
the withered leafs of autumn,
fuel the smoke and fire of demolition.
choices to life and death,
written on the ill fitted shoes of miseries,
which blister the the feet of the warriors
and rust the shines,
of swords of ages.
Ends are always painful.

Rafique Farooqi

Prince Living Under A Tree

i am with nothing,
and want nothing more,
i am living under a tree,
and dreaming heavens,
i lost my hungers,
after three episodes of hunger pains,
i take pleasant showers,
in open rains,

Rafique Farooqi

Promised Genes

it is solemnly endowed,
promised inheritance,
encoded genetically,
red roses, and butterflies,
and green leafs,
are miracles of beating hearts,
and sunsets,
rising moons,
and glimpses of silver mountains,
with clicked gestures,
of silversmith,
cutting flesh of events,
to bones,
and you are a familiar face of the time,
what you know about,
someone in front of you,
and light spotting your face,
and cutting the darkness,
like dagger,
and walls standing like hills,
and picture of fates,
mounted with dusts,
and blow of wind revealing,
eyes of primitive man.
and on recollection,
of evidence, like a bird,
refurbishing his nest,
man stands straight,
on his two limbs, and
amazed over this re evolution.,

Rafique Farooqi

Rather To Live With Harassments

i remained unable to,
.find myself,
since i got lost,
and the shadow of me,
disappeared with sunset.,
blending with the prevailing darkness,
and the core of my visions,
is like a distant star flickering,
with denisty of chilled winds,
i am to put my favours,
on my weared eyes.,
and the feebly breathing soul,
lurking in stagnant pool of mind,
and i am drifting myself, lapsing in intermediary circling, endeavored life,
my enemy is sharp, and vigilant,
and reluctant to know,
my whereabouts,
but i dont know, where i am,
since the day i got lost.

Rafique Farooqi

Reason To Fear

The midnight howls,
crying over the,
pyramids of pharaoh,
unable to fill the Nile with their tears,
and brittle skins snapped,
by urban adventures,
in unknown crypts,
lying underground bones.
history flows like,
a galaxy in the universe,
a thousand suns heating,
the frozen realities,
and gushed rivers,
feeding the deserts,
of thirst,
and bloodflow in the.
veins of sky,
vital for love and eternity.,
and one slogan,
of one voice,
to clear the darkened clouds,
below the foundations,
of wilful thoughts,
bringing imagery,
of existence.

Rafique Farooqi

Reason To Live More

Why you have left
your power to dream
as the shadow follows your footsteps
i remember standing in the courtyard
looking at the cleft in the wall
i painted my figure on the wall
with the black of my own ashes
i lost the count of time
and met the last dead man in the dream
he was still trying to have my garden
but like the wise i broke my dream
whence my mindless masters
have sent me
now i am looking at my feet
and realizing
this me all weepy
with some reason to live more

Rafique Farooqi

Refurbished.....For Love

no dream retreats,
from its orientations,
no limits, no boundaries,
can bound reals and dreams,
dreams never get old,
an old guy can also be a dream,
of a fairy land,
a dream of a young one.,
tummy tucking,
acrylic teeth,
intra ocular lenses,
botulism toxin injection,
removal of wrinkles,
hair transplantation,
restores all that gone,
viagra and vit E;
can make him gladiator,
thus old man,
refurbished.....for new love.
and new home, new car.

.stormcaller.

Apr 25,2009

[Report]

Rafique Farooqi

Rising Back To Life

Like rising from the deep waters,
from high compression of waters,
like a sea diver with untidy breaths.
having disarray in thoughts,
by marked disorder of fears.
hiding like a guilty-faced,
on the hind line of crowd.
just like painful hope in dark,
with blind eyes in thunder and spark,
with spell of forgetfulness,
anxious and waiting,
depressions more poignant,
dim and half vision,
breed from chills,
rising back to life,
from depths of forgetfulness.
hopeful again,
coming back to you,
.....again.

