

**A Rose**  
**by**  
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**Dedicated to:**

**To all the innocent victims of  
Terrorism in Pakistan**

## **Foreword**

I have seen the pain and anguish of innocent people, killed, maimed, disfigured for no fault except that they were at the wrong place at the wrong time.

Many have died.

What is the crime?

There are no reasons and there are even fewer answers.

It is my hope and prayer that we can all come out of this reign of terrorism that has swept across Pakistan.

May we all unite as a nation against it and succeed in defeating it with our positive thoughts, words and actions.

Pakistan is a great country, the nation is resilient and we can overcome obstacles even when the odds seem against us.

We will win this war and bring peace to our war torn nation.

Syeda Henna Babar Ali

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## **A Rose**

A rose is a thousand words  
A thorn, a thousand tales  
who will tell the rose  
not to bloom  
or the thorn not to prick?

## **A Prayer For Pakistan**

The layers of rot sit on top  
of garbage heaps, corruption, poverty and hunger.  
The burning hatred of greed kills within.  
The body politic in strife, strikes  
and the head falls with loving sadness  
on wilderness clouds in protective wings  
to find a new life, a diffident destiny.  
The crisis comes and goes—  
Past like a passionate wave of honesty,  
the threat of terrorism,  
fear of civil strife, battles of foreign agencies  
lurk in the dark night.  
The heart moulds words and desires into prayer.  
A prayer to save us from ourselves,  
a prayer to cleanse diseased hearts of  
cruelty, vendetta, greed.  
A prayer for God to guide the misguided,  
help them live a life of wisdom and devotion,  
a life devoted to a mission,  
a life where He plans  
destiny for a better future—  
enables them,  
to seek guidance, protection, fortitude,  
all is not lost—Allah cares for Pakistan.

## Chaotic Horror

The sky sighed—an old woman relieved  
a blistering burden of trees  
waiting with expectation in  
a dry smog encrusted  
garden of delightful words—  
small—delicate ideas like  
butterfly wings sitting in  
the cusp of the day to see  
your war torn face  
remember the Holocaust.

Innocent— men, women—  
children massacred—  
we live trauma and conflict each day  
as bombs—suicide bombers dismember  
our cities—our universities—  
markets, harassing our lives  
for simple beginnings.  
The conflict and trauma  
re-sets our life into the  
dust of brief shadows.  
When will pillage—plunder—  
cruelty end?

When will there be a smile  
on a hamlet face?  
The time has come to rise—  
to speak out  
against the wrong—

Destiny is in the hands  
of the nation as a persuasive  
public can change the course—

The message has come to  
stay in the bed of words.  
Who will change with the  
wind of change?  
Recycle hollow promises at  
the turnpike—  
overturn useless rituals—  
infested interest in  
nepotism and domestic formation—  
give the dying day a new breath  
the soul a new depth—

## **The Lost Mother**

Memories flowed in ginger  
bread biscuits refrigerated  
in truncated words swooping  
over lemonade dreams on  
the icicles of time.

The moment lingers in my heart—  
a lost breath of words  
flitting in my eyes in  
imaginary blocks of glaciated dreams  
and I sigh again when  
your face hangs—  
my feet stay away from  
a door they dread—  
a door that slams shut like a  
mousetrap when anger rages  
in the grey monsoon eyes of a willow.  
I sat in today's hollow  
face reading the hay-moon  
poems rolling into my  
peacock eyes— chanting  
a lullaby to hush all those  
words falling across the  
waterfall when my heart stopped your smile.

## **Abated Scream**

The pentacostal word inverted  
in a divergent phrase cast  
in a sentence fragment signifies  
incoherent speech—euphemisms  
of delayed remembrance  
swinging from unpainted  
ceilings of scruffy passages  
walled in discontent—  
horror road blocks—smoking  
dreams in vegetable peals—  
littering the shadow of a  
promise sliding on hopes of  
impoverished slopes—eating  
hate in the love-gate—  
the present hole.

