

Poetry Series

Shahida Latif
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Shahida Latif()

21st Century

Amazement is not yet lessened,
The Earth still revolves around,
The planets and galaxies go on,
They circle on determined routes;
All paths of the world are fragrant,
And each step with soil is scented.
The old desire to achieve the goal,
Is still spirited with courage and faith.
The Sun still brightens the world,
Winds blow with the same delicacy.
Awake!
The caravans are stepping ahead,
Birds are flying into the high zones,
This route will take a turn a slight afar,
You will find the destination in front,
And at the yonder end of the sight,
21st Century waits for you to greet,
With the best wishes and sweet tidings.

Shahida Latif

A Mesh

A Mesh

Over the loathsome lying culture,
I see a hovering leading vulture,
Came from the distant alien land,
Each bony joint to apart, disband,
And eat the last remains of flesh,
Under the false pretentious mesh,
Of terrorism.

Shahida Latif

A Mysterious Whisper

One wintry cold midnight I abased,
Amid the ruins,
The moonlight impinged,
On features of the scattered objects,
Wrapped in silences;
While engrossed I was in profound thoughts,
A mysterious whisper I happened to listen,
"Have men changed their olden route? "

Shahida Latif

A Question

A dumb damsel standing on the brim,
At the moonlit night, engrossed, forlorn,
Questions to the glittering golden stars;
To the moon playing hide and seek,
Disappearing then showing itself,
From behind the ragged clouds:
The tattered shawl of the sky,
To the serene silence of the night,
To the sleeping humanity enjoying itself,
Delicious sweet slumber,
To the clattering water of the fountain beneath,
To the nodding trees absorbed in conversation,
On some profound matter of universal weight;
To the dew drops falling imperceptibly,
Lest they should disturb,
Tranquility of the sleeping the world;
To the beams of the moon that make her heart,
Perturbed awakening the hurricane of desires,
To the cool air that enflames her entire existence,
"Why has my fate been coupled,
To a dried out tree, all peeled off,
With the burly rope of destiny? "

Shahida Latif

An Evident Soul

I am not confound and confused,
Like any arguing philosopher,
Or calculating mathematician,
For I can observe with vivid vision,
An evident soul hiding, concealing,
In layers of the colours, and fragrance,
Enveloping the whole scheme,
Manifesting in countless forms,
But living behind in unique singularity.

Shahida Latif

An Intent

Oh! God, bless me and all,
The world is quite changed into,
The flaming thorny wilderness.
My eyes can see no more,
These false puppet shows;
And rising all around the fire,
Of jealousy and mincing hate.

All men and women of the world,
Move confounded in extra-haste,
Obsessed by their own interests;
Heedless towards the needy fellows.
Crying to be rescued out of
The marshes and mud of troubles;
Splintered, Sunk knee deep.

The cries melt my heart,
That languishes in warm drops,
Weeps and moans in silence;
And emerges a prayer from
The deep unexplored recesses,
Of the palpitating organ;
And whispers to me its intent,
"Oh! God, Bless me and all,
As I intend to change, the world,
The flaming thorny wilderness,
Into flowery, fragrant zone of Eden.

Shahida Latif

An Untold Tale

In the miseries of life,
Amid the grove of ambitions,
At one night I alone pondered,
What is this love, heathenness?
What is this faithfulness?
What are these blessings?
Then my heart me murmured,
That each corner, bend of life,
Is a dot of reality, a spot of factuality,
Which in the mirror, glass of life,
Is a dim reflection of an untold tale.

Shahida Latif

At The Gate Of A Hospital

Lo! Who is being down loaded,
From the ambulance,
Covered with the bed sheet,
All spotted with blood,
And now tossing for life?
Her swollen belly portends,
That it contains a pre-born babe.
Oh! They tell she has been shot,
By her husband: the crown of head,
For not affording,
The substance for drink;
She was spared no more,
Though six children she bore.

Lo! Who has been brought,
Lying on the cot,
All scratched, nailed,
Bitten and torn,
As if the dogs,
Have exercised well their skill,
In the same way,
When they prey upon the deer?
Oh! They say she was raped,
By the men twelve,
They let loose appetite,
Of their bestial nature,
They always remained unpunished,
In the plagued system.
Now the cameramen zoom around,
For the public display,
To rag her remaining honour,
And a few men of law,
With the heavy round bellies,
Move helplessly.

Lo! Who has been brought,
Wrapped in a blanket,
With singed, burnt face,
Too horrible to see,

Shreds from her arms,
Are lurking loose,
Making the bones naked,
Yet she breathes,
Huffing like a furnace,
Her eyes exhibit,
Display a state of horror?
Oh! They tell she was burnt,
For restraining, preventing,
The husband: the guardian,
From fourth love marriage.

