

Poetry Series

Shafee Pitafi
- poems -

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I am Shafquat Hussain poetic name Shafee from Larkana, Sindh Pakistan. I am currently living in Islamabad as I am doing BS English from the National University of Modern Languages, Islamabad. Basically, I have been writing poems writing since the second semester of my degree. I am also fond of reading poetry on universal themes. As long as my poetic soul is fed up with poetry, I feel myself relax and unveiled.

Afraid Of My Surroundings

In this ugly, alone and dark night
Someone is killing me.
Colorful shadows are overlapping me,
I'm afraid of my surroundings.
Anonymous sounds are complaining to me,
The cool air is freezing me,
I don't want to be ice,
As heat will make me defrost,
I don't want to lose my identity.
Oh my beloved God!
Save me perhaps I'm depressed,
Put me out from it and
Take me in your hug where
I can feel all comforts.

Shafee Pitafi

Baleful Love

Her pains smart her soul,
She has remorse for her love.
To her, wisdom subjected only love,
Now she confines her soul.
Quietude has showered
its benedictions upon her,
Pouring profuse tears out
is only explanation to her.
Artistically she loved,
Scientifically she proved.
She now tries to unlearn all occurrences,
Blithely, she dries her own tears.
Nowise, now can rejoice her soul,
Baleful love has wounded her soul.

Shafee Pitafi

Cloudy Night

These dark clouds and freeze air are screaming for you,
The serenity of this lonely night is crying for you,
You are their romance, and they are your literature.
This squeezing air is shuddering my soul,
And this alone and innocence road
is reminding me of you.
Lightening-I'm afraid of,
Is scaring me now too.
The air has the taste of your sweet voice,
The clouds seem to weep,
I hope they will shower your pains.
This is how you may somehow feel relaxed,
This is how I made myself brief.

Shafee Pitafi

Get Me With You

I realize you in my solitariness,
It begets tears to my eyes,
I imagine you sipping the watering tears from my chicks.
I sense your soul inwards me,
It curves a cheery grin over my face.
You dance in my lines,
Bowing to you, I compose the lines.
Of all the oceans', you are the pleasure.
In your love, water dances in the sea,
All the waves of the sea are your remarks.
I await here,
Take me with you to the shores of the sea.
My lips now shiver as I speak out your name.
I breathe sigh befittingly
when I respire your name as Oxygen.
This land is with stillness
The firmament has no vocabulary to advocate us.
I won't let your spirit aching,
Get me with you
to the shores of the sea
I wanna both be hugged by the sea.

Shafee Pitafi

I Miss You

Your sound rings in my eardrums,
I miss you in all terms.
Your unconditional love now despises me.
It too gave birth to thorough love inside me.
Once,
It made my kip restless,
I'm still sleepless.
Your love murmurs in my heart,
For you, all the beats have my heart.

Shafee Pitafi

Love

In love, you dance, sing and fly,
But it instructs you hatred too.
Love blooms a soul into your body,
But it flames your heft too.
Love is a sentiment, emotion and feeling,
But it is used as fantasy too.
Love has the functions among the hearts
But it also pumps fast too.
Love is a well for gallivant camel in a desert,
But it tastes sour too.
Love inspects your heart,
But it is a larcenist too.
Love protects your love,
But it itself is felonious too.
Love can sing the songs of romance,
But it retains no singing-palate too.
Love is not only to wed,
But it exists as itself too.
Love can stroll a long distance,
But it is lousy too.
Love can see, hear, touch, smell and taste,
But it has no sensations too.
Love demands logic,
But it is illogical too.
Love is also philosophical,
But it is fool too.

Shafee Pitafi

Memory

That was an utmost era of learning,
When we could do everything,
The angry mood was like the cap to have it over the head,
All heat and all cold were bearable,
Of nothing were we deprived and,
Everything was capricious.
Loneliness never asked us to sit with,
We even were busy with our moods.
Ahh! I cannot forget that prologue of my life,
Where I was with no epilogue.
Humbleness and coyness were my lessons,
I was indoctrinated to speak a lot.
Each prose and every poem is the reflection of that sort,
All historical novels reflect us.
The romance of our room I still feel,
Stillness and guffaw were the music.
We sang it together,
Later, came to codify another character,
The boldness of naughtiness was not the error,
Capturing and captivating each other chuffed us.
Sometimes, were as hard as stone,
And each reflected the same tone.
Eating and drinking altogether,
Consuming and disturbing altogether.
Oh! I miss those beautiful and hard chapters,
Taught me the life of all ways
Some compulsions won over us and remained apart,
Where placidity was taught.

Shafee Pitafi

My Life's Literature

Now I am left alone in the desert of your love,
All the oceans are screaming: my sympathy.
Nightingale has all the locution for my love,
I am falling down like water devolves,
Rain has no drops to wet me thoroughly.
I scent me in the massive squeezing of wind,
You are the greatest tragedy of my life's literature.
All seasons have changes,
The same as you have,
No greenery refines me now,
As you once were the beauty of the greenery of my sigh.
No access I am left with,
To reach your heart boldly.
I am busy in struggling,
To plant a new heart in my body,
But seems insoluble as you have to the seeds of my heart.
You were my wisdom and boldness,
I am now dumb sans you.
Nothing, I have to do,
Only deem about you,
Only write about you.
I am in wait too for the wind,
To fly me over where,
No one could get me back.
Yes, I here mean to meet Him:
My spiritual love,
Yes, I am talking about another life: the real life,
Where no shadow of you can see me,
Where no love of you can breadth me.

