

INSCAPES

By

Dr.Sarah Syed Kazmi

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Inscapes By : Dr. Sarah Syed Kazmi
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☆☆☆

Dedication

For my worthy husband, Syed Nawazish Raza....
as always!

More than ever...!

Who means a world of values to me!

Values of Humanity

In each creative pursuit, in each act of humanity

Light exudes, amidst this dark sanguinary spree

The sickly, red-tainted visage of the world awaits

The Messiah, the Healer, the Saviour of
humanity

The Hope and the Promise in existential
quandary;

Full-blown dystopia, the narrative echoes in
totality

Punctuated with schisms, bloodshed, hate and
aviary

Yet this is a statement on the palimpsest of
creativity

Where I use ink to etch peace! The values of
humanity

For You to catapult us to the heights due to
humanity,

O the Saviour of our times; the world yearns for
justice

As it brims with injustice! And gasps for breath to
exist.

By Sarah Syed Kazmi

Foreword

Dr. Muhammad Reza Kazimi; an
 eminent writer, literary critic,
 seasoned scholar and historian.

I had thought that English language creative writing in Pakistan had turned irrevocably to fiction. Indeed the topic of Sarah Syed Kazmi's PhD dissertation: British Imperialism and Discursive Hegemony in Postcolonial Societies focuses on prose. All the time, behind her scholarship had been lurking her creative spirit, which has burst out in Incapes. The first two poems in Pakistani tradition are religious spiritually connected to the most evocative poems dealing with the dark and dismal world around us. To be true this was necessary. Three poems stand out and I give excerpts:

The bud rebels out of the stasis

The water sashays past the arrogant finery
 Of this stoic earthenware: you call them lapses?

It is the very air, Life breathes into seeds
 Plants hanging in gardens, fruits in famished weeds
 The little spark in the foetus; sows the lightening

Mirrors the desire to be

---Rebellion

The title of the poem is very clear. This is protest Incapes, a cry for return to nature where the primeval forces have more compassions than human beings. As such nature can provide the justice man cannot. The second such poem speaks of the hollowness of conventions which become in actual fact a needless but threatening prison:

The seven-year long yard, drapes
 the labels of fashionable apprenticeship
 To distract the vision from subtle underpinnings

of reality, that I am lost

The labyrinthine course, amid creation

Fumbles its way through to a destination

called Engagement. A hollow consolation

to colour blind pupils, tend to sieve real visions

I begin to reason, the hiatus long in years

Growing in different shires of tragedy

Could not muster the indecency to doublespeak;

A memo of a poem it breeds. Take it if you please!

--Seven Years Hiatus

The third such poem is quite fierce in tone, as well
lengthier and here her metaphors are also sidelined

to give expression to her grievances. This is the

most Feminist of Sarah Syed Kazmi's poems:

The divided woman teaches pithy philosophies

Nestles the she-buds, tender in the garden of

thought

Warns not to tread the beguiling yardstick of

equality

Equality embarks on a rugged road

Taking non-fluid masochism on board

Where all the passengers are macho men

With minor differences in gendered physiognomy

She sounds the alarm, the bathos in this analogy!

---Her First Flight

Thus the length and breadth of her poems reflects
the growing complexity of the twenty-first century
with its invasions, terror, hate and disease. I consider
this collection a valuable addition to this genre,
which can inspire others.

Dr. Muhammad Reza Kazimi

1) The Blessed Visage

SALLALLAH-O-ALAIH-E-WA-AAL-I-HI-WASALLAM

The soothing brilliance of Wan-Najm

Streams down in a cascade of Noor

From the alabaster pearls; His teeth

Sallallah-o-Alaih-e-Wa-Aal-e-hi-Wasallam

Nestle roses in the hearts of darkness

Noorun-Ala-Noor spreads in profusion

When his smile cues the fount of Love

Night beams in white, dance of divine light

Day envies the Omphalos of Love and Life

Such is His smile...

Sallallah-o-Alaih-e-Wa-Aal-e-hi-Wasallam

Whose visage of Wad-Dhua fondles

The nocturnal serge without smothering

A precedent of Rahmet unending....

Such is His Visage.....

Sallallah-o-Alaih-e-Wa-Aal-e-hi-Wasallam

Immaculate, unblemished; smooth and even

Silken cheeks in perfectly temperate proportion

Pulsate with life, well-rounded countenance

Bathed in light, such are his cheeks...!

Such is His visage....

Sallallah-o-Alaih-i-Wa-Aal-i-hi-Wasallam

The gems of eyes: where insight marries sight

A paradigm of metrical balance, neither too big

Nor too small, icons of profound vision...

Black eyeball shines against the white

Glances of benevolence, such are His eyes...

Sallallah-o-Alaih-i-Wa-Aal-i-hi-Wasallam

Longevity of eyelashes softly curled at ends
 Congenial unison between long, arched eyebrows
 Signal the buds of spring to burgeon
 As His eyelids gently open....
 Sallallah-o-Alaih-i-Wa-Aal-i-hi-Wasallam

 Neatly carved nose, aurora of Light
 Circles its tip all the while...
 Thin at the nostrils, basks in a halo
 Of sacred effulgence, spiraling around

 Well-shaped petals, lips pink and peaches
 Manifest the teeth, equal in size, shining white
 No gaps amidst, exhaling gusts of fresh breath
 An incandescence over objects outspread
 Such are his lips...
 Sallallah-o-Alaih-i-Wa-Aal-i-hi-Wasallam

Beard thick with manly grace
 Graceful of all, magnificent visage
 Coiffure neither too straight, nor too frizzy
 Waves of hair, dangling tides on quiet waters
 Head prominent with aesthetic grandeur
 Miraculous stature: among tall towers highest
 A humble gait, raises the trail to Heavens
 As he walked, Life returned to the environs

 Complexion glistens in bloom of blossoming buds
 His built moderate, personable to the eye, and
 robust
 Beautifully modeled neck, honeyed in the nectar of
 Ahsanit taqweem
 Mellifluous voice, awe-inspiring and deep

2) Ali Asghar Alaihis Salam

The long annals of history, forever parched
 Set ablaze at the torched motes of desert sand
 Witness the worst injustice on the land
 When thirst lingers in the agape lips of a baby
 In letter and spirit, the identical colour of Ali
 Here infancy is insulted by sheer enormity
 of size; the animal arrow, that struck the delicate
 throat
 Set awry the once-prevalent discipline on board

Innocence in wedlock to nature
 Laid bare the entrails of duplicity
 Devil's disciples, murdered the baby
 Blood gushes forth, thirst reciprocated with savage
 aviary
 Like Father, like Son, journey forward in the way of
 revolution
 Embarrassed by the weight of torment, for a
 moment
 It's time the entire universe takes to lament!
 The system bogs down in shambles, the baby's
 name
 Grows out of the iron bars of the Machiavellian
 game
 Forever remembered, forever celebrated
 His is the toil unprecedented
 Ali Asghar Alaihis Salam's brutal murder, a blot on
 history
 Even Time gropes for answers, yet thirsty

Why an innocent, six-month's baby was killed?
Why Ali Asghar's thirst for water, not fulfilled?
Why the great father hesitates to show a glimpse?
To the pain-stricken mother, of her hapless kid?

Ali Asghar, Thousands of salutations upon you!
My generations upon generations, be sacrificed for
you!
You, the most shining symbol of justice against
atrocities
Laid your life to entrench values of justice and
humanity

3) Buried Alive

The throes of labour grew and quickened,
Pangs of travail echoed in death knells,
The early hour gasped with broken breath,
Jolts in the earthen womb: tremors cradled
the unborn, unsung life to premature death.
Rubble of skyscrapers, debris on the floor
Surgically cut the umbilical cord
The life-line cut bitterly short....

Absent presence of life cloned the new being,
 Brave new world built in the locale of a grave,
 The jolted moment brewed up agony to psychosis,
 Tears and wails orchestrated into a New Speak
 Furnished by wordless tongues. The newborn
 incubated in straits, where dreams lie ablaze
 Shaking hands with dystopia. Amputated
 anatomy, mutated genealogy and charred memory
 All question the past and its close proximity:
 As real as the present, as recent as the torment.

Divided between a motley of temporal fragments,
 The then of peace mocks the now of laments!
 Bifurcated I stand between life bygone,
 And the skeleton living on ...
 The air I breathe is liminal,
 Hereafter is only inches away:
 Limbo is no more foreign:
 I live it, afterlife still at bay.

The schizophrenia in time and space
 Gobbles my equipoise, divided I sleep.
 'If my loved ones have died, let me sleep
 under the rubble", don't dig out my fixations
 O volunteers! Let me sleep off this mania,
 Or somnolence in the wide-awake world
 Would increase the chasm between dream
 and madness. Let me sleep!

Do I live, do I sleep?
 Let the newborn grow to a quiet puberty,
 Let the stalemate transmogrify into Life,
 And let the fast I observed continue to eternity!

Dedicated to the victims of October 8, 2005
 earthquake. Moved by the words of a woman who
 pleaded the volunteers to let her remain under the
 rubble of Margalla Towers in case her family had not
 survived!

4) Rebellion

Epilogue:-

Consigning the most beautiful of passions
 To the lap of straight prose, conjures tones
 Not matching the suitor in the ear, lost in impasse
 So poesy be its medium, for this heart-felt passion
 Lest the weight of words slips through
 The pores of my cupped hands
 'Let me be'..! The reverie thus sang

 The bud rebels out of the stasis
 The water sashays past the arrogant finery
 Of this stoic earthenware: you call them lapses?
 It is the very air, Life breathes into seeds
 Plants hanging in gardens, fruits in famished weeds
 The little spark in the foetus; sows the lightening
 Mirrors the desire to be

Let it be known that fiascos break and roar
 You play foul for the length of your tenure
 On home grounds, the ever-harped undertone
 Will die in a reversal, the knowing will be
 And forever breathe the right to be

 The hell and heavens, spatial inscapes
 Motions of individuation run the landscape
 Words shall be the suns of a new eve
 Brightening hieroglyphics of a discovered colour of
 liberty
 Rising from the ashes, smiling in epiphany, the
 desire to be

Shall wolves learn body politic?

