



LIFE'S TRIANGLE

Syeda Henna Babar Ali

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Other Books by the Author in English:

Title of Book

1. Wet Sun
2. Midnight Dialogue
3. Dream and Reality
4. The Luminous Path
5. To Discover The Unknown
6. A Rose
7. Rainy Days
8. The Nest

Other Books by the Author in Urdu:

Title of Book

1. Gardish-e-Dauran

Dedication

Syed Faisal Imam
(1948 – 2015)

Preface

Life's Triangle is about the web of my life, a mingled yarn that I unravel through poetry.

As a student of history truth in experience is ascertained by unmasking the reality within. The environment around me and life's experience has been absorbed, assimilated and transformed into the poetic dimension.

All gratitude to God who enabled me to accept the reality of Faisal's failing health and eventual death with complete surrender and submission. God is always by my side as my Best Friend and consistent Supporter who enabled me to write, commit in words experiences of tears and sorrow.

Friends have read this manuscript and made valuable suggestions. Perin Boga Cooper, Rati F. Cooper and Dr. Khalid Hamid Sheikh in particular have my unwavering gratitude.

Sikandar Abbas word-processed this manuscript over the past three years, for which I am most grateful.

It is for you to decide, dear reader, if *Life's Triangle* adds value, meaning to your life, enables you to find a spiritual dimension of peace, love and tranquillity.

Syeda Henna Babar Ali
Lahore
14 November 2016

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Life and Time

Life, a path
traversing strange time
in multiple directions,
creates real situations.
Discover outcomes,
embrace solutions,
in a sultry marriage of
befriending moments.

In the timelessness of time,
there is a moment in the
here and now when
no one knows what
will happen next.

I am caught in the time capsule,
a twenty-four hour dimension of life.

What People Say

People talk,
make false claims,
spew venom, hatred,
pretend to be friends.
Where is love's purity when
mingled with anger and hate?
How will friendship endure,
last a life time?
Who knows what seethes
in the heart and mind
ready to cause an emotional explosion?
What are cause, effects and results?

I miss you in the silent night,
I look through the day and dream at night
to feel you within.

Vestibules of peace are restful
moments away from misery,
blessings, gratitude—
essential ingredients for life.

Pakistan

I realize there is a life outside myself
and a life within.

To align both in a single dimension
is the essence of my existence
as I live each breath in service.

The dark days of
Pakistan are about to end.

I have faith in the people of Pakistan.

We are a strong resilient nation.

We will not break, we will not be defeated,
we will make it through the twenty-first century.

Pakistan, my life, my dream and reality.

Time - I

Time wakes,
it never sleeps.
Time has no human dimension,
a scientific reality envelops us.

Death creates another time.
The soul thrives in Heaven
or rests uneasily in Hell,
after The Day of Judgment.

Neither time is yours or mine —
it is ultimate time
creating the velocity
in our lives as we multi-task
trying to win the race.

There is your time, my time and infinite time.
All spheres of time move in a synchronized
flow towards ethereal space,
no junction that you and
I can call our own, except when we
meet at a given place, at a given time.

Time suspends me in the
space between words on a page of illusory meaning.
Perceptions change, thoughts alter, new
images are found in space
and in passages, time creates wonder.

.....

No moment in life is the same.

Question

Who sleeps when the wolf wakes
to devour a nation?

Life - I

She staggers in pain,
smiles bravely to
kiss a wandering soul
restless in the city jungle,
creating peace through poetry and music
in the silence of the word.
It has not left her lips or
entered a page of meaning
in the book of time to
record all instances of ordinary
events changing lives.

I sit on the terrace of time
watching life bloom like a rose,
wilt, scatter its petals,
become a part of earth again.
My life knows moments of
despondency, buoyancy,
bloom a sense of achievement,
fulfilment, satisfaction.
I have cared and lost,
grown in the gaping silence, broken by
a light and fan when words push
themselves on paper,
just to please you.

Faisal - I

The lakes in my eyes fill
when I see a racing heart-beat,
scanned through an echo machine,
racing faster than a spindle.
Loving rest and care makes
it slow down, slowly to rest
in the arms of love,
to see how you are
now and then.

Life's Embrace

There is no room for truth
in your heart or mine.
We live a lie each day,
the life that I live
is not mine,
the life you live
is not yours.
We just live from
day to day,
minute to minute
as if today
is the same as yesterday.
It is comforting to know
there is an enriching change.
Change, the essence of life
we, in each moment of life, change.
We live for change.
What is not alive, is dead!

Missing You

Memories kiss the sphere of time
to hold you and me in an
embrace to find a space for
others in a narrow domain.
The pain of separation festers
within like a deep wound,
lesions healing temporarily,
when my eyes rest on you.

Your photographs adorn my room,
my heart lives with moments
in time waiting to see you again,
speak to you and be with you.
Dreams fill my life with hopes
of sitting together in the armchair of time.

Relationship Management

Between two people —
space and time creates a rhythm
as energy ebbs and flows,
as circumstances change events.

We manage change in
the crevice of life.

The gap between
here and now snaps
instantly replacing something else.

...

Disengagement, a continuous
flow of ramblings, meandering back
and forth in the froth of life
as if nothing matters, yet it does.

...

What is stolen is seldom found,
what is found is seldom claimed.

...

My soul resides in the timeless
ocean between moments of peace and tranquillity.

Jealousy - I

A scowling face, pouting lips, bulging eyes
and the outpouring of jealous berries
on a floor of ash-laden roses,
press the thorn in my heart and I realise
you are a victim of space and time.

The threshold of experience spells words
backwards on a page of meaning —
separating reactionary images —
quantifying nano seconds in atomic
differentiation — signifying nothing.

...

The tragedy of such eruptions
harms the individual.
The world remains untouched, oblivious.

Reassurance

Sadness rises from my heart
when the inner crevices fill with
deep calm, consciousness, peace —
A silence of wellbeing, happiness,
tranquility, holds the door
ajar for hope, future prosperity,
where there is room at the top for
tiny successful ventures, igniting
the imagination with a love song
and a glossary of eventful words,
creating a prism of reality
at the foot of silent, patient experience.