Rafique Farooqi

Rivals On Run

Scrach in the imagination,
spreading in random,
opaque direction of visionary,
planes particular to the ends finding loves, in longing arms of cherry faced
monsters,
eating foul smelled fungus,
recipes in ugly bowls of gravity,
all crystal ware shattered to whirling storm grinding,
rusted walls of existence,
shines in new horizons,
blinding the eyes.
and evils melted into wax,
like vomits,
bile running in streets of,
dirt made castles.
marking the history,
with sharpness of revengeful
swords,
dissecting the reality,
upto lower ends,
the final dual on the,
other century awaiting the rivals.

Rafique Farooqi

Roadside Spells

The road of the life,
extends,
with bends,
we bear,
the fate,
sooner,
or late,
we find love,
or some hate,
and some other conditions,
some doubts,
some suspicions,
some beliefs,
some deviations,
when we take this road,
with evens,
or odds,
we weave,
stories of miser,
and joy,
and of some,
different,
we wonder it more,
when we find some corner,
like rejected toys.

Rafique Farooqi

Sands & Flight

thoughts broken,
into sands,
a fist of diamond sand,
loosing every second,
flames of turmoil,
dancing and whirling,
in directions,
tears of dew,
alive in hopes,
inhaling smokes deep,
poisoning blood,
roadside tree running back,
mirage of deserting running,
far and beyond visibility,
window of thoughts,
broken by diamond crystal,
and soul torturing image,
nightmarish kisses of,
furious ignitions of sparks,
a bird flight,
in the night,
long to go,
never back,
around and proximated,
cave of huge cut-throat.

Rafique Farooqi

Say Something For Me

Let me see in the darkness
Let my dream and nightmare
Stroll in the depths of forests
Silence whirls to break
What the creature of dark learns for me
Even my desire dies slowly
I still exist in the depths of solitude
I sip fallen tears
Memories run like a thorn brush
Can you say something for me
Something peering
And lucid
So if you wake up in the morning
You find me nowhere
Not in your dream
Nor in your nightmare.

Rafique Farooqi

Scars

writing some words,
erasing some words,
making lines,
straight and curved,
bizaare
A figure of weird
Dejected and turned down
I feel amused to win
all the lost wars
With default conspiracy
Creeped a way to figure out
Invincible fronts
getting long scar
on the face of the history
Pissed like frontline of
Anti-terror campaign
I find myself short of ethics
Glacing up and down
Draw a circle around myself
fighting unpopular wars
I feel prisoned
powerfully in the dark ages

Rafique Farooqi

Self Exile

I looked last time,
the barren walls of,
my inner city,
a torn dirty banner,
hanging on, with window,
i lived there with my loneliness.
a self exile, but painfully,
i refrained to adore,
and from existence.
walking bare hand again,
on road of life,
that ends on endless path.

Rafique Farooqi

Self Talking

i have to tell,
my friends a lot,
but they have no time for me
to listen,
they are busy in,
talking about,
new cars,
forecasting forex rates,
and obliging,
new beautiful,
assistant to of
boss,
i am to tell my sufferings to myself,
and busy in biting my nails,
scratching line,
on painted walls,
stripping threads from my shirt,
crushing lead pencil,
with my canines,
looking into the mirror,
again and again,
my therapist, getting, hopeless,
and going to declare me,
a self talking person like,
a third degree burn.

Rafique Farooqi

Shadows Of Your Soul

I listen your voices,
you are never here,
i can't find you anywhere,
I see you in side room,
writing something
i feel you touching my hair,
I feel your foot step in the back door,
when i want to see you,
find nothing there.
this makes me strange,
and watch the door,
with constant stare.