Shall snakes ingest honey?

Your rhetoric punctuates with artificial neologism

Infusing bad breath to semiotics,

Only the red romantic, has the guts to jump

The revolution shall traverse the gulf between

Becoming and being, with the vibrancy of a teen

And the holier-than-thou begin to hold in esteem

Each thought out decree, and its antithesis

For there is the desire to be!

5) Seven Years' Hiatus

The seven-year long yard, drapes

the labels of fashionable apprenticeship

To distract the vision from subtle underpinnings

of reality, that I am lost

The labyrinthine course, amid creation

Fumbles its way through to a destination

called Engagement. A hollow consolation

to colour blind pupils, tend to sieve real visions

I begin to reason, the hiatus long in years

Growing in different shires of tragedy

Could not muster the indecency to doublespeak;

A memo of a poem it breeds. Take it if you please!

6) Her First Flight

Never a dull moment, in this melodramatic encore

Twists and turns, she lands into her prospective
home

Gagged to question, mints answers in trite wisdom
The road-map to building a family, sermons on care
Is perfect schizophrenia, absolutely divorced
spheres

That dare not run parallel, forever antecedent
Bent at a tangent, form a slouched angle
Which the man calls the Right angle

Forever insecure he is, the big black boulder
Protruding mass of macho, the visible Other
Unearthly shipment on the bare bones of a skeleton
Splinters to pieces, in the private moments of

homeliness

Surreptitiously stealing a gaze at his anima

The velocity with which she evolves

Into a perfect round of mortal reality

Here is a man, juggles with mouthful orders

Pure kitsch. Overreacher. Shouts above his tenor

Meandering through deceitful stock markets in
earnest

Munching on the climatic change, the political
landscape

Only convex mirror, to show in hindsight, the
must-visit

Spots of time, a benchmark of self-revision

Coming to see in broad day light

Conscious omissions, mocking the blight

For the better half sees in good light

Even the single clausal proclamation

Deep in sanity, surpasses his knack
at skimming and scanning, a thousand epistles
Inked with the black bold font of vanity without

scruples

To keep the ball rolling, she masters adroitly

A schizophrenia, acting her numbered roles

Forever broken between body and soul

The divided woman teaches pithy philosophies

Nestles the she-buds, tender in the garden of

thought

Warns not to tread the beguiling yardstick of

equality

Equality embarks on a rugged road

Taking non-fluid masochism on board

Where all the passengers are macho men

With minor differences in gendered physiognomy

She sounds the alarm, the bathos in this analogy!

A woman, entitled to a separate territory

Uninitiated girls hear her twice enchanted

Per force her sheer charisma

The baptism of logic, silhouette the schema

Novices, locked in nascent moves of ratiocination

She tells them to debunk the granny's

vision wooing dangerous stereotypes

A brick against a brick, faceless in kind

Nameless in words, blocks of a parochial life

She tells them hard, she breathes it into their soul

Just as her visceral muscles pulsate logic in notes

And before she hurls her gloves onto the driving

seat

Before she leaves the steering, stop-gap the chariot

of career

She dons the long braid, convenient strings to a

man- puppeteer

Her tongue, her organs, her muscles, his control

tower

Despite she flies buoyant, soaring to plateaus higher

He fails to camouflage the shame, for she is better off

Even in the scapegoat enactment of didactic

morality

As though she speaks Incapes, a Stephen Gosson in

a husband

7) Travail

The ingenuous girl child frolicked along the Indus
bank

Kneaded the precarious fate into many a fragile
home

And suddenly grew out of the placid surreal

To find not a single house rendering her a home

Alas! The flashes in raffish eyes set her home ablaze

Illuminating but many ritzy rooms of a brothel

Set in a home of her own by her solicitous
parentage

The innocent joy dreamt by the maiden of connubial
unity

Lost itself in the labyrinthine paths of the Haveli

One grows awestruck, how oodles of merchandise

Multiply when the blood kindred kindle their aviary
And sell their daughter everyday for a golden penny

Behold, the fair-sex is such a golden mine of
mercenary

The anecdotes of the life of a single sibling

Reverberate accounts of consummated impulses:

Of many a rakish man who bargained her chastity

And of her father who augmented the primitive legacy

The helpless daughter of Eve, confronts a violent
travail

Gropes into the limbo, fumbles for her stolen piety

Falls prey to a master and the master grapples the
slave

And plays: as the hands of destiny freely plays....

Fettered in golden chains of mighty macho

Of chauvinistic chivalry, byproduct of misogyny

Gagged to death, inside a palatial dungeon

Slowly smothered by alloyed passions of paternity

Holding for a fleeting moment, the desire to be in
full sway

Oh the wife and her musings; an uneasy mix of
humours

The dreams to elude the status quo, to harness the
future!

The waves keep spiraling from her sunken body
The long-drawn, nightly curtain shrinks in shame
To fathom her bosom, the vault of promises a
million

She begins to think, in a number of colours and
visions

A myriad viands, a myriad dressings, to top Man o
Salwa

That the coveted hubby may commend
And scoop the sweet reality without offence

The ocean curls up its nose, she begins to smell the
savouries

Hoping against hope, till she wakes up to the
oneness of her being

Too worked up, along the shore of imagination,
forlorn in her screams

Afloat; away from the black tarmac of crude realism,
she lays

Unfed, unattended; till the hubby is up before she is
awake

Holding a silly mug of milk, sipping in the morning
tirade

O-she-is-good-for-nothing,
a-parasite-on-my-earnings

She rises from the razzmatazz of a dream, to realize

A mock-heroic read aloud by the reeling time
She is a wife. Her imagination ceases to abide

9) Love thyself

Dear Farzana, I endure a piercing heartache for you

The foreign land of empathy, a poet's frequented
avenue

collides against dangerous waters. I feel pain for
you

Farzana you should have lived, to revise anew
The roadmap to future, the choice that defined you
To unravel the bitter sweet secrets of macho world
Over here, choosing a spouse has a hefty price
ticket

Which is not worth it. The man had better choices
Haggling over each coin, not least to buy Farzana's
story

For he lives on, to marry another hapless woman, if
not you!

Farzana you would have thought twice, sickened of

the old rattling

NGOs making noise, till another Farzana grows out
of the seedling.

Now that you are no more, the hibiscus does not
cease to grow.

And your husband is conveniently absent from the
furore.

Dedicated to Farzana and all the hapless women
who are unjustly killed. Farzana was killed outside
the premises of court for marrying of her free will
while her husband was able to escape.

10) Polio Workers-Gardeners of Civilization

My heart aches for you, O brave polio workers

O conscientious gardeners of civilization!

Polio drops may be cheap, your spirit a prized
possession

Glares against our dime a dozen vegetable existence

And of those placed at the helm of affairs

You were killed in the line of duty

Others shrug theirs, lifelong, casually

You hailed from a higher plane of existence

And reached the celestial destination

Catapulted through moves of individuation,

The killer in Hades, grins in humiliation.

11) Extravaganza

As you look beyond the smoky glass wall

The bloodless dummies, dressed in money and gall

Mock at your forked wallet, these are shops

Where new 'isms' fall from pegs of thinly smart
chords

The philosophies on sale, the human rights, the
women rights

Child and labour rights. In brisk new designs, all for
the elite

The fashion shows, in one swish Hotel, commune a
newspeak

The jargon wedges away from reality, Agon in
doublespeak

In a world so efflorescent today with colourful
thoughts

It is no wonder, they cannot see, think and taste in
entirety

Nor smell plain logic. Yet you purchase it, as an
added accessory

You can barter it for honesty. It comes down easy
as a headphone

You suddenly begin to hear. Like the ones you talk
to in the universities

Where research is like a factory, churning out yarn,
regurgitating rotten chunks

Those which you in all honesty, will not produce in
the right frame!

Hence it is here that the 'duality' comes to the fore,
for fame

Neologism aplenty on the Middle East, exported in
fleets, for a sturdy sum

"Arab Spring", the contesting world powers bought it
for a passing buck

With colonial ingenuity: we buy dust to poke into

our eyes! No luck!

They called it spring, when it was our destiny to
grapple with blood, gore
and death. We fought it, but they smelt whiffs of
fresh air across the shore

As you do, in a fashion show, when models paid to
change the line of clothes

Catwalk deftly into someone's cunningly contrived
course of lust and lure

While poor maids on the backstage, sip the same
silly cup, forever insecure

They saw us dying, for they had not been on the hit
The richest, the sacrosanct trajectory of injustice

That you hold as classic example of a decrepit

How many have ever spoken a word against it

Thus it continues the rogue attacks, for it is above
question

Oh keep mum! Look it lies over the pedestal of
consecration

Thatched ceilings: a convenient prey to lightning
assaults

Burning order that was. Today I am Syria in shreds
and war torn!

Save coins of equipoise in tattered rags, sieve barely
the norm

I am Iraq, I am torn to your machinations
Puffed out, potbellied mug of lust, the Israel
As much as it pours, leaks filthy sludge from
ruptures

I am Palestine, forever a picture of savage tyranny
Make no mistake, its hell broken loose, not a slight
skirmish

Its real life tragedy, where borders are sealed
Egypt will not open hers, wither goes the Ummah
Raise mountains out of mole hills, WMDs and Lama
Keep honesty at bay, screen the scripted drama
Caricature tragedy as zeugma, injustice as
melodrama

12) Somnolence

The scroll unfolds now the convoluted scrim
Adorned in pitch-dark sequins around the rim
Dark, ebony keys strike a gentle fetching tune
An epistle of love addressed to a lonesome me
The ashen penchant reincarnates from debris
Into the dusky circles of my wizened skin
Mirroring the black attire I am clad in
Love that hails from the heavens sings
Swiftly flying into the blind alley
I all alone live wherein...!!!!!!!

