

Poetry Series

**Zaffar Qureshi**  
**- poems -**

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# Zaffar Qureshi()

zaffar\_hq: Instragram

## &quot; A Thing Of Beauty Is A Joy Forever&quot;;

&quot;A thing of beauty is a joy forever.&quot;;

But every once in a while,  
there creeps a thought so wild  
into my heart,

what if beauty is not, a reason for joy but  
the consequence of it.

Something becomes beautiful, when you  
smile at it, when it fills your heart and lives in it.

The tear that accompanies the leaf that falls, is not it the saddest of all?

But beauty is sadness too, my love,  
for a thing is beautiful if it makes you feel.

It is not your gleaming eyes,  
neither the gentle way you walk.

It is my love, how you make me feel,

Happy, sad and everything,  
that makes you the prettiest of all,  
for now and for eternities.

Zaffar Qureshi

# A Grieving

' A Grieving '

I feel like burning poems.  
This is the prettiest diary I have,  
I feel like ruining it,  
with the sadness it was never meant  
to endure.  
Writing beautiful words and then  
tearing away the pages.  
I am writing with the pen I love,  
I feel like stabbing my heart with it.  
Isn't this what you do?

Zaffar Qureshi

# A Gust Of Melancholy Went By

A gust of melancholy went by,  
Remember  
When you and I,  
met under that cloudy sky.  
We sat together in the library,  
and then went on a walk,  
that night when the old birds watched,  
us talk,  
and the rain drops found excuses,  
to kiss your cheeks.  
In all my walks from class,  
to that bus stop,  
where we met last,  
I hope to find you,  
someday.

Zaffar Qureshi

## A Murmur, A Mumble, A Distant Hush,

A murmur, a mumble, a distant hush,  
towards the gathering herd we rush,  
enshrined in us love's silent sigh,  
confined in us our hearts cry.

We loved, with hopes of certainty,  
alas! all we found was insanity...

the falling leaves tremble,  
our desperate hearts rumble,  
and,

Abandoned by life

we gasp for death,

we clasp our hearts

in our chests,

and walk towards the

distant herd,

and

all of this - me, and you,

suddenly seems so absurd.

Zaffar Qureshi

# A Tear That Leaves Her Eye

A thousand smiles of spring,  
the smell of flowers in my skin,  
a sense of eternity in all being,  
and all the joys that it may bring,  
is not worth anything,  
but a tear that leaves her eye,  
and to all her sorrows and mine,  
bids a sad, eternal goodbye.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Autumn Nights

All the time wondering, about what could be,  
I forgot to see the light break in front of me.  
My past, my future ensnared by present alike,  
Walking in the gardens of spring,  
mourning for the rose in my hand  
I remember,  
Looking up to the sky, and feeling alone,  
Oh so alone ...  
and as the dreadful morning approached  
biding all my stars goodbye.  
Waiting, through countless mornings,  
for my dear nights to return,  
cycling around the graveyard,  
in autumn  
when the leaves, didn't wait for the sun to burn  
them.  
When the leaves, fell,  
I sat under the crying trees,  
and felt one with them.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Before The Signs Of Forgetting You Show

Before the signs of forgetting you, show,  
I must let you go.  
Your memory as your present is now worthless to me,  
eventhough Love's immune to time, you see,  
It's been too long now to be alright,  
eventhough I thought it might,  
somehow survive,  
my love for you has turned impersonal.  
I saw a bird fall off her nest,  
this day has been so tragical.  
We fell off our nest too,  
me and you,  
and in every moment ever since,  
I've looked for you in all my skies,  
I've told myself a million lies,  
but it's too late now to recognise,  
you,  
and I've loved you too much to bear that pain.  
In solemn, dusty libraries,  
in the shadows of my memories  
the caracases of our love rot,  
and they, shall take time  
to turn to dust,  
but now is the time to let you go,  
before the signs of forgetting you show.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Bits And Pieces Of You

Like the cloud so full,  
desperate to pour,  
Like the tired waves of sea  
longing to hit the shore  
I've started talking to people,  
looking for bits and pieces  
of you in them.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Do Not Say He Is Sad

