

Rainy Days

by

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Dedicated to:

Malala Yousuf Zai

Preface

The heart wanders through the space and time of life, as the mind records experience and encapsulates it into words, soft images of harsh reality, or the smell of a fresh rose—an attempt to capture truth as it touches the reality of my life like an exfoliating dream of consciousness.

Experience at times allows the mind to transcend factual reality and at times grounds it in concrete happenings, sometimes, happy, sometimes disappointing. Life is a constant flow of change and we change with it to be a part of it.

Rainy Days is a spiritual journey where the quest remains; for all life is a quest and a journey.

Syeda Henna Babar Ali
Lahore, 27th July, 2012

Table of Contents

No.	Poem	Page
	Preface	v
01	Candy - I	1
02.	Candy - II	2
03.	Candy - III	3
04.	Water Dreams	4
05.	A Wanton Thought	5
06.	You	6
07.	Musket	7
08.	Cards	8
09.	Waterfall	9
10.	Coke Cans	10
11.	A Bird Song	11
12.	Ambivalence	12
13.	The Path	13
14.	Your Eyes	14
15.	Separation / The Parting of Distance	16
16.	Over—Eating	17
17.	The Shroud	18
18.	Purity	19
19.	Inferno	20
20.	Empty Page	21
21.	Sand Dune	22
22.	Beloved	23
23.	Starlight	24
24.	A Lost Word	25
25.	Encounter	26
26.	Past Woes— Present Foes	27
27.	Zahra	28
28.	The Tap	29

29.	The Rage	30
30.	His Space	31
31.	Sky	32
32.	Breakfast	33
33.	Earthquake	34
34.	Images	35
35.	Hail—Storm	36
36.	Alone	37
37.	Branches	38
38.	Arrows	39
39.	Eyes of The Soul	40
40.	File a Face	41
41.	Time's Hand	42
42.	Universal Consciousness	43
43.	Some—One	44
44.	The Pond	45
45.	Night	46
46.	The Beginning	47
47.	Snail Traffic	48
48.	Monster Train	49
49.	Fat Hamburger	50
50.	Rain in Lahore	51
51.	Doll Face	52
52.	Empty Pocket	53
53.	Wealth	54
54.	The Time Is Now	55
55.	Sorrowful Dreams	56
56.	Eye Storm	57
57.	Care—Free	58
58.	Silent Horror	59
59.	Twilight	60

60.	Self —I	61
61.	Stranger	62
62.	Self—II	63
63.	Hell	64
64.	Dream-Self	65
65.	The Dow Jones	66
66.	Dusty Words	67
67.	Waiting — I	68
68.	Moment	69
69.	Waiting — II	70
70.	Drizzle	71
71.	Hurricane Irene	72
72.	Turning Point	73
73.	Cloud Burst	74
74.	The Bolt	75
75.	Killing	76
76.	Embrace	77
77.	Killer Feelings	78
78.	Gentle Hand	79
79.	Haroon Butt	80
80.	Tired	81
81.	Crying	82
82.	Water	83
83.	Madam Zile Huma	84
84.	Dark Life	85
85.	Different Heart	86
86.	Tired Soul	87
87.	Pestilance	88
88.	Your Beauty	89
89.	The Street Jabber	90
90.	Reconciliation	91

91.	Rejuvenation	92
92.	Turning Point	93
93.	Life	94
94.	Cesspool	95
95.	Wilderness of Time	96
96.	The Strangeness of Time	97
97.	Wanton Flies	98
98.	Resting Place	99
99.	A Fall Fire	100
100.	Friendship	101
101.	Kiss	102
102.	Disgust	103
103.	The Touch	104
104.	Tissue Converting	106
105.	Right and Wrong	107
106.	Love	108
107.	Lonely Cloud	109
108.	Friendly Soul	110
109.	Beautiful Dream	111
110.	Worship	112
111.	Life's Whimper	113
112.	Traffic Jam	114
113.	Snake	115
114.	The Curtain	116
115.	Phone Call	117
116.	Fearless	118
117.	Dust Bowl	119
118.	Childhood	120
119.	Terms of Life	121
120.	Betrayal	122
121.	Firmament	123

122.	Cloud	124
123.	A Broken Marriage	125
124.	Exit	126
125.	The Silent Universe	127
126.	Stronger	128
127.	Change	130
128.	Boredom	131
129.	Causality	132
130	Death	133
131	Universal Brotherhood	134
132	Tears of Joy	135
133	Redness	136
134	Birth	137
135	Hell Fire	138
136	Stretch	139
137	Night Shadows	140
138	True Words	141
139	Pain	142
140	Calmness	143
141	Expectation	144
142	Balance	145
143	Joy	146
144.	True Life	147
145.	Guardian	148
146.	Reality	149
147.	Future	150
148.	The Forgotten Soul	151
149.	What ?	152
150.	Goals	153
151.	Malala	154

Candy - I

In the wall
a door opened
inside my heart
when the breeze
touched my face—
fapped my clothes
rustled through my
unruly hair
and gently fows
into the leaves like
a sweet kiss of paradise.
I feel your
hand in mine
as the cricket
spoke and the
moeizin calls to prayer.

A hill of dreams—
and restless humanity
snatches the sense
of words to make
them drift in
the wood of time.

Candy - II

The land swam
into my eyes
like the bliss
of light in
your face caught
in the luxurious
foliage of dreams—
in the whispering
shadows of your
words where
night falls on
the silent bed—
curls into the
blanket to sleep
alone with the
promise of dreams
where I am
alone and you—
hold my hand—
a trusted friend—
to live in the
rich happiness of air—
the calmness of words.

Candy - III

Open the light
in the day
to see the dark
spots in my eyes
and your closed
heart where others
live like owners
of your life—
custodian of your wishes—
enemies of your soul.

The mortal fesh
has a grey bone—
an empty heart—
a wounded soul—
a mind lost to
space and time—
ever more as the
page turns in your face—
I kiss death.

Water Dreams

The stony silence
kills water in
a lake of dreams
where you sit
on the threshold
with the bone
of time in your hand—
broken like the
sordid promise when
I once kissed your lips
and your eyes
opened with amazement
to cull the night
with empty water bottles.

A Wanton Thought

What is felt
cannot be said—
what is said
cannot be written—
what is written
is an unbroken
promise for you
to keep like
a heart beat
or a breath
just for a thought
in a moment—
when there is nothing—
there is everything
and then all will be one—

You

You have taken me
into Your screne world
where life fows in
with every breath
and the sheer force
of Your benevolent presence
lulls me to sleep
in the arms of time—
makes me forget
where I am—what is time
for You are timeless—
in the morning of my dreams
I awake with a kiss
on the threshold of exuberance
lifting the day in the
dreamy night where
silence binds us.

Musket

The margin of life
is like a star
dying in a dream
of words born
in your mind
to kiss the hand
of bliss like the
knot in an uncontrolled
maneuver attempting
to find peace in
my eyes and your
lost uneaten words
like mothballs in
a dry musket
fired to create an effect—
held in a sorrowful
hand cast in stone.

Cards

I am tired
like the soldier bee
worn out by
unnecessary painful words
bursting from lips
and rumbling mouths
that fumble through
my life like
a deck of cards.

I sit alone
within myself
in the armchair
of dreams—
folding rising—falling—
emotions—in the
growing corners of
my heart for
my soul does
not end a
journey that begins
with the word—
life ends in a full stop.

Waterfall

The morning moon
and afternoon sun
cast words
to tranquilize space
in small private places
where I hide you
in the safe of
my soul covered
with layers of
emotion boundlessly flowing
into your waterfall
of pure dreams
in the petals
of dew drenched
grass and crisp leaves
like the cold air
tightening the skin
on my face
with your soft hands
and fading eyes.