## The Time Is Now

You are rightfully mine—  
I am rightfully yours—  
You created me from a  
drop of blood and some water—  
gave me a part of Your soul—  
a friendly companion of moments—  
contemplative days—moss laden  
barricades of jacaranda dreams—  
pushing buttons on the keyboard  
of time like dismembered limbs  
of suicide bomb victims  
gone before the scream—  
in a blast of nails—nuts—bolts.  
We bury the dead in  
today's graveyard and the  
families lost words in the jungle —  
Events needle to break  
the smooth skin—make  
a nation cry and bleed—  
The grieving stops like a red light—  
promises try to fill a hungry belly  
relieve the burden of serpentine debt—  
Government expenses open  
their dinosaur jaws  
the debt grows for borrowing  
greed that spends like a shopoholic—  
national needs cringe in euphemisms—  
industry falters with bated breath—  
agriculture heaves sighs like

a dying man—designed to  
fail—buy  
and sell what is not theirs—  
what no one owns—  
the will of this nation—



## Disenchantment

I cursed pain into  
the dusk shadow of dreams.  
The courage of words slip  
into a mousetrap of hazy promises—  
unwashed dishes—unleaven bread.  
The table of words is  
worn out by a broken pencil  
and lips that do not  
write a kiss on today's orange face.  
My mind mashed the heavens  
and sighs of all those unending  
wounds sequestered in present  
moments layered in a sedimented past—  
fossilized lizard's eggs in  
a holocaust of words.  
I cry on my own in the  
rambling rooms of silence  
where refrigerated emotions  
taste sorrow in your  
eyes and your smile shrinks  
with bold words that elucidate  
principal thought and conviction  
into a way of life—  
The admonished soul clings  
to God's abandoning the  
beaten path sitting quietly  
in a rose bush—counting  
multiple thorns that tear a  
petal of feeling and run  
away with crowing dawn.

## Fragment

Grave pebbles licked feet  
into the disappearing pile of  
bony flesh—wrapped in a  
white shroud—sinking into  
a space forgotten by experience.  
Memory of the tangible—  
the paper weight of time—  
on your thoughtful pillow  
leans like an unread book—  
yearning for the reader's  
hand to turn the page  
fresh air touches the coffee  
lips of unwatered grass—  
a parched Earth sulking for rain  
from those slanting eyes—  
slitting the margin of light  
stapled—punched—filed  
in countless trees growing  
in the forest of words  
where ideas bounce on waves—  
fly high—swoop down—  
run away—the kite soars—  
cuts loose—floats—disappears  
until a hand snatches the  
string from grumbling branches—  
brings the prize home  
to rest on a blank— unnoticed wall.

## **Suburban—**

The dust mingled with the sky,  
a blanket of haze, a fine  
film—mesh—grit in  
my mouth filled the roads  
with sugarcane—cotton—  
maize—mustard fields beguiling  
the day resonating humps  
ditches, a desire to touch the  
green—soak it with my eyes—  
that hunger for blue seas,  
green pastures—thick forests—  
unite with my natural  
friends—that open their arms  
and let me fold into their  
deep calm holding me in  
the breathing feathers of—  
Jaybirds, guinea fowl, peacocks—  
a quiet desk in a silent  
home where the walls  
watch tearful eyes  
dribbling—screams fall on  
the sanitized floor and  
your memory floats into  
my present like the  
ring leader it has always been—  
dancing to the Blue Danube  
Waltz—skipping the footprint  
on the door of time—holding  
a jar by the wind and the  
gust shuts it with a bang—

in your eyes.  
I walk the path of difficult  
truth and there are no easy  
words to share with bread  
and tea—a smile in—  
the sky on the head of a  
floating cloud—  
nothing is the same—  
nothing lives forever—  
and there is no one to share  
or care—  
the dialogue stays within—

## The Gourd

Anger puffs at the steering wheel,  
the flaps of Lombardy trousers—  
hold legs in the shape of wood—  
and like a coin he rolls over  
in the bell—jar to beguile words  
in porcupine days—thorny nights  
just to sit and watch  
the world go by on the wagon of words  
as he eats from the past  
in the present to make a putrid future—  
cursing frustrated walkways—promises  
of unrealized dreams and unkept  
haunting—screaming days—  
bewildered nights where  
nothing happens in the vacant moment  
only time lapses from moment to moment—  
in faded images and quinine days—  
stealing the softness from my unkissed lips—  
the eyes hang in sorrow—  
the white hair sparkles—  
I run aground to play  
the day as a program of  
an undisturbed hand—a  
quiet mind—a Universal soul.

## **Murderous Intent**

The snarled paced desire  
of wonton lies and unremembered days—  
the silent tear drop on a forlorn face—  
unopened letters of solicitation  
for sacrificial goatskin—  
the rising folly of unwanted praise—  
the silence broke glass and dreams—  
splinters across the threshold of motion  
devoured your ebony face—hands—lips  
the tear dried horizontally in an uneasy breath  
confrontational words lingered  
and staple fissures—  
teach loneliness to smile  
in rebellion quietly unfolding—  
at the gate of present dreams—of bliss  
separation—an integral part knows me  
and perhaps you will never know—  
in woeful afternoons and  
disdainful nights—all waiting  
for the warmth of a comforter  
in the hollow night—  
poking into another usurped quiet day.