Kaleidoscope

The sky pours light
into a cup,
the moon kills darkness in silence.
The heart of brightness
lingers in my eyes
like a forgotten dream
of trespasses, unspoken secrets,
behind a wall of images,
constantly changing,
the mundane realities
cast in the web of tomorrow.
I pick strawberries
in the garden of delight.

What is Life? – I

The bell tolls for thee
in the scourge of time
in petticoat lanes
and homes vacant
stand to whisper another
story in my ear.

The whisk whips eggs and
cream into a frothy paste
ready for flour mixing
to bake a cake in my heart.

I live life in baby steps,
in small future dreams
through scaffolding eyes
and wayward thoughts
floating boats to rise in ocean madness.

Fears

The weight on my heart,
the weight of life lived,
the weight of unspoken words,
all move across the sword of time,
effortlessly, nameless.

I don't want to live a life of woe and tears,
in self pity, wallowing
tearing the confident
foundation I carefully
built through the door of time.

There will be different sensibilities
to work with, grooming a needy soul,
wrapping it in love's blanket,
to say goodbye to a broken stem
along the road.

The Soul

Straw hopes cease desire
on an empty page
where meaning
splashes in my eyes
like the growing
awareness of summer,
the sun bakes my face and your hands.

Water streams across the
garden creating puddles,
the crow, sparrow, mynah dip
to sip what they long for
in the current of time.

A heart wraps around
images of consolation, prayer,
devotion, meditation to find
peace at the center of the soul.

Deception

Nobody is anybody's friend
without reason.

The world takes all
and gives nothing in return.

I wear a mask on my face
and keep feelings in a bell jar
where no one comes,
where no one goes.

Who can tell life's duration
or the time of death?
Who can slake the thirst
of years with words on a page?

Sadness

Find me a soul and
I will find you a friend.
Take care of today,
tomorrow never ends.
There are apple pies in the
freezer of time,
negotiating gaps between
here and now
juxtaposing the self
in elm street cars
where your voice and mine
circle the wind to change,
the footstool of life
through contemporary shadows
holding my breath,
choking in silence.

Explanations

A life to explain,
a life to give,
a life to take —
Flow as water in my arms,
a river flowing into
the heart of dreams.

I wither in sunbaked avenues,
traversed everyday,
at different times to see
the day smile in your eyes.

Shadows turn into
blanket sweetness,
mountain ice melts in air.

I float in time
to find new faces in
a screen of words,
running through sites
where you and I roam free.

June in Lahore

Heat melts in my mouth
like water and fat floating
in an alliance of words.
Clothes are wet, damp, moist
as redundant sweat drips
from the tap of life.
Sometimes my head heats up
and the pain bursts like
chewing gum in my mouth.
The wind lifts hot air to
the sun's anvil where I see nothing.
The haze settles in my eyes —
wilderness, flowers growing
in the marsh of time,
a thorn slashes my skin
and watery blood drops
on the floor of life, in the moors,
near the lake where there is neither
good nor evil, just the self
roaming free, free of thoughts,
free, from constraints of time.

Polarity

Do something for nothing —
a plate of grass,
a glass of water,
a Sherlock Holmes dream,
a veneration of disputes,
a house in Atherton.
A hole in my heart
shuts with gratitude,
indulgence for crow eaters,
brides, the water's sword,
the edge of words
fade in my translucent eyes.

“Maleficent”

The night shifts a cage of dreams
into a swamp of dark stillness.
I walk in the dustbowl of time
to find you in firefly images
in the thorn forest,
where “Maleficent” roams free
protecting her world.
Who removes the thorn from her heart?
Beauty sleeps, like death —
the kiss of true love awakens her.

Teddy Bear Reality

Blue walls merge into
a green, black and white mosaic floor.
Blinds reduce the sun's glare,
pictures of your home,
are imprinted on my heart,
sacred moments of a life
you know well.
I am away from you,
the horizon creates
lakes in my eyes.

...

Walk in the heat and dust
of crowded nights when
heat penetrates the heart
races cars at the turnpike of dreams,
content but sad to sleep
in a cool room with teddy bears.

The Heat and I

Heat — headaches — sweat —
a throbbing heart —
a pulsating head
taut nerves — hell —
Reality mauled
my vision of life mirrored in glass —
drapes of heat —
wet clothes stick to me
a warm water bath
a hot bathroom
my heart pounds —
I lift myself out of the
shower to change
and soak in life.

Pain

The car steals space from Mars —
A hollow heart contrives to fill
with love what is absent
in the Sundance afternoon.
I cannot fill the vessel of time
with empty thoughts — meaningless words.
Courage sneaks into the mousetrap
of dreams and snakes through life.

...

No one knows the heart of a
mother who lives just
with photographs, dreams,
a heart bound by rocks,
unshared pain in unwritten words!

Emptiness - I

The wall lapsed in time,
you and I spend a circle
of circumstances, crushing stones
at the pyramid
when raindrops fall
like a sheet of cascading water,
turning puddles into pools,
forming narrow quick flowing streams,
a consciousness waits for you
as a teardrop falls
into the light of dreams.
The radio plays songs,
none are mine.
I drive into the smiling wilderness.

Hide and Seek

The star-kissed night,
moon-faced dreams,
images of gunshot wounds,
teargas and police baton charge,
there are innocent passersby —
in the casualty of dreams,
the broken mask of time,
half a tea-cup,
boomerang hopes,
forgotten dreams,
inappropriate words, slaughtered thoughts,
meet on the mountain
where you hide from the world.

Solace

In the parting gift of time,
the stream flows over dark pebbles
to mark time in my heart
for all those moments I remember
deeply in the open window
where your images flash in my eyes
as I walk the path
of time to listen to your words.

...

My heart walks miles
across the water and returns
to the unending darkness where everyone goes.