Coke Cans

Rising water falls
into the lap of words
and I fork the plate
of difference on your brow
so unsettled in drooping lips—
a forlorn jaw
of an unshaved face
that tastes defection
like the whiff of smoke
in coffee bars
and mid-town cafes
where a belabored hand
holds a glass like
the hand of a
best friend
to drink away
the pain of loneliness
in water bottles—
empty coke cans—
littering the yard of dreams.

A Bird Song

Dogs bark to tear
the morning cloud of dreams
from my eyes in the
garden of delight—the
crisp air smooths my
skin and holds down mowed
grass in distant feet
walking in happiness
to clothe pigeons—parrots
with love—the love that
sees and begets love—
for no reason—
the beauty unites within—
a pleasure to see you smile—
spray my eyes with longing—
a togetherness—
neither yours nor mine—
just another bird song.

Ambivalence

The wave has entered my soul
churning thoughts like sand grains
swirling around emotionally—
shaking my composure—stability
I realize a new journey
is about to begin.

I smile into the dawn and early
morning light reluctant to say
good—bye to the warm cosy bed
where I wrestle with new thoughts—
feelings—to find the right path.

I am bewildered by your smile—
ambivalence—the bold courage
to go forth in faith—
turn the tidal wave
upside down in the heart of
the ocean where there is—no one—

I gaze into your eyes—
draw the chalice
of words with persuasive conversation—
hold onto our words—
your smile guides my troubled
thoughts in the blindness of not
knowing who you are—why
you befriend me?

The Path

When I saw you in the garden of bliss
my lips opened for the simple kiss
and your forehead has no lines as yet—
perhaps God has blessed it—

I see the teddy bears on my bed
and wonder what my teddy bear did
in a London flat with two maids
with the television and doctors to visit—
with friends who throng to meet
to care and love perhaps for no reason
but love itself—for love does not reason—
what reason cannot tell and hold
just another glance into those vacant eyes—
another smile on those wonton lips—
and an embrace to last a life—time of dreams.

Your Eyes

I saw your eyes
and felt full
like the ocean
of dreams
on a silent
night when
there is no
one with me
just an image—
just a thought
about those eyes
I see so seldom—
I see so little—
never enough to hug
or caress—
just a wild
midnight dream
and my loneliness
with the image
of those eyes
that are not mine
nor will ever be
and I write to fill
the void they
leave behind
like the calm
after a storm.

I kiss them
in the dead of night
on an empty pillow
when God waters
my eyes—

Separation / The Parting of Distance

The cloudy night
whispered into the sky—
the foot of icy winds
slapped my face—
pulled my skin
like a rubber band—
I ran into the room
of abandoned dreams
to look at images and momentos
from a past—happy—care-free life—
like the tyranny of a waterfall
in an enclave of steep mountains
waiting to touch you—

I waited for a long time
to see in those eyes remorse
and stilted beauty nesting
in my soul like a tired
traveler holding the stick
of time in the dusty fold
at your door step for one
last moment, for one kiss—

Over Eating

I ate from
the bowl of time
and the listless plate
moved like a
fork in my mouth
with spoonfuls of
food in salivating
waterways delighting those
delicate taste buds
that have an overriding
sensation of hunger
as I ate more
than my need—
more than desire—
just greed—the greed
to fill my belly
with insecure moments
of excitement and
frustration—strapped
to restless uncertainty—
a yearning to control myself—

The Shroud

His face sank into mud
as the white shroud covers
the still body like a water tablet
cast in stone on the boundary wall.
I cannot see what lies beneath
or inside the bare grave with
a stretched calm body—
new—old—who has uncovered
the grave to ask for money—
fix it for a friend
a lost warrior caught in
the flow of time in an anchorless
world of remorse and sadness
waiting for an email—
a phone call to identify him
in the soil of time
for plaster and slab
to seal the last private place
where we will all find
ourselves—alone—

Purity

The fire rose
from the left
and consumed
the right.
My face flushed
like an oven
and words
kill the broken
beam of light
melting in your sandy
rainful eyes as
the wind sings
your song on
a love-boat
between heaven and earth.

Inferno

I cry within
the silent scream
where you leap
to hold my fragile
heart splintered with
the anger of a wet
child and her rage
sank into me like
an inferno burning
my hair and roots
to see what happens next.

I have played her
tune and his—
now it is my turn
to play my tune
for myself to dance
within Your embrace
and live in Your
love till all dissolves—I-AM.

Empty Page

Tingling fingers and toes
on the horizon of woes
eat poultry and meat
to forget the heat
of unpleasant moments
where words rip
my heart.

I cannot eat
from the feast
of mountain dew
and cascading dishes
overflowing with transfats—
chunks of meat for
the desire to fight anger—
humility—frustration.

The evening quietly like
the silent night passed
in waves of delight—
holding a feather to
show the use of time
on an empty page—

Sand Dune

The curl in your eye
fascinates a heart
and the torn ligament
of words hide
in the finger—nails of time.

I know your soul
and mine meet
like devoted friends
under the shade
of celestial love
that grows within
like a date palm
of dreams and
the smile on fragile
lips eats the watermelon
of time in the heat
and dust of lonely
moments when I
hold your hand
and peer into
your eyes just
for a lost moment—

Beloved

I fold into
the fold of time—
the sleep of bliss
in stupor and warmth
drenched in your love—
fowing like a stream—
a rivulet of youth—
soothing me like
cool water on a
hot summer afternoon—
to lie beneath the shade
with your images
in my face—
and the real touch—
consumes silence—

Starlight

And in the starlight
I see the face of dawn—
your eyes emerge
as the night in my hands
and I sit with the glass
in my hand to hide
your face and my eyes—
in this world there are
people who love
and people who care—
people who hate
and people who hurt—
what is your intention?

A Lost Word

The tide mixed
salt—spray—water
in the gleaming sun
radiance of colour
dancing in your eyes
like the universe of stars.
I water loneliness
with a mountain of words—
a garden salad of thoughts
eaten in bits and pieces
by the slice of time
on your balcony—
overbearing windows beneath
the waterfall.
Tell me not to
tell you anything
and I will think
of all those times
when you know
everything for no reason—
before and after—
as it happens—

Encounter

My eyes opened
on your face
and kiss the
light in your eyes.
Your hand touched
me with vigorous
firmness transferring the
strength of spirituality
into my soul.
I sat in the
vacant openness of
time to feel
Your presence in
my body—
I disappear into the
folds of time.

Past Woes—Present Foes

My eyes wet my face
with the warmth of tears
and the mind heaves
in a wounded chest
of foregone years
in a life I live on the
margin with insufficient
work to occupy time.

I am a thinker—a person
of ideas—roaming the
corporate halls seamlessly—
the organized space of men
machines—raw materials
produce a tissue of quality—
I sneeze my sorrow
into the paper folds—toss them
into the dustbin—
I do not fight the hand that gives—
so many hands take—
grab and give nothing—
they have nothing to give—
the pain will go—
when I see your smile.

Zahra

The eyes wrote anger
on a white wall
and pale dust
waters it with tears.
You free time in
a glance—a smile—
and the hand touched
your soft face
with crystal gladness.
I swim into the
warmth of your soul
it holds me—
wraps me in the blanket
of love just to sense
to feel—to know—
look into the past
and distant future—
together in your eyes.

