

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Safi Hyder()

A Tribute To Life

No, she doesn't have those dazzling lustrous eyes
as of the virgin maidens in the heavenly Paradise
Neither the splendor of the full moon light
brightly glowing the darkened desert nights
Nor her beauty is exalted by the rapturous Aphrodite
to entice the weary soldiers and the wandering sailors alike
Yet, I feel and sense her often and umpteen times

She was with me before arrived my worldly time
guiding me to extract from my mother's enzyme,
and rejoiced my parents as I squealed and cried
urging me to exact my suckling right
and sung lullabies when no one was in sight
impelling me to crawl, stroll and hike
and pointed to me who's nice and who's vice

As I blossomed into an ever inquisitive child
allured me to try experiments in different styles
drawing angst often and eulogies some times
Spent with me sleepless nights while I wandered
in temporal passions and sung some incoherent rhymes
While I scorched and parched miles to make a living
she cheered me up when I was stripped off my last dime

Though not very certain, might go beyond the octogenarian line
to wilt and wither faster than the fall of Constantine
quickly ageing in the torpid melancholy and solitary confine
to count every breath and get ready for the frightening surprise
she won't ever mind to serve those superfluous miles
and won't leave me until I would have bid her a tearful bye
to ultimately fade away into the total abyss and void

Safi Hyder

A Wrangling Phenomenon

The mind wandering again into those distant horizons
Piercing the obtuse veils of the thickened oblivion
The last of the few subtly wrangling phenomenon
Pleading definite answers for very indefinite questions
Some, as important as, the theories of creation and resurrection

The umpteen millions scavenging the space to be turned asunder
Seeking the ever elusive fame, glory and running fully disillusioned
The temporal gains blinding their relentless blunders
Catalyzing them to tirelessly conquer one another
Senses, as frozen as the frosted ice, in the cold Arctic circles

The talks, lofty and tall, yet the hearts filled with nothing but envy and poison
Extracting amusement from the woes of one's own innocent brethren
The ephemeral pleasures obscuring their foresight and vision
propelling the ever raising heads of greed, lust and perversion
Thoughts, as wicked as the demons, in the Pharaoh's devilish dominion

With the shadow drawing longer and signaling the imminent surrender
Though eager, yet, tiresome, I hastened to talk louder
The more and more I pondered, the less I faltered
And the less and less I wondered, the more I gathered
Purity then, as pristine as the tear, hung off a sinless soul! !

Safi Hyder

Come To Me

Come to me when
the world goes to sleep
and the children are in dreams
and the soldiers are in peace
and the peasants had their reap

Come to me when
the Sun has sunk down in the deep
and the Moon has reached its peak
and the Stars have spruced up their sheen
and the Skies have opened up their sleeve

Come to me when
the gardens are plush amidst the spring
and the trees have gotten their leaves
and the dew has washed the grease
and the flowers are rejoicing the breeze

Come to me when
the oceans are silent and serene
and the rivers have turned sweet
and the mountains have opulent sheets
and the valleys are lush and green

Come to me when
the feelings can't keep their seams
and the emotions run high and deep
and the tears can't hold their stream
and the love can't bear its screams

Safi Hyder

Empty Spheres

In those empty spheres of life
Where none appears anytime
Neither the stunning splendor of the Sunshine
Nor the dazzling resplendence of the Moonlight
No room even for the stars from the Omega confines
Or the glittering showers off the Andromeda spines
All longing for a glimpse of the invisible radiant strides

The space enough to fit all the universe in just one strike
No seaming horizons to curtail the infinite sight
Yet, nothing more appealing to raise up the two eyes
All hues and shades losing their sheen in the same while
Vivid colors and lurid tones fading away with a quick whine
Each facet fully energized, but, oblivious of the space and time
And totally devoid of the laws of Newton and the Archemedian binds