Vacant Dreams

A bed outstretched in lines of deceit,
falls into a garbage
heap rotting in rain,
sunshine, just the same—
flies gather, mosquitoes flourish,
putrid stench grows, but who cares?

...

In my heart the sad lines
of time weave their own tale.
I speak to no one about
the inner core melting—
living in hollow places and vacant dreams.

Sweetness

Trees blush
when leaves fall
and bare branches
scream in cold air,
for snow and rain.

...

I follow the path of dreams,
my heart sings.
Sweetness and love fill my heart
in day night silence,
the murmur creates its
own musical reality.

Damp Grass

It rains, clears and rains again,
the sight of a monsoon sky,
rivers overflow banks,
more mangoes in markets, mosquitoes quadruple!

...

The cold castle, dark, old, dingy,
dampens experience with an experiment of dreams.
My soul roams free
in the blades of grass—

...

the universe turns
in deep silent space.

Emptiness - II

Fruit flies sit in my hair of dreams,
water falls in tear buckets,
leaves make a historical bed,
the bold horizon sheds a curtain,
along the road
smiles at you and me
in unknown passages of moth
eaten clothes, itchy starch,
the nonsense of yesterday,
unsigned bills, proven incompetence!
A hill of words, designated chaos,
and no answers for stupid procedures,
nonsensical innuendos, disappointing results.

...

I have no hope for people
who talk without substance,
follow no action plan
and procrastinate incessantly!

You and Me - I

The night slips away
like a cup from a saucer
in the evening light.
I find my eyes searching
for you in the flowerbed of time,
holding a torch
to stare at your familiar face,
to find happiness in what we have.
I make time for you and me
all we have is one another
let the world disappear
into a desert storm of dreams.

Unknown Reality

The night has no good or bad intent
nor does the black forest day cloak dreams.
I slip from night into day,
and day into night,
an inseparable companion.
Words crawl out
onto an insipid page
where they stay,
a final resting place,
neither mine nor yours.
Balance in the
scale tips in a blink
and results are not what
they seem in the coterie
of years folding childhood
umbrellas in unknown pathways.
The carriage stops,
I save images on the iphone,
part of an ever
changing, evolving reality.

By Myself

I cry in the vacant moment
when the door shuts,
when there is no one to
see my face in the mirror.

I pray alone
in the room.

I sleep with a
pillow of dreams
in the internet of time.
Scraping cannot peel
the colors of
reality from my face
or within my heart.

The Heart's Wasteland

My heart, a wasteland of dreams,
a thoroughfare for unkept promises,
an abode for open, faithless imagination,
a carbuncle of ideas, festering pain,
the indignity of youth,
a calamity of words,
known symptoms, unknown disease,
hide in the folds of time.
A story of words each day
brings a new challenge
to live life in uneasy peace,
a compromise with a digressing heart,
a mind, unbiased, visionary,
a mountain of unaccomplished details.

Stony Silence

I see a new flower
in the window of your eyes
smiling like childhood dreams.
Tomorrow rests
in the wind on the edge of a
broken promise that is neither mine
nor yours and my eyes water
flowers just to watch them
bloom and kiss goodnight in stony silence.

Giving

The echo in my heart
pumps every night
with belief and good thoughts,
somehow everything
disappears into a
black hole.

The hole in my heart grows
as I try to hold the crimson
thread that unites us
in the scaffolds of time.

There is no one here,
all left,
the hole fills again
with love, to give, yet once again.

Silent Night

The empty tent sways
in the wind,
it falls, crawls on
the ground, rips, tears.
In the heart of sorrow none
draws the wagon of life alone.
I walk alone,
shadow dreams,
crawl into bed
with insecure thoughts,
uncertainty ravishes the day—
silently drifting into night.

Grassy Dreams

The crow frowns,
light falls
from the sky of dreams,
illuminates your face,
in the grass
across the old tree,
in the weeds of time.
I fold my hand
into yours, walking
into the realm of dreams.
Ideas blossom on the
branches of time,
kiss the face of yesterday,
where once there was grass
and you were mine.

Nectar

A small step,
a kind word,
a smile on silent lips,
and the bold story
of being obsessed.
Who knows the truth
and guards it with life?
Who lives in the moment
of the day and lives no more?
Who kills the night with dreams
and the day with empty passages
of forgotten words
and undersold images
of words melting into clay
in the mountain of time
as the soft wings of
a butterfly fold to rest,
wait and drink nectar
from the sky?

Restful Face

I see your face,
a page of meaning,
the wry smile
in bewildered eyes,
clutching a rose in
agonizing hands, knowing
the sound and fury of time.
In the magic of the day,
the night dances across an
experienced sky recording,
past, present, future,
when it happens, in
the moment to embrace me with
blanket warmth and sleep.

Wedge

The water in my eyes
recedes, rebukes,
the heart shrinks
into a shield to
defend itself against
caustic words, unraveling thoughts,
disturbing, the sacred space.
I quickly discard
negative thoughts,
undermining my ability,
in an emotive attempt to plant
a wedge, dig a grave.

Humid Softness

I wake in
the cloudy night
when stars leap
across the sky
in silence to
hug me with
thick humid air,
and a gulf stream of dreams.
Silence fills my lungs,
silky softness feels like a velvet cushion.
I hug myself within,
my heart lightens
talking to them about
matters great and small,
falling from the whip
of time into the salt of life.
I sleep in the cradle of dreams.

Listless

I make an appointment
with myself to talk
to myself about you
and me in the
fading light,
giving names to a cause,
defusing identity.

The door rattles with images
of lacerated feelings,
throttling instances, forgotten
in the cage of life that
gives and takes years of
meaning in listless
passages where we roam
to find love free.

Humid Time

In the humid wakefulness of dreams,
the shadow mountain grows
weeping trees, forgotten flowers,
abandoned paths, empty passages,
cement my heart-burn; the aging process
with footnotes to tomorrow's expedition,
where people will gather round the
podium to praise you when you are gone.