Rafique Farooqi

She Will Be Coming Moonson

relax rafique,
the wind is gone,
but will be back,
after kissing the Himalayas,
frozen lips,
and will be gravid,
with grains of rains,
it will shower ice,
on your burning, skins,
it is moonson,
the beautiful princess of the East,
it will be coolant,
and will spread its long, beautiful,
black hairs,
on your face and shoulders,
she will paint your desert,
with green and rainbow colors,
the buds of roses,
will germinate,
and waters will run in your,
veins and the five rivers,
She has sparkly,
lust in her hairs
and eyelashes,
she is thirsty wind,
let her go, to to himalayas,
relax rafique,
she will be back,
as moonson,
The oriental princess,
The beauty of Kashmir.

Rafique Farooqi

Silent Rage

You leave me lonesome
When you get apart
Silent night goes
Tangent on secretes with
Curious and audacious takeover
Resolving the mystery like jigsaw
To end the besiege
Of molten armours
i lose the empire
Subverted throne
becomes tangled mess
Hundred suns i lived
Thousands dreams i cherished
Faced all the aliens
Fought all the predators
Trusted my compass
Drove through all pioneering ventures
Now the time to exhale last fumes
The silent rage of auspicious night
Is over.

Rafique Farooqi

Some Old Domestic Sounds

i am always happy by,
winning my prospects,
and lucky also earning,
from my hobbies, and getting respects.
asking people to swallow pills,
and making them aware of side effects,
sometimes i think a different,
and follow other assets,
i am missing some domestic sounds,
used to be having their good effects,
whoom of spinning wheel,
singing of kettle, hissing of urn,
crying of children,
noise making hens, cows, and other pets,
and distant sounds of steam engine, and barking dogs,
every thing gone,
now there are many caustics to brain,
traffic noise, and flying jets.

like old fashioned man,
i am missing comforting,
domestic sounds.

Rafique Farooqi

Stay With Me

i can see you,
when i close my eyes
when i rest on log of tree,
in open sky,
and you know my sensations,
and my all blossoms,
and my old fascination,
i ll not let you go,
i ll hold you in my dreams,

Rafique Farooqi

Storm In The Cup Of Tea

Hate when cultivated,
by defeated love,
invents,
instruments to ruin,
all with blindness,
and cold winds rush to fill, the vacuum,
with havoc of storm,
ugly smiles ripple,
on face of revenge,
spitting distasteful love.
now you wake up rubbing your eyes,
someone knocking at your door.

Rafique Farooqi

Strange Enough

we became two wheels
of the same direction
having utmost velocity
we cracked our heads
by disliking
some people
i think they are watching
but we never hesitate
while you put your face
on my shoulder
and i caress
your beautiful hair
love swings
between two islands
we never cross each others lines of defence
and are never
with domestic violence
wipe your tears
and remove dusts from old book
read the 1st chapter of love
press my fingers gently
in your hand and smile
again

Rafique Farooqi

Suppose

Suppose that,
Love is equal to power of sacrifice,
And sky is blue as always,
And we are still under root,
Of two,
Suppose water is filling,
All empty spaces,
We make rains,
To empty all the clouds,
And just wipe the desert,
From all the vocabulary,
Suppose dream are true,
As sky is blue,
And we walk on a beech,
Arm in arm,
And no fear of weathers.
and night falls on roads,
When trees look grey,
We want to stay,
In dreams prolonged to lighthouse,
And suppose we determined,
To never ending story,
Of sacrifice and love.
and $1+1=1$

Rafique Farooqi

Sweet Soulmate

my heart and mind,
Is open for you,
and you are welcomed,
Always,
like a breezy dew,
On my eyebrows,
You are sweet,
Soulmate,
With swing of flowers,
In in thursts of,
Whirling winds,
and hands in hands,
frozen on chilled,
Seashore,
waiting season,
Of whirling love dreams,
and singing lips,
feeling your warmth,
Infusion of your soul,
In my heart,
words are flickering,
on my lips,
Like stars,
and a bird is fluttering,
In my chest,
And as you know,
It is a glow,

Rafique Farooqi

Terrorism

The voices became so silent
for the sound of bitter weeping
when the evening came
held in flame of candle
with emptiness of hollow longing
like swish of losing independence
fading in wrap of despair
as his sword
making sibilant sound
cutting the airs
wherever
unconquerable mortal
to do
in crowded minds
full of fading desires