## Rise Pakistan

Obdurate democracy legislates to  
legitimize crime—a moribund of lies  
collapsing in the hollow palm of  
bewildered leaders—a pestering media  
promises to expose the rot—allows it  
to decompose before our eyes  
but who will process the garbage heap  
to generate power, restore what is right  
and give back from a plundered past  
all the loot of misbegotten wealth  
now frozen abroad in a global pool  
being consumed quietly by others?  
What is not theirs is ours  
and you mourn loss—grieve for  
suicide bombings of innocent  
women—children—a carnage of life—  
cowardly inhuman acts at genocide  
why? What have we done?

War creates more hate—breeds  
anger—injustice—recession—  
where has peace fled?  
It takes more courage to silence  
the barrel of a gun than to fire it.  
Peace comes from the resolve  
to solve problems through dialogue—  
war brings death—anguish—  
creates poverty, disrupts society—  
Let us renew a pledge to live in peace—

persuade others to be by themselves—  
identify our problems—find  
space for our brothers—sisters—  
indigenous solutions—  
to get the opportunity to reach the  
top and claim what is rightfully ours—  
our country—our heritage—our nation—  
we rise with the stars  
and the sunrise begins in our world.



## Embarrassment

The starkissed moon  
and the silent night  
in the lap of words  
fight betrayal, ignite  
the good luck charms  
you sent to warm my soul.  
In the quiet mind  
there are dark spots  
of deep sadness stuck  
to the purple cubicles of  
feelings in the net of a soul.  
Tears pour out in an  
unstoppable stream as I wash  
old scars and bathe new wounds  
hiding behind make-up—  
a gentle smile hurts inside —  
I hear the scream  
that no one hears—  
I hold the hand that no one sees—  
and in the melting hourglass  
of proverbial time, the heart  
rises and falls—sinks or swims—  
perhaps in a different moment  
of apple—soft apricot dreams—  
pear reality drips  
with sultry sweetness into  
the ipod of an illusive world—  
an optical dream—a shadow of words.

## **Ineptitude**

The unquiet shadows of  
the voluptuous mind—  
an eggplant of dreams  
in a peppermill of thoughts  
swimming in the lake of reality  
exfoliating like dry onion skin  
sliced by the sharp edge of words  
in your raw orange greased hand  
signifying nothing in tea cup memory  
raising a plate of concern  
in contemplation and discourse, intellectual  
stifling—the voices and noise within—  
crushed in silence.

## Phantom

I cushioned words on a paperclip—  
slipped them into my pocket  
with rustling leaves and pigeon feathers—  
curshing my lips for not throwing  
out the words at the right time  
to create an impact on her ivory face  
and ebony hair with burnt blue eyes—  
assailing the wind like a fighter kite—  
ready to cut the falcon head off  
no contender dared to come forward  
and kiss the lonely night  
in the rose garden where clouds  
hang from the roof and the sun  
runs away into another world.

## **Socialite**

Arbitrary jungle of words—  
the soot of feelings on  
your door step dressed for  
a cocktail party where friends  
and foes will enact—affected  
socialization—drink—eat—smoke  
like obdurate corpuscles—  
flamboyantly fling their hands in  
the air to gesticulate airy nothing.  
I watch from the sofa in a  
haze of cigar smoke and stale food  
how the desert plates are empty—  
the napkins crumbled—strewn on  
the mantle piece and her egg shell  
face sinks like a bore.

## **Shuffling Time**

There is no pleasure now  
in making lists of things to do—  
it somehow disturbs my natural  
spiritual rhythms that flow  
from moment to moment in  
undocumented time of planners  
and diaries that I have forged  
into boxes and packed away as  
time unfolds its own glory and  
dictates in the instant of the  
particular moment what it will  
make me do and keep divergent  
interests so that it seems I am  
doing nothing.

## **Beleagured Time**

The dragon-head of dream like  
thoughts ate meandering words  
and capricious thoughts in the  
wave of reform to find new  
ways for my thoughts and your  
words to become public documents  
of personalized expression on the  
parapet of agonizing defeat sealed  
in the box of judgemental vows  
and a moribund of angry  
thoughts besieged by scornful eyes,  
unimaginative ideas for escape  
into another world where time,  
and distance converge, merge into  
a singular identity.