Shahida Latif

Be Not The Characters

Be not the characters,
Of fictitious and romantic tales,
And alluring folk legends;
How can we elope,
To the shadowy sheltering world,
Far away from the indifferent community,
All fatally against the lovers,
How can we escape from the net,
Woven around with the lacerating thread,
Of customs;
Romantic characters only suit,
To the dreamy books, films and fictions,
Or they are the substance of folk tales;
But in the world of reality,
Those who follow the counsel,
Of the unbridled hearts are lashed,
Flogged, whipped and thrashed,
And have to suffer nothing but pangs.

Shahida Latif

Before You Returned

Before You Returned

Who peeps into through the broken windows?
Who faltering advances adorning lamps of tears?
Whose lashes luster with the gleamy glassy pearls?
Who pants lying prostrate at the sill of the door?

Isn't he the same partner, companion who scorned,
And falsely vowed thousand of times to be faithful?
Ah! One day he shattered the palace of my dreams,
Went away leaving behind in the furnace of pangs.

I tried hard to wash, erase the prints of memories,
And wished to see the deserted garden in spring tide,
To extinguished bonfire of the tormenting memories,
And illuminate the lamps in the darkness of chaos.

The lamp of conscience still burns waiting since long,
Makes me feel the desertedness of the valley of heart,
The knocks of hostile yet sweet memories, oh! Friend,
Tormented, raked my injuries before you returned.

Shahida Latif

Blackness Of The Dark Night

Who bears the innocent shining rosy figures,
And works being pressed under the load of life.
He counts days and nights, as a prisoner does,
After being sentenced long tiring punishment,
And waits for the last moment of his engagement.

Who is he who becomes statue like forlorn numbed,
On seeing trickling tears in the eyes of motherhood,
And feeling the gusts of air changing their direction.

Why has he placed the books in the shelves,
Bidding farewell the treasure of knowledge,
Priceless commodity, wisdom and rare insight?

Why have the tides of time forced him to hold,
Heavy hammer, spanners, pincers and pliers,
And now I see him running, moving the wheel?
Why has blackness of the dark night smeared,
His dress, his hands, his feet and rosy cheeks?

Shahida Latif

Child Labour

Who has handed over the iron wands,
Hammers, spanners to flowery hands?
Who has killed all the twinkling worms,
Snatching toys and dolls of fairylands?

Who knows how many sons of dream,
Go asleep, longing for milk and cream,
And motherhood with a stone of patience,
Stifles in the heart the emerging scream?

Then who will light the lamp to shine,
Delete and demolish the heinous line,
Drawn to divide the great and small;
Clean the path of the world to refine?

Shahida Latif

Desertedness Groans

Desertedness groans and moans,
That a shepherd feeds the bellies of his herd,
But sleeps himself undined, empty bellied;
The labourer though toils day and night,
Yet pants, wheezes for two meals;
The peasant sows and harvests the crop,
And distributes the grain among others,
Extinguishing the fire of his own hearth.

Why the kids: the offspring of the sweating,
Toiling labourer not get the sustenance,
Inscribed, incorporated in the scrolls of fate?
Why doesn't the mystery divulge itself at last?
Desertedness groans and moans.

Shahida Latif

Do Something Sensible

O! Man,
Do some thing sensible,
Though of a little value and worth;
If you do not have the courage,
To perform the daring deed,
Or an act of valiance,
Do something sensible,
Though of a little value or worth.

Picking thorns, spikes and spines,
And flint pebbles and stones,
From the path does not demand,
Heroic bravery and valour too;
Perform the task of your own share,
Though it be a minor act,
Of planting a petty plant of pretty pansy,
For a little kind act is much better,
Than a loud and boastful prattling.

Shahida Latif

Drop The Weapons

Drop the weapons and hold in your hands,
Tufts of coloured roses, the boughs of olives,
Or handful of fragrant flowers of jasmine,
Throw them all upon your enemies just once,
To kill carnage that murdered the humanity.

If you do not have roses to petal the paths,
Disarm yourselves, throw the guns, bombs,
And missile launching catapults into the seas;
Pick up shovels, pikes and scythes, to clear
The land, make the beds, soften untilled soil,
Manure, plant cuttings in the growing season,
And water them, watch the shoots budding,
Then pluck them all to meet the demand.
Although wars have remained unbanished,
Since centuries, yet you can send them exile,
In a day, or a month, but not more than a year.

Shahida Latif

God's Omniscience

God has the eyes that can observe,
Into the subterranean layers of mind,
To see the deep recesses of the thoughts,
All occurrences pass in front of Him,
At the very moment when they occur,
At each moment with the stamped changes,
They can see into the depth of an ocean,
Into the heart of a monster,
Planning some foul game,
Against some innocent creature;
They can watch a fly sitting in some dark cave,
And the lizard nourishing his desire,
To make it the victim of his little poisonous jaws.

Do we believe in His Omniscience;
When we form, shape our opinions,
That our deeds outlawed remain unnoticed?