Rafique Farooqi

The Boy With His Guitar

Putting his little fingers,
on the strings of his guitar,
a serene boy looked to the sky,
pointed his eyes to stars,
while the night growing in dreams,
he brought his art to extremes,
and notes began floating to the heavens,
the empty silence filled all,
with sweet rhythm of his thought,
and dew drops coming down like mists,
and musk of heavens,
soothing around,
he paused for a while,
and told me with a smile,
my mother is living with stars,
she loves my guitars,
when i play my guitar,
she makes tears of dew,
i see her in colors and hue.

Rafique Farooqi

The Creature From Heavens

you are putting your eyes,
on the doors of heavens,
and want caressed by skies,
and you flutter, with clouds,
and love soaring in winds,
you have no bounds,
in getting deep blood warming loves,
and putting pearls in deep blue seas,
and over the mountains,
and flow down with breezes,
while getting glow of sunsets,
you put you your faiths and,
eternal loving face on my shoulders,
i am to touch your cold hands,
your vibrant existence is,
bightness, , , i am feeling, as
the skies are vast
and earth like heavens,

Rafique Farooqi

The Flight Of My Soul

not in your streets,
nor on... your doors,
nor at your home now,
my soul flutters,
above the skys,
beneath the heavens,
in the colors of rainbows,
and in the fragrance,
of roses,
in the glitters of ice,
over the mountains,
and the gems and of pearls,
in the sea,
in the kisses of breeze,
as forever my love is getting eternal.

Rafique Farooqi

The Future

Past is forgotten wound,
awakened by tortures of present,
Longing malignant hands to
strangulate the future.
death leaves no flaw,
In her art,
and your finished breaths with complete, story
and replaced by new breathing baby,
that baby is your endless desire to live.,
Your image shattered into thousands, with mirror,
And small creatures dragging their food.
Your digested dignity,
runs in the blood of the crawling creatures.

Rafique Farooqi

The Harvest

my desires,
and my ambitions,
all i cherish,
and all efforts i do,
just to win,
just to have,
just to see,
a beautiful smile on your face,
thst i love to see,
that is a spark,
and brightness,
of spring seasons,
i love so much to see.

Rafique Farooqi

The Lingering Grudge

:

Like two opposite banks,
of a river,
i am unable to meet and understand,
grudge of centuries,
ruins and swamps of miserable pains
as breathing molecules of air, with
choking wispers of the
secrets of grabbed hidden cries,
coming out from the cascaded sins.
like fire of inflamed tissues,
ending in smoke screen,
to hide the face of offended loves,
temptation and greeds,
flowing to downtowns.
where tranquillity is nailed,
on walls.,
ended fires tuned in ashes,
and smokes.
the ruler raging over the deprives of weird conspiracy,
of rigorous faces.
The sleeping king,
to love the notes,
of his flute.
and unable to find,
the way out for his,
princess and prince.
making loudest cry,
oved the brim of history,
while to see the dances,
of death.
under the red sky.

Rafique Farooqi

The Merciless

This little world,
beneath your feet,
bringing fame to swords,
of the conquerors,
wiped the written words of fate,
from the slate of time,
and quill and strings,
on disposal of stilling verses,
while the tongue of life,
stretched to lick,
the moments of ages,
the fresh tears of the sky,
merged to fill the,
rivers of persia,
and frozen peaks of the mountains,
saw the bloodflow in their lakes,
and collusion of ages,
fuelled the tragic tales,
as the ends are always with pains,
and with mists of frozen cries,
putting the legends,
to role on downslopes.