Embracing the crumpled mass a bear hug
The all-embracing stole snuggles the orphan
Suggests in lexical barely intelligible
Love that hails from the pure heavens
Kisses the dark face of my grievance
The black words in thy love verse melt
Into an all-engulfing night; where I cherish sound
sleep
He kisses away my tears, He raises them in degrees
Even the oblivious souls like ignorant me!!!
And blesses the sleepless souls with a quiet sleep!

13)The Blind City

The blind city that flounders in the tracks
A thousand mirrors, slouched on the backs
Cannot increase vision, not even the size of an ants'
muse
The barrage of light is conveniently lost, only doom
ensues
Many in Europe cannot see, to the IS laps they
readily flee
This cancer percolating through the roots of civility,
Will be allowed to grow, fed with oodles of black
money
Looting central banks in Mosul, clawing clubbed
hand
Foraying into technology: beguiling the blind folk
aghast

Into hapless touches, extorting gilded money out of
 idiosyncrasy

Their Midas touches translate into taxes. In Aarsal,
 with raging rapacity

Setting up regal headquarters, firing the howitzer
 upon the ordinary

A long past muzzled into blindness; the big media
 moguls

Throw anthrax, in return for light. White poison not
 light

As Iraq beamed in history, the Kohinoor diamond
 with 106 carats' smile

The scramble for oil and power; does that eventuate
 post-Arab conflicts, nay

The 1991; the 2001 affray, before Karbala, nay? The
 history is remote per se

The Kurd seem to have awakened with

Sinjar falling in ISIS hands forthwith

IS, no Islamic state; injustice in decadence

Behind the glass wall of referendum, dreams of
 independence

The Eden sellers, inject oomph inside the macerated
 arteries of bombers

Sell their morality every instance, for an imagined
 castle in the hereafter

Behlol's honest barter, for a sandy good deed, had
 providence build boulders

Of real palaces in heavens. Theirs is lust and power
 All blow in a vapour of a triangle, the frontier border

Zumar, through to Sinjar

Sitting on the oil wells of Iraq

Calling Muslims, apostates, calling Yazdis and Kurds
 as such; changing contours of the Arab awakening

Trickling down from Europe to the Arab underlings

To let them fight among themselves and die

And let their Macbeth wash his hands dry

15) Let's press on

Imagine the barbarity on the scenes
Brought live on our homely, LED screens
I see myself as dying, gasping amidst the screams
 Till I fight to a frazzle
 Or till the mosaic dazzles
In the ugliness of the next tragedy
And eyes and hearts are sensitized
To the lowest degree of apathy
 Let's press on
 The dead ones retort
 And I agree to kickstart
With a yawn, 'living is an art'

16) Neologism in Hatred

Lexicons had an austere face
Hermeneutics did not fare as fast
 Till the conniving puppeteer
 Who manoeuvres the strings of popular narrative
Generates a parole, intense with gunshot interludes
Dotted with rickety grenades, punctuated with bomb
 blasts
Today the lexicon has fallen from grace, meaning
 does not last
The new millennium, a dystopia on the protagonists
 of tragedy
Laying siege to the writ of justice, institutionalized
 prejudice
 I find myself humiliated, searched so devoutly
In the aisles of the airport, treated with inhuman

alacrity

It could be me, among all those stranded in

indignity

Lexicons cannot match the neologism of hate

That in the split-second, these monsters procreate

Language in hate speech. Boko Haram clan, or

their imperial masters, the conniving clique

Unsparingly dish out hate upon hate

Wherein neocolonial idioms collocate

Strategic partnership, an axis of evil

Security concerns, a passport to scramble

Security threat, a green card to loot and plunder

Weapons of mass destruction, a cue to tear asunder

The prefix security, a polite permit to enter

the local routes and capture the natural resources

Or subvert order and topple democratic forces

Words fashion themselves along absurdist streaks

Language tends to conceal, rather than reveal

17)Layers of Meaning

Never dreamt of, yet I face the nightmare

Headlong into dynamite, exploding I blare

Simmering I am, I cry for fire and oddly stare

Disturb the layers of meaning, I am there! I am

Fire, I burn myself to a fag-end, to give you light

I am no more, the contiguous circles of blue flames

That I light

I am light.

18) Thrice Committed

No, not the first one; keep your count on hold
 The third live entrant into the democratic fold
 Of a zone, everyone's liberal haunt. Where
 to err is to excel, where blunders they flaunt
 A rendezvous where the first two bloomers
 Brandish their armoury of nomenclature
 Keep thumping; at times into the eyes, on others,
 Inside the ear lobes, spearheading grotesque silence
 Blunders committed thrice are a hardened pattern
 As it is not mere surplus incidence
 Unspoken thoughts are loud in tenor
 Shrieking past your manly iterations
 You may not sign in black
 That I see is sealed on my destiny
 I see, not a phantom, a black person
 Distinct against the clear environs

19) Life-partner

My eyes smile a look of eternity
 When image-making faculties
 are sublimated to re-vision you
 Add a sweetness which only
 a labour of love can savour
 To begin to see the reality
 A rare beauty
 A fine balance
 My husband
 I look at you, a reality soother than Incapes
 Imagination resounds with words of envy
 ALHAMDULILLAH you are my husband
 Each day is a lifeline
 Each moment a respite
 You are my light!

20)Hanging

How does it feel when one wretched soul
is condemned to hang from the precipice
Rattled by a fiery convulsion in the State Life
building

Job interview churns an untimely death knell
Or how does it feel when the safe empathy
Towards the protagonists of misery fire backs
It's you!

At times blatant terrorism, no gentle euthanasia
Nor are the inmates asleep on a soft padding
Woven with thorns, soaked not in a palliative
As fire spreads, taking minutes in affirmative
Before bodies are charred to a non entity
Or the bodies that helplessly hang into the sterile air
Barely out of the window, calling from earth gets
louder

What kind of ideas germinate?

When the terrorists are obstinate

Does one think of sharing via SMS

That death is upon me...

I am in shambles, have mercy!

Or when someone hellbent

Upon firing the spark in you

The bullets nearby are that one step

Crossing over to the other side of the limbo

Does one feel like recalling, the plain humdrum

The food, the mother had processed in the blender

Or the wife had baked a delicacy in the oven

Birthday of the dear child, but when death is brazen!

The fateful night when the airport was raided upon

How could anyone forget his pleadings, his groan?

To let him survive

Is there a perverted pleasure to thump one down?
 Or was there a promise to attend a birthday party
 Or to celebrate one's wedding anniversary
 That Dr Haider Raza had made minutes before
 To his wife, and was murdered.
 Could one implore the killers?
 For a brief five minutes
 To let them hug a beloved
 An eternal hug. A bear hug!
 And be back to face a bullet
 For they lack bullet proof vests
 And a bullet proof car, what next?
 Swear, no beloved wife would let go of her hubby
 No mother would send her son to disc jockey
 No qualms, no complains, pure love in totality
 The story of life soaked in bathos and irony

21)The newspaper report

The newspaper report
 Our first formal intro
 Initiation in the rites of misery
 Newspaper defines the sordid
 Others blankly look beyond the line
 If one happens to survive
 One might live
 And all the trite detail of the terrestrial
 Will be just as important
 Payment of bills, the medicine of the young one
 The crutches of the ailing mother
 All begin to smother
 There it is... and if not...
 The real is real
 The mused prayers

The scoffing of religion
Answers to the Lord
Surviving the divine justice
Till that one hangs from the precipice

22)Ode to Gaza

Etched on the periphery, waving hands, the tree line
begins to pant
No prospective recipient of goodwill, the trees in
their gentle dance
Live off as permanent residents of the foreign land,
and blanche
Little affinity does it have with the skyline, eyes
aligned to the radius of a missile
The olfactory muscles react at the minutest of
knocks on the roof's aisle
The savouries of nature, consume collateral
damage, upended Geneva conventions
And right here, you meet people, daring to tie the
nuptial knot, or celebrate an occasion
The breaths without hiccups, the mother of a Gazan
has her day, her rapt rumination

Is it identical, to struggle and to stand
Is it the same as lip-service and not struggle?
The colonizers have signed a black deal
The syndrome in Iraq has unleashed
The one ISIS will not fight Israel, the arch enemy
Instead heap scorn on Muslims and continue
battering
Since for ISIS, the scapegoat was Palestine
They kill us, they kill infants on the beach
Israel calculated its steps, as the FIFA motioned the
beginning
The grand finale, suffocate the Palestinians inside
the dungeon
Someone is colour blind, you call it a prison?
Prisons have their Geneva conventions,
Bombs don't chase humanoids
Bombs exterminate humanity indiscriminate
Missiles don't devour children on beaches?!
Inexplicable brutality and the depths it reaches
For you kill your youth to mass murder our children

Machiavellian ruse, you employ and do not relent!
To further the rule of the devil that you are
incarnate
Bomb our hospital of sorts; civilization set aflame
Hence Obama seems to have realized a little
That we will take no nonsense
Averse to the counter narrative
Calling the victims militants. Subversion of order is
criminal
Stop the genocide in each corner of the globe, let
peace be the pivot
Not the IS that you incubated under your tight
control!
Mind you, therein seethes a deep seated agitation
Each thinking being glares in lingering frustration
The UN says one thing, its agenda not in practice
The US wraps it in Israel-right-to-self-defense
And we shall die as nameless innocent citizens!