Shahida Latif

I Ask Someone To Resolve

Whenever I depart
To the new destinations,
Your memories
Begin to emerge up in the mind.
Tears begin to hang
On the lashes like lamps,
When at night I wrapping myself
In the blanket of night,
I close my eyes your image
Begins to glimmer, waft in my mind
Like a star in the sky.
I ask someone to resolve
Whether it is love or a shadow of love
That foreruns before it encroaches
To have firm grips on heart, mind and soul.

Shahida Latif

I Could Dissolve Myself

O! God; the world is a riddle,
Where fate does play and fiddle.
Would that I could find a friend,
To whom I could my heart lend,
Share his pang, his pleasure,
His fear, in exchange of treasure
Of love, smiles, scent and perfume,
And in return I would consume,
Like a burning candle my existence,
Dissolve myself despite persistence,
Of the sweet tongue to alive remain,
For love, the world I would disdain.

Shahida Latif

In The Multitude Of London

In the multitude of London

I happened to see a depressed figure,
With cascading hair, blue shimmering eyes,
Silky skin, face with the grace of an Angel,
And sat casting down, on the steps of a terrace,
I out of pity queried, "Oh! Girl what occurred to you? "
Your figures speak though you are silent,
You seem to be a pang ridden, heart broken being".
She jerked back the disheveled eclipsing hair,
Moped drenched eyes, wiped rosy cheeks,
And responded to my words, "I am a victim of
The breakup, here the marriages are the jokes,
In my motherland only death separates the couples,
Though they go through the hard times."
Consoling on her plight I asked her the name of the country,
And she replied "Pakistan", then clang to me.

Shahida Latif

Just Seven Years

How long time a man requires,
To get shattered the tuft of desires,
And decisions to write and erase,
Bend to Almighty God and praise,
And to extinguish life of a man,
Just a span.

How long time a man requires,
To collect the pieces of mirror,
And fragments of broken heart,
Count on fingers scattered dreams,
Or to get dried the flowing streams,
Of the eyes in form of falling tears,
Just seven years.

Shahida Latif

Love

A thrilling link between the hearts,
That makes them perturbed;
Luminosity of the enlightened souls,
A shimmering glimmering path,
That leads to radiant galaxies,
An unfathomed boundless ocean,
Those who explore only know its secrets;
A craze seeking for reality,
Amid the sands of the deserts,
Snowy peaks, forests and rivers;
Nothing but puzzling baffling miracle;
Now a gust of breeze in the fire,
Then smoldering fire in the breeze,
An inseparable chasing trailing shadow,
Stillness and consternation of the mirror,
A truth in thousands of shapes,
A cause behind the big-bang,
And concrete consequence,
In the form of schemed universe.

Shahida Latif

Man Versus Satan

Both: Man and Satan are the fuel of falsehood,
But the ingredient that tell between them,
Is of stupendous, quite contradictory, opposing.

Satan remains staunch, unbent and resolute,
On the false commission of the deeds.
Though Man commits wrongs trespassingly no doubt,
Goes against the imposed restrictions or barriers,
Chasing taste, attractions or carnal pleasures,
Under the influence of some unbridled desires,
Yet when the deed is done, the wrong is committed,
He is bent, sheds tears, becomes penitent,
The more tears he sheds fearing Omnipotence,
The more he is raised, dignified to the heights,
Approaches the regal status that once our Parents,
Were deprived, beguiled thorough diabolic tricks.

Shahida Latif

Market

Market

A place where the seller and the buyer,
Betray each other,
And after the successful bargain,
Sale and purchase,
Each thinks other, the betrayed being.

Shahida Latif

Merging, Emerging

The forsaken are recollected,
The forgotten are remembered,
But one who resides in the deep,
Recesses of the temple of the heart,
Is adored, worshiped in silences,
In solitude to establish communion,
To dissolve, absorb into one entity,
As a dropp merges, mixes into an ocean,
To become an ingredient of eternity,
But vapour again makes it a drop,
To taste pricks of parting pangs,
And to enjoy the pleasures of union,
Combining, mixing into the same origin,
Brings itself out of the confusion,
Enkindles the genuine understanding,
That merging and emerging,
Are the two sides of the ultimate reality,
One eclipses the other when it shines.

Shahida Latif

Mother

Mother: bounteous blessing,
A sheltering shield, fragrant flower,
Gurgling founting fountain of love,
Incarnated patience and sacrifice;
She cares least,
For her own appetite and dress,
When her own children remain,
Unfed, undressed.
She tosses on the bed,
When they are ill disposed,
She bleeds, receives pain,
When they are hit or tumbling fall.
She wraps them in her grace,
When calamities to them encroach.

Fortunate are those who find her,
In her dotage and patiently,
Serve, obey and adore,
And get her good wishes,
Being murmured upon her lips,
When she departs to the world next.