Rafique Farooqi

The Roads From The Steets

some threats,
closer to necks,
distasteful to tongue,
spitting out bitter wishes,
over the feet of patience,
pulling out the veins from.
chest of waiting hopes,
and gravid will,
spaced apart from heart,
of walls,
street bulls heading in dark,
bruising skins with their feet,
when the milks split on dusks,
long laughed shadows,
stretching wide over the heads.
The aimless birdwatchers,
dancing on drums,
Never to see the sky,
and earthly heated,
sands,
the red and hot winds,
blowing up the cries.
now watch the silenced,
streets and sleeping doors,
out from the roads.

Rafique Farooqi

The Savage Pursuit

One luke journey
Driven through cold sighs
Alternate therapy with weeds
Replenished fury
Of souls that stay in woes
Like less tender gaze of guilty
Amongst dreamers who swore
Revengeful returns
Whiningly uttered cries of hounds
breaking through the bloodsheds
on the doors of preys
Screaming tense voices
Behind walls of sands
Prone to storms with desperate ascend of birds
This bitter song is battle slogan raised
By shackled desperate
who cursed his feverish life
In memories of independence
inherited in posterity
As he comes down
For his sacrifice to be paid back.

Rafique Farooqi

The Sunrise

Glory is the might,
that glows over the,
cheeks of roses,
earth and moon,
are tears of the sun,
as love is made from,
the bliss of heavens.
blood runs in the veins under,
the skin of life.
once or twice,
or always,
my heart thinks,
while beating,
if love is oceans,
waiting eyes are beach,
that adores the rising sun.

Rafique Farooqi

The Survival

Life is tortured,
beyond the thresholds
of painful existence,
and natured to selection,
and squinted eye of sky,
having peripheral visibility,
deceived to outfitted exits,
and tissues fabricated,
to skeletal cages,
the inhaled stuffs,
causing inflamed veils,
over the eyebrows,
of the nature.
and the fittest to survive,
limping on hot stones,
of way to live.

Rafique

Rafique Farooqi

The Walled City

why not the cage fixer,
be punished,
and traps of hunters ruined,
and strangulating hands shackled,
the rusting flower feeded,
to scorpions,
eyesight diverted to back head amensia walking on the barren road eating
mascarene grass with creepy bray to pause shrewish utters of pained revenges.
The house full of bald scalped maniacs making louder applause. over rubbish
demo of stupid boss.
the feverish skulls,
running to exits,
latest hells open to fools of walled city.

Rafique Farooqi

Thinking Of Me

i have two ways,
one takes me towards you,
and other away from you,
and there is no wayside else,
and in between,
i am with vibrancy,
and egotistic, strengths,
where to find?
my image,
if i am a different,
i think sometimes,
for and about me.

Rafique Farooqi

This Night

dancing and hallucinating,
fireflies,
behind the blinded, thoughts,
lost in gravities of straying ideas
in void spaces of thick blood,
sticking on walls of ages,
nauseous like whirling dervish,
and stupor of metamorphosis,
maggot like larva sticking,
on the tongue of beautiful virgin of time and space.
my loved planet broken,
into asteroids,
and fates and lucks,
smoked to ends,
closing the eyes of sky.
clouds are reluctant to,
exhale their vapours,
on my palms,
green leaves ripening,
beneath my eyebrows,
wet with dew drops

Rafique Farooqi

Tides Of The Time

Long long staring eyes,
frozen eternity to real,
it may be so valid,
like rising sun of the east
While few feet beneath my feet,
there is another world,
dormant and silent,
like lips of bride,
time jumps too long,
Enslaving the moments in the cage,
Your presence is worthy,
Leaving me in a slot,
I may think a lot,
to untie this knot,

Rafique Farooqi

Triple Purple Angels Trumpet

my veiled desires pouring,
out of my veins,
and my mutant genes,
germinating in grooves,
of moist brick walls, of alley,
making stalks of weeds,
my four chambers,
of heart throwing my red,
and white cells out of windows,
there is breed of multiple,
disorders of personality,
a tornado of psychotropic pills, over-aggressive, cries,
of wisdom in darkened insanity,
roses crushed beneath,
feet of aggravated pains,
the angels' breathless in veins,
it is numbness, of sorrow,
suffocated, lull,
a rumble of judgement day,
the sun is coming down,
the winds are to blow-up,
everything,
coming from,
triple purple angel's trumpet