23)A Monstrous Comeback

A monstrous comeback, no match between
carnivores

Itch for 'more', and the weakling's careworn breaths

A shock to bourgeois life, staining the billboards red

The knock on the roof, the death knells ominously
spread

Knocking down welfare homes, killing only civilians

One must count the demons, it is fashionably said

A week long jeremiad, knows no lengths of
containment

The Gaza strip, the unruly lines of destiny, the west
embankment

A chorus of blurred letters, a failure to paint a
semblance of order

Echo in fortissimo, the guilty nowhere in the dock,
none faces the music

Brute impunity, forages the tail end of sadism, A
favourite haunt

For the internationally funded parasites. Continue to
play truant

24) Blood soaked Masterpieces

I am not an opportunist
To build blood soaked masterpieces
The vicious cycle of murder
Cannot be my muse of Incapes
Poverty and bloodbath in queer kinship
Paint with murk, hear the lingering death rattle
Of many a nameless poor, shocks me to a
frazzle
Someone is churning out glitz
Film-making at the albatross of targeted killing
Stealing behind the glass-wall of art
While the victims' names remain a taboo
They'll sell our tragedy to media tycoons
Without recourse to the victims' ongoing pain

How champions of human rights, whose bread is
our death
Work out heartless statistics, for our insurmountable
losses
Good job. Let it be known to all
This sanguinary bloodbath is real red for all
Don't condemn it today, tomorrow it will attack us
all

25)Manhandle

His name is generosity

Donated one eye to a witch

The other eye lost to an Amazon

Claimed had enough light to see

Through thick and thin

One whose blood was half his total

Now woos this fairy half in size

Who ought to be nurtured in the lap of luxury

Lathered in the juices of rhapsody

To be caressed with honeyed fingers

Yet she is trampled every minute

The double lack of vision

Was the ruse at each juncture

To kill her every minute

Now she is a memory perchance, a Diana

A doll, dancing to the batteries of China

Living in every age, an embossed symbol of

dystopia

In the heart of the sub-continent, changing faces

As she switches dresses, deconstructs her Self in

dyed traces

Ephemeral clouds that were, and the anaphora in

her multiple faces.

26)The Cold Storage

I shudder at the rocket high apathy
 My reflexes, rebound to the tune
 Of big bangs and blaring booms,
 Call it suicide bombing, or a controlled move
 One, with red ribbon of excuses, festooned
 Eyes cannot fathom any more, that sordid stuff
 Dangers en route, wired to parasites and flukes
 The tautological insistence on justice echoes
 As the cosmetic lip-service to peace continues
 To each butchering, their blood curdles to thicken
 Their stomachs protrude like bawdy, open vests

 Ingest data of our periodic, ethnic cleansing
 Networking our names; louder echo our surnames
 Our outfits, the ladies', or the peculiar Hazara features
 Is a convenient recipe to bomb and murder

Purged souls flee the bog of this earth, in earnest
 In search of Glorious unisons, professed during
 Ziarat

 The vertical progression, a continuum of human
 elevation

 And the bloody hounds, lick the leaden boots of
 Hades

 This is the poetic justice, this is the coronation
 Whether their comeback is directed from Karbala
 Mashhad or another garden of Heavens
 They continue to soar the altitude
 It was Taftan again, the site of misfortune
 Vile trespassers, cleavage pious seclusion
 Stench of their suicide bombed bodies
 Spreads as the flames ignite in domino effect
 And the day catches for breath in retrospect

 At the blasts rocking the Karachi Airport
 It's myself. Trapped in the cold storage

A sudden urge to embrace eternity
 Was the bedrock of a hapless family
 Another fragment of my body locked
 Misfit in the cold room, the family's heartthrob
 I see myself, ruptured in the bubble of uncertainty
 Gills of thin, flimsy creatures breathe only uncertainty
 Those who had robust life lines in their palms
 Swinging out of their young, promising hands

 Belie longevity, deny breaths, they let me die
 How many more deaths, do I have to die?
 In one lifetime. Here is my brother and how many
 more?
 Dying one by one, on the margins of existence
 Killing the breadwinner, ridding us of sustenance

 The moral brigade that champions against street
 robbery
 Feigns not even a vague appearance of amnesty
 Against murders in cold blood, our deaths

mushroom like metaphors
 Like sheep butchered, the woolen skin peals in layers
 The tenor grows thinner and thinner
 Until pleadings of a hospital treatment fade

 I saw myself die away
 Another death solicited by poverty
 Eating a square meal a day
 Doesn't define him as living. He is poor
 Hanging from the State Life building
 The citizens have high rise apathy

 I shudder
 They let him die, falter to the gesticulation of their
 small phones
 To make a racket of breaking news
 Their god, capitalism, money their muse
 They let us die, our bodies abused
 Till another round of breaking news!

27) Coming of Age

Its years on end, the authorities sit in denial
 Outside the periphery of our lived tragedies
 They rule from the centre to only watch as dummies
 The daily predicament of a targeted community
 Knocked into the collective unconscious of a wide
 majority
 Our gagged tongues, and the gagging parrots in
 juxtaposition
 Here they are! The ready-made mouthpieces of
 dictation
 The NGOs in vogue and the grand, Right's
 Commission

 Too much steeped into the milk of humanity
 Fail to address urgencies, lend them a rope

And they will hang us! Manoeuvre not to salvage
 Or protect us against the sanguinary wreckage
 This apathy is age-old, silence looms large over our
 plight
 Let them yawn away our pain, till we brace for the
 next tide

 Their cunning discourse is peppered with the rights
 talk all the time
 The Assembly, the Bureaucracy; all laying claims to
 the religious Right
 Are not so much right. Our bodies throttled, the
 resilience cries hoarse
 The narrative reads my saga, the long jeremiad
 resonates with sobs
 Ominous to be the protagonist, in an orchestrated
 international tragedy
 I am the everyone, suppressed in Bahrain. ISIS's
 chief enemy
 The Taliban's butt of wrath. The banned outfits'
 acrimony

Rests on the seedbeds of our graveyards, growing in
earnest
In Kohat, DI Khan, Quetta, Parachinar, Gilgit,
Baltistan
All terrestrial manifestations of our genocide, far
greater than this
What are they so afraid of? A history of global
oppression ever since
Heaped upon our palms. A palimpsest of past, a
lifelong tragedy persists

Their neologism, rife with rights, rights, rights'
jargon
Tap them in the seven star hotels' lobbies, we have
no rights
Promises of redress, a false neon sign. I am not a
woman,
Not a human, who has a right, not a victim of a
physical assault
Not an absconder with a lover, or grueling

salesmanship in the mart
Not a labourer, not a rustic under the clutches of a
feudal lord
Not affected by riptides in inflation, not a minority of
sorts
Naught an existence, I am not fashionable in the
rights talk
I am myself. A collage of tragedies they dare not
look into
I am still alive, I am a human torn by the
existentialist dilemmas
At times a tinge in the pastoral imagery, at times an
urban character
All bearing brunt of a certain allegiance; killed for
that one affiliation
Once killed, I leave behind an entourage: family and
unkept promises
Let them take the shots, quantify my tragedy to
lifeless numerics

Lending to collecting amnesia, the pictures of
numberless mouths I fed
Not just my folks, also those who reaped fruit of my
labour, they fled
To their palatial abodes, the media and politicians
performing encore
The rights game, I am no more, and the their right
to exist ceases too
The rights groups will forget my killing and forget
my kindred too
The acerbic pain writ on their face, mistake not for
an acid attack
The women and men, old and young, victims putted
straight into black holes
The trauma in being the 'target' community, is a
tragedy lived as a whole!

Consigning ones' family to God's gracious hands
The dear departs, the 'missing' exiled to foreign
lands

Those abducted per force, out of the four walls of
perforated privacy
You cannot conjure up empathy. Remote is the
experience of sympathy
For only a target community, knows the war is on
an hour-to-hour basis

Battered and bruised loved ones, the victims
rummage
Through the letters to the editor, to seek in this
forage
Some semblance of justice, some manner of
fairness
For the columnists had not enough time or the
paper
To lend them a space of a square obituary, 'Tis not
lucrative
Not to find myself; even in the shadow of a single
screenshot
The more they banish my name, intense grows the
simmering pain
'Tis the time of spring. Birds fly with unruffled wings

Yet I am not touched by this crude awakening
I find myself queued in the long array
Of those awaited by madmen on a killing spree
The head count, evokes but a ceremonial decree
My blood running their megalomaniac estate
I choose not to gesticulate
Till justice revisits me
I choose to register protest formally.

28) Reflexive Apathy

They record the knells and wails with untitled rubric
Their eyes on our death toll see codified numeric
Our murders are numbers, our abductions are
routine
They see in us another kind of a mob, and hence
mob-oratory!
They throw stray words unto us, divorced from
intended action
They hardly dive into our blood-soaked tragedy,
return barely dampened
Will plunder the ex chequer in our name, forever
doomed we remain!

For how many times in a day
Does the mind's eye encapsulate

The secrets of civilization lost to decay
 The genuine eyes cannot stomach
 An ill-timed diet of frenzy to fall prey
 And cue the brain to act as almanacs
 Of the stifling breaking news contests

Give the eye a break, the last-minute tragedy gasps
 for breath alive
 As the chilled contours of a body, signs of
 premature death arise
 Inside a local mortuary. Kept to meet another
 murder in cold blood
 And you ask us to protest in a figment of
 imagination
 As though all victims are devoid of ratiocination
 You choked their lips, mouth promises that beguile
 Only to champion today's warring media files
 I wish not to speak, for you to cash in on rating fights
 On the sighs of my tragedy, someone gains
 mercenary might.

9th of May, 2013. On the auspicious occasion of my
 beloved husband, Syed Nawazish Raza's birthday.