The Tap

The water falls from
my hand like an
old trusted friend—
my Kaftan soaks
the wetness like a towel—
the coolness calms
the smoldering ambers
of anger that are
growing with irritation—
I forget everything
when the tap runs
free to splash my
face with life.

The Rage

The strings in my head
bundled into knots
the tug and pull
of raw emotions—
slice peace—tear tranquility—
I try to
calm myself—a consoling
prayer and prayers—again—
His hand touched me
and the pain disappears—
the brazen doubt
hits me like fire
burning deeply inside
my love-nest—
the rage—anger—hurt—
never an option—
just love and care for no reason.

His Space

Rainbow particles in the hand of time
folded the coffin of words into a
sea shell and burned it in the
library of life touching—
waring shades of light and
dark reality smiling on my
tiny plans of achievement—
disciplined lists—a rarity of what
I want to do rather than let the
day happen to me with all
eventful and uneventful happenings
in a quiet life of refection and repose.

The shackles—chains
disappear because I am
tied to Him by a powerful bond
of unconditional love—devotion—
service—in all my days.

Sky

The sky in your eyes—
the hands in your face—
I see a vacant space in the sky
and kissed that space—
as if it is your face
and your hand—
in my hand
never to grow apart
like the moon and the sun—
always together
like friends and companions
of the universe—
till time ends
and dissolves into
nothingness.

Breakfast

The time has come
for me to turn on
the lamp to light
your face in the
dream of my world.
The day goes by
from hour to hour
just like that
as if it is
a furnace of
burning desire on
the edge of time.
I open the window
walk in the
cold delightful morning
as the parrots, crows
and pigeons eat
breakfast from a
bowl of garden pleasure
in Your trust
for another day.

Earthquake

The crowing emotions
rattle me like an earthquake
as I shudder with the
realization of actual reality.
The dream state
merges into fluid reality
as I hold Your hand
in the embrace of time.
My life is a jolt of
untendered experience—self-imposed
structure that gives nothing.
My heart longs for
the open fields—
space where I can
roam fetters free—
of routine—
I live in the heart
of my desire—

Images

I cling to feelings
resonating your images
of being with me
in the empty hold
of words and blank paper.
I stoke difference
with the will to listen—
learn from the avalanche
falling into my day
of what I do not know—
You lift the darkness
from my eyes
and light the mind
like a bulb of dreams
flying furiously in
many directions—
just to understand—
Your love.

Hail—Storm

The hail coats grass and melts
into a pond of words in the
rose garden of dreams—
open pathways glistening in
celestial light—thunderstorms—
the blessing fills my heart
with white desire—the snow
like cover cools anguish—
warms loneliness in a
partnership of dreams.

The water drips from the
roof in a constant stream
and the kiss of time fades
into the sunset to rest in
night's chamber.

Alone

I lie marooned in the island of dreams
on the shore of words
couched in sandy hands—
the waves kissed my feet
in a thousand moments of solitude
when I feel a hand—
no one to see—or hold or kiss—
just teddy bears and sunshine—
the quiet night—exfoliating dreams—
tear drops on sugar loaf mountains
run with you in a trajectory—
an inferno of words—
anger—hate—bitterness—the sad
heart waits for a hug—a kiss—
silence and tissue paper sneezes
catch tears—thrown
into the dustbin of time.

Branches

The storm comes into my eyes
and swims out from my lips
in soft silent whispers and mumblings—
the heart murmurs that no one
can see or hear—no one
so near to know each infant
thought or mature idea
in undulating moments of
restful promise the vacant
bench—an empty desk—a quiet
house—a restless soul—where
you find me in-between
the needles of time melting with
age floating in continental dreams
as the breeze feathers my cheeks
in coolness to let me breathe
into the falling day and watch
birds feed—return to their homes
in branched trees and hedges
where I once saw you smile?

Arrows

Have you ever let
a child go from your arms?

Have you longed
to hold someone?

Have you stared at walls
and the silence that
screams between words?

Have you seen a sad face
on the plate of this world?

Have you eaten alone
with red eyes full of tears?

Cruelty—a human face—
venom—a human tongue—
and I live through
tribulating moments—
lingering arrows in my heart.

Eyes of The Soul

I look into your eyes
and find myself.
Your smile gives away
your love—the warmth
of your soul into a
thousand glimmers—

I awake with the image
of those questions—
I dare not answer—
I hide my face in crowded
dreams—my heart
dips into your soul.
I lose myself in you—
There are no questions—
or answers—
just a spontaneous
overflow of feeling—
and I know my heart is yours.

File a Face

A tired heart has no time
for water balloons and stale air—
the aftermath of tornadoes—hurricanes—
earthquakes—tsunamis—what
happens when anger radiates in Nature?
What happens when a heart
gets crushed a thousand ways
and cannot fight inflicting words?
I find answers—
the results change each time—
life is an agent of change—solitude
measures steps—finds peace in moments—
the bliss of silence—beleagured—
confronts your face in a fle.

Time's Hand

The sultry music from a road-side café
singed my feet—frenzy—
fearful ideas about death—
torture in Taliban camps—
brain—washing by Al-Qaeda masters—
and all this for money—grains
of rice—wheat—a house—?
Why are we so weak—impatient—?
Why does the desire kill us—even now—?
What is left in desolation—
isolation—murder—rape—?
Why does so much blood spill?
Who benefits from the kill?
Hold it another time—this is
not your hand or mine—

Universal Consciousness

In the moon rocks on Pluto —
Neptune —Mars—what life is there?
Anything that we can understand
in the light-dark shadows of
emerging patterns and light
fngernails fltering across a
universe of dreams tied to my
head by some dark matter?
I do not see or hear but feel—
sense—a giant black
hole—energy waves—
the fow of consciousness
streaming past like a bull-frog—

Some—One

I love you a moment longer
than the threshold of day break
and the sunlight flters my emotions
like an old friend—once again—
I loved the person not meant for me—
who waits for overseas phone calls
to give nurturing—guidance—
a flirtatious expedition—
the trigonometry of stars expose
in vain hands—eyes hankering
for that maiden touch—
lips conceal all in a moment
not to let go what they see
in your eyes as they speak to mine—
The waiting does not end like
the ocean of time stitched events
in fragments of happiness—

The Pond

The rambling summer breeze—
a sultry solstice of moon enticing
dreams—a lonely face pegged
to the wall of delight in a
barn with horse—fesh and
war torn lanterns collapsing
into the dress fold to find unity.
Marshland sparrows—hedgehogs
from forest groves run to the
city of lights bewitched to see
how we live in the hurry
and worry of time meandering
in the streets like wasting
cars who have no where to go.
I watch the doves sweep down
in and out of the garden
as the myna and butterflies
float in leisure to measure
the stream and the pond.

Night

The tiles in the night sky
shine like stars in your eyes
in the moon face of
yesterday unfolding
unexplainable feelings of
fond memories exploding
in thoughts meshed in a
web of years blistering
through the gates of hell
where you and I live
in morsels of time
trying to find peace
in a tranquil neighborhood
of dreams—roaming at
merciful feet near a secure
drive—way and in the parish
attic mice run away with
chopped lace—wood-fragments—
to make their bedding comfortable—
I peer into your restive eyes
and dance with words.

The Beginning

In the beginning there was The one—
then another—then others—and then—
many more—

Why did You create us?

For fun—for pleasure—for
measure—for all?

Time threads the lace between
vacant—pensive—live
moments like a needle stringing
beads on a necklace and in
that sanctified glory of silence
beauty rests on the pillows
of dreams in the long dark
night of sorrow.

Your face withers—thoughts
chop emotions and
churn me like butter-milk.

I sleep in the arms of a
moment to find your kiss
and embrace in my soul.