## **A German Homeland**

The dismantled wall cloaked  
hate in the stones, concrete blocks  
and barbed wires cannot  
contain the desire for unification  
and occupation, torture,  
suffering, poverty created  
a resilient will,  
a will to heal and mend  
a desire to transform  
a need to prosper and grow—  
a will to give  
and renew the pledge for the poor  
a promise to recreate the glory  
of a German homeland.

## The Quiet Man

The stars kissed your face  
on a moon-lit night  
in a sermon of words  
with birds in flight.  
I saw you shiver in the  
cold blast of the snow-storm—  
in a stark room—bare hungry walls—  
the table and chair—  
a modest bed—a small fire  
where you cooked and ate—  
alone by the window of dreams  
where no one comes or goes—  
and you listen to the music  
of the universe play  
a symphony in your soul.



## Communication

The doors of paradise opened  
in my heart and the cool  
soothing breeze sank into my soul  
like the Welsh lamb on rolling downs—  
The ethereal beams of light  
sequestered my consciousness  
scattering a thousand fragments—  
burning desire hurling  
snow balls of frenzy into the  
woven mass of love that follows  
you like a treasure hunt.  
I have surrendered all  
feelings to You because there  
is nothing more to desire—

## Defeat

The sunbeam danced on the water  
and entered my room like a  
shaft cutting through the edge of darkness—  
all hopes of unity in the sky.  
I lifted the soil in my hands—  
clenched my fist and the lump  
dropped to the ground like a clod.  
I plod through the day of doubtful  
measure and insightful defeat  
to seek the destitute hand—  
plagued foot—hungry mouth  
that kills time in impoverished ways  
defying sainthood and spirituality.

## **Bedtime Stories**

I tore a page of words from my heart  
and filled my mind with winged thoughts  
of caged birds—dismembered meanings—  
a gleeful smile of restive mood  
a forlorn look on an old face  
like a tired notebook—  
a book frequently read by strangers  
in search of new words to improve vocabulary,  
critical thinking understanding of an abused  
past—  
an unknown future—  
flashing in the moonlight like  
a tinsel star in a fairly tale  
of old bedtime stories you  
read by the fire.

## **Terror**

The heart of darkness folds into  
the womb of time—attaches itself  
to small particles of negative energy  
that grow into a bomb and explode  
hate with agonizing fate for  
innocent victims who have no  
criminal record or desire but  
chance brought them to die in  
violence—the screaming millions  
fight terror and the hand of  
terror—masterminds destruction  
in the neighbourhood of mysterious  
intent that wants to kill—destroy—  
maim Pakistan—for no reason—  
to satisfy lust for power  
to destroy what stands—faith  
has an ideology—  
and the dragon spits fire to  
eat—kill—

## Reference

In the written word life ends  
in a scream of lost words—  
ideas—dreams—surfacing on  
the icicles of time to leave an  
impression—create a point of  
reference and a waterfall  
of crushed images blended  
mashed potatoes on crimson  
experience pulsating latitudes  
of never ending desire for bliss.  
My eyes are heavy—  
thick blankets of sleep weave  
shutters into them and the  
pen drops a word in repose.

## **Plate Hands**

The harmony of fate coined  
words in my plate hands—  
drenched the fist of events  
with zest throwing a stone  
in the shallow pond of life.  
I live each moment with  
Your grace—the feeling of  
knowing—the realization that  
I am never alone—

You fill my life with the  
horizontal and vertical depth  
of energy—a sacred bond—  
a loving trust to know You  
are always within more than myself.

## **Arm—Chair Dreams**

In the rotten arm-chair he  
sits with an empty coffee cup  
an ashtray full of cigarette butts—  
a room coated with smoke  
and eyes peeling layers of years  
to see a smile on your face  
as tears stream down burnt  
cheeks and scars left by a  
riverdale club of fingernails.  
I ate mountain glory and  
snow to cool the hunger of a  
wet blanket—an empty chair  
a bottomless stool of words—  
a cesspool of recurring thoughts—  
harrowing dreams where the  
parrot screams in my face  
and hunger rides the bullet train  
of suicide bombers that kill  
and stop for no one.