Shahida Latif

My Heart Urges

My heart urges for the sun,
To enkindle its dark world;
For the moon,
To relish with the vision,
Of extended charm of the sky,
Adorned with the golden ornaments;
For the dew drops,
To savour coolness of the dawn;
For the rose,
To experience intoxicating fragrance;
For the breeze,
To be caressed with gentle kisses;
For the sandy beach,
To offer my feet to the waves,
To be touched with the liquid fingers,
Where I might find myself,
A goddess and the waves the devotees,
Rushing for the sacred touch;
For the polite gentle love packed words;
That might blot the fatigue, tedium,
Of tiresome tedious life;
For the long sojourn at night,
To be led to clear clean lake,
Where I might find the glimpse,
Glimmering reflection of the moon,
With myriad stars:
Thoroughly another reflected world of illusion;
For the liberty of a cloud,
That rides floats unchained,
On the shoulders of the wind.

Shahida Latif

Negate Awhile

Negate awhile the earth,
Negate awhile the moon,
Negate awhile the sun,
Negate awhile the stars,
Negate awhile the matter,
And its all forms and shapes,
Solid, liquid and gaseous too,
Negate awhile the entity,
Of your own illusive self.
Then Think awhile,
What else is left behind,
Only Time in Space,
And Space in Time,
With indivisible unity,
And nothing else,
But boundless emptiness,
Without beginning or an end,
That confound, confuse us all,
While we ponder over,
The Omnipresence of the Blankness.

Shahida Latif

Numbness

O! The bitter memories disturb me not,
And rake not my injuries afresh,
For molten drops trickle no more,
From the lusterless dry fountains.

O! The sweet memories you too fondle
No more with my pensive thoughts;
For smiles no longer enrich,
The furrowed fastidious lips,
And wrinkled cheeks emit no shine.

Went I through the decades of life,
Waiting for the turn of good times,
The descending generations might relish;
Waited I for the dreams to be realized,
Alas! They turned into the nightmares.

I see the leading characters of humanity,
Holding in their impatient itchy hands,
The balls of the fatal melting hellish fire,
And threatening from their black tongues,
That they would burn all roses with petals,
Transforming the world into furnace.

Standing on the brim of inferno I hear,
The spurting flames with merged cries;
Like an impressionless engrossed statue,
Being stunned I do neither weep nor smile;
Neither sweet songs please my sullen heart,
Nor pensive thoughts water my eyes.

Shahida Latif

On The High Pedestal

When I unfurl, unfold my wings,
For the new flight and fresh trip,
I remember you by recollecting
Memories of the past.

Drops of tears like lamps
Begin to hang on the lashes,
The colourful stars begin to glimmer
On the hems of my dress.

I feel the ravened sky looking at me
With the smile of a saint, as if
God begins to lay, spread new tracks,
And I trespass the boundaries
Of self-control to cover the distances long,
With fresh zeal, laden with unseen trials,
But I see you standing there in front,
On the high pedestal of the destination
Awaiting and beckoning me to embrace.

Shahida Latif

Pangs Of The Motherland

Oh! Almighty, Omniscient, Omnipotent God,
The Maker of all scheme of the universe,
What wrongs blunderingly we have done,
Which evoked the waves of mighty wrath,
Only one shake, quake made us all helpless,
And broke, crush the unyielding crests of pride.

These deeds were ours or the ruling statues,
Devoid of fear who supported your enemies,
And whose minds were paralyzed to estimate,
Your powers and favours possessed for them.

Whose blind deeds the earth shook off,
From its back, indifferent to the holocaust,
Its quakes made ravaging the lush crop of life,
Or these enormous bloody jerks and jolts,
Were the tests of our stock of endurance?

Whatever the motive is, You know much better,
But the poetic eyes have seen the spectrum,
Of unprecedented, unassessable extensive loss
In the entire human plighted plagued history.

The thriving slopes of valleys, the peaks of hills
And mountains where the corn of life swayed,
In ecstasy like an amphitheatre of mustard,
That announces heralding the arrival of Spring,
On the plains of Punjab whose rivers take birth,
From the plighted overshaken slopes and peaks,
Where from the structure of life tumbled down.

The houses, the cottages: the debris of dreams,
Lay shattered upon the shroudless indwellers,
And some cried helplessly seeing the ballet,
Of death in front, wait appalled to be retrampled.

Ah! Who are these who play the bestial sports,
By plundering and pillaging the exposed limbs,
Beastly chopping for bangles and rings of gold.

How Man fell from culminating, sublime heights,
To the abysmal depths of butchery, bloodshed.
To pollute, smear the fair earth, daubing all red.

Ah! On thousands of acres the numerous rallies,
Of cherished dreams walk bare bleeding sore feet,
And knock aloud at the each fallen shattered door
Of the silence yards where the sapling lie buried,
Clenching the toys with their unpulsating breasts.

All poetic diction, similes and metaphors together,
Can not narrate, describe and circumvent the bulk,
Dimension and magnitude of the crushing infliction;
O! Eyes, then weep, weep and weep till all stock,
Of the reserved tears is drained, till blood spouts,
Spurts and squirts out from the sockets of brain.