Snail Traffic

Change the light bulb—
fix the plug socket—
mend the table cloth—
wash the floor of experience
with candy words—
the open pasture of liberalism
float in the years of sorrow
in the encrusted path of nails—
tear in the sail—pails
of a moment that rises and
falls with your smile—
forlorn
glances halting traffic in a
cesspool of words.

Monster Train

The silent elevator—
dream-smoke—
rising from your lips
in sequence as if
you are unaware of
all those moments
that time holds—the excitement
all the treasures I hide—
you find and claim
as yours on the monster train
that stops at the entrance at
day—break to take you away
from my arms.

Fat Hamburger

Each day I find like
a seaweed to find air
in the glass—
in tomorrow's class—
on the brow of time—
quiet and noisy ideas
rampant thoughts and a
nutshell of dreams
roaming on beaches—
walk through the night
eating the day like
a fat hamburger—
no imagination to find
space in sorrowful words—

Rain in Lahore

The branches sway
in a sprightly dance
as the wind sweeps
like a giant sail—
roaring with might
while the rain
cools hot earth
and a torched sky—
Lahore is pleasant
today like a washed
face ready for a
new day of disjointed
thoughts—foboding actions—
in a sinister dream—

Doll Face

The star gloom spread
in the night after your
doll face sank in the
sand like a water droplet
in the Monday stillness
of crystals and broken bones
folding in the bottom
of an island dream
hunting in forests—
running like a stream
in the heart of winter
like the storm of life—

Empty Pocket

The fine lines of courage
descend into the valley of boredom
and the vacant hand
in pensive mood knows not
what or whom to hold—
I hear the screams and cries
heaving in my breath—
I kill them with faithful gulps of water.

There are no roads
where I go—only
stars in the empty
pocket of a dream
and your cold face
sucks my hand.

Wealth

Money matters steal the heart
and sink with avarice—
deceit in the glove compartment
of words—in a thunderstorm
lies hit and the bottom drops
the core rots—melts away—
jealousy—hate—what
is left—a burnt hole—
a memory—a wry smile.

The Time Is Now

The mountain slides
across the sky
like a train
in the passage of dreams—
I fash the light
of loneliness on discourse
mouthfuls of discussion
about town and country—
the economy—law and order
everyone knows the answers—
it is time to break apathy—
it is time to do what is right—
it is time to be the hand to hold—
it is time to bring others forward
it is time to act—think—
plan—it is now or never!

Sorrowful Dreams

What is life without end?
peace without inner peace?
love with no devotion?
commitment but no action?
deception smiles in coke glasses—
7-up fzzes and Red Bull cans
where life changes like fzz
for the moment but there is
no voice neither yours nor mine
to cool the hot winds of emotion
in jars full of illusive words—
concubine details of a lustful past
unreformed present—a woe
begotten future nestled in the
forest of loneliness and sorrow.

Eye Storm

Slowly the water rose
in a chest of dreams.
The camel walks away—
the rider runs—screams—
in tertiary walls—organic fows
the tiger rules—the light glows
a siren rips across the day—
the night leaps into dreams—
I fold in words to catch
the storm in your eyes—

Care—Free

Sunset fows and dream essence
combine in rainbows circulating
in my eyes like a desire of street cars—
open enrollment courses hustling—
shadows—images—memories
of lost love—an opportunity
slipped like cod from my
hands into pond experience
and I foat with the cloud—
care—free.

Silent Horror

Sunset dowager—elephant strains
an hour glass mauled by time—
insinuating winds of change
wash the shore of life
in contemplation—wild oblivion
the dusty conversations—servile
arguments—boring dialogues
cast the wax in stone—scratch
your face with the bloom of years
in my silent horror—

Twilight

The weight of the pen
falls from my hand
like a fower fowing
in the wind to countenance change—
freeze images of you in a line
to force—feed revenge—
rage in mounting glory.

Your arrogance silences me—
I swallow my tears standing at the watershed
trying to fnd my way home—

Self—I

Shut the mind—look within
in the arrow cast there is room for more
stillness and as the breath deepens—
the space at the center widens to find the self
sleeping in the consciousness of knowing the
present moment—

Stranger

The heart opens and closes
like the storm in your eyes—
the hurry on your face
runs into the forest
with new words and old wine—

The tree outside my window
straight like the pole
greet me with bouts of green air hot and dry like
your fery mouth and wild hair—

The dream merged into
a sequence of images
storming through the light
in the stars and my face
beams like a happy football
running through the goal post
as if life was stuck to it
like a medal rambling through time—motley—
fools—

Self - II

I bathe in the light
of the Self and it is
not mine to be or see
for it all falls inward into the folds of life
where you will always be and in the open sky
where night fades into day—
there is so much more to see in the wisdom of
your words
the silence knows.

Hell

The tower collapsed under the weight of sorrow—
unfulfilled dreams—a heart's yearning for what it
wants but did not find.

In the morning stars fed with the night from
my eyes and the sun baked my face into
a red ball I feel but cannot see—
I know hell is nearby.

Dream-Self

I look inside myself
the ocean roars—
the heart opens
into a lotus flower
on the highway of dreams
resting on the pavement
beside the brown grass stems
on a foliage of words
I recognize as my own in strange hands—
on new lips—just like
a lost dream.

The Dow Jones

The Dow Jones tumbled and wealth
crumbles as the debit rises—
swallows all for a good reason—living beyond
means—
means to no end—
the poor are more poor today
and the rich have more than all their needs—
greed consumes society—
money begotten cannot be had in a day's dream.

The rain washed my face
and my wound in a crisp
winter drizzle racing through town
like a car without brakes—
falling violently on the ground
in a thundering rush—
crawling across mountains into Iowa straw polls
an exercise in democracy—who will win the
election race—?

Dusty Words

Travesty declines with age—
the fountain of youth
fizzles like a dream-shadow—
the capacity to look inwards—
grows like the lotus flower—

Onion rings form objects of desire
in the water to sting eyes—
awaken a new reality like dawn and dusk
together yet separate—significantly different—
marching to the hands of time
on the footpath of dusty words—
torn fingernails—

Waiting—I

Waiting makes waiting wait—
ignites patience—tries moments of
rest—counting time in nano
seconds of silent hearts throbbing
and resting in the quiet realm of unbroken
time—visit the moon.

Moment

The stars stand still in
moments of obedience—
the night sings a thousand songs
and sleeps with the delightful day
across the lap of words
in a medley of light and darkness—

Waiting—II

Rain on the precipice of time—
torching wind and the hail—
storm in your eyes cursing
the slain past and moribund
moments—gesticulating inter-faith—
rice and lentils—

I wait in the rainfall of words—
in the bending—falling leaves—heaving branches—
rushing cars—the beat of time on my lips—
the listlessness in my heart—
a silent prayer and open dreams—

Drizzle

In the silent drizzle of moon beams
the stars gleam in my eyes
where we once counted clover leaves
and stems of forget-me-nots—
the past fades away like a whisper
and new anguish strengthens fortitude
to face the world in lost dreams—

Hurricane Irene

The gust of wind—
rising tides—
falling leaves—
water trails—
boarded houses—vacated—
peddling to safety—where is home?
I watch the clouds and rain—
buy candles for blackouts—
prayers for mercy—help
and no one knows
the untold future—

Turning Point

Do you know yourself
as well as I know you?

Can you see yourself
as I see you?

Do you know
who you are?

Do you know
why you are here?