## Hope

The lantern dimmed and I saw  
Your hand on my heart  
complaining of the vacant look—  
a pensive mood—all those  
mounds of negative news  
that burst into flames and  
burn my eyes every morning.  
Each day I awake with hope—  
believe in hope as the day  
sinks into the night and I  
sleep on the bed of hope in  
the arms of a blissful universe  
because I see the change and  
know You will raise Your hand.



## **Chocolate Wafers**

In the dismembered night of the  
funeral pyre of words—you consoled  
me about lost days and the  
vanquished soul at the door step  
of crestfallen motheaten emotions—  
the tyranny of thoughts summons  
feelings into the secret bell-jar  
of salty actions—camouflaged in  
chocolate wafers coated with ice—  
frozen strawberry-vanilla  
cream dripping from your  
quiet eyes turns the truth into  
peaceful agony and watches the  
tears melt in my eyes—  
fall on your frozen hand.

## **The Hour of Lost Words**

Turbulent times match the desire  
of destiny on footprints in the sand—  
the water crushed ice into  
particles migrating with the wind,  
exploding in sunlight like  
whimsical leaves lurching in  
the courtyard of my imagination  
to kiss the brow of words in the  
rose garden of dreams—  
the verse lingers in a breath of  
smokeless reality in petticoat lanes—  
cobble streets of homes—  
in the hour of lost worlds, broken dreams.

## Roof of Words

The truncated roof of a mountain  
café sat in my eyes like a fixed  
gaze of sun-lit beams—  
pulsating stars zooming across  
the galaxy of dreams I  
steal from Your embrace—  
a comforting hug just to be in  
another world with You—  
where ideas glaciare dreams—  
and the meringue slopes of  
thought beep along with  
a smile I hide in my  
heart where no one but  
You can see the naked  
truth of words.

## **Blue Ocean Madness**

The Avatar touched the moon—  
faced light in the shadow  
of pine trees—redwoods—swimming  
in the ocean breeze at the  
mountain top while the lake  
drank my eyes into its being  
and the water inflamed my  
desire for pristine blue—  
the aquamarine magic magnetized me—  
My feet—fixed in the soil  
never wanted to  
leave the blue—  
so close to my heart—  
I kiss it with tears.

## Clip A Page

Rolling eyes—a cat smile and  
brickets burning in the furnace  
of yesterday's memories—I  
caught and froze at the bottom  
of the page to hide my face  
from vacant looks—probing  
minds—want to peel  
everything I know—  
record it in crisp red files and share the  
secret with no one.  
I tore the paper clips from the pages that  
attempt to define me in a stiff  
language of awkward words  
as if they are writing about  
objects on a dressing table.

## **All Answers**

Hold the hour—glass in your hand  
turn it upside down to change a direction—  
watch it fill the  
empty half and become empty again.

What we create has an  
entry—exist strategy but Allah's  
process of creation has unique  
attributes of multiple directions—  
complex intricacies—inter-linked  
actions—reactions—changes—  
a transformation—and who can  
explain them?

We observe, try to understand—assimilate and  
explain—but there are more  
questions—He has all answers.

## **Betrayal**

Rhinestones on shores and  
the black silk dress floats like  
a robe along the curves of history—  
tells the story of your dreams  
and imaginary vows where  
you promised to sacrifice  
desire and surrender yourself  
in the heart of dreams of  
this unknown world which  
tears down barriers rebuilt new walls—  
You and I stand behind  
the fence of our ideas,  
fragile hearts unable to mend  
the breakdown of a  
relationship that betrayed me.

## The Smile

A flamboyant man strode  
across the room smiled as if  
he knew what was inside  
my heart and as I looked  
up into his soft brown eyes  
he smiled again—

His gentle being is still within  
my thoughts as I try to place  
him—to find out who he is—  
but he left without saying  
hello or good bye and the  
smile hides within  
everytime I look  
into my heart—it smiles.



## **A Special Day**

Rising from the gate—the star  
strolled across the galaxy and  
my eyes could not follow it as  
well as my heart but I know  
there is something special about today—

The sweet blanket  
covers me again and again  
with special blessings—gifts—love.  
The cold air turns warm  
inside and wraps around me  
like angels wings—  
I cannot see God in any one form but I  
know He exists in each breath—  
the silence of sacred words.

## **Vacant Afternoon**

The casket of dreams opens the desire  
of knowledge to grow in idea pods—  
nurtured—nourished with loving care—  
watching them acquire shape—  
take form with a glistening glow—  
a joyous pride exploding in  
my being as if something new  
had just been born in the  
star-light kiss of a vacant afternoon.