Rafique Farooqi

Tubulence

This time difference,
marking still births stories,
related to extinguished generations.
ruling for centuries,
watching with graves of kings.
and their fish mouth shaped,
crowns,
telling the tale of cruelty,
and darkened shadows,
dancing over their skulls.
the days are not other than,
when the peace was set on blaze,
and life riddled with calamities,
the surface of earth pained with inflamed desires.
when the ages quickened in hands,
leaving running out astonishments to humanity..

Rafique Farooqi

Uncertain Breaths

It was all about,
and some mishap,
we walked through unpaved,
road of life.
and our aches,
pretended to smile,
when,
Joined hand to hand,
In the stream of pains,
rolling like uprooted bush,
Pushed by fated winds,
Longing up to nominal stare
and journey ends with strides,
choking whispered cries.,
was it some unfamiliar gaze? ,
while soul and body,
Just broken,
on a pause of breaths, ...
.....
so uncertain breaths.

Rafique Farooqi

Unforgettable

is anything wrong, ? i dont think anything went wrong,
we lived as family,
in a dreamland,
we made a long drive in rains and in open sky,
we floated in dreams,
i think you got beautiful moments,
foolproof and open hearted,
my hands were soothing,
it was what i cant understand,
and you also,
if you miss this union,
then it was love,
if you have forgotten,
it was a miraculous imagination,
if you still dont understand,
then it is an eternal love.
you found it accidentally,

Rafique Farooqi

Victims

Sorrowful cries and wails
fallen behind your brick wall
and dying flame of desire
fluttering at your door
with tears
on each fragment of memories
declare the independence from life
with scattered tissues
in pool of blood
this sizzling evening
is different than every
mournful event
as innocents are slain
by ruthless claws again
telling the peacekeepers
the undeclared war of evil
is not over

Rafique Farooqi

Virtual Harassments

my image broken,
with my mirror image,
shattered into millions
of pixals,
mine living tissues under spell,
of visual acuity,
referective trouble-shooters,
parallel index,
nevertheless it all nothing,
virtual harassment,
a weapon of future war,
bloodless bloodshed
changed, reshaped,
sharpened threats,
hunting
slavery
child abuse,
painful labour,
unskiled roundups,
wars,
only survival,
condition to surrender,
before invisible enemy.

Rafique Farooqi

Voice Of Love

some serene words
on your lips
wise to listen
in long silence
of my soul
offer your kind mood
to favour the blossoms
that woke up
my slowly dying ambition
i learned to soar
despite the season
as i could dare
to unfold my tied wings
let my wings to brush the breeze
and clouds to bow
on the rainbow
and stars to scatter
in my dreams
and charms of the spring kisses
to glow with roses
and solitude of journey
in raining love
to glimmer with occasional sunshines
likely my first kiss
to your memory of love
might be awaiting the heavenly bliss
as i walk on roads
bare feet to reach your
voice of love

Rafique Farooqi

Void Day

it was a squally thrust,
and over-aggressive stare of the, sky,
rendering skull bones detached,
likely torn thought,
murmuring like flies over,
rancid grapes,
dragging my legs over thorn of time,
teasing sounds pierced my ear sacules,
motive....to aware my soul,
from hotly glazes of the sun.
one splash of water wetting my eyes,
who could be the food of
wild velocireptors,
they need their hungers,
exagrated with promises,
of proteins,
dribbled sliva showing their tactful hunting,
Radar and bullet useless,
with fused batteries,
i am to run back with angel,
from the warfare, of drea