The myriad thoughts, all exuberant with this amusing find
Eager to dissipate all that treasured within for so long a while
Endlessly swirling and surging like the Tsunamic tides
Each ebb and flow uniformly balancing those gigantic rides
Yet, lighter than the fluffy droplets formed off the dew-point
As pristine as the lustrous globules off the long misty nights
And lucid as the turquoise seas of the bygone Byzantine

Each voice too distinct, diverse and unique to be evenly rhymed
yet seamlessly integrating and subtly floating as if on the cloud nine
but causing no thunder in the Celestic layers of the heavenly skies
The words; meek, humble and sublime to the utmost point
instantly taking the shape of the Ayaats and Rubaaais of the unknown times
The whispers; sweet, pleasing and melodious until the last mile
to envy the supple music resonating from a woodwind

The silence, voluminous to consume the inks of all the seven oceans
and the tears to fill the tens of Niles, Ganges and Amazons
The moans stirring the minds of the sages engrossed in timeless meditation
and the smile igniting a quick laughter yet causing no commotion
The imagination surpassing the wildest of the fictions heard or written
and the soul turning as lighter as the feather of an archangel
All wiping out the scars and the pains of the long separation

Safi Hyder

Eternal Love

Oh man, should you ask every time this inane a question?
If the love balance requires a near perfect equation
For, it is a feeling that goes beyond any plausible expression
Deeply ingrained and eternally kindled with no ephemeral rotation

Oh, don't you be part of those ignorant folks
Who deem love to be a sort of fun or lore
It is much more than an eye can see in the fore
and not less than what is keeping the angels in their ageless vows

Oh, don't ever ask 'do you love me as much as I do'
Or say, 'do you miss me as much as I do'
Or say 'do you long for me as much as I do'
They are nothing but just superfluous notations

Oh dear, love singularly defines the essence of this life
gives a greater meaning to the lifeless voice
obliterates the seeming pain in the same while
and heaps the unseen happiness at every mile

Oh God, is it not a divinity hidden beneath the lustrous hearts?
singing the sonnets in the quiet and silent thoughts
with tears seamlessly mixing, though, never deliberately sought
gratifying the soul's innumerable, yet, undivided, parts

Safi Hyder

I Want To Be A Poem

I want to be a poem

To visit at least once my innate spirit and hidden soul
after uncovering the hard shell that has gone totally sore
gravely hampered by the futile and mundane chores
surrounded and besieged by diverse parasitical nodes
each detestably stuffed with wanton pride and raging robe
ever encouraging to remain a deceitful and devious force
oppressing and usurping the rights of one and whole
scavenging the wile and guile to attain utterly selfish goals

Once fully bare, clean and wholesome,
I will be delighted to see my own soul
pure and pristine as the driven snow
fresh and flawless as the morning dew
soft and supple as the ripened mellow
lighter than the breezes that barely blow
amply radiant to lighten the full moon's glow

Would I then be bound by the time and space?
Nay, I should traverse the cosmos with an unsatiated gaze
wittingly pausing to relish the lovely yet esoteric maze
letting those myriad worlds captivate my senses in utter laze
covetously grasping the real meaning of Rumi and Faiz*
joyfully rejoicing the symphony of Mozart, the sage
and gleefully reliving the pleasant memory lanes

Safi Hyder

Mirage (Urdu Ghazal)

Naqaab purr naqaab chadayay kyuun zamanay nay
Gar tashnaa hi maarnaa thaa humay, saraab phir bata'ey kyuun zamanay nay

{Why did the people put mask upon mask over their faces
If wanted to kill me thirsty, why did the world show me the mirage} ***

Sadiyoun kay safar nay laayi manzil jabb humaray qareeb
Aakhri rahguzarr purr pehray lagaae'y kyuun zamaanay nay

{When the ultimate destination came closer after a very long journey
Why did the world place guards on the last few steps}

Minnatoun baad kiasa Saaqi nay jabb hijaaab buland apnaa
Humaray Labraiz paimaanay chalka'ey kyuun zamanay nay