Life is too long, too short,  
a Leviathan, turns its head,  
towards me,  
whenever I look at happiness.  
To stray away from moments;  
If granted,  
forgetfulness is bliss,  
watery eyes a blessing.  
Involuntary movements,  
Inconsequential actions,  
wasted lines of palms,  
are void of misery,  
butthinking, butbeating hearts -  
voids of misery.  
All the upward flicks of my lips  
are deceptive,  
lies,  
external causality,  
When you see me,  
do not say  
He is sad,  
say -  
HE IS SADNESS.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Dreams Of You And I

We were here,  
You and I,  
When the night's empty sky,  
glanced into our eyes,  
And saw all her stars in them.

Zaffar Qureshi

**End.**

Bedizened with an ethereal glory,  
desired by man and God alike,  
Walking among the tombstones,  
lost in a cloudy world of thought.  
She told herself, "Beauty is a lie",  
for why else should we be wrapped,  
in skin from head to toe?  
She seemed a little worried,  
when a gust broke her trance.  
She stopped and looked for something,  
something she knew was gone,  
and then she walked again,  
and walked forever more,  
till men and gods perished  
and none called her beautiful again.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Farewell

To unspoken goodbyes,  
to the reluctant "Hi"s,  
To the leaves that died this year,  
to those that still knew how to care.  
To misunderstandings,  
To love,  
To friendship,  
To you,

Farewell.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Feelings Of An Absurd Being.

In parts I fell off the shelf  
and somehow,  
gathered somewhere else,  
where things never cling,  
where the free raven sings,  
and the night's lonely sky,  
is home to my gloomy eye.  
The rain drops sheen,  
the grass gleaming green,  
and  
the old willow tree,  
eerily looks at me,  
as  
along a lonely forest path  
with a barely beating heart,  
I walk,  
towards a place  
where the certainly doomed stay,  
where the gloomy, murky graves are laid,  
and the smirky sun is forever hid,  
by the clouds it's forbid,  
to shine upon this dreary land,  
lest, it should sprout with love again.  
The wise, the broken hearted say,  
from love you must stay away.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Hear Me, Oh Love Of Mine

Hear me, oh dear love of mine,  
when a sudden lull grips your mind,  
look for me in the distant times,  
where the morning sun seldom shines.  
When the lights grow,  
I'll seize to show,  
but when you're stuck,  
between a yes or no,  
remember that I'm always there,  
as a temporary place  
for your heart to rest.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Home Without You

It was me who sat alone in the house,  
when you left.  
Staring into the walls that were once our childhood.  
You left me,  
in a place who's emptiness devoured all our memories.  
The gardens we once played in,  
are now the graveyards of a seemingly unreal  
past.  
When you left,  
I watched the flower beds burn,  
the trees rot,  
the leaves cry,  
the grass die;  
Until there was nothing left (of us) ,  
but a sense of ruin,  
and a feeling of waste.  
You left me and never looked back,  
I've seen so many deaths,  
but yours will hurt the most.

Zaffar Qureshi

# If You Love Me

If you love me dear,  
fall into the ever sinking pit with me.  
Grow out of life,  
embrace the uncertainty of death,  
breath in the smoke of your demise,  
watch your soul burn out ,  
while your body remains.  
Listen to the emptiness of the cosmos;  
become it.  
Feel the cry of the countless tormented andhelpless people,  
in absolute vain.  
You've been deprived of a freedom.  
The freedom to rip outyour own heart,  
and watch it bleed in your hands;  
  
realise that freedom.

Zaffar Qureshi

# I'll Flow Into You One Day

Undulating surface, levitating skies,  
between them I exist,  
I exist unsupervised.  
A flowing river of chaos is me,  
and I am to be yours,  
you are my sea.  
I'll flow into you one day,  
my heart often says,  
but the days are too long,  
and the night's here to stay.  
I am an association and  
you are detached,  
Where am I supposed to go?  
To your soul, mine has eternally latched.  
If you looked, if only you saw,  
these tiny insignificant watery eyes,  
have tears enough to fill the skies.  
You are the rising dawn,  
and I the setting sun,  
I am forlorn,  
and you're everyone.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Images Of Falling

Gently wavering thoughts of cotton,  
falling hearts,  
in an incessant autumn.