Oh! My nation the role, the courage you displayed,
Are commendable, matchless, and unprecedented,
Oh! My defenders be alert, vigilant and watchful,
Not only you defend the boundaries, its spheres,
But also guard underneath the subterranean layers,
Of the motherland heralding encroaching dangers.

Shahida Latif

Pollution

Hazy misty are the mirrors,
That once did shine with glares,
And reflected the images clear,
The same now disfigure the humanity.

The roses that glowed dancingly,
Are dull, yellow colour prevails them all,
They are decaying, fading, withering.
And the trees bend feeling troublesome,
Agonizing pain in their backbones.

The spheres are obscure, dusty,
Ashes blur the face of the Moon,
The earth trembles on emerging,
Appearing, awful erratic incidents,
Which contaminate the blue seas.

The waves rise with the feeble move,
The smoke devours the airs clean,
The awakened eyes are depressed,
And dissuade all on seeing the tragedy,
Being performed on the stage.

Shahida Latif

Progress

Who have killed all the glowworms,
Behind whom we ran to catch,
And they flew like lowering stars,
Scattering lights all around?

Where have gone the nightingales,
That sang while cherishing the berries,
Their melodies were much sweeter to the mind,
Than the jumbled music of the modern times?

Where have gone the cooing doves,
And the chirping sparrows that awoke us all,
Before the sunrise they departed to seek,
Their fate in the shape of scattered grain?

Why the tasseled prime rose blossoms not,
On the other edge of the flowing stream,
Where now stinking substance creeps?
Here were the farms where the children ran,
After the butterflies: the flying, floating dreams.

How seedily numerous homes are built,
And how sooner men came close to men,
In the same so-called community?

But all suffer and sigh,
Groan and moan individually alone,
No one inquires after the ailing patients,
Tossing unaided on the death beds,
And reluctantly are followed the coffins.

Love does not find the place in the minds,
To nestle, nourish and nurture itself.
All seats in the minds and hearts,
Are usurped by hatred, avarice and greed.
I often ponder over the progress of man,
That has crushed the real taste of life.

Tales Of Sleepless Nights

What kind of madness it is,
A moment complains to a moment;
Now fate has brought us both
Together after centuries,
And love is a silent spectator.

Brain and heart go around
The circle with no end,
Though they travel long distances
Yet they go not beyond the limits.

Ah! We hadn't had in the minds
That a moment would come,
And the spring would bloom,
But our bodies would be crumbled
Bruised, replete with wounds;
You would have the fictions to narrate,
And I would have nothing
But the tales of sleepless nights.

Shahida Latif

The Calamities

The calamities

Calamities are the beasts of prey,
They hide couching along the route of life,
And pounce on the each passerby,
When he enters into their hunting range,
Who knows who becomes the victim,
And where they prey upon him,
With the nailed paws and tearing jaws.

Shahida Latif

The Callous Statues

The callous statues,
Sitting in front of the computers:
The calculating machines,
Press the buttons to launch havocs,
Can not calculate the magnitude,
Of pangs, pains and sheerness of cries,
When they fall with deafening explosions,
Upon the heads of humanity:
Mewling infants, schooling kids,
Women old and young;
The most beautiful object of the universe,
Splattering, splashing around blood,
Scattering debris, wreckage and remains,
Far away from the launching fingers,
Seeing eyes, thinking minds,
And feeling pulsating hearts.

Shahida Latif

The Dust Bins

Ah! I am despised to see the moving dustbins,
Containing the scrap of greed, avarice and hate,
Indifference, selfishness and too callousness.
The men and women though they seem to me,
The compact glorified bodies of flesh and blood,
Yet they enclose garbage giving tormenting smell,
That I experience when I find them in close proximity;
But it is strange that the same unpleasant stench,
And disgusting reek I discover while sitting all alone,
Unaccompanied nourishing too vigorous, sanguine ego.

Shahida Latif

The Earth Trembles

The loathsome earth trembles,
Under the load of humanity,
At each step rises the wrath,
With the surging waves of agony,
Bringing ashore,
Log-like limbless bodies,
Colouring with blood,
The coastal sands.

Shahida Latif

The Encaging Walls Shattered

The Encaging Walls Shattered
After the ages long today,
I heartily wept a lot,
After the ages long today,
I heartily slept, a lot,
I came out of the enclosure,
Of your sweet beguiling vows,
Circumscribing me all around,
And shattered the encaging walls,
Imprisoning my perturbed soul,
Into your dark sable intents,
Now I shall walk off,
Where to my heart me guides.

Shahida Latif

The Encroaching Mists

A confusion I have found,
That has wrapped me all around;
By creating distances large,
Between my heart and my mind,
It has snatched my borrowed existence,
From my own being;
And has placed me at the spot,
Where the objects appear,
Like ghosts mocking, laughing at me;
And I journeying,
Through the world of thoughts,
See a dot beyond the haziness,
Shinning like a tiny remote star,
Emitting faint dying yellow lights;
Perhaps it is the distant sun,
Enveloped too with the encroaching mists,
And black smoky clouds,
Being drifted by the winds of future.