{After repeated requests when the Saaqi agreed to lift her veil from face
Why did the world spill the wine from our brimming glass}

Aayi bahaarein jabb chaman may humaray
Purr khaar phool bichaaey kyuun zamaanay nay

{When the springs came in our garden
Why did the world place thorny bushes there}

Yaaroun kee berukhi nay kiasa humay jabb dushman kay qareeb
Dosti kay raag bajaayay kyuun zamanay nay

{When the indifference of friends took us nearer to enemies
Why did the world play the songs of friendship}

Taubaay kulli karr chukay hum jabb apnay gunaahoun say
Naseehatt kay daras padhaaey kyuun zamaanay nay

{When we had admitted and sought pardon from our sins
Why did the world teach us the lessons of ethics and morality}

Ulajh rahay thay hum jabb shabay gham ki udaasi say
Raushni kay diyay bujhaaey kyuun zamanay nay

{When we were battling out with the sadness of sorrowful night
Why did the world blow off the lamps of light}

Ishq kay imtehaan say Sarfarosh hum jabb guzar chuka
Hijr ki sazaa phir sunaayi kyuun zamanay nay

{Sarfarosh, when we had already faced the test of love
Why did the world impose upon us the punishment of separation again}

Safi Hyder

Scene At A Crossing! !

On a sultry summer evening
long before the Sun had fully set
As the traffic light on a crossing turned red
I joined the herd of so called gents
all impatient to see again the green led
with nothing much brewing inside
tried to read those impetuous minds

On my right, an Arab, in all whites
obstinacy, all obvious from his facial hide
and more clear from his persistent tries
to align his headscarf in a beaked shaped line

On my left, a spoilt brat, flaunting off his yellow Ferrari
occasionally flaring the inert engine to blaze up its acceleration
while spitefully eyeing others to be of totally odd generation
maliciously joyous when found a chance to move a little forward

the little empty space paved the way for an old tycoon
though, no less opulent, yet looked subtly astute
appeared to be talking and laughing at self
until I saw the black piece sitting beneath his head
each wink in close sync with his insidious grin
portraying nothing but an unseen sly and a wily hoodwink

As I glimpsed at my fully lit frontal mirror
spotted the chauffeur vainly hiding his ostensible anger
on the blabbering of his dame and her chattering daughter

Oh, the person in the front was none, but, a police person
fuming upon the nerd ahead to have followed the darkened signal
and have him stranded and marooned that longer

Finally, as the red turned first to amber before becoming green
prompting within the restless crowd a sudden stir and commotion
all eager to end that ephemeral wait as seemed to many their eternal fate

Safi Hyder

Soulful Eyes

Leave aside the fairy tales of the bygone times
And the gardens hung in the heavenly Paradise
As nothing more beautiful than to be alive
And see the wonders with the soulful eyes

Ever read the teething smile of the sunflower?
With each of its fibers raised in full order
Or sensed the hidden grinning of the tulip
Enticing the bride to keep her blush aside

Ever seen the Moon playing hide and seek?
Making the clouds feel elated for a while
Or the stars competing on a moonless night
to the envy of the owl perched on a tree by the beach side

Ever felt the flowing tears of the morning dew?
Quietly cleaning all of the sinned rues
Before succumbing to the Sun's splendor
Without a tint of remorse or any tremble

Ever discerned the laughter of the gusty winds
Gathering in a group to form a tropical storm
Jostling all the way without caring any norm
Subduing all that come along in their beefy arms

Ever watched the playful squirrels atop the hills
And the hares running here and there
The deer dancing through the rains
And the camels grazing and finding the unseen grains

Alas, those teeming millions in the bustling lines
Just lost in counting the unrewarding days and nights
Seeking and maliciously envying the useless dimes
Totally oblivious of the never returning youthful times