Dry winds of agony blow,  
against the last branch,  
laden with snow.

The sea falls,  
into a drop,  
life is an eternal paradox.

The attic window,  
curtains green,  
the sky is pale,  
and a shadow leans.

Tea or coffee -  
ambiguity.

A Sweet flickering of the lips,  
rose petals on sunken ships,  
&quot;to love or to let go &quot;  
in silent hills,  
a voice echoes.

Zaffar Qureshi

# In The Streets Of This Weary Town

To be snubbed by a cigarette tomorrow,  
too great was the night's sorrow.

The morning bliss my veins invade,  
in utter shambles my stars are laid.

Sweeping through my fractured heart,  
the cold winds of sadness depart.

In the harrowed streets of this weary town,  
by a cloud of melancholy surround,  
you'll often find me walking around.

Zaffar Qureshi

# May I Know Who You Are?

May I know who you are?

The sound of an untimely death,  
that cannot know how to weep.  
I am the smell of burning flowers,  
breathing inside a necropolis.  
When you hear the leaves fall,  
and it's death's day after all,  
you'll find me sitting under a 'Chinar',  
trapped inside my grandmother's 'Pashmina' shawl,  
singing to myself - 'gulon mein rañg bhare bad-e-nau-bahar chale,  
chale bhi aao ki gulshan ka karobar chale';  
In a world of blooming flowers,  
I am a genially rotting leaf.  
When a seat on a bus seems obsolete,  
I am your head's peculiarity.  
But that's not what you want to know,  
well I am a person who hugged you once,  
it's strange sometimes how people grow,  
and leave behind memories-  
I am just one of your memory's shadow,  
long forgotten and decaying in the remotest  
part of your unconscious mind waiting to be  
replaced by something else.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Sighs Of Immortal Lovers

To us belong the immortal hearts,  
And in us the night never ends.  
Shine Shine oh bird of time,  
carry me over this lake.  
On the other side they say,  
is a place where love doesn't hurt.

Zaffar Qureshi

## Sights Of Subtle Melancholy

There are sights of subtle melancholy,  
that our eyes often fail to see.  
But the lurking sounds of cracking leaves,  
the woeful cries of dancing bees,  
a little patch of scum on ponds,  
the silent sounds of breaking bonds,  
birds that never learned to fly,  
clouds forever meant to cry,  
the fungus growing on your head,  
the child that died, in your stead,  
a silence that hid beneath her smile,  
a noise that killed him for a while,  
a single shoe, that once was two,  
a 'caring' god but out of view,  
are in us and everywhere,  
hitherto and for ages hence,  
like a slow surreptitious breath,  
that brings us closer to our beds,  
of eternal peace and infinite sadness.

Zaffar Qureshi

# The Silence That My Heart Has Felt

I look for outside myself,  
the silence that my heart has felt.  
Ask me what it is to hear,  
these silent cries of woe.  
Through my unwillingly beating heart,  
melancholy flows,  
flows into my veins,  
and stops at my eyes,  
eyes that are too reluctant to  
accompany my smile.  
What is happiness to me you ask?  
An incessant noise.  
Embers of grey rise,  
and the ash settles on my dying skin,  
the only sensation of warmth,  
to which I'makin.  
What is it to live,  
in a perpetually dying state?  
To cage emotions in words?  
What is it you wish to hide?  
My mind looks through you,  
my heart into your eyes.  
Love does for good make you blind.  
But is a blindness too blind,  
to see the physical as divine.  
Words dropped from your lips,  
enter my heart, break my ribs.  
Weakness ladens my breath,  
you seek freedom,  
and I seek death.  
Unaware future,  
forgetful past.  
How does time for an eternity last?  
The darkness that seeped through my window last night,  
gently sat on my sleeping eyes.  
It is an effort to open them now  
nothingness weighs too much on me somehow.  
I am everything inside of me,  
but that isn't what you can see.