Shafee Pitafi

The Art Of Your Beauty

The art of your beauty encourages my soul
to open the door of my heart's romantic room,
Your luring eyes captivate my soul into a hushed room,
I want nowise, but you to grasp the same sentiment.
Oh my rummaged soul! Let yourself be saved from her
intoxicated eyes and the magical moves.
Your circulated fabric and hidden winery lips
achieve me to peruse you through your magical eyes.
The language you look at me through,
informs me the the intensity of your love.
Ah, your gassed eyes!
Through them, chief my soul to the heaven,
Lead me to hell,
Wherever you want me to yield.
Oh the silent language of your body!
guides me to be cautious,
Speak to me in the flowery language of your merry eyes.
Don't turn your face around and let the eyes deem across mine,
I wanna dive into them.
The company of your soul begets pride to my personality
Your strong hug feels me the strength of your love.
I physically can see your only eyes,
Indoctrinating,
Your eyes express the immense beauty of your face,
And your cheerful voice tastes me the cocaine of your lips.

Shafee Pitafi

The Places

The places where we pushed time
where our soul danced together
are crying for the remedies of our cruised soul.
The benches where we slept together
are healing my imaginary power simultaneously,
The gardens we visited are seeking for our walk simultaneously.
Let's permit our hearts to allow us
And be the visitors to the spots.
Once again,
I want to disturb your lonesome lane.
Once again,
I want your soul be crushed.
You will let me injure your soul.
I know,
You will commend it with your spirit!
Come,
And fly over to the clouds of shelters,
I wanna there both of us,
And in the zone of love, I don't want any language
to disturb us.

Shafee Pitafi

The Song And The Singer

All the music of my life is only with you,
The lyrics of your love dance in my blood.
My heart is a studio, so
It produces the music.
My mind is the singer and my love is a poem of poetry,
Your beauty gives me the rhythm,
And my love assists it to sing.
My gestures are like the dance-steps,
And my words are your admiration,
My heart writes only about your beauty
And my mind sings it very passionately,
Zeal for you the songs possess,
Respect for you they own.
Ultimately,
You are the beautiful song
And I am your singer.

Shafee Pitafi

When I Read You

When I Read You

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My surroundings seem colorful
I conceive devil and angels -
dancing around me and
The orphans and issueless' dreams.
I listen to the cries coming from the sky
I sense the light of the sun sharp
The moon appears to me like a new bride
The wind makes me listen to your sad songs.
The clouds shudder in you
You thunder and rain
The happy princes dance within you
The rich poor are explored through you.
Your lyrics make my soul dance
Your voice makes me cry
I feel strange and agitated
When I am unfamiliar to your existance
In your ocean, I can swim or drown
Under your sky, I can live or die.
Oftenly, I go for you only for aesthetic pleasure
Mainly, I own no personal interest in you
My soul curves a motivational grin
When I read you
When I sense you.
You are dulcet not fabricated
You are my romance and pleasure
You are my god and messenger
You are my book and teacher
You are my body and soul.
Indulging inside being - my heart and soul
Your aromatic heft derives itself midst me and my heft
I listen to you when you howl helplessly
Waiting for none to help you.
I feel the agonies of ages in you
You speak of your great ages
Claasical, Romantic and Victorian are your romance
The modern time is your dance.
You speak through the voice of Latif, Ayaz,

Ghalib, Iqbal and Faiz.
You too scream and smile at the west - Shakespeare,
Keats, W.H Auden, Maya Angelou.
In east, live your sons and daughters too - Tagore,
Kalidas, Ashfaq, Naheed, Qabani and Banu
Many sibilngs they retain.
You shower their life and experiences
I sense them and deem
How to think and how to understand
Only to complete myself.
You wear different clothes
Sometimes you meet me in your poetic dress
And utter handsome verses through your lips
Mainly, you appear fictionally
And narrate yourself.
Yeah! You are prose and poetry
Indeed, I find you in essays and articles
No doubt, I discover you in dramas and movies
Obviously, you are published
Many a times unpublished.
You take rest in books
You are shivered at tongues
A few abhor you
The few enjoy you
And few adore you.
You are passion of your fans
You are knowledge for them
You live everywhere and like
Everyone like God.
You are pessimistic but optimistic
You exerce love but hatred
You show your pride but prejudice
You are life but death
You picturize the wars and history
You are limitless - many more.
You depict evils and promote humanism
You beget hope for hopeless
You fetch soul for soulless
You groom soul to rose.
You unveil religious bodies
Sometimes ask for logic and challenge God
You receive humiliation and abusation

They exile your sons and daughters
Tag them with titles
Limit them like a scaring grave.
You are moldering, they are the reason
Your flourishing I am the cause.
To me you are supreme and rich
Living a healthy life
But Now, you are ill and diseased
I can treat you better
As I am your doctor.

Shafee Pitafi

You

Your bold voice, my ears still hear,
Though stillness had no permission that time,
One day you would have remorse.
The wind of your falling hair, my heart still feels.
I used to die for it.
The taste of your lips, my lips still miss,
The best wine I have ever drunk.
The grin curved on your face, I still imagine.
You used to contribute to me.
The way you would push me, I still laugh at.
You might remember.
The manner you would hit me, I still smile at.
You must be recalling,
The chapter of your love, I still have disclosed,
And you know,
I read you every day.
The lines of your letters, I still come across.
You might have flamed.
The time I would wait for you, I still seek.
Who cares? You utter.
No matter if you cared for it or not.
I am, Under the skies of your love, still breathing.

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