Safi Hyder

Stillness Doesn'T Always Beget Calm

The life had gone still all on its own
thought to turn self too into a walled stone
didn't know then the silence wont beget calm
until the pause pitched me into a sordid zone
with all of the piercing memories spread and strewn
each billowed and bulged like a rotten sore
subtly claiming the credit for causing the wanton uproar
utterly oblivious of the pains I would inure or endure

Instantly wished the clock could go on a stand-by mode
perchance could clear the agonies piled up in loads
and sew back all that was blown up and severely torn
yet, wondered, why would the Earth oblige me ever
or the Sun and the Moon for that matter
nor could ask the seasons to swap their turns
for all ordained to do their respective recurring chores
to serve the millions and millions of other souls
notwithstanding my thousands and thousands woes

Restless and scared, peeped out of the closed window pane
to sight a stark and naked pine jeering at my absurd state
though, desolate and discarded after being evergreen for so long
yet, delightfully reminiscing the glorious times bygone
exclaiming those talkative mynas and the songstress nightingales
the ever busy bees, the swift dragonflies and the resourceful squirrels
who had all enjoyed and harped on the prolonged youthful decades
but, before it could bare its obscure groans and whines
over the decaying trunks being weakened by the hideous termites
a humming bird fluttered fast to punctuate that ironic ridicule
circling many a times the dried twigs both forward and backward
playfully stopping dead upward and downward
reaffirming the timeless joy and the agility it signifies
leaving nothing for me to moan further and onward

Safi Hyder

Stirring Stillness! !

My boisterous aircraft hovered over an enchanted bay
giving a scornful look towards a cruise gently drifting away
in no apparent rush to reach its far and distant bay
as the ones ferrying were reveling their stolen days:
the avaricious and propitious winners at the casinos,
keeping the revengeful and inauspicious losers at bay;
the vowing and romancing honeymooners on the deck,
envying the togetherness of the ostensibly faithful pairs in lay;
the playful children and the stumbling toddlers in the narrow aisles,
obstructing the adolescents wandering to locate prospective dates;
yet, all keenly yearning to render the passing time still and stay

Conscious of the indolence and torpor in the ocean
the boastful jumbo pushed the turbo to amplify its motion
quickly attaining the heights and speed without any commotion
to the momentary delight of those having definite dates with the time:
the anguished faces, disquietely silenced from a sudden separation
the excited minds, eagerly waiting to end their long partitions
the restless souls scrambling to search and fetch a few pitiful doles
all staring at the screen mapping the chart and showing the speed
occasionally peeping down to verify on their own, but, all in vain

And all the while, I was lost recollecting the memories bygone
pointlessly figuring the group I did ultimately belong
not even perturbed by the trolleys scuttling in the aisle
until abruptly awakened by a sudden deafening blare
proclaiming the imminent nearing of my lovely place
rousing in mind the air and aroma of my motherland
the dotted shades and lines appearing slowly in sight
evenly thickened and haughtily heightened with each passing time
obliterating the fields and pastures that were there once fully alive
yet, before the noise of the engines became muted and quiet
I concluded there was no point in identifying self or grieving every while

Safi Hyder

True Love

Not like the ebb and flow of the oceanic motions
Nor cycling around as the vivid springs and lifeless autumns
Not as the day and night enslaved in monotonous rotations
Nor even dependent on the mind's oscillating fluctuations
Yes, true love flows smoothly all through its timeless duration

Though a feeling and not a physical orientation
It overwhelms the spirit and soul with all blissful condition
Whatever be the nature or its inexplicable manifestation
ushers in an instant radiance and gleaming illumination

Yes, the pleasure untold, once reaches its eternal destination

In it lies the sole purpose of this universe's creation
Signifies the prayers of the angels and their supplication
Clearly manifests in God's grace and His merciful compassion
Ultimately wipes out the hatred and all devious equations
Yes, truly beautiful and magnificent in all of its forms and variations

Wishes abound on this soulful day of celebrations
May all the silent whispers turn into full conversation
And the innate feelings get the due care and full attention
And the lovely fragrance permeates in every direction
To let love bloom and blossom without any inhibition

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