In the unsettled face of yesterday's
cowards there are rows
of people in history,
who still share their past in
present dreams and make their
name live in the future by
reinventing themselves.

Throw it all away, peel to the core,
charity has no sound in nothingness.
I have sealed my heart with forgetful words
to live in the fingers of time.

Candle Wick

I live in fig leaf time,
in peace,
in harmony,
the biorhythms of life,
clover commitments
to unknown passages,
working the wick
in candles on your table.

The bee has a home
some of us do,
other's don't.
The sky is their
enemy or friend,
as they fall through time.

The glacier melts in my mouth,
I cannot drink
or swallow it,
it flows away.
The moraine
tales of history,
lie within.

...

I am by myself
most of the time.

Key Ring

The lady wears white,
a snow flash,
growing darkness
hides behind white clothes,
in rubicon words,
infested trellis of the mind
bursting into frantic movements
under the paperweight of time.

The key unlocks experience in a
cage of meaning with words
unknown to you and me.

I draw lines, circles around
myself to keep problems away,
they pierce me like laser bullets.
I sleep in the armistice of drooping reality
staring at computer and iPhone screens.

Grey Dance

A prayer dance
accommodates for time
in a restful history.
Words stolen at night,
from the bed of dreams,
radiate blank faces,
non-committal hollow statements,
empty jars, the clink of armor —
...
Day and night
are not the same
without you.

Motherhood

My heart doesn't understand
the language people speak
or emails they send my way.

Tears flow within
when I cry, I cry alone —
to break the silence in a room.

Everyone has their own life,
I have mine,
and try to make something of it.

I know not what it is,
but it is difficult to be a mother!

The strange tugging in
my heart never goes away
and I live in an ocean of tears.

Sea Face

The sea washes my face,
salt stings my eyes,
breathlessness of the wind
horses, studfarm dreams,
a glass of orange juice
hides the music in my soul.

I walk in humid richness
through the waters of time
curled on my face
like an overgrown child,
warm lilting music
hangs a butterfly in the air
and I hold you in the embrace of time.

Reality

Eyes see what no one should
have to see
in the remnants of time.

Words courageously written
seldom lie about life
or are untruthful about reality —
what is — is
what is not, is not.
Shades of grey,
layers and hues of fusion.

Memories

You swim into my eyes
as the ocean flow wipes my face
in disjointed dreams of paradise.
The Mars Rover roams to collect samples—
a water trapped Moon circles Earth—
I dodge obstacles in a race against time.

...

Migraine headaches, offshore dreams,
a rustic stool of words claws time,
opens, to seduce me.

...

Work flows into chamber
movements of hot and cold debates,
a rainstorm of words—
the last hope mountain—
and a flower wall lives like me.

Treasure

A plate fills,
food spills,
speed kills,
so does hunger.

A journey ends,
the road bends,
a heart mends,
life ends.

Waiting, unpleasant tasks,
insurmountable, words, unspeakable,
treasures, unsought,
you remain untaught,
life drifts the wood
of time across
mountain dreams
and a shadow of words grows within.

Women's Rights

Turn around and see
a stone hit a woman's head,
scars the face of a child.
Why is there no tolerance?
Why is there no space for difference?
Why do not we embrace
diversity and pluralism?
Rape, hunger, poverty,
are crimes against women.
When will women
of the world unite
to protect their rights
and exercise them?
Fight abuse, slavery, prostitution?
When will our thoughts change?
When will we think for ourselves?
When will we live for ourselves?
When will we be ourselves?
The time to act is now —
tomorrow is unknown,
tomorrow, we are dead.

Solutions

The crow flies
into a crowd of bees,
the hives buzz,
bees sting,
a frantic cry,
the silence breaks,
water spills,
the crow flips,
and doesn't know what to do.

...

I have solutions
that none care about
in a hot storm
of words, pelting stones,
rationality wears down
mountain dreams,
the kiss of death seems near.

New Pakistan

Cloistered behind the
dream fortress
life thrusts a new challenge
to wake and find
a message that gains momentum now.
People wait, anticipate
thoughts, thoughts followed
by meaningful action!

Pakistan has changed,
people are positive
about their future,
some are fearful,
some resent the process,
the air has changed,
the mood is different,
nothing to hold back,
all effort to push forward,
to create a better Pakistan.

Hope

A lotus floats
in water dreams,
the ripple overturns,
our life bonds with happiness,
challenge today's decision of
freedom and resistance —
Something blooms within,
I work, pray, hope for Pakistan!

Transformation

In the calm furtive night,
hope breathes change
rain meets dreams in reality.
We pray, watch, and wait,
as the country's transformation
turns dreams into a new reality.

Life's Purpose

In the walls
of my heart
words reside,
smile, live,
in linear progression
of an equation
I know
and believe.

...

The kiss of time
surfaces in dreams about water.

People

Some dreams are horrible,
some words are caustic,
sting like a scorpion,
cut deeper than a razor's edge.

Some words are hollow,
some promises are unfulfilled,
some messages are senseless,
some people are false,
some real,
some true,
some humble,
some meek,
some kind,
some invincible!

Democracy

Demonstrate,
preservation of democratic institutions,
political growth,
maturity of a nation,
survival of society.

Watch television, see the frustration,
feel the anguish,
cry for relief,
this too will end!

End Game

Rocks stir,
pebbles move,
sand falls
along the groove.
He digs a grave,
who stands to gain
in a compromise?
Worry not,
sweat not,
sleep well,
it will be decided today.
Someone will win,
someone will lose,
that is the game.

Internal Death

Something dies within
I am not the same,
and, know why.

I exist in a seamless haze
between dream and reality.

I search for truth,
and discover lies.

Within and Without

I float in
the ice of time
cracking the furnace of dreams.
Surface reality flows
into eggshell daylight.

During the day,
wait for
a moment,
a phone call,
a smile,
a hand to hold.

I turn the pages
of a book,
to fight tears in my eyes,
write a poem
to remember
and later forget you.