Rafique Farooqi

Waiting Always

All i wanted to know,
what you dont prettily tell,
either me next to recollect,
the crusts of mine wounds underneath,
or my heart sounds aloud,
awakening from the sleep,
and wandering clouds,
to see from the window,
over the distant white mountain in fully growing moon,
like sleeping bird in his nest.
to open sky,
my eyes waiting,
and dancing flaws in clouds,
making unrest aloud lightening in sheath of open heart,
i am feeling your face in my hands,
i see my face your eyes,
but there is getting silence,
in my ears, your voices raising,
from my thoughts,
that linger like smoke in still air,
and my frozen hopes,
suspended in room,
and door opens i see you,
coming in,
it always seems to be, it is always a dream for me,
but it goes on, till morning.
every night

Rafique Farooqi

Waiting In Wings

when the roads,
streets and trees of the,
city are asleep,
i am with empty arms,
before the silence of my room,
and waiting with constant stare,
on drowsy lcd of my pc,
with my vestigial wings,
wanting to fly some island,
with mine sclerotic heart,
kisses and hugs soaring in thoughts,
and floating on the sea of,
visionary bands of love,
i see white doves coming down, from higher clouds,
and the moon hiding behind pieces of clouds with circled hollow of brightness,
nights are not always dressed,
with kindness,
and fragrance of jasmines,
not always mine,
untill dreams are real,
and getting bliss of life..

Rafique Farooqi

Walk Hand In Hand

A silent procession walking through a garden
Speaks the dreams, ambitions
And things that can't be undone
Infestation of daydreams
That fade with rolling in night
There are finally footsteps
To be heard softly upon the stone stair
we walked through the winters
Fallen leaves and scattered dead grasses
Unable to numb our feelings
Was it a fearless agony?
Or we crossed a line
On a journey measuring the hours
Of untold history
Even we don't understand the mysteries of life
Straying in the fissures of oblivion
We walk hand in hand.

Rafique Farooqi

Walking With Wild Amnesia

You blew rose petals,
on your palm,
went floating in the air,
simulating butterflies in circles.
we went walking slowly on flowered,
paths, of life, to the love dreams,
searching snails on the beach,
over footprints of birds,
the crimson rays of the setting sun passing through your golden hair.
your lips paused saying something, you wanted to say,
putting your face on my heart,
my fingers touching your eyelashes,
and crossing the arches of eyebrows,
forgetting myself, got lost in your green eyes lakes,
and you went to deep sleeps,
in my open arms.
golden water ran over the words written on the sands,
our promises slowly grew in the daydreams.
our souls diffused in eternity,
and the snow spreading on the earth, chilled to the core of existence.
and finally was goodbye,
leaving your warm tears on my palms,
i am standing under an autumn tree,
listening to the crying withered leaves under my feet.
Gems never remain,
always with us,
the parents,
the vigours of the youth age
loving friends,
and singing birds of the springs.
i am alone to walk on the barren road of life with my wild amnesia.

□

Rafique Farooqi

Walls

you are right,
i know this,
since i never knew,
anything about my whereabouts,
when objectives flamed,
in smokes,
and strains pierced,
blistering ambitions,
predatory weathers,
prevailed on roofs,
and pyramids,
raised on sands,
when humanity was shackled,
and scales were invented,
to weigh the mass value of bloods and water,
and flesh was fuelled,
to raise walls,

Rafique Farooqi

Welcome Back

Glitters of our bonds,
got rusted with time,
You got changed a little,
and me also,
like winds,
and moving ocean,
we are alive,
with healed scars,
we are back,
on the road of life,
with the same passions,
as these were before,

Rafique Farooqi

When You Are Coming?

I am here with love,
sympathetic neurons,
peaceful dreams,
What remains,
Is bunch of roses,
and breezily love,
waiting your advent,
doors of my eyes,
opened in silence,
of nights, and colors,
of days,
the walls of my home standindIng still,
on toes of hopes, ,
the trees of my garden,
are bowing with fruits,
and full moon with his buties,
Star are flickering,
with notes of string.,
weathers are springs for you,
dont change your destiny,
at this place,
Your strange,
desires are welcomed here..