Shahida Latif

The Fifth Season

Though the world is hazy obscure,
Smoke envelops its spheres,
Humanity grapple, wrestle for minor causes,
Blinded by the ghosts of impatience,
Intolerance has pushed into the marshes,
Yet I see the world glaring gorgeous,
The gentle winds bring flakes of white clouds,
The first shower emits the smell of earthen scent,
The fresh flowers bloom at each moment,
And with their brave colours,
Make the world magical enchanting,
The sweet melodies of the birds,
Come through the porches of the ears,
Trickling founts produce silvery chink,
The whole world seems,
A compact composition of symphony.

But I know well these components,
Are very rare in the world of civilized savagery,
Now spring, autumn, winter and summer,
Are devoid of their grace, elegance,
It is merely the fifth season that I experience,
The flavoury season of the heart.

Shahida Latif

The Ineffectual Dives

The World: a moving alive picture,
A display, exhibition of pain,
Saddening events and agonizing soreness,
Where blood flows, shreds lay scattered,
Amid the skeletons and dispersed skulls,
Under the shadows of spurting mushrooms.
A place where demons of troubles,
Are nourished, fed and brought up,
To make humanity their victims,
And Man makes vain ineffectual dives,
To seek, secure harbour upon the planets.

Shahida Latif

The Neglected Object

The dull, dismal murky thoughts,
At one night troubled my peaceful sleep,
And drove me out of the confined house,
I roamed through the silent deserted street,
A few tumbling pedestrians I came across,
Who were merged in the world of their own.

In front of the orchard I halted for a while,
And happened to rivet my gaze at the full moon,
Wrapped in haziness of the hilarious world,
Shining above the dressless, exposed trees,
A long streak of smoke passed unendingly,
Below the rim of its bright roundity,
And went to dissipate beyond the far-off hill,
Sleeping like a huge whale out of the ocean.

When I was engrossed, the shadow resembling,
The grandmother sitting beside the spinning wheel,
Began to converse in a low whispering tone,
"I pass over the earth in the ancient routine,
Bring the glad tidings and the very cool lights,
The messages of peace, love and harmony,
But no more I am discussed among the poets,
They no more poeticise me in similes, metaphors,
I am now a word redundant, no more in vogue,
On seeing me they embrace not one another,
To root out weed of hatred, to sow the seed of love.
The children too do not cry for the moon,
And no more found in the alluring tales of grandmothers,
Have they found the brighter moons to gawk at,
That they have cast me in a state of utter oblivion? "
Meanwhile I felt a touch of fingers,
Upon my shoulders, and could listen no more,
The complaints of the neglected object.

Shahida Latif

The Rabbit

The rabbit ran, ran and ran,
To save the borrowed days of his life,
To escape from the chasing wolves,
And entered breathless into the hovel,
Dark, damped and dismal grim hide,
But found he the black scorpions,
And hissing incensed coiled serpents.

Shahida Latif

The Recognition

The century passed and we were
On the threshold of new millennium
And heading towards the Millennium Dome:
The dignity and pride of Greenwich.
The young men gathered in throngs
On several spots along the way,
They all were cheering, dancing,
Wrapped in ecstasy, their feet linked
With the strokes of music;
One of the singers
Suddenly asked me where I was from,
And on my response he began to sing
With the new altered tune,
All of them chanted Pakistan! Pakistan!
I too was thrilled with happiness and pride,
My eyes began to shed the tears of twin feelings,
On the recognition
Of myself and my motherland.

Shahida Latif

The Rise And Fall

When the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve,
The Vice of all creatures rise from the seat,
To the heavenly spheres contain in themselves,
A pack of divine wisdom, fragrance of all roses,
The light of stars, coolness of the dawn,
Depth of oceans and vastness of the sky,
Serenity of the mirror, and flow of the river,
Essence of patience, love and tolerance,
Innocence of a rabbit and boldness of a lion.
By doing so they surpass the angels:
The most obedient flawless creature.

When the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve,
The Vice of all creatures fall from the seat,
Contain in themselves the traits of animals,
Appetite of vultures, fierceness of wolves,
Poison of serpents and stings of scorpions,
So they become voluptuous and lecherous,
And have a heart free of conscience pricking,
Over-ridden with the flies of avarice and greed,
They do nothing but trouble God's Mind,
When He see the masterpieces being spoiled.

Shahida Latif

The Search

The emotions have lost,
The bankless clamour;
The days, months and years,
Have healed the wounds,
Deep and grievous,
Of the mourning heart;
That it received breaking
Asunder in twain, When
A part of my country parted,
Whose thorns smelt even like roses.