Sparrow

A cagebird,
my prisoner of words,
has dark black eyes.
I open the latch
it doesn't fly away,
stays, to test
freedom's reality.

A sparrow flies
into the sky,
until I cannot see it.

My heart fills,
a sparrow's song
in Half Moon Bay.

Listen

The fire rises
in my eyes,
a volcano erupts,
no synergy,
between thought, word, action.

The sky falls
into my hand
as water drops
a well of tears.

I live in silence,
your endless silence,
a refusal to communicate,
a rustic pain,
unwilling to close
the gap of years.

...

The cow has no face,
the milk, tasteless,
bread, straw-like,
a glass full of dreams.

Purpose

Why was the world created?
Perhaps for a summer afternoon,
perhaps a winter sun,
for all to float as
the life we live in
to find facts
in bliss and serenity,
tomorrow rises in the
cusp of time.
I know my purpose,
when I am called
to do what I am
meant to do in this space,
each day, each moment!
I have a nursery of words,
a forest of dreams,
a treasure chest of reality
and sweetness in my soul.

Echo

I hear an echo
in my heart,
I listen to a
voice in my soul.
I think about the future.
So much happens in silence —
I smile within,
images, dreams
between the reality
of a moment
and a future promise.
I sleep in the arms of time,
between day and night,
night and day, surrendering,
in each serene moment!

A Silent Teacher

Your eyes whisper
into my soul.
I listen
as they speak to me
in silence.

I see your smile,
just a little ajar —
to let a breath escape in silence,
to keep our friendship alive,
to give me happiness.

I wonder where you are?
How life is after death?
Somehow I feel you
are with me for a reason,
to teach me, how to live in silence.

The Spice of Life

The flowers burst into red.
I hold them
in my heart
and receive them in a dream.

Elation!
My soul lifts
belongs in the center
where you are!

The teardrop
falls on a gravestone
that is neither
yours nor mine
and plays with
spicy words on
a jumbled page.

Life and After Life

The water falls
in islet streams,
into the crevice of time,
where we train
our dragons.

In this world, peace
resides in the silence of the soul.

What will happen
in the next world?
More work, duty, obligations?
Where will you be?
I look across this life,
the other side,
shines like a bright cloud,
I feel the stillness of death, sometimes.

Hunger

The hand holds
a clay pot of
worms that you
and I don't eat
because we
sleep satiated at night.

What about those
who long for a
morsel to spread
in their mouth
while the quicksand
consumes them?

What about those who
drink water from
the same pond
that cattle, donkeys,
dogs, cats, drink?
What about those
who live in a flimsy
tent through the seasons
in rain, heat or cold?
What about those
who have no home, no money, no hope?

Life, A Road

My hand touches
the water and
smiles into the
sun of life.

A lost dream
opens a horizon in the
path of joy and sorrow.

Encompass a shadow of tears
in moon beams, across
the sky of dreams
in the landscape of oblivion.

I walk a beaten road
and it clings to me
in leeches of time.

Life's Seesaw

Life seems senseless,
I am slow
to understand,
quick to absorb,
silent in company.

I am not afraid
of life or of dying.
Sickness, pain,
terrify me – the
darkness from where
I have come.

I love what life
gives, and takes
for no reason,
just to balance
the seesaw of
needs, wants and desire.

Destiny

Finally, I did
what I wanted,
all this time
waiting for the
internet to begin working again
so that I can
open emails
just to see if
someone
thinks of me,
feels for me,
cares for me.

I type replies
written with words
to hide my true feelings.
Where is destiny?
In the sky?
At the bottom of the pit?
In your unforgiving hands?
In waiting?
Perhaps in the circle
within my soul!

Everyday Life

The reed's music
makes me sleep
in the bough of time,
in the moon crest,
in a dark night,
when stars alight,
so far, far away,
tiny specks,
twinkling in my eyes,
falling from the
horizon of life,
to flood reality.

...

Again a doomsday threat passes,
and I live for another day to end
in the street of everyday life.

You and Me - II

In the bitter-sweet
gourd of life,
I am on your side
living each word
as I hear it
from your lips,
hurling commands at me
guiding me through
the rush of time,
in busy, solitary moments,
I slake my thirst,
at your doorstep.

I walled myself in your world,
as I interact with mine,
time seems elastic, relative, infinite.

Presence

I love my distant life
in a horizon of dreams,
in marigold colors,
shooting across my face
in pond light,
to find footsteps
of another realm,
in my life,
so close,
yet so far,
like the rainbow
in the clouds,
where I
see your face,
and mine,
but I know
you are there,
in the light and
shadows of time.

Flame

In the stony silence
of her dream,
images wake and
awake again to find
the counterpoint in reality.

...

I leave the door
open for the sky
to enter and drift
into my life
like the mist
of time on pale blue surfaces,
producing dragon flames and cluster bowls
where myth lingers in customs, rituals, words,
to kill time with the flame of reason.

Interests

I dream of
a courtyard
life on China Day.
What more can
I do to help people?
What more can
I do to be productive,
to move the business,
to churn the wheels,
make the engine
run smoothly?
Creating divergent interests,
being gainfully employed, fulfills my dream.

Jocelyn Ortt-Saeed

Today, her breath
becomes silent like
the feather on
her lips.

Today, her smile
radiates
and her eyes
are still.

Today, her memories
are all I have
for she
returns to the
Lord of the skies.

Today, my heart
says a silent prayer,
she hears all,
where she now resides.

Syeda Latafat Haider

Pain comes and goes
in an air of sadness,
lifting the heart
to see you,
surrounded with flowers
in beautiful garments,
a radiant face,
no more—
a smile I remember,
lingering like a dream.

Your gentle, sweet, soft voice,
the calm of years,
disappears instantly.
Space, a void in our lives!

Nature's Blessing

In the thicket,
on a quiet afternoon,
I long for an orange, an apple,
a peach, grapes,
a melody of fruit
to feast my eyes,
feed hunger with
nature's benediction!

The night crawls
across the sky
in silence,
wraps me in
a warm blanket
of sleep and soft pillows.