You look for words to hold on to,  
I know I am utterly insufficient for you.  
Where do I start and where do I stop?  
What do I say and what not?  
How does one capture what isn't there,  
my soul is aimlessly blowing air.

Zaffar Qureshi

# They Stay Away From Me

They stay away from me,  
lonely eyes in the library,  
something about me bothers them,  
something that I make them feel.  
A thought that to their fancy peace seems poisonous,  
there is a kind of alone without a moment of loneliness.  
" That's a chair because I named it so "  
So is this your plan? ? ? ?  
Too much of rationality in an absurd world! !  
You left your heart bleeding on the street,  
while your head was laughing foolishly.  
And now you wonder why? ?  
well look into my eyes,  
are they any different than yours?  
Do I have a different reason to cry?  
Then why can't you look inside?  
And I know that you'll never do,  
So let me tell you what I hide inside  
it's a dead you.  
That is why you're afraid to look,  
Oh silencers of your hearts pay heed ,  
stay forever away from me.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Why

Why was I not able to touch things,  
when they were close, oh so close to me?  
Why did I have to long for you,  
while you were sitting right next to me?  
Why does this dreadful feeling of loss,  
not escape my heart, even for a moment?  
Sometimes I wish I was anything but me.  
If I became, slightly indifferent, if I felt slightly less, would you still love me?  
Please do, for that way I might actually exist long enough, for you.

Zaffar Qureshi

# Why Is Life So Unfair?

Why is life so unfair?  
I can't find my ink, my pen, my sound.  
Why does nothing go unpunished?  
Why are you breaking inside me?  
Don't get lost in the embers of my burning soul,  
hold on to my ashes, my smoke,  
don't let go.  
My heart is breaking,  
I can hear it.  
Put your hand on my heart.  
I hate this paper,  
give me more leaves to write on.  
I am losing all my paths,  
I am forgetting how to walk,  
I am forgetting to breathe,  
I am forgetting...  
Tell the wind to stop,  
I am too fragile right now.  
Enclose me inside you,  
keep me there forever.  
I can't bear the weight of this pen anymore.

Zaffar Qureshi

# You Are Summer's Eternal Day

Dearest,

Winter days, through ages last,  
living inside my lonely heart.

And you are summer's eternal day,  
flowers, fruits, sunshine and hay.

To me do all things comes to die,  
for I always carry a crying sky.

And In your presence life longs to live,  
and blossoms with all it has to give.

Zaffar Qureshi

# You Want To Know How I Feel?

You want to know how I feel?  
A lump of dust is stuck in my dry throat,  
a knife stuck voluntarily in my throbbing head,  
I have to drink around it,  
and I have to think around it.  
I feel the wind screeching,  
I feel the sky's blue bleaching,  
I feel the leaves withering away,  
I feel the plucking of flowers,  
I feel the silence of the night,  
I feel the footsteps of an approaching predator,  
I feel everything,  
I see  
and  
everything that I don't.  
I sit alone,  
in places forlorn,  
places that don't have mirrors  
away from the world,  
away from myself.  
I hate looking into a mirror,  
(I don't like to acknowledge my existence with such certainty.)  
You're right, all of you,  
what you say, makes perfect sense.  
But I saw a broken rose bud on the ground,  
I held it close to my heart and cried,  
trying not to look at the roses that bloomed,  
or ask myself why.  
I don't know why the bud fell,  
I don't know why leaves fall and die,  
I don't know why the sky cries so often here,  
I don't know why the sun's so angry,  
I don't know why the ocean wouldn't talk to anyone,  
I don't know why the river wouldn't sit still,  
I don't know anything,  
but I never ask them.  
Because I know they're hurt,  
I know how they feel.  
So when I was little,

and the earth shook and broke,  
and everyone prayed,  
I didn't ask it to stop.  
You want to know how I feel?  
I feel hurt.  
Hold me and cry,  
and don't ask me why.

Zaffar Qureshi