Who knows how many caravans
Passed by, the sifting sands
Have erased the prints;
But still I wander in the wilderness,
In search of Quaid like leading figure,
Containing in the heart warmth of sincerity;
And in the brain light of wisdom.
Who knows how long,
I have to ramble depressed, disappointed.

Shahida Latif

The Settling Fog

“Save, save, save me from the brutal hands, ”
The cries emerged early in the foggy morn,
In the month of December in frosty cold.
Then a volley of bullets was fired,
The cries instantly became silent;
The neighboring windows, the doors opened,
They seemed like black holes in the thick fog;
The lookers’ images appeared like phantoms,
Then smelling stinking smell of the foul game,
They shut tight the windows, the doors,
No one came to rescue the victimized being,
For the fog was settling before the sun rose.

Shahida Latif

The Tears

Tears are pure transparent,
The molten fluid of pangs,
Of grief, of sorrows,
And strengthless helplessness;
They seek the channels,
Founting from the founts of eyes,
And falling from the falls of lashes,
Travel, flow on the soft, slippery
Continents and plains of cheeks,
Through the valleys of wrinkles,
Watering the crops of beauty,
Enriching, gleaming furrows,
Tripling, flowing mix and merge,
Into the ocean of dust.

Shahida Latif

The Victory

17-The Victory

Both the parties contest the game of blood,
One kills hundred; the other hundred one,
The other wins the victory only for the one,
But who knows that two hundred and one
Who are killed, each one is a mother's son.

Shahida Latif

The Voice Of Woman

I am the being, who contains the whole entities,
Of the mother and daughter, the sister and wife,
And includes the alive buried history of mankind.

I am the being, who sacrificed the life full of bliss,
By tasting the flavour of forbidden fruit, fearing least
For the sake of love endangered my whole existence,
And suffered along with the credulous Father of Man.

I am the being, who was slaughtered at the altars,
To quench thirst of the ancients gods and my blood
Mingled the water of Nile to irrigate parched plains;
Sometimes they sipped lukewarm blood of my babes.

I am burnt alive in the fire of piled and heaped wood,
In front of the very sightless eyes of the customs,
After the departure of my life partner to the world next.

I am the being, who was sold in markets like toys,
And sometimes staked by the gambling patrons.
Often my enchanting visage: the centre of beauties,
Is deformed and singed with the burning substance,
Changing into horrible ghost: living sketch of the age.

I am the being, who perfumes beds of the lascivious,
And thousands of times have been beguiled, betrayed
In the name of sweet love: the same old false fiction,
That brings to me on each day a freshened falsehood.
Now they place upon the eyes and then they trample,
Under the feet as petals are squeezed and squashed.
My soul seeks anxiously the answers to the questions,
"By whom I am ravished, and stigmatized by whom? "

I am the being whose children have been snatched
Since beginning, and thrown into the furnace of wars.
Though I am confined, encaged amid the lofty walls,
Built with the substance of cumbersome stones, yet
I twitter like a clipped, curtailed and confined sparrow.

The Writers

The writers, the men of intellect,
Need not make endeavours,
To make the heaps of books enormous,
To overcrowd the markets with the rubbish,
Just to fall in the line, row of writers,
If they bend upon to present,
The same old worn out thoughts,
Merely with the changed dress of the words,
Offering soulless philosophies,
Confining still unpulsating hearts.

Shahida Latif

Thick Walls

At one wintry dark gloomy night,
A piercing cry rose to the height;
Form behind the stony rough wall,
Very thick, very old and very tall.
Then utter silence, hush prevailed,
The night sighed, the night wailed.

The delights hailed, the pleasures fell,
Upon each dungeon of the hell,
When the dawn cracked, the day broke,
Ill-fated cottagers began to eat well.