Tarbela Dam

I slide back
into the shining
rain to pick
a pebble from
the beach of desire,
place it on my desk
to remember every
now and then,
where it came from,
the slopes of Tarbela Dam's tunnel spillway.

The blue water surges
at the headworks
reminds me of ancient glory,
modern technology, working, to water Pakistan.

Time - II

Time runs away
with me in a
desk of dreams.
A wandering mind,
a wandering soul
searching to find
reality in the folds.

...

Eyes droop in sleep,
the body, heaves in drowsiness,
rests on the palm of time.

...

There are many dreams—
Redress the future,
become a part
of daily life,
separate dream from reality.

The Road

The road goes
no where that I know
along the waterfall,
behind the cliff,
over the ridge,
into the valley
of tulips and wild flowers.

The road goes
into the heart
of the village
and out into
the cotton-fields.

The road goes
into the cowshed
of dreams.
I have no road,
only a clear path
to walk in step
with time.

Yoga

I slip into a dream
breathing in and out
as the water rolls
down my face.

I feel different now,
more alert, active,
something changes within.

I have a new
group of friends
in the Yoga class,
who perhaps share and care,
for the same dream.

Energy

Energy comes,
energy goes.
It is a question
of how you feel
at a given time,
in a certain place.

Energy,
momentum of being, fresh,
tired or exhausted.

Energy, the
barometer for measuring moods
detachment, complacency.

Energy,
the essence of life,
dissipates in death.

Make Room

I make room
for myself
in the garden
of delight,
in the grass
and roses of
yesteryears.

I make room
for those who
need space
within my heart,
within my soul.

Hurricane Future

A flower blooms
in the eye of a needle
when the hurricane
rips trees, rooftops,
electric poles, wind, rain
combine at a violent speed,
to roar through the
daylight of dreams.

I have seen Sandy batter New Jersey,
Katrina, New Orleans on CNN.

The Veil

From far away it
comes to fall
from the sky,
leaves, mingled
with dust,
rain drops,
covering roots of trees,
bemoaning disaster.

I watch, close my eyes,
drift into the pale blue water,
where memories reside.

I Must

I stand in
the corridor
of dreams
as they open
before me like
petals of a rose.

...

I cannot thrust
ill-cooked food
into your mouth or mine,
find a cook
to prepare gourmet food for
sensitive palates, create
magic with vegetables, chicken, fish,
feed an appetite, nourish our souls!

Tree

The tree grows within me
like my bones and
I let it grow out
of myself
to reach the sky
the sun and rain
in the clouds of my life.

Jealousy - II

I feel a needle
of words pierce my heart,
stitch time into silence,
to heal me.

The benefit of life,
reality of death are
not the same
and never will be.

I see jealousy oozing
from your being
sullen remarks,
battered words, scorch me.

I am speechless
towards a consciousness
convoluted in time.

Discovery

The hour glass fills
with a mouthful of signs,
dragon-laden words,
wrath of insinuating language,
iconoclast dreams!

Fear and hope
are both sides
of the same coin,
one doesn't exist
without the other.

Turn your face
into a lotus,
discover all
reality within.

The Time Has Come

The time has come
for me to stand up
for myself.

The time has come
for me to
be myself.

The time has come
for me to
enjoy life.

The time has
come for me
to befriend myself.

The time has come
for me to
focus
on myself.

The time has come
for me to be
at ease with myself.

The time has come
for me to say
no to others.

The time has come
for me to say yes to myself.

Pebbles in A Pond

I open my heart
like the wings
of a yellow butterfly
to sing a love song.

I kiss your forehead
and furtive
glances wallow in delight.

I am carefree,
numb in pain
and anguish.
Your presence,
absence have
total impact,
like pebbles cast
in a pond of
belief, faith, desire.

10th Muharram

Today, we pay our
deepest respect
to a supreme sacrifice,
a sacrifice for love,
a sacrifice
to show us what
to do when we
must choose between
justice and injustice,
to exemplify righteousness.

Distance

The sun glows
in the moon
with unkept
shades of meaning.

Instant folly,
a silent hesitation
stifles the air,
hopes die in the sand.

I see a pasted smile,
all air intensifies,
a gentle soul rests
in solemn prayer.

There are moments
I live through
in deep silence to
soothe my thoughts.

Matrimony of Words

Reindeers in snow mountain forests,
white death, pale eyes.
Candle wax melts on delight's table
and finds a new haven
in renovated corridors
where you and I meet
in a matrimony of words.

Cycle

The moon turns full circle
I roam through desire's street
as eggshell feelings crack within —
the time to dream when
something churns restlessly,
pulsating, throbbing, igniting, within.

...

I embrace new sensations, feelings,
sleep breaks in silence.

...

No hand to hold,
no eyes to see,
there is no smile,
only fading memories
and a waterfall of words.

Moment

I live in a
movement,
of the moment,
there is nothing I know.

Moments come,
moments go,
move through me,
like a timeless consciousness!

A fan hums,
a fridge murmurs,
my soul finds peace in
mechanical sounds,
a silence of words,
no telephone calls,
no TV or radio —
just thick curtains
in a pale blue room
to nurture and nourish me.

Murdering the Future

Children, the future
of our nation —
killed in cold blood
for anger, for hate,
Brutal murder!
Find the killers,
send them back
in body-bags!
Destroy their friends, sympathizers,
all should have the same fate,
a still coffin in the cold ground!
Dust unto dust—
when Judgment Day comes,
All eyes will hate them,
All tongues will curse them.
All will shame them,
Damnation will be their fate.

Refuge

There is no place
where I can hide.
No place, where I
can leave myself behind,
no place for me
to bolt the door on fear,
or uncertainty,
no place where I
can cover my head
with silence.

Tragedy of Life

Experience creates tragedy.
I am tired of
being patient,
tired of not knowing
what to do next,
not knowing
what will happen!

I live in the
here and now
of the moment,
to consider life
in easy steps,
to take a deep
breath now and then,
to be grateful for
all that comes, my way.