Cloud Burst

The cloud burst over my head—
water streams across my face—
I soak like a sponge.
In the night old and dark has
no companion or friends—
I am alone with my self
in the silence of time
in the horizon of today-tomorrow—
the breeze singed my hand in
circular motion for fingers to
fit tragic rings of old nuptial
agreements and forgotten dreams—

The Bolt

The bolted feelings
uncorked like a champagne bottle
and tears flowed like the
yellow liquid down my face
into tissue paper rivulets
while you smiled
to hold my hand
as if nothing happened.

I want to kiss those lips but cannot—
there is a bar of space and time.
I tossed and turned on
my bed alone with memories of
an imaginary personage—
no one is there to hug or kiss
when I need it—
The empty bed is filled with the space
of relentless tears and unspoken words.

Killing

How do you know
how I feel
when you make
me cry with a smile?
I know you well—
My mind folds past
memories into a page of dreams
because reality
tears the page of life
and kills feelings
in a bell-jar of words.

Embrace

I long to hold you
in my arms never to let go
when you leave in a rush of words
and I kiss your forehead
to hold the space between us—
The circumference of time—
duty bound words
the clash of emotions
and galloping feelings
trapped inside my heart—
hide you from the world.

Killer Feelings

I know it is not
right to feel what I feel—
are feelings ever
right or wrong?
They are just there
like a rose bud
plucked from the heart
stem to give that hug—
hold that hand
plant that nameless kiss—

Gentle Hand

I cannot tell the time
that flows between us
or the word and punctuated
silence closing the mind's
fast in a chain of uncontrolled
feelings that are awake again.

I slumbered in the balm of time
and now the hand roasts
in oven entrapment.
I will wait for a thousand years
for one kiss and your gentle hand.

Haroon Butt

A gentle soul
died in the arms of night—
a tired brick crushed
his head and the soul
fed to God.

I have known that
quiet smile and silent lips
that spoke careful, caring words—
The gold, gems and jewelry are here—
you leave a vacant space and
and an open wound.

Tired

I am tired
of all the tall
tell—tales of life—
of the blatant obliterating
excuses for not being with me
when I need you.
My values are different from
convenient receptacles of time cast
on a garbage heap of trust and empty coat pockets.

Crying

I cried all afternoon
and night because
you do not care—
you do not feel—
you do not share—
in the restless night
of dreamless moments
your images haunt me
like a full laundry basket
exfoliating pages of unforeseen
fortune in the trauma and
conflict of my heart.

Water

The lonely water
flows in my heart
like icicle drops
and I live in those
sultry quiet moments
that see a laughing
smiling world of
cascading events in silence.
I continue to hurt
and bleed but you cannot
tell from my smile
or joyous words how
each blood drops a tear.

Madam Zile Huma

The calculator of life
has no name or face—
it is the gap in the sky
or the smile in your eyes
that hold my breath
and heave within.
I have kissed those tired eyes—
those soft hands with
a pencil tip.

I have opened the window
inside my soul to let
your grief pour into my
sleep laden eyes and your forlorn face.
I have shut the door
on past helplessness
and shrouds of tears
to hold the warmth
of your alabaster hand.

Dark Life

The triangle of life
has no light
for me in the dark
holes of time.

I walk through clouds
crowded streets of
restless snakes—vegetable piles—
woeful fowers tied in the basket—
The experience shatters my brain
and the scattered bits scream but who listens—?
No dream—no hope.

Different Heart

The heart stops to hurt
when you are the balm
and stitch the wound
seamlessly in the eyes
of my restless soul.

I hold that hand
which has known mine
for a lifetime.

The difference shows on
your face and eats
into the rushes of time
as I lose the blood
in momentary veins.

Time propels us into
similar instances hidden
in past smiles and remorseful
tears that no one else can see or feel.

Tired Soul

The lazarus bliss
fell on me like a shower of light—
a show of love—
a shadow of corpuscular
delight in the memory
of a threshold that
I coined out of my body
and bled into my soul.
You have a name
that does not cross
my lips in the light
dark hew of lipsticks
and color wardens
hold the base of light
in sandy hands.

Pestilence

I drowned in those
dark brown eyes that
captured my soul in youth
and now never let me go
except into the depth
of your wounded soul
and somber heart that are
forever mine like moon beams.
I am in the silence of
all those moments with you
when there is no one else
when there can be no one
when I want no one else
when there is just you and me—
a quiet moment—a hush smile—
a rush of words and silence again.

Your Beauty

Tears flow down the red and white cheeks—
the face of her mother—
a grandmother in white mourning attire—
draped like a model—
and those eyes search for the one that is no more—
for the soul that has gone away
into the dusty clouds of time
where a dream holds
a hand on the fence of experience—
those lips long for one
word that could have made him live
but there are no such words—
no such lips that can stop the kiss of death.

The Street Jabber

Those words
stabbed my heart—
I wonder who the true friend is—
lambasting melodrama—
a mountain from nothingness—
my wounds sizzle in saltless taste—
you are never mine in sorrow or happiness—
you twitched the joy from my heart—
just to see a reaction—
twist the hand of time to give
the past another chance
to dissolve my tomorrow.

Reconciliation

Words flowed from
your lips endless into
my heart to change the way I feel.
The hurt dissipated and
climbed into the walls of nothingness
as I listened to your soft voice and loving words.
I melted with you in the desire
for togetherness — in the need
that wakes me at night to see your face
and hold your hand
when there is nothing more.

Rejuvenation

The kiss of time knows no bounds—
it plans and waits for no one—
I try to catch it with one hand
and it slips away like unfaithful love
who has too many loves
and yet loves no one.

I kill the night with bird-song—
floating images of you and me
in the vortex of time where
a breath lingers and I know not why.

I hear your voice in mine and
mine in yours—responsibilities—
separate us—tie us down with family
obligations and we cannot break free—
the freedom lies in recognition of constraint and restraint
when I want nothing more
but to fold into your arms.

Turning Point

The light of life
burns in my heart
and wounds your soul
in countless days
when we share truth—
reality has no name.
I love you more than myself—
more than anyone I know—
let us forget what we cannot change
and enjoy the feeling of being
with each other when we steal
moments from time.

Life

Live life on the terms you know—
in the veneer of an after shade
where glow—worms fow in the dark
to light your face and expert hands
that frame a constitution—contrive
strategy—lift war from the face of a shadow
and sink into the warm
softness of a soul.

Tyranny and terrorism have a
common denominator of abusive command
and major incidental change fixed in the door—step of time.
I see change in your eyes—
and all those robots who know all
fall like malfunctioning equipment
in the hall of fame.

Cesspool

What do you know about love?
Throwing off the scarf of life
into the distant horizon
to make some laugh, other's cry.

What do you know about life?
You live life on convoluted terms,
Not your own—subjugated into controlled obligations—
Where has spontaneity fed?

I search for those carefree
days when we kissed without repulsion—
walked arm in arm for hours—
holding hands for no reason—
a hole in the ground buries you and me
in the cesspool of desire.

Wilderness of Time

You said farewell, good—bye
when I wanted you to stay
just a little longer for a moment
in my heart to fill with your presence—
for me to drink deep
into those eyes
that are centered in my soul.

Thank you for the laughter in my life,
the joy in my soul that kisses
a thousand lapsed moments of peace
on the embankment of love
where I do not know who belongs to whom—
nobody is mine or yours—
we are for each other
ever caring in the wilderness of time.

The Strangeness of Time

A bolt shot from your eyes
into my heart in a crimson
shadow of words—
woe begetting love and the
same old story of benediction—
praise and no return.
I slaughtered lips on a
page of meaning to forget
what love wants that is not mine.