29) Prologue

The random syllables which communicate volumes
 Before full-born words contemplate tripping the
 artifice
 Stand with decorum, co-ordinate not into artful
 poesy
 But melt into a harmony, a heart-felt expression of
 love
 At this blessed hour after Fajar, when thoughts are
 in sync
 with the best part of my soul
 Herein culminates the prologue
 For my Soul-Mate

A humdrum stepping forward for many
 The rites of passage are to me
 The choicest leap, into the world of dreams
 The conscious bridging of 'becoming' and 'being'
 'Tis a quantum leap, into pervasive reality
 Deepest nuances of gratitude, due to ALLAH
 That the dream within the dream, is the reality I
 inhale
 My heart is filled with bliss, for you are my
 soul-mate!
 The best husband in the wide world, I deem
 The best spouse in the words of the Infallibles A.S
 Is one who nears one to Allah, and you are likewise,
 Alhamdulillah
 The pure in my soul, seeks its stimulus from your
 glimpse
 Enlightening many a candle of incredible inspiration
 Dwarfed as I am, by the magnitude of your
 grandeur

Stumble at each step of service, fumbling to catch up
 For the height, you are stationed at
 Possessed with the heart of an angel,
 Brimming with the juice of genuine humanity
 You are a prized companion for eternity!

 Our home is an ambience, to cultivate values of rare
 civility
 This is a unison generated in most sacred of locales
 That humanity has ever known in its collective
 memory
 Nurtured by 'Wilayat', the mother's milk to sanctity
 Journeyed in tow, through the seraphic black, the
 emerald green
 The celestial blue, the red of revolution, with you
 my husband!
 Together we voyaged through the variegated space
 At times the crests, at times the troughs, briskly
 apace
 Amidst the equipoise, maintaining the fulcrum

When the stifling agents in the air gnawed at us
We learnt to be each other's prized balance!
I am your masterpiece, no conceit intended
For you cemented the gaps in my handiwork
With a language that towers above clichés
And exudes a confidence, which is above all mutual
And here I am, not a disparate being, but you
A reflection of thy finesse, I am driven by you
The journey is eternal, may we partake together
The divine mission of the Saviour of humanity
And receive divine sanction to render our services
A couple implores ALLAH in utter humility!

30) Bundle of Prayers

Prayers of a long life
To ALLAH the Almighty
Is the heart-beat of your wife
Like a freshly verdant thought
Your name waters my reveries
And most treasured are your words
In my conscious eyes, in the memories
The birthday poems aside, this ode you shall pride
If Jung knew it exists, would embrace it in a stride
That which he theorized in anticipation
The anima and animus embodiment
Its' you my beloved hubby forever
My soul-mate, the coveted animus

31)The Witch of a Woman

They will nab me for the title, eyes forever wooing
stereotypes

Faking liberty. Reproduce trite scripts, evade the
subtext ad lib

Sending signals to the psychic radar of women alike,
breaking the metafiction

All the characters share the weird enactment; of
their whim's gratification!

She knows the marketing gimmick, above the
overarching billboards,

She can shout out angry revile, hurling insults in an
ongoing Agon

They will read into this poem, queer prognosis of a
malignant bias

Yelling as remote as Osama, as near as Obama,
locked in a temporal fix
Swear, there is a witch of a woman, flagrant flames
mistook for an oasis

Only another woman can sense her tangible
existence

They team up with idle, homogenous counterparts
Mala fides in union, enacting tragedies part by part

Colours their blood black, their eyes red, shrieks and
snarls

Their guts gall, their anatomy venom, hung over a
deathly pall

Their recent victim, the casualty of their
mud-slinging

And they are a dark sight: light if there be
Cannot contest the dark scenes, they are
misbegotten

Protrude as fillers in the Post-Shadi gaps and
function

Inevitably feeding on someone's flamboyant oomph
Elephantine they outgrow, if not nipped in prime
Trust me, this woman reigns higher than all times
Rigid as hidebound fascists. They are a bane of life
Sane men can't fight her Amazonian verve any time
She is a dark woman, her animus, the vampire
Wherever and whenever she speaks, spews fire

They will flaunt the clutter of sticky pans and rest
Cooking up malice against the unwelcome guests
A perfect stranger to values, she prattles in double
speak

The rest can never tell, her conspiracies catapulting
to peaks

Will disrupt the status quo out of blind narcissism,
seeing only the ugly

Never sets aright within uglier four walls of her
selfhood: the musical chair

Stretches day long. Mopping filth for hours, she
slings mud upon the fair

Setting heavenly homes on fire, piling damages, she
hardly cares!

They thrive on concoctions, in this hate-spree saga
This mock-epic, the perfect lady metes unto others
traumas

Her toils of tongue break vows, many a love-bound
ties

Feasting on other women's coiffure and lifeblood,
she brazenly lies

Sadist in a woman, relishes their death every minute
and off she flies

Till evening their mudslinging has mounted a molehill
Creeping out of the dust-bin, evolving and
snowballing

The princess of Hades, banishes every other woman
from entering

In her domain of treachery, where every genuine
woman is a weakling

32) For a Boss who perpetually fears Creativity

They will cobble fancies with immediate myopia
And fear a hundred times, nature's onomatopoeia

Where thundering down, an avalanche
has the sound of meaning, even tsunamis

Speak language, the Absurdist cannot decipher
The bottled up Ginny will coin images and murmur
Cobbles up with gore and grime; yet they will only
mime

The slapstick, they fall and tumble, sleep away time
Lick boots of Mr. Darwin's super-duper fittest in high
echelons

Torn between self and other, they are neither that
nor are they themselves

Sham are they, cluttered innards of a broken closet
Pirated phonetics, talk in suppressed giggles or

voyeurs

Into the forbidden short-cuts to ready-made
scholarship

They might bargain second-hand intellect for
swindled bucks

In the chasm of websites, fret the waves of creeping
creativity

Milked by genuine breast-feed of mother
imagination and intellect

Howl so tastelessly, as the CNG jars against the
sick, mediocre engine

They will only cobble, tumble and never create
And perpetually fear those whose muse is to create

33)The rising riptide in the Ravi!

(Dedicated to Captain Jawad, Tamgha e Basalat,
 once an elated
 Ravian like us, embraced martyrdom in Kargil,
 1999).

The intoned elegy cries itself hoarse in gushing
 wavelets

Writ large the bitter poignancy on particoloured
 shells

Moaning the tossing carcass affianced to this rivulet;
 'Ravi', relates varying tales of exile becoming eternal

Each that fell into the lap of an ever-ambitious
 Lycidas

My brother, thy incomplete travelogue soars on the
 surf

Stealing the lure of gale, fighting the mass of watery
 cavern

Thy footprints, printed deep on the bank of the Ravi
 Read the epic of valour to many a dauntless gallant

Positioned once more on the brink of a growing
 tempest

Either rises to the loftiness of the Heavens
 Or might sink beneath the graves of oblivion

Yet again, here I smell thy peculiar scent
 Omnipresent in the Science Block, the eatery
 The 'silence zone' of the prestigious Central Library

Carried away in the inundated torrent of tears

Your sister dies in nostalgia and bears
 The keen sadness germinating in a reverie

Lo! The rising riptide in the Ravi...

34)The Flying Carpet

The night was divinely cool and serene
 Leaves fell off the boughs of the Tree
 Drinking the breeze of eternity
 Many new leaflets grew with audacity
 The nosegay of fallen leaves
 From different origins, different descents
 All bunched under one queer thread
 The thread of death bound them all
 The myriad, the various, the big, the small
 The thread of death bound them all
 Microcosms of human destiny in Airblue
 Stutters and judders; as the journey ensued
 The destination so different from the imagined
 Leading to a land in the realm predestined
 The leaves magnetically betrothed to leaves

Lofty aims sojourned at the Margalla peaks
 The people in the flying carpet had no clue
 Nor the imagination to anticipate this move
 Where expertise of the anchor missed
 Into the low visibility cast by the mist
 The carpet ripped off, life came to pass
 The lions spun in red rugged mass
 Came off, devouring, dismantled
 the vehicle and the denizens
 But the denizens' souls kept living on
 Smiled at how they came out of the shells
 From the cockpit of flesh, to rare freedom!!

(Dedicated to the hapless victims of Air Blue crash
 on the eve of 15th of Sha'aban).

35) It's a Hotpot

The fulcrum of destiny
 Poised on the two wheeler
 The wife sports the hotpot
 Behind her husband's back
 on the two wheeler, her dupatta aloft
 Cleavages through dark lanes atop
 Stumbling over every tantrum
 It is hard to keep the fulcrum
 But for a superwoman
 Who has juggled her starved belly
 To fill the coffer of their aviary

Perched on the bike, contains her flashbacks
 Swiping the black moments, back into this moment
 of rare contentment. There she was, a shadow of a

person

Pulverizing her decent ego in tomato shake, the
 blender shrieked

I am Nada. I might reincarnate in the fluffy granules
 Cease to be noticed, yet assimilating in soil alluvial
 And grow stark, hard to shirk. Cogent manly appetite
 To stomach his woman's sweat and blood, not for a
 child

But her labour. Entire household attacks her by the
 gut

Glazed eyes, whose dreams for long struck in frigid
 ice cubes

Reflex readiness, the daughter-in-law's availability
 Lip syncs mechanically: "I am available" in a hurry

Let my sleep be scorched from tough carousels
 Let my vigils be measured indefinitely against their
 breather

The mother's tea time, father's insulin, Pinky's
 pamper, his napkin

The sum total of this labour; the faded contours of

the 'Roti'

Just as shriveled as her Self. Bakes it hard, her
heart mapped out

Over its black and white skin, its ready, readier than
myself

In the kiln of the kitchen, the acquiescence of a
stereotype

The roti and I. In the locale of the kitchen, where
they chide

The guardians of propriety, locked inside the
bastion

And if it's terribly late in seconds, the Roti loses its
luscious fascination

The husband's eyes bulge, out of proportion with
the length of time

Yet condescends to commit fingers of ego, in his
tenacious grip

And scolds her as a master, with Roti soaked in the
Salan's dip

The hand of time has rendered her supple neck, a

rubber stamp

As he leaves the table, the maker of the kitchen-sink
tragedy

The near past looms large, inside the rear view
mirror

Of the uneasy two wheeler. She has mastered the
art of disinterest

She only cares to hold fast, the promise of a better
life

It's a hot pot. It's a treasure for a haggard wife.