Do You Have Time?

Can you hold
a candle to
experience?
Can you feel a friend's sorrow?
Can you find
comfort in sickness?
Can you find
happiness in pain?
Can you be patient?
Do you have time
to share a moment of happiness,
a lifetime of sorrow?
Do you have time
for a wilting soul
a scattered heart?

Life - II

Life's so strange,
right or wrong choices
good or evil
as we know it,
and a million shades of grey.
Find me a hand
that gives and I will
find you many
that only take.
The give and take
makes the web
and yarn of life.
I hide your face
in mine and mine in yours.

Words

Some words
sting more
than an asp,
wasp or bee.
They explode within,
devour me,
like a hungry
animal and leave
me hollow to heal by myself,
in my own arms
within my own soul.

...

Why do you use
such words?
They reveal your frustration—
inability to deal with
the essence of life.

The Patient

Puddles of water,
outstretched on roads of loneliness,
busy streets cars drive away swiftly.
I cannot escape the reality I live!
The morbidity of surgery,
a slow recovery process,
the day and night twist in their turn.
A hug makes me smile,
my face becomes peaceful.
I hold an hourglass
to find the essence of life and time.

Rain

Clouds came
in last night,
the blanket
pours torrents of water,
the rain does not stop.
Roads flood, tyres drown,
soaked hair and rain drops!
California, parched, dry land,
fills, stores, cools,
slakes its thirst.

Heart

My heart opens
with a thousand
beats and a face
veiled in dream
seclusion along the
walls of paradise
waiting to hold my eyes
in the silence
at the center
of the soul.

What Matters

I know the
things I must do,
what does not
require attention,
what does,
in these few days ,
I have discovered
what really matters,
what does not.

...

Life is the transition of knowing,
what matters when living,
in the heart of the moment.

Today - I

Today, a day of gratitude, thanks,
I am humbled,
by the magnificent
gift of life, health, happiness.

Road

The road goes everywhere
through the heartland,
to the sea of dreams,
through mountain visions
and paradise gulfs,
pouring into the ocean.

Silent storms
caught in a soul's
wave between yesterday
and today, uncertain
about tomorrow's reality,
find a path to diffident dreams.

Fire Storm

The fire in my heart rises
with the events of the day,
creating the circle of my life.
In a crystal gaze,
I plunge into work,
and swim to delight's
shore as you hold
my hand in the
paradise of dreams.

Taciturn Dreams

The rock turns
upside down,
the snake escapes
into the pit
and smiles, at me,
forsaking the
hand of fate,
casting a pebble
into the pond,
and I feel
the ripples within.

Remedy

There are remedies
for heartache
and pain.
Legs stiffen—stress
and the body
shuts like an oyster
in the demanding
night when I
am with myself
and the sounds of silence.

...

There is no cure for love,
love cures all and fills the
gap in vacant hearts
with silent hope and dreams.

Angels

Angels stand
at Hell's gate to make sure
you and I don't make our
way into Heaven.

There are angels in this
world and the next
that record what
you and I do.

There are angels inside
my heart, separating all
strands of difference
to unite me with humanity.

The Pit

The quagmire mounts,
the pit grows,
I sink waist deep,
standing in sandy water—
Leaves of desire—
mindful gravity
pull me out of
the beast every time.
I live in it till the
blessed moment,
the quagmire
recedes from my feet
returning to the
ground below.
I walk out of the
pit in my time.

Dry Spell

Words dried, ink in the pen
refused to flow
out of my hand
onto a blank vastness
and give a shape
or name to nothingness.

I am happy
the flow
returns by
itself for no reason.

I feel so much
better today
in so many ways
that defies words.

...

Silence creates mystical peace, harmony.

Candle

The candle blows out
in the eyes of time
as I try to light it
with a matchstick.

My hand shakes,
quivers like a feather,
I fly with the air between my eyes,
flowing through my hair,
like a cool sardonic breeze,
blowing over the shore
of life to find richness
in the landscape of dreams.

Tides

The tide turns
within and without,
like the water
droplets in me.
I am a grain of sand
floating through time.
The eagle comes,
sits on the ledge, swoops,
flies away in search
of food and water.
I eat alone in the
tides of time.

Today - II

Today, my heart breaks,
today, my head screams,
today, my eyes
water dreams.

Today, I ask
why my breath stops?
Why I suffocate?
Why my head tightens?
Why I feel deeply?
Why I care?
Today, my eyes
hurt and swell.
Today, I pause
and ask who I—AM?

Stress

My head numbs,
strange body aches,
pain comes and goes.
I want to sleep
in the arms of
drooping desire
as the fan runs
at full speed into
the afternoon of
dull doctor visits.
My eyes close
my head swims, in sleep.
I put my head
down, someone knocks
on the door of time.
I sit on the footstool of delight
savouring life.

What is Life? – II

Life, a moving
shadow of dreams,
turns into reality
here and now,
in the league of time.

Find a figure,
in the sand —
banish fearful dreams,
ghost reality stares at me.
A thought touches
me from time to time,
in the space of a
horizon of foreboding dreams.

The Balance of Time

There is life
in the afterlife—
ethereal living
in a time dimension
that has no past,
present or future,
existing in a continuum,
deep into the core of infinity.

...

After Judgment Day,
time will be timeless
and stay in balance for eternity.

Natural Beauty

Clouds splash across
the horizon in
a majestic grey.
The sky folds
into ocean madness,
water ripples
enter my heart.
Thunder, no lightning,
trees swinging in
the breeze of time,
cool my eyes,
creating restfulness within.
Federal Way fills me
with warmth and joy!

Bombing in Baghdad

Enter the room
with notes, chant “Allah Ho Akbar”
and then the blast...
chars bodies, dismembers them,
the souls are rushed to Heaven,
buildings wrecked,
what was a busy shopping mall
in Baghdad, but who cares!
Suicide bombers cannot
thrust their way to Heaven.
Death, hell on earth,
denies humanity in religion.