I killed my feelings like a merciless
butcher without a face—
accountable to no one—
just to keep the peace—
the heart string snapped—
the wounds are open—
bleeding slowly—sometimes more—other times less—
He holds me in the trust of faith
to live life as a sequence of events
once conceptualized in a dream—
forever more—a reality of words.

Wanton Flies

I slumbered in your arms and you in mine
in a cave-drop of words—hiding in the
bushels of wheat-straw in lonely barns—
far away from the scrutiny of crowds
and city lights where the night hangs in silence
and stars light the sky with an effervescent
pervading light.

The anger subsides like slush and wave spray—
wounds run deep into the crevices of time—
a pain tears through my head as
it is not mine.

Look at you now—the over-grown beard—
a paunch, hanging loose and those
wanton flies killed for pleasure.

Resting Place

You fall into the lap of time
like a lotus flower in a dream
shadow visiting relatives on late nights
when the mist hangs shrouds
in the air.

I look at you and the mind
takes a thousand steps into the past
to seek those treasures that were once mine and
now belong to someone else—
life turns and returns to the beginning of a time
that we have known, loved and endured.

You are my past and present—
the future belongs to someone else.
Perhaps you will understand then what it means
to have loved and lost—to have lost and loved—
there is no destiny—just a walk
along the continuum of time.

A Fall Fire

The flames raged through
the building like an angry storm
burning bricks, tissue, chemicals—
the smoke poured like a volcano of
ash and dust.

Water turned to steam and filled the air—
my heart scorched like a sand bar.
We watched it all burn—
standing helpless while
water cannons splashed the building
all turned to nothing—

Friendship

I am stoned into silence—
The fork-lifters of life
ignite my soul and sell
dreams in auctions.

Love has an ebb and flow—
events bring us closer—
time throws us apart—
we hold time in our hands—
those precious moments of togetherness
when love nests in our souls.

I linger on the edge of time
like baked fish—
who will uncover the difference
of the threshold?

There is no space for lost time—
there is no time for lost space—
a thread—a knot and a candy bar—
all tell your story.

Kiss

The elusive kiss has no place
to show or hide in words
across a table of meaning
on the horizon—
the resting place of love's treasure.

All night there is just one thought—one desire—
one wish—to hold your hand and sleep
till when the morning wakes in your eyes
to see a smile—a wish—a gesture of love
embracing time.

My heart futters a little when
I think of you and all those moments
when we are not together—
when we are there—yet separated—

How long will this last?
I have no idea about the length
and breadth of love—it just is—

Disgust

Today is a new beginning
of tomorrow in the open
garden of love resting on
the shoulder of heart-ache
sorrows and marooned
hope in the sea of past
glory that can neither forget
you nor forgive what you
have done.

In the memory of yester-
years you frown and smile
with condescending censure
to reach into my destiny
my fate that are far
from you—secluded from
you to stir my heart away
into yours.

I have found no truth
more bitter than the
cascading desire of
wanting our paths never to
cross—never to meet to
belittle time and see the
enchantment of disgust
in your eyes.

The Touch

Your lips touched mine
like a rose petal—we
kissed and you melted
into me—I into you—
there is no moment
when I don't think
of those deep brown eyes—
curling tears in the
grief of a lost soul.

I hold you in my heart
like a sun beam and kiss
away those tears
with all my love in your
cradle arms—

Stay with me for a life time
for I am yours and you
are mine forever
your tenderness has
broken my resolve not to love—
your kindness has stolen my heart.

I am at the mercy of time's revenge—
mild sorrow and a wakeful
night of desert cafes—
come touch the stars with me
and rejoice in the blades of grass
that cut my lips and

seduce me as yours—
I am struck by the alabaster face
of aging beauty—
a volatile heart taught me to love again—
where are you—?

Tissue Converting

I drowned the pillow with
yesterday's tears—fears of
an unknown future and a
burnt past.

There are stories of success
after failure, failure after
success—my story hurts
quietly inside sitting in
the rushmore of words.
I share grief with friends—
somehow the consolation
is not enough—the pain
in my heart comes and
goes, and I know not
why—the sound and
fury of the fre rises in
my eyes—I can see it—
hear it—helpless because
it took my heart away—
what I had built in 30
years turned to ash and
dust—insurance claims—
risk coverage—cannot return
what I have lost.

Time does not give back
lost time or turn a loss
into a profit.

Right and Wrong

The tiles of time
show a forlorn face
in the hands of
knots and words.

Rebirth is not the same
as rejuvenation—the pains
of birth pangs are more—
How do you reconcile right
and wrong in the hour—
glass of time?

How do you console someone
when love departs?
How do you make a
reed sing or a fy burn?
There is no course in life
that changes as quickly
as time—test courage
in adversity—kiss the bird—
pluck the lonely rose and
serve dinner to a beggar
on Thanksgiving.

Love

Stars in the night shed
of dreams—a poker table
laden with rustic words
thrown across a galaxy
of turbulent reality.

I see you and smile to
myself as if you are the
man of my dreams yet
I know not why reality
is so far away from us.

The kindred spirit knows
nothing more than a
fervent glance, a passing
kiss from those tired eyes.

I try and tell you all in
a smile—perhaps the way
I look at you says it all—
I have no words—

Lonely Cloud

I am the lonely cloud
in your eyes watering
the threshold of love
and waiting for you to
claim me as yours in
a whirlwind of desire.

I open my heart for
you to see deep down
who sits at the citadel
of love and prays
while you search through
the streets and deserted
roads to find a friend.

There are no right and
wrong paths in love—
it is all one and the
same in the dictionary
of life while you stare
into space to discover
the meaning and message
of a life you lived.

Friendly Soul

I looked into those peerless
eyes and that fervent
smile took my heart away
wiping a nose, supervising
the lawn—sitting carefree
in a fretful world.

You recoil into the past
remembering your mother
and the gust of wind
with her departure which
both of us cannot forget.

I cannot give you things—
just love and prayers—
prayers and love—to
stay near or here or
there or anywhere where
you are happy.

He will take the sadness
away from your heart
and fill it with His
love for you belong to Him.

Beautiful Dream

You opened your eyes
I saw myself in them
and twitched like a
pencil sketch in the
hands of an artist.

Your supple hands
caressed many more
on the foothill of desire
and nobility.

Perhaps you are your
own person in the
bandwidth of time across
the shore of person-hood.

I hold you in my
thoughts never to let go
like a beautiful dream
about a lonely rose
dancing in the wind.

Worship

I was born today
for I know not why
in the winter of this
world on a scowling
night hindered by no
fortune of love and
unrest to grow and
look into the face of
this world with
bewildered eyes and
a lost cause—a lost soul.

I am alone in this
world of busy streets
and bustling homes—
sitting in the silence
of yesteryears to forgive
what others have
done to forget myself
in work and a life
You give to please and
worship You.

Life's Whimper

The hollow light beams into
my room at night, trespassing
the bed like a focal point of dreams.
I am no more a child—an adult
of yesteryears—trying to live
life in today's fragile content—
building a web of reality in
the hour—glass of time—holding a
dream in my hand like a
burning candle stretched across
the edifice of life to see your
face one more time—to be with
you yet once again—to feel—
to know—to understand once
again the cause and effect
of time—the relationship that
ends life in a whimper.

Traffic Jam

The wheels moved like a snail
three lanes of cars bumper
to bumper horns blaring
people cursing traffic
diversions—no-where to go
stuck in the lane—the
route to my home—a
slow beginning.

Snake

The snake charmer's
snakes slipped away
into the grass and trees
of the neighbour's house
rustling leaves—the
uneasiness—who will
sleep tonight with a
snake in bed?