36) Inflation

Even the deflation in the cost of oil
 Paradoxically leads to an upward trend
 Resulting in steep depression,
 A path most weather-beaten
 Economies falter, ego rises with momentum
 And the inflation, only inveigles imperial expansion
 Constantly robbing the living dead to total
 bankruptcy
 The economies of psyche, inversion of your own
 reality
 Debts upon debts, a misnomer for generous aid
 Ensnare entire countries into a farcical play
 Sufficient supplies, begin to pile, of the black sordid oil
 The pawn operating, seekers in glib-tongue
 persuasion

A blood of an oil, gushes with someone's careless hit
 Is the selfish signal, at ego's doorstep calling
 Stuttering like ancient engine, a few hiccups of a
 novice
 Get-set-go, do not let the careless bumper go
 The cog has to practice, its recent craft of artifice
 Ensure the smooth drive, now the roller coaster has
 to ride
 Running the Self and the anima, and the Other alike
 They call this piece of gadget 'ego' in local parlance
 The pawn in schema, is ego dancing in euphoria
 With each attempt to keep a brazen face
 It falls from grace, tramples many a friendly pace
 It is the workshop of artifice, refuses gently
 Any bickering of the superego, a bud in the offing
 Each muscular control over soft nerves
 Is a key to mutilated notions of victory
 Till the bestial is the original, gentle threads torn
 asunder
 This is the personal helicon, of countries in great
 number

37)Traditional Connubial Bliss

Let's have breakfast together
 The nuptial bliss strikes the heavens
 We live together, together we live
 So let's have our breakfast together
 You dive into my layered sandwich
 Greasy with overtures of passionate lips
 It's a delicacy, I wish most, you taste it
 No thanks, my dear I am afraid I won't
 My rich shake is ready, you better take it
 No thanks my dear I am half way through mine
 Your shake is iced with apathy; finished already
 No we shall try it next time, with better luck
 There is luncheon, smell my potluck
 I shall have some energy drink, that cold, icy pink
 You are welcome to drink; oh dearest please forgive

I feel like I won't guzzle it, go ahead and check it
 My pot is simmering hot, let's eat; but I dare not
 I love you, you eat a small chunk, if you please
 The exterior is off-putting, damp with wet cheese
 Your taste my nutrient laden beverage, my darling
 It is cold to death, must be heavy to my breath

 My love, thanks, we shall play it sometime soon
 May be again, tomorrow noon
 We are together, together we are
 So why wait till tomorrow, let's have dinner
 I am skipping it dear, not in the mood
 You take good care, for your health, please do
 After all we are together, together we move!

38)The Ice cream Cone

Life shines in rosy shades in the crust
Music rocks with white teeth, devouring the nest
Chocolate chip, a mouth-watering sip
Kisses the lip, amazing grows the culinary trip
Bamboo stick navigates skies of delicious layers
A pistachio pair, green wedded to miscellany of nuts
Grow lunatic as we follow the voyage to the trough
Granny warned you, don't chew hard into the sweet
viands
Sweet tooth dived into root canals of bitter rancour
What is pink and luscious, is short, brittle and empty
In this cone of life, ice cream in its transient entity
Age forces man to pointless adventurism, the lure
of an ice cream cup, or the cone after the legitimate
sup

One chews it with panache certitude, appetite
summons moral rectitude
How easily it gets wet in the kitchen sink, this
youthful ardour
Makes inroads through the gauze, leftover of the
whole milk's powder
Sticking to fingers five; now ugly, then rosy
How man repulses, by the remnant of an ice cream
cup
The didacticism of the old, conveniently shunned
Like oxymoronic marriage of fire and ice
In this ice cream of a life

39)Heartache

An instant convulsion of anguish
Rushes through the maze of arteries
Piercing the delicate interior of veins
Signaling weird signals to the hapless brain
Which squeezes the scrunched up mass of life
Too hagridden to cry out the lingering pain
Life morphs into a bubble, all in vain.

40)With tears

In the heart of a bustling metropolitan
Glazing neon signs, locomotives swooping past
Like buoyant pigeons, searching residence and lark
Many a nameless person finds sanctuary in thine
Presence
And numberless pigeons, garner gems of peace
solace
Before you where angels line up in long arrays of
reverence
O the Saviour of humanity, my humble Durood and
Salam
Upon your Highness, who is our Healer, a
miraculous Balm
Render me into a soul acceptable to thee, I beseech
thee!
And let me play my part; to colour the world with
harmony.

41) Miscarriage

Nestled with resonant anticipation, enveloped in a
warm burrow

A rapt cogitation of two souls, gently broods in
divine unison

Miles from machinations, prayers in sheathes weave
a window

White membrane gasps in pauses, as the mother
takes to motion

Cloistered in a jewel box, a rare epiphany in spots of
imagination

Readily committed to paper, where blank script is an
original sin

A couplet resounds in concordance, as the embryo
is in the making

The womb is such a miracle: herein Alchemy

pronounces a verdict

Above 'if's syllogistic reasoning, into the liminal
world of creativity

Raw elements quicken and predict: fruition of
binaries in a congenial fix.

The water, the air, the earth and the rest, beat life
into the heart of the foetus

This is a miracle in the realm of divine creation, the
foetus then, the now infant

Lo this creation! The cynosure of dazzled eyes,
Godly wonders of nature

Grows life inside the body of a woman, the
powerhouse of fertilization

But if the order subverts, from infancy to
nothingness

The elements, at once so alien, at times so kindred
Lay shattered into miscellaneous pieces of china
clay

The parent blood and the fond fluid goes awry

That was not expected, 'tis a mad man's fancy gone
wild

A cherished dream quashed with stifling might

And now a reality teasing blind, jaggging the eyes
The dream was a utopia, felt with ferocious fervour
The ironic free fall to Nada, a sceptic's scoffing jeer

What language fails to convey, body becomes
another prey

To the unison torn asunder, posed by the fixed
customs

Of ceremonial informality of the play

And you wake up off your couch feeling

A nauseous anonymity in full sway

You are the Mr nobody, none understands

You are the miscarried thought

One is averse to expand

42)Meandering

Meandering through alleys

Fumbling for the right keys

Starting from the scratch

Stumbling on the knees

Cumbersome journeys

Many commuters sashay past

Mélange of humming horns

Bonds unknown, travel forlorn

Disguised angels;

Benign enemies

Microcosm of hell

Pleasures of paradise

Hollow tunnels lead

A path of immigrant identity

43) As you like it.

I envy the rich amulet around your neck
Sharing the rapt reveries, it has the privilege
Witnesses the transition from the Other to the Self
Fondling your delicate neck, it is at times you
At times the estranged Other. But it is one with you
At once enhances the beauty of your rich apparel
Then peeps into the artifice of your daily parlance
Voyaging through waves of selfhood; it is one with
you
This unison is rare, how to achieve, may I have any
clue?
Like the amulet, may I have this felicitous space
Over here, in your heart may I stay?

44) The Rites of Passage

The little babe cuddled the plastic dough
And built many a surreal home
The trembling artistry in nimble hands
Scrolled dainty pieces of limericks
The sweet, silent melodies of farewell

The humble destinations that await the folk
In the midst of the grind of this world
Invoke a quiet transmogrification of youth
Bidding a silent farewell to souls departed
The legends to eternity, the youth to futurity

Yet another farewell stirs a riptide
The youth stands still, under the quietude
which kisses the sad sojourn wide and wide

The insubstantial mote of dust plays on sands
Time and tide confine which to a shadow of land
Each moment unravels facets of many a diverse
land

The fragments of her profile, redolent with a
thousand hues
Set apart by the mortal breath and frail nerves
Lead astray the troll, oblivious of the station
And wakes up in the somnolent rays of twilight
To form a dusky picture of the transient sky

The heart larks the sad melodies
Of a brief departure, to an abode predestined
The slowly creeping nostalgic feeling
Is the offspring of romance predetermined
Tears that roll down the plaintive cheek
Sighs that rip apart the delicate heart
Beat tunes of farewell, hard and hard

The homely environs of Government College
University
Is my prized-possession, my precious treasury
A fount of many a relived passion
And time writ large the solemn lessons
Of buoyant reveries, of marvellous levity
Open to maidens of all colours and history
My eyes will miss this prestigious venue
The savouries of moments of being at GCU
I will miss the teachers; will miss all of you.

45)The Property

Her hair, auburn and dark

Spin gaiety in rococo art

Of this night, an oxymoron of light and dark

Her head basks in diamond sequins

Her delicate skin hides aromatic secrets

The treasury of allurements, the powerhouse of light

Lo and behold, this inducement, that they call the
bride!

Her apparel wrapped in layers of gold

Enchanting earrings view her pretty bold

Her alabaster hands glow in ornaments

Her neck shines in the lustre of jewels

Not to speak of her shy, blushing cheeks

Refurbished in intense, reddish hues

And her gentle feet saved in chic shoes!

Today this masterpiece of a woman displays

Orchestra of colours; evokes beauty and praise

Smiling contentment, she is the mistress of the day!

Infusing a delightfully entrancing oblivion

Her sight eludes, the mundane humdrum

She is likened today to palatable euphemisms

A rose in the making, she is beauty, she is a fairy

For the epithets of depravity in tomorrow's diary

Moment by moment recession to the rites of

passage

The fall from the pedestal to depths none will

salvage

What a winsome glimpse today and what a pity!