I touched the white surface of  
the aromatic shroud and wrapped it  
around my head to once again  
bow in prayer—submit—beseech—  
Him for benediction and benevolence.

## **Grasshoppers From Heaven**

I sat in Tumbridge Wells over-  
looking green downs—hills slightly  
brown as the rain drop fell on  
my hand like a gift from Heaven.  
It was a lonely drop—no other  
drops of rain—I drank it  
to quench a thirst for a thousand fears  
on the bold threshold of experience  
waiting for the raiament of dreams—  
catching fire in haste to chastise  
wishes—desires—needs—seeking an  
opportunity for Heaven to open a  
new door for grasshoppers and  
butterflies in a tropical graden.

## The Lonely Tree

Old age rents a house in time—  
defeat the breath of youth—  
time in the cage of  
sparrows—doves—parrots—hawks—  
flying in formations of groups  
enduring the pain of our  
concrete jungle where the trees  
are cut—burnt in stoves—nailed  
into tables—chairs—crushed to  
make pulp for tissue and paper.

The lungs of the world weaken—  
wreathe in pain and we watch—  
use more and more—  
money buys more—peace runs away.

## **The Oneness, Unity of Allah**

The trajectory of space opened  
avenues in my mind as I  
float through the rich mass of  
substance—foam and a dark  
brightness—pulls me into the  
end of time where everything  
merges into The Eternal light  
beyond the expanding universe.  
Each day the journey becomes  
more absorbing as He absorbs me—  
I am absorbed into His eminence—  
His presence—suddenly everything  
unifies into the familiarity  
of oneness—knowing—  
difference—seldom remains.

## Screaming Brain

The lawn mower evened out  
the clumps of grass grown  
over the patch into a smooth green silk  
blanket caught in the eyes  
of time-keepers—watch—makers—  
who know not how I have  
waited for you and gaped at  
the bolted door where no one  
knocks—the door remains  
shut for another day—  
Time has a headache wearing  
glasses with a sensitive brain—  
screaming loneliness in the horizontal  
lanes of the parish where  
french fries and burgers  
fill frustrated dreams—  
just a stop—gap  
arrangement for hunger  
hoisted on flags—symbol—  
hope in the pale jar  
of empty faces—causing  
pain where the threshold  
already overflows and the  
wounds—create  
less of a desire to remain  
a part of this world.

## Silenced Tongues

I have silenced my lips in  
supplication and watered my  
soul with tears to feel the hurt—  
pain—anguish—when I am pinched—  
and jabbed by unkind words—  
sharp tongues—disquieting souls.

I refused conditional  
guidance to keep my freedom—  
integrity of purpose—  
once my soul is possessed  
by another—I am not free  
to be my person—  
free to submit and surrender to  
The Sustainer who loves and  
gives an infinite sea of bounty,  
an endless source of  
nourishment—energy—strength—  
The Dependable factor of joyful trust  
celebrating glory—  
to live with The Message,  
of understanding—the meaning.

## **Oneness**

The stone rolls into the basket  
of dreams harvesting thoughts—  
an idea on a eucalyptus page  
of pearlized dew—forbidding  
images of love—harmony unity—oneness—  
an excellence of tubular connections—  
circumnavigating the infinite  
vast concepts created by  
stimulating sensory perceptions—  
converging a focal point.  
The graduating ideas of reality  
have no fixed realm and  
everything coexists at the same  
time somewhere in the Universe  
contacts our inner being—  
our consciousness—our soul.



## The Afghan War

The tower of Babel flashed in  
my eyes like a lost star and  
the hanging gardens of  
Babylon silenced  
screaming cruelty—jealousy—  
the inability to share abundance  
why kill—pillage—plunder—destroy  
build again—life has—  
divergent avenues, and we  
fail to tolerate difference.  
The squashing hand of  
Nato—US troops—Afghan  
forces conquer  
Helmand province forcing the  
Taliban to be killed or flee  
into hiding somewhere else—  
Wars solve no problem  
fighting breaks to  
destroy the body, the mind—  
the soul struggles with compassion.  
Love turns anger and hate  
into tolerance—respect—  
frustration calms—  
the simmering stops and  
guns turn into flowers—  
the desire to live grows and  
life populates dreams—hope  
germinates and in each  
grain there are seeds of peace.

## The Mentor

The chance of night skated in  
the hours of darkness cloaked  
in the wind of tender weeds  
rising from the ground like  
arrows falling into his tender  
hands—like silk thread and beads—  
I watched him master the wind—