The Curtain

She killed your image
in the plate of love
with coffee spoons on destiny's shore.

How would you know
how I feel about all
those war-torn words
and paradigms that
reality reduces to feathery
chimney dust on ruins.

I waited for the hour—glass
to tumble into the web of
fortunate words in your
hand like a dream forecast
of ecastasy and fantasy.

Hate has no issue to berate
confidence on a page of
words you write in the
loneliness and silence of
today's monument.

Phone Call

I wait for an imaginary
phone call—an unwritten letter—
and unsent message—falling
like a leaf from the tree of
life as if it knows my dream.

I wait for an unknown face
to become known in my words
on the page of an unwritten poem—
growing—blooming within—
closed in fear—disbelief in a
dream.

I wait for the same hand
to touch me one more time—
to hold me and let go—as
if it is aware of my freedom
and fierce independence.

I wait to look into those eyes
once again to find myself.

Fearless

The grave opens for another slave—
another wanderer in the desert
setting eyes on the storm of a
century where you and I sit
in the center of the chaos as if
nothing happened.

The stars shone that night as
well when I could not see the
darkness that befalls you—the
light runs into me like a
bullet to make me sleep the
sleep of babes in your arms—
trust and have no fear—
the fearless thrive.

Dust Bowl

The pain shoots through
my hand like a spear—
I know not why or
why for—just that
it happens and makes
me cringe in the night
of loneliness and gloom.

Where is the smile
in your eyes—
the longing in my face—
all gone to the grave
yesterday and today
as if there is no present
or future only a dust
bowl of dreams.

Childhood

Spurts of laughter, excited phrases—raised voices and the exclamation of love, pride, joy—the anticlimax of loss, grief and the stupid decision of silence.

I will hold my peace till it lasts—the journey of a thousand fold and a million miles of anger crying on the threshold of time.

I leave you alone of your free will to do whatever you want to keep peace and harmony at home to keep the door open for you to move in and out and out again.

There is no warmth in the air of a cold winter night embracing my childhood.

Terms of Life

The star light shines through
the window into my dreams
on a forlorn hay-moon night
when you kissed me no more.

The story of attachment and
detachment varies from person
to person caught in the bondage
of experience, sheltered in time.

I miss those carefree no nonsense
moments when we met just to
be together, share and have fun.
Now I calculate the day's return
to night, measure your absence
in silent steps, record unreturned
phone calls like a whip action—
brooding, holding frm to my
ground like a fork-lifter confned
to duty and ridicule.

I raise the hand, praise the pen
and hold my breath to live a
life on terms I choose.

Betrayal

I note your voice on the
crisp page that falls from my
hand into the lap of unknown
words to find unblemished
meaning in ageless beauty.

Our eyes meet with diffidence
and mine refuse to acknowledge
you for many a painful harassment
nothing new will emerge
but more hurt—anguish—tears—

I feel the tug and pull in my
heart sometimes but the mind
was hurt too many times by scheming
words, contrived images and
manipulative circumstances—

I will always remember what
you did—for there was no
need for it to be done—
self-glorification and an
egoistic massage—the torture
of years—nights—days—
warn me of an impossible
future that befriends you.

Firmament

The trial of life has just begun
in the arms of the night
holding me with agonizing
screams to thrust a barrel of
commandments in my face
to prove my experience wrong
and innocence right.

I still wonder what is the
difference between your right
and my wrong or is it
that we just see life so
differently—

Tell me what you want
and where you want to
be and I will light a
candle along the path for
you to see in the dark
night—when it is as
dark in your heart as
in your eyes and you
can still see the light
in the firmament.

Cloud

The cloud stretched into my arms
to hide your face in the mist
of words to numb my soul
for the distance between us
grows and contracts like
lost love.

I have worn out myself
with the discussions of words
trying to find causality of
action in all that I do.

I censure habits that are
hard to give up for any
reason—tying me to an
ancient practice of rites where
logic has no space.

I am bewildered without
right expression of decline—
in action—
a thorn in the eye—
turbulence and nowhere to go.

A Broken Marriage

The time has come for you and
me to walk the same path—
to throw difference into the
burial ground and ride
together in the horizon
of our shared dreams and
distant tomorrows.

How will I support your
cause when you give
me thorns—spew venom
in my face and hold
a grudge for no reason?

You let time go by as if
it did not matter to put
words into action—and
life foats away as you
stand and watch
shattered dreams.

Exit

In the broken jar of dreams
I see your face on the edge
of words crawling like a
caterpillar on the wayward
edge of experience to shatter me.

Your rough words are tough
like steel and as they tear
through my heart, I know
you are no more mine
you just belong to
your selfish world where
there is no place to accommodate
difference.

Envy and jealousy warm
your heart—draw a fence
around us and I choose to exit.

The Silent Universe

The silence within the soul
is the center of the universe
defined by universal laws;
it exchanges information
steeped in energy, energizing
the center of the soul to feel
and sense the power of exogenous
forces within like a stream of consciousness.

I wait and marry the silence
to a passage of words on the
dinner plate of time.

My voice echoes a larger voice
resonating in universal time
beyond the constraint of time and space
binds me to a seedless silence
within my soul.

Stronger

Time turns the table
of day and night
into a fable of words
unending messages
that you send into
the sky with negative
connotations—fighting
agitating for no
reason as power brokers
pass you by because
of your caustic tongue
acusational style and
fumbling confidence to
be your self.

I seek no favors from
you in the moribund
of language in the
wintry past of
listless days begetting
old thoughts of
anxiety and frustration
encapsulating
silence in
the twilight of years.

Hold your dream in
your hand and
drink it like cold

water from a spring
of ethereal glory.

Kiss the night and
watch stars dance
as if they know you.

Change

The night rides on into
the sky of dreams and
unwritten promises of a millennium.

I have seen the dream
in your eyes light your
face like a star of words.

Life kills the joy in
morose happenings and sad
intentions that frustrate
words and actions.

Look into the past of foundaries—
mills—industry—fumes of
glory halting with no gas—
electricity shortage and the
greed to steal more from
an impoverished fed—up citizenry
folding the harbinger of
change in one hand and crushing
destiny in the other.

Boredom

Nothing ever is the same
in life for me to feel bored
with myself.

Each new moment brings
instant messages of life
on the sunbeam of words
and I stroke feathers to
find softness drifting like
a cloud on Valentine Day.

The nurse is without a home—
the doctor without a car
skates to hospital running
through rustic doors to help
a bleeding heart—a wounded soul.

In memory of trajectory space
the scaffolding of words fall
on the floor of exponential care
and mingle with the sand.

Causality

Nigel stands among
the Redwoods to feed the deer
and growling bear as if
nothing matters.

The sun slips away from
full glory in the night—
darkness illuminates the stars.

I have crossed the threshold
of experience, one brick at a
time in the horizon of words
and unspoken silence.

Actions fill me with a clam
joy, peaceful serenity like
the milk of kindness flowing
through the causality of words
like a super star.

Death

A telephone call gives news to delight
another brings sorrow and tears—
how do we fight daily for only
good news beyond our share—
bad news should be another's plight.

I see the coffin grow with flowers
and around the tomb
of a tall—silent friend—trees
shadowing cemetery lanes—
water cans for plants of the
eternal abode—where will I
find him?

In the hills and
mountain tops where you and
I cannot see the mist on the
horizon—in flowers, birds—
gifts of joy that we love so much—
in your face and my hands.

Universal Brotherhood

The electric moribund hand
closed mine into the fist of time
and left without a word or gesture
as if we were parting strangers.