This living soul is now someone else's property!

46)The Crystal Doll

This is for real folks; 'tis not a mock-heroic
 Credit it for the countenance, not fodder
 That kinky internet spits hefty jargon
 These cosmetic 'isms' stifle its breath
 The delicate Incapes of smelt passion
 Has just quickened the love of a text
 You shall relish the oral tradition of the story
 Have you a granny poised over a Charpoy
 So she unfolds the dreamworld of a fairy

Homage to chastity
 Once upon a time, there lived
 A full beautiful princess
 Matchless her aura, all envied
 Stardom of her eyes, no unruffled crease
 over her regal apparel, pretty and pristine

And she was such a delicate, crystal doll
 One who could think and speak after all
 Was betrothed to a handsome prince
 Full care who danced upon his beloved
 He treasured her like diamonds in the garland
 The doll smiled bliss in her pervasive brilliance
 Like lilies she beamed, the aroma of heavens
 Pink and peaches tasted her cheeks, bright her
 visage
 Light her gait, politically correct her verbiage

On that fateful day
 She met the devious devil, o pray!
 Dying to gobble the fresh fruit
 Was the villain on his wily ways

When the prince had left
 For greener pastures, to fetch
 Blessings exotic for his princess

'Take care', spoke the pithy words of farewell
 That the doll remembered full well
 The bitten fruit ever tasted so bad
 That even the paternal shepherd wouldn't dare grab
 The doll rested in the garden, into the green yonder
 Dayspring and night, her aroma grew fonder

The demon crafted similes of slyness
 You are a fairy, tread a fairyland
 Look beyond the wall, extend your hand
 A gem that you are, let me treasure in kind
 And bliss shall reign, grief never will find
 And overture to your new abode
 Come along, let's go..!

Now that her timid steps rekindled
 Fire of avarice, the forbidden fruit ever so ravishing
 Before the taste buds flirted the poison, the
 spell-binding
 Aura of purity, wheedled the doll's gait to perfidy

As she stepped out, the season was Hades
 Blitz scorched her glass ankles, coal charred her
 being
 It was a crevice, so hot black, she had never seen
 She bled profusely, aroma of heavens chimney
 swept
 She lay broken, her physiognomy pallid and
 unkempt

To return, or to die a black death
 She rebelled anew, against the demons of hell
 And awaited her prince, ever so generous!

Now he comes, laconic his welcome note, as
 farewell was then
 Why did you abandon your Eden, my princess? The
 reason?
 She cried her broken heart out, her penitence
 flowing in tears

The crystal doll broke, her probity lay in a thousand
chips of China

Tainted esteem: dark is the sight of desecration,
fading charisma

The glass must burn in the heat of kiln

For it to restore the semblance of skin

And the doll, fair as she was consented

And never again she stooped to malice

Individuated by the rigours of time

She burnt to light, brave and wise

So when the prince is on a peregrination, she his

anima

Preserves the precincts of the palace with pure

aroma!

47) Birth of Light

Leaden ignorance hammered into malleable wide
lobes

Up into the cerebrum, the black rotten fangs in the
holes

dug into the viscose blood of Nada. Taking shape,
Nothing in flux, but for the pronged nails, biting
down

Gnawing at the ancient flesh of human character

The obstinate metal would fix the lens

Below the vision of teensy weensy insects

Here the hand would mimic, what mutilated genes

dictate, or what the eyes would concentrate

A constant drilling of the ancient palimpsest

Reads like a tribal elder's hoarse tenor, tongues

parrot

Feet begin to scramble, amid the insects' prized
habitat

Learns to bow, over its hands and knees, ignorance
continues to scream

Before You, my Holy Prophet held us in esteem
Salallah o Alaihi Wa Aalihi Wasallam

Then quickened an urge

Like a flash of epiphany come, devouring my empty
soul

Fill it with the lifeblood of synergy between body
and soul!

Come, overwhelm me with splendours of your
monochrome

Reveries at times, thoughts born in multiple tones,
Come...

Fill me with the fire of thirst

That knows not how to hold

Upon quenching grow emeralds manifold!

Prayer requited, a light was born

Out of the unerring toil, of a sincere soul

Unfixed the lens to horizons, unfettered the figure to
fathom

The depths of human excellence, and the creature
metamorphosed

Learnt to stand tall, with the Light pulverizing black
sand dunes

48) Ghadeer

O my Revered Chief of the Valiant
 The symbol of unerring bravery
 The totality of Eman against infidels
 He whose might of Yadullah shines bright
 Together with Wadhuha's immaculate light
 The Zulfiqar-bearer is Haq's emblem
 He whose probity combines with selflessness
 Amr Abdewad groans in a shameful manner
 For the Clarion call to Ali, echoes inside Naad e Ali
 And Ali is to rise and rise
 Amid the divine azure of loftiest skies
 Zahra's immaculate spouse
 Hassanain's holy parentage.
 The pedigree of the Imam of the Age Alaihis Salam
 If Eman is the land, Ali the foliage

Since infancy, the most loyal patronage
 To the Holiest Prophet's Salallah o Alaihi Wa Aalihi
 Wasallam's message

O seekers of Truth, O devout believers!
 Bear allegiance to the one reared by the best of
 leaders
 You are my Master, Ya Ali, as the Prophet ordered
 In Ghadeer -e-Khum, may I rise to be your true
 follower!

49) Zahra-the Flower of Eden

The infallible Flower that bloomed so brilliant
That many lowly creatures living in its vicinity
Were catapulted to heights, knowing and glorious

And down in the black light remained
Those motes of sand, which conglomerated with
kitsch
And consumed bile, and saw nothingness through
blindfolded eyes

The glow of the gem, which was purely celestial
Shining stars over the divine azure, transcendental!
But for those who fell from grace, the Icarus' doom
from sky,
And the Flower forever growing high!
Leading the seekers to stations divine

50) Language fails

Breath smacks of ill-digested malice, words cannot
tell
Everything is a new breath, each dawn breaks a
new shell
Only to usher more space between egg and its
kernel in anticipation
Few words attempt oxygenation, quite a few
ventilate alienation

51) On request of Anonymity

The mouthpieces of bureaucracy

Can gloat in the bout of anonymity

The only prerogative, the nameless channels
sport. Globetrotting with this state of emptiness

But in the times of adversity, don loathsome apathy!

If namelessness pervades: the bubble of honesty

Balloons and bursts in at seams of uncertainty

If tagged, their long tongues are gagged

And the bubble ruptures in entirety

The double-speak churns out laws of diplomacy

And you cannot say conspiracy apart from

diplomacy

The policeman or the blue eyed lens of the

politician

Sees reality closer than you are licensed

Names tied as milestones in the neck

Bog them down, till they squat and grovel

Before the court's bureau of accountability

Or brought to the knees, by the heavy Wikileaks

A certain Snowden, everyone has lulled to sleep

Or else, to sound name is the death pill

Thence request to breathe in anonymity

Or navigate to greener pastures for asylum

More than our huts, are their jails palatial.

52) Alchemy of Art

Is it the fly, digging its poles with promiscuity
 Into the cicatrix, bolstering tentacles in plasma
 Distills flash to flirt psychedelic vision, its small light
 The sadist's choice of optics. The fly feeds on
 wounds
 Sucking gore, shunning the body, the bones, the
 Omphalos
 Tickling where it hurts the most. A sorority of sorts
 Her small schema, a colander to strain only
 sanguinary
 From the sangfroid. She indulges in nibbling at the
 flesh
 Her pleasure is pain. Vents kitsch and kin,
 landlocked
 In a paroxysm of ills. She receives only this, her diet

 and itch
 To barter the body for blotches. Sado-masochism in
 complicity
 The saliva naught saccharine. In a bout of frenzy,
 'tis a choice
 That the honey bee, shall only drink, sweet nectar
 and procreate
 Siblings in honey. Pronounces her imagination
 gilded consonants
 To translate aesthetic stimuli, eclectic creations in
 consonance
 Brave soldier dies a martyr, exuding sweet sorority
 inside the hive
 The black fly, circumambulating the scars on the
 body, which is alive
 Extracts unpalatable globules of coal, and spews
 only tar
 Imagination in wedlock to stimuli, yields children at
 par
 Nectar and honey, gore and guile. The end of bee
 and the fly.

53) To be.

There is no lid which can cap
The light which plugs in
The endless stimulus to be
To stand on my toes and set free
The thirst to grow out of boundary

If you wish to taste a new horizon
Out from the unkempt bon civic
Kindly open the shut windows
Embrace the gust of fresh air
And breathe! Knowledge you shall
Light there was, Light there be,
I have amassed so much
So satiated; so ready at once
A congenial marriage of conceits

54) Surgery

When tears were the most intimate accompaniment
To the tune of expiation, I cried out 'mommy' in
earnest
To find her in my heart, and not in the vicinity
For a moment, a perfect stranger in my home
With my husband and daughter, yet forlorn
Above the hackneyed sounds of grueling chores
Aloof from the gyrating grind of yore
Sitting at the crossroads, not returning as
though

Thoughts negotiated the longest mileage
Fixed around the hereafter, the eternal message
in the grave of foliage. Death and the hereafter
Were permanent residents, made rounds in the
mind

With tears I juggled with my past, looked back in
hindsight

Recognizing faces, in the darkest of lights
The friends and foes, the green-eyed plight
Painting my demise, for them to later shine
On the azure of mediocrity. The unsure spirits
Couldn't feign even a word of courtesy. Inside the
ward
Hovering between life and death, I beseeched my
Lord

Most intimate was my God, I cried my heart out
Salty tears oozed with saccharine truth, I called
Mother

And there she was, the Mother of the faithful
Sayyedah Salamullah Alaiha, kissed my tears away
Amidst the motley of shining souls, my woes swept
away.