Rafique Farooqi

Where The Sun Sets

In the lap of the horizon,
over the blinks of the evening lulls,
red yellow and crimson clouds,
the painted sky by greater sun,
a canvas of love & faith,
a bride of the universe,
with red glow on her face,
and kiss of orange on her lips,
always with golden hair and bliss,
a pride of the whole day,
the evening sky with sunset.
the golden grass and golden trees,
and longing shadows towards the ends
and birds flying back to their nests,

always it is out of reach,
always i want to go there,
where there the sun sets

Rafique Farooqi

While I Smile

Smile on my face,
is not a possible truth,
i may not tell you,
what i feel,
my wounds are never to heal,
What i should reveal,
and what should i conceal,
Lingers a question,
In my eyes,
and writes a wrinkle,
On my face,
till the ends are far-reaching,
and hope that peeps,
like oozing blood from skin,
The real hides deeper than that.,
and you stay in front of me,
to make doubts,
about me, and my person,
while i am talking.

Rafique Farooqi

Why To Miss?

If you got my taste,
then why to waste,
the time in your fist,
running so swift,
and dont think,
a bird on the sky,
that will fly,
and never be shy,
Or you will cry,
and why,
you are too late, ?
to know your fate.

Rafique Farooqi

Wild Misadventure

Sparrows are falling,
like stones,
from the sky,
over the clouds,
the baby is hungry,
swallowing the paper,
no more teething,
mum is sneezing,
virtual virus,
just now breeding,
in my nightmare,
elephant foot,
stepping on my chest,
no more cry, event for to die,
i am here, and nowhere,
what to share,
just my life,
coming soon,
on the moon,
purple baboon,
seen from here,
how you dare,
dont stare,
its unfair,
no more eyes,
eyes of tiger,
fixed over my face,
needled canines,
on my jaws,
i can eat, all your meat,
all your flesh all your skin,
born to win,
dont fear, i am alone,
just come down,
without your gun

Rafique Farooqi

Without Love

without your love,
i am just a plant of chilli,
with brittle buds,
and barren futures,
darker nights,
scorched days,
haunted mind,
opaque eyes,
parched lips,
drunken gaits,
half hearted motives,
useless gestures.
pointless thoughts,
and nothing else.

Rafique Farooqi

Wolves Are Silent

The time might have worn out my memories
Had not any stubborn circumstance
Required courage to overcome fears
There are nights when wolves are silent
Howling is still mysterious on the mountains
That walks alone with stars
With disturbed sense of sight and sound
Can stray in weary waysides
As illusions look very real
Dear moonlight
These are only my memories
That disturb my nights
Since you invite me
To see roses in your garden
Where stars are darting their rays
The dream is not over
I absolutely adore you my dear
Will you bless me with tomorrow
That will be coming with the sun
As you live in the center of my thoughts
I am walking down the memory lane.

Rafique Farooqi

Worn-Out Blooms

A withering leaf,
Crest fallen,
Below the clouds of sorrow,
Waiting the loud lightening,
To jump down,
In depths of saddened,
end,
And slow moonlight,
prevailing behind the darkness, of rainy clouds, waiting of kiss of heavens.
And banks of river,
Standing silent with questions.
Is it a cleared fate?
To find empty hands,
Where worn-out blooms,
End in glooms

Rafique Farooqi

Written Truth

Under the shadow of,
your eyelashes,
Tears blinks in agony,
And dafodils dancing,
With vibrant lips,
Pain floates with notes,
making scratch on the heart,
The glow on cheeks,
Is oozing love.
I am smiling over,
Knots of strange moments,
You are so beautiful.

Rafique Farooqi

Your Audle Image

my heart flutters for you,
more as you are a dream,
or reality,
or still a stranger,
or a question to unseen realities,
may i look,
my face in your words,
somewhere,
written on wall of,
sands,
in the desert of fate,
or footprints,
mine that lead to,
search of my desire,
or my famous despairs.
born with ill-fated,
person of me,
mingled to strive for,
my viability,
righteous to live,
on audle hopes.

Rafique Farooqi