Bonding

The gate opens
in another realm
where I am by myself
surrounded by celestial light,
angels in my dreams.
A new born cries
into the heart of the night,
feeds on demand, grows tall,
smiles, laughs, plays with me,
his little hand holds my finger
with a gentle touch in
a love song.
Love begets love
for no reason
and crafts a life with destiny.

Federal Way

The ocean pours
itself into me—
I immerse my eyes in water,
a diffident soothing, relaxation enters,
serenity and calmness prevail.
The water flows into oneness with me
the ripples on the blue surface tranquilize me,
take away pain, hurt, anguish and anxiety.
I drink deep into the ocean of time.

Thoughts

The scratch on my finger
fades like the wandering sun
in your eyes and the smile
on a distant face lingers
like yesterday's dream images on ipad.
I pencil thoughts on blank
pages to give meaning to nothingness,
the distance between one moment and the next,
as I try to find myself in-between words.
There's no cause nor does the alarm bell
ring in my ears to make me cringe as
the siren of ambulances and police cars
blare on El Camino Real.
Your face occupies my night of dreams
and the vortex unfolds as I pillow success
in the courtyard of life.

My Life

The jar of life fills,
one moment at a time
and stops when there are no
more moments.

I live life in tea spoons
and sip moments in the cup of time.
Lips collapse on the curve
of the highway and waves splash
salt into my eyes.

The water drips
another step and I collect dust
to sweep the floor of life.

Resting Place

My heart fell into
the grave you know so well
watering my eyes,
quivering lips, unaudible speech.
I lay a wreath of roses
on your silent bed of mud and clay,
surrounded by red bricks
to contain what is no longer here.
Time does pass and as the days go by,
one follows the other.
I know the space in my heart expands
when I think of you in the restful mysterious
shades of Qatalpur you loved so much!

Eternal Voice

The night splashes itself
across the crimson sky
in silent dreams
as a voice neither mine nor yours
travels through the universe
in the neuroplasticity of all creation.
The voice of infinite love, blessing, nourishment,
nurturing, a kinetic force makes me realize
I am never alone.

Sorrow

Eyes wake to a transient dream,
inconsistent movement of words
in the hemisphere of time,
moving like an unnoticed sword,
splicing feelings, cutting emotions,
like raw vegetables served on the dinner plate of time.

I see you now and then in the hourglass
waiting for eternity to come and rest
on the marginal bed of desire alone,
in my heart's emptiness.

Magical Desk

Wooden planks, rectangular,
standing in form—
give me creative space
for words to sparkle
on a page of meaning.
The small elegant desk
makes my heart and mind smile
with dreams, opening my life
in unknown ways to kinder pleasures,
delight in the silence of the soul.
My thoughts, peaceful, a heart content
for sacred space, creates magic in my eyes.

Eternity

Write a festoon of words
on a funeral pyre of dreams,
burning in dread
to desire more from life.
The dragon folds into my heart
and each step brings me closer to death.

Is eternity yours or mine?
What happens in timeless time?
The ocean rises and falls within
words of exasperation.
I stand alone on delight's footstool,
watching the horizon in your words
creates gaps and a rapacious appetite.

Companion

Iron a face in dreams
as time scars my hand
in solitude, wilting in the night
in a silent room of open dreams.
Marble alabaster reality
builds a hamburger in parochial time,
trying to uncover the truth and find
the essence of life hidden
in the kernel of time.

I walk unknown steps
on tomorrow's path
trying to find a companion
for my soul in distant time.

The Crow

The crow flies away
with words in the
beak of time
holding a crust of dry bread
as momentary food
and the clamour for more,
breaks my thought.
I feed more bread crumbs to
the hungry, friendly crow.
Eat to your delight,
fly into the dim face of reality
as the sun dips
into crimson darkness.
We live in our crow-eaten
world of walnut dreams,
carved in limestone.

Tomorrow

The hornets nest
in the tree creates
a cesspool of adulterated dreams
caught in the bell-jar
of time signifying nothing.
Try another word to hide
true feelings as they collide
inside and truth opens
the floodgates of time.
Recall the past,
savor present reality,
think about the future as
every tomorrow turns into day
and we live through it
like an actionable dream.

Reservation

The light shines within
and makes me feel good
like a shooting star
on fire in the sky of dreams.

Meet others on the road
of destiny who befriend
you for your reputation.

I move away from the
snake pit to be one with myself again.
The pain comes and goes
like the wave in your eyes.
I am silent in the dream
of yesterday's departure
to meet you with words of grace.

Delight

The sky tears asunder
after thunder, lightning and rain
I see the chariot of fire
and suddenly
darkness surrounds us all.
My heart fills with the
light from the sky
and opens my being
like a garden of delight.

Sleep

I sleep in ambivalence
between dream and reality
in a peaceful window of time.

No One

I wait for the changing
time to find space
between hands and feet
for the cuddle of years
in my dreams today
tomorrow and the future.
I look into the night
the starlight opening
my heart's prism
to fold grief in silence.
I close the door
and open another
to let you in
but there is no one
only the cool breeze
of the fan caressing my face.

Faisal - II

The door opens and you
are standing in the doorway
that connects Earth to Heaven.
I see your face vanish
in a pile of dreams.

Friendship

Souls co-mingle in
the journey of friendship
through time in a horizon
tested by events, circumstances,
circling through my life
as the center pulls the radius
into every angle of conformity.

I know the gentle firm
voice of experience
counselling me to go slow,
take one step at a time,
restrict socialization,
reduce contact and live
in the silence of peace.
I live in a world
of my own in the
music of time.

God

Is there a God of pain
hunger, poverty, ridicule?
Is there a God of loneliness
anxiety, silence?
Is there a God of death,
anger, frustration, violence?
Is there a God who knows
the pain, destitution and
suffering of humanity?

God tries and tests me,
makes me cry, shout, scream
when there is just Him and me
in the silence of a room.
God is never satisfied,
tests get harder and come
my way because there is
no other way to serve or
please God!