Time carves deep lines into his
handsome face and the left eye
has a bleeding crease.

I do not know the origin or cause of those
lines—premature again and large
hands of a large frame.

As we discuss religion—similarities
between The Bible and The Holy Quran—
I can feel the liberating sweetness
of two minds—souls turning
in the love of universal brotherhood.

Tears of Joy

The foot marched on the
metal road and the brisk
march of hymn
and prayer as thoughts
shudder into words of
sorrowful dream and recompense
to shroud the day in
peaceful serene tranquil
moments when you hide
your face in my hands
for lack of space in yours.

The warm tears of joy
wet my hands and your
face searches for a new beginning
to trash this past and
welcome a new world.

Redness

The serpent ate the spine of
words and the spider's face
gleamed when the web caught a fy.

Words of reprimand—caution—
the slice to cut joy by the
caustic sword—wait for
tomorrow's undelivered fruit
the domination of men—
the untold story of a woman
and the lingering sadness
in warm wet eyes that
smile with redness.

Birth

The clump of blood grows
in the womb as the miracle
of life, circumventing
conventional beliefs and theories
to be delivered at a specific time.

In the cries and screams
there lies a silence of dreams
seeking communion and
fruition for the purpose
of creation and in the rock
face of desire the soul roams free.

Hell Fire

The hole from hell goes
into another hole that grows
bigger and fills the caldron
to drain the sins of humanity
caught in the struggle between
right, wrong and grey swelling
around in hot water pursuits
of present usurpation and past
remembrance of what is
neither mine nor yours.

The circus goes on and the
wheel kisses the grass on
the pavement leveled by the
battle-field of time.

Take care not to tell what
matters and what does not
in the sleepiness of time—
where the bottom drops
from your face and my eyes.

Stretch

I stretch your hand into mine
in a mingling knot of speechless
silence devouring the night
of words in your eyes and
worn out battered lips
quivering in the cold orchard
of experience and icicle still
circumstances dropping tears
to warm our heartfelt hands.

I hold onto the sorrow of
dreams cast into cemetery
stones for belief, faith,
loyalty and ethical behaviour—
turn into gravel and dust
unshaken from my hands.

I meet a furious mountain
melting snow in the rush
of angry malicious words
in sunful heat and a
glorious afternoon.

I see the change in my
eyes as prayer brightens
them a little each day
to kiss you good night
and renew the bond of love.

Night Shadows

The crow fell from my head
to bind the abdomen in pain
the trial of convenience for
another generation hiding the
face of reality from mortal belief
and the kiss of lies hovering
in your eyes like a steam—roller.

The eggshell wall falls into my hands
crushed like tissue paper—particles
falling on the floor of words
for unjust calling for no reason
just to sense and drown in
tomorrow's spirit as if there is
no grace in words, no time in
life to catch fish, play golf or
just pass time with friends.

I sit in the lonely hall with
your silent images growing in
pain to question night shadows.

True Words

Still lines have the movement
of time embedded in them
like the hourglass that fills
one every turn.

I have five minutes in
God's time to make my
life's mission whole with
His words-filled with His teachings

In every re-reading of
The Holy Quran there is
something new to capture
to reach into my mind—
sink into my soul.

The servant of true words
has nothing to hide.

Pain

Pain has no language—
it just bites and stings
the body like a hungry cobra
watching the victim cringe
wreath-toss-turn and exclaim.

There is some pain just
penetrating deep inside—
unexpressable in words—
the wounds of grasp and
time hurt more than the
kiss of death—

Hold my hand and feel
the icy chill that invades
me everyday to cool the
effect of hot words.

Touch not the spine for
it heals on its own like
the weather in Elephant caves.

Calmness

It all came to rest in a wave
of inspired dreams in the
courtyard of time shouting across
the passage of years in my home.

I hope you know negativity
has claimed more lives than
road accidents by drunk drivers.

Life moves on like a whispering
shadow and in the tenderness
of waiting I have seen the
skyline of dreams.

Expectation

I peer into the window of
my soul and find wanting
for everything I do an expected
result of sorts to give me
pleasure—comfort—satisfaction.

To do things for no reason
other than that they need to
be done is the true essence
of life I am trying to master
and understand in the surrender
of my will to His plan.

Balance

Balance is the fulcrum of the universe delicately shifting meaning and essence of time in the plate of my life.

The positive must outweigh the negative for positive is life—negative death.

Prayer heals and gives life to our dream—imaginary thoughts into a reality lived but forgotten.

Joy

The moment of happiness—
exhilaration lasts for a
fraction of time and we
live to savor it in memory—

Enjoy the present moment
for it is to be cherished
in the here and now—
the past cannot be re-lived
in reality—the future—
a vision—the present our
only reality.

True Life

Guide not the soul
for it guideth thee
to the path where
peace rests within
and dissolves the extraneous
happenings into nothingness.

Live in the moment—
to know truth and
ascertain life beyond
the earthly realm—
where time and space
are boundless unconfined realities—
bursting with joy.

Guardian

My heart is the guardian
of my soul, all my thoughts
within and without float
on the waves of life like
an effervescent flow of
incandescent words and
meanings torn, cut, shredded
like salad devoured by
hungry eyes—voluptuous
hands that stop at nothing.

I hear the raindrops fall
on the pavement as it soaks
them—watching the dance
of water droplets and the
light cadence in the sky
that glorifies you and
signifies nothing in the
wilderness of life.

Reality

Truth has no name or face
for stark reality is the meaning
in words hidden because
divergent attitudes are unwillingly
to recognize reality.

Confusion—the misinterpretation
of simple language—
misconstrued words hold
no brief for you or me.

Life a brief shadow bound
by death signifies nothing
in memory and self-glorification
to raise the ebb and flow
of the tide in the hour—glass.

Future

To rise and fow
to fall and give
whatever you have
to another because
their need is greater
than yours—an act of charity
perhaps a show of words
that doom the past
with a forboding present
a future of bleak anxiety
until the light shines
through your eyes.

The Forgotten Soul

The lumberjack fells trees of
a known quality—cutting the
wood for our use in homes
and paper to read a little
more of belittling space—
the time and energy needs
of a growing planet—a
population out of control—
rampant consumption
hollow souls and the greed
of years where there is no end—
there is a cry of those who
want and have not
who try and get not
who hope but will not—
just like the dust on a
footpath of dreams.

What?

What does it mean to forgive
and forget when the heart
is torn into a thousand
fragments of erstwhile
disdain with fedging
pain anguish and the
crushing hurt?

What does it mean to
swallow anger when angry
words can light a fame
of discontent, singe relationships
and create a gap of years?
What does it mean to live
life according to God's plan
and entrust yourself to Him?

Goals

I sit and think deeply
about the wants and needs of
life—principles of success
as we measure our goals,
achievements and failures.

I enter into the whirlpool
of cascading dreams and
images—electrifying me to
find answers each day in
routine work, mundane
tasks and a vast time to
think and dream about the
life I now want to live.

MALALA

The bullet pierced my heart—
the wounded soul cries to see
a girl struggle for girl's education—
in silence as the nation prays
and vows to fight the extremism
that surrounds us.

Malala your courage rebounds in
7 billion hearts—you are shaping
our destiny and that of girls and women
around the world.

You are the light—
We follow you—
admire your freedom of expression
to do what is right—
to rest only when each girl in Pakistan
has access to education, is not treated as a
commodity or married young against her will.

The cruelty must now end,
we must fight back with united resolve
for our peace, for our open and tolerant society.

Malala you are an education.
We cannot fail you for in it we fail humanity and
ourselves.
We are with you, always, and you live within us.