55) Drama

The theatrics of reason mimed with verve
Thespian ego flashes lights upon the antihero
Directs the act and swerves, the stage set in limbo
May clothe the meaning in sartorial eccentricity
The spotlight shines on the select actor, the
prerogative
of the director's conditioning. To him are we the
characters
Groveling in self-reflexive, to clap, as he enacts the
meaning
Oral renditions of vows to creativity, and the lot of
actors defying it
The script is not a divine screed; let the director and
his team reread it

Frantic moves, fumble inscapes of schemata, in the
 silent corner

I sit as the most exquisite loneliness, in the flair of
 imposed glitz

Flaccid strands tie down the unities of time, place
 and action

Often in discord. The absurdist in animation sets
 free the conceits

Each end to make rounds of the world in search of a
 soulmate, albeit

Possibilities abound, may couple with its antithesis,
 or conveniently lose

To redefine itself in the nothingness of the sea. No
 more a conceit,

An atom of a whole, with possibilities of definition
 replete!

They cue the protagonist Nada to tighten its hold
 Upon the mattock of meaning, to dig deep and bold
 A megalomaniac drama, where the authorial voice

Speaks only where it plays a character, to unravel
 Layers of mould, sliced as pepperoni cheese slips

Palatable to mouths salivating in anticipation,
 quickening

The Pavlovian reinforcement of meaning. The actors
 digging

The director sweating, the auditors on the aisles of
 metafiction

Toing and froing the liberal lanes of literature

Thank God the Schengen Visa confers clearance

Upon the free movement of ideas, travel the rugged
 slope

Down from English Literature, dives headlong to
 submerge

in the ocean of Literatures in English

I see myself, as the most exquisite silence, voicing
 English

56)The Dawn of Revolution

The eon-old battle pervades
 The pages of history encase
 Evil and Good; Falsehood and Truth
 Pitted against each other for good
 The proverbial Satan gnawed at Adam's peace
 From Eden to Eve, with varying degrees
 The devil lies in ambush
 And the Beneficent Lord heeds
 Even the worst of the creatures' pleadings
 The anticipation of Haqq's iron conviction;
 Is fairer than the action
 The Prophets and the Apostles, the saints and
 sages;
 The soldiers of truth, the martyrs of all ages,
 All upholders of golden values of humanity

Stand tall despite the torrent of fallacy,
 From Abraham to Moses,
 Against Namrud and Pharoah
 The arc of safety, and the enemies of Noah
 The puppets, the pawns; the sham, the cosmetic
 At times masquerade principles of economics
 On occasions feign overflowing religiosity
 On others display teeming apathy

 The monarch and the folks wily
 The enemies of divinely vested sanctity
 Forever at daggers-drawn, the Truth and Duplicity
 The most glowing visages; the light of divinity
 Shine through the murk of ignorance
 The might of monarchy, the facade of piety
 Zahra: the Divine Light unravelled both
 The faithful civil and the evil uncouth
 Forever is to be; Fatemah and Ali's progeny,
 The definition of Haqq, the blessed fraternity
 The solemn sun of Truth in Karbala,

In Kazimain, in Najaf;
 In Mashhad, in Samarrah
 Zahra forever shines; in Hussain's unparalleled
 sacrifice;
 In the sacrifices of the Infallible Aaima (Alaihimus
 Salatu Was Salam),
 Is spirit to rise; for the comrades of integrity
 A spirit that beats in pure hearts
 Thousands of years on,
 The sacred sights and sounds live on
 The devotees of Haqq see and hear
 That disciples of devil cannot rear
 Be it Khomeini in the 20th century
 Or the warriors on the path of solidarity
 For the cause of Justice,
 For a faltering humanity
 Nearing the precipice
 The innocent in Gaza, the victims in Myanmar
 The down-trodden in Syria, the poor in Iraq
 The hapless around the globe, and the just of

course,
 All relive the unrelenting spirit of Zahra
 Khomeini's towering victory, or the miracles of
 Hezbollah
 Ensue, despite bombings of America;
 Evil incarnate! Zionists of all manners and means
 The Salafis, the Daeshis, the Arab, the European
 Unionists
 Scream! scream! Scream!
 Iran is the nightmare, Khamenei is the fear!
 The legacy of Khomeini will not tear
 Year upon year, the oppressed few
 Have died only to live anew!
 Zahra: the impeccable virtues of head and heart
 That you taught your glorious progeny
 And upheld in the face of tyranny and farce
 Was light for Karbala, is light for Hezbollah
 Was the torchbearer for Imam Khomeini
 Against ALLAH'S arch enemy
 The Pehlvi, the glitzy and ritzy

Find Truth colourless, poor and hungry
 Yet those enlightened to brighten ages
 Irrespective of time and geographical spaces
 The light will forever grow
 Till all of us march across
 To an earth filled with Justice and peace
 The Mahdi of our times leads
 The world to the world of order
 Where ALLAH's orders hold supreme
 The fruit of highest moral good is reaped
 Where justice and peace,
 Are but the poor man's feast
 And no more a prerogative
 The Shahs, the Pharaohs, the tyrants collectively
 Manhandle and coerce to rule per force
 Lo! The era of Mahdi is the Era of Justice of course
 O mothers wake up, o women, the architects of
 destiny
 Remember time is value, set about preparing
 Satan smells the gem of a human

In your art and heart, your creative pursuits
 Hence debauchery; the filth, the venom, the evil
 spews
 Wake up to the call of Zahra
 Wake up to the call of Messiah
 Wake up to the call of Mahdi
 Zahra's heartfelt prayer echoes
 YA MAHDI ADRIKNI
 Let yourself and your families
 Be the soldiers of Mahdi
 And change the colour of earth
 From a black, charred potluck
 To a garden, where forever smiles luck!

57)16th December

Her eyes voyaged through surreal dreams

More real, than the pervasive scenes

He could hear the children's wild screams

Drawing on sadist pleasures, bursts on the seams

The mother touched by a sense of foreboding

Children awake at midnight, before morning

The tuxedo, the convocation gown, the school

uniform

The future and the present; an uneasy mix of

temporal forms

They sang and ate, in the dead of night wide awake

The 'last supper' thumped her heart in loud shades

"Dearies sleep; how will you wake up for school!"

She prattled softly: "let hope be my muse"!

He saw blood paint the walls and furniture in

macabre hues

And smug he was at the grisly scenes of the hapless

school

While the mother pursed her lips in prayers secretly

communed

Was it a nightmare, or a capacity for delusion; didn't

dare to share

From bright lights to the black gore, while he saw it

blood all the more

Somnolence incarnate she was, black humour and

slumber he snored

While the children slept, her heart harked back to

the fond past

In a stream of consciousness, wavering between

future and past

While restless mothers prepared their children in
earnest

Said prayers and exchanged greetings of a short
departure

Each moved by the strange gesticulations of their
children

Treasured in her sparkling eyes prayers of safe
destination

The air heaved an uncanny scent,

That only the mothers could smell!

The school witnessed strange sights and sounds

As the children underwent the ceremonial rounds

The assembly; the sobriety of serious peregrination

The entire fraternity locked in sombre
predeterminism

The principal, the teachers, the students alike

All celebrating the final moments of their lives

The beast vomits venom, wreaks havoc upon values

Sickly, simmering consonants, flow from the larynx

Holier-than-thou crap, a madman's fancy gone
awry

Shoots my children and teachers, amidst shrieks and
sighs

Cock eyed pupil buttons up to the loop, in the maze
of a nest

Vision flies equidistant, the longitude of small
calibre, flies in quest

Atop a forbidden tree. Like Yagog, the more it
consumes, the lesser

The roots respond infinitely, the breeding ground of
pests

Where all volumes of vampires infest, putty lumps
on the buds

Rehearse theatrics of antihero, the enactment of the
catastrophe

Unruly kinks in a dense wild mane, lengthen shortly
to vicious black
Misbegotten ideas fuel a savage killing spree;
children under attack!
Enacting viciousness, the sum total of world's
malice and attack...
The coiffure of a villain. Unkempt, uncouth, uncivil,
lacks
the good taste of discretion. Sucks at the innocence
of children
Wild beast gobbles innocent flesh, out of ugly
machination

Narrow moulds that template his cerebrum
The filigree of wild fancy, sewn on the pyjamas
Tucked above the line of civility and decorum
The endless strictures on pain and sadism.
Kills my innocent children,
Burns the gardeners of my civilization
Not with a mote of penitence, not with a hint of
remorse
Here's the culprit, my children learn to recognize for
sure.

Dr. Sarah Syed Kazmi is heading the English and International Relations Programs at DHA Suffa University Karachi. A prolific writer, researcher, poet and motivational speaker; her works have received wide acclaim. She is a recipient of Shaukat Ara Niazi Literary Gold Medal; National Youth Award for English Literature by the Ministry of Youth Affairs and Young Achiever Award by the Ministry of Culture. She won the 'Best English Poet' title at Lahore College for Women University. Also, set a record at LCWU by holding three offices simultaneously i.e. Editor Kiran magazine (English Section), President English Literary Society and President Quaid e Azam Society respectively. She also won a Roll of Honour for her brilliant scores on the academic front at both Lahore College for Women University and Government College University respectively. True to the Ravian spirit, her

penchant for writing evolved in the literary environs of GCU, Lahore. She was the editor of the Ravi magazine (English side), Co-editor Gazette, member English Literary Circle and General Secretary Library Society. She was also a member of the Senior's Club GCU, comprising brilliant Ravians from different disciplines. Inscapes can be traced back to her student life at GCU. Her poetry is remarkably resilient, voicing concerns against wide-spread injustice in the world. It is hoped that this work will enrich the literary tradition.

☆☆☆