Shahida Latif

To The Gushes Of Wind

To the Gushes of Wind

Oh! The winds your gentle gushes,
Bear with the fragrance of the land,
Of five waters, the dust of the streets,
Where I spent the golden age,
With the playful vivacious mates,
From whom the tides of time set me apart,
And the log of my existence wallowing,
Had been thrown on the far off cold shore.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether children still play marbles in the dusty streets,
Drawing the rings and placing them in the middle.
Strike them aiming precisely with the finger middle,
Placing thumb in the dust to support the hand,
Shriek with excitement as they hit the target,
Excelling one or two out of the circle.
Whether they with the satchel and wooden slate,
And with the grey clothes still go to schools,
Count the tables aloud; and at afternoon return,
Tired, exhausted with impatient frolic movements.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether the young boys and girls,
Still play hide and seek at the moonlit nights,
Run they through the open wall-less yards,
Where the elders laid their cots,
To enjoy the pure carefree serene sleep,
That led them into the profound valley,
Of predicting dreams: admonitions, shadows,
Of the encroaching hovering mishaps,
Or the bearers of fine blissful tidings.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether still the damsels, old men and women,
Labour in the farms with mowers and scythes,
Patiently wait for the sunset behind the far off hills,
Staggeringly with the bundles of fodder or grass
On their heads return to homes.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether herdsmen, shepherds and shepherdesses,
Still enhance their herds to the nearby pastures,
With the clicking sounds waving the sticks in the air,
Following their faithful dogs behind.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether still on the drum beats all are thrilled,
On the wedding of a butter-fed sons and daughters,
Around the drum beater the cheerfully dance,
Forgetting all seeds and roots of isolating odium.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether still lowering thick black clouds of Sawun,
Fly, hovering over the lands, pastures and plains,
And bring the torrential rains filling the streets,
With water and under the falling, flowing spouts,
The children still take the most delicious bath,
And run after the paper boats splashing all around.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether still the children run after the butterflies,
Behind the colourful dreams, flying desires,
Chase carefree of all anxieties, woes and worries,
In the spring when mustard blossoms yellow.
As if the bride of Nature seems clothed, clad,
At the night to celebrate the rite of Hina.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether still the exhausted farmers get together,
In the month May to thrash the golden crop of wheat,
In the round hard pressed trodden piece of land,
They move and move on the circled heap of hay,
With the yokes of oxen dragging dry thorny twigs,
From morn to the sunset and making the long grave,
Of hay with buried grain walk wobbly to homes,
With rakes and flails to sleep the sleep content.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether still early in the morn the damsels,
Sitting by the wooden frame churn fermented milk,

Pulling the ends of cord coiled round the churner,
And rumbling sounds gurgle out of each home.
Mixed with the recitation of the Holy Divine Book.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether still the village folk assemble in the graveyard
Exchange the hands to dig grave, the most durable house,
When one departs to the world next, and then they carry
On the shoulders the deceased amid the chorus of verses,
Reciting, recalling the name of the most Sacred Being,
Grieve, cry and shriek cascading the falls of tears.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether still the kids when the night befalls,
Surround their grandmothers; listen to the fairy tales,
Of the legendry kings, princes and princesses too,
That lead them to the mystical world of ecstatic joys,
Offering them shelter from the hunting chasing miseries.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether still maids, damsels, and wedded women,
On Thursdays, go to the shrine of Baba Pir, with the dishes
Of mustard-oil to light up the lamps, illumine the grave,
And they with the subdued low voice mutter, mumble,
The prayer for the safe return of the brothers, fathers,
And the engaged partners who render services,
To defend the borders of the motherland.

Oh! The wind, whisper to my troubled heart,
Whether still the village folk in hot days of summer,
Sit under the banyan, in its cool thick sheltering shade,
The lasses and matured women in gaiety swing,
With its bending, lowering twigs,
Oscillating between the earth and the sky,
Exhibiting the desire to escape from the world,
But the claws of gravity bring them back, draw them down,
To suffer, groan and moan.

Oh! I have been driven, drifted by the time-tides,
Onto the distant shores of the western world,
Where I trudge through the marshy lands,

The lusty desires have pushed into the quagmire,
Where I behold loathsome humanity slobbering, sniveling,
My heart urges to fly me back to have a glimpse
Of the fair face of my own mother land just once,
Before the Death Angel lays His wings to have me a ride,
My perturb soul pleads to entrust my skeleton,
Into her rocking, cradling lap where she will sing a lullaby,
The same lullaby that I heard in my infancy.

Shahida Latif

We Live And Die Alone

What kind of talk we converse!
What kind of words we speak!
We only sieve, strain the words
We sift the spoken verbalized sounds,
And colander contents of the voices.

We keep the meanings to ourselves,
Confined the secrets to the closets of hearts,
And whisper only crusts of the words.

We live and die fearing the friends,
Scaring brothers and sisters,
Lest they should know the secrets
Lest they should share the feelings
Either pains or pleasures,
We live in solitude and we die alone,
With tight lips and rigid hearts,
Neither sharing others, nor being shared.

Shahida Latif

What I Need

I need fresh air to breathe,
All around sullied is the environ,
And seasons do not unfold flowers.
Thousands of birds soar in the sky,
But have no place to be nestled,
A ray of light is needed to lacerate
The encompassing night
And mist of depression to dissolve.
The mirrors are dim murky,
And they hinder me in self recognition.

Shahida Latif

When The Sun Descends

When the Sun Descends
When the evening befalls,
And the sun after tiresome journey,
Of the day folding the sheets of light,
Descends behind the yonder hills,
Along with the birds your memories,
Fly back too, to nestle in the deep recesses,
Of the valley of my crowded mind, and they
At the dark night agonize, trouble me much.

Shahida Latif

While Flying To London

I am aspired;
My wings are open wide,
A new world is in front,
The sky is wide spread,
With measureless bounds,
With no edges left and right,
Infinity stretches beneath and above,
Time and Space have become one,
As if they are in the grips
Of the mortal hands
And I with the vanished sense
Of profit or loss fly to London:
A new destination, a compressed world,
The centre of the Global Village.

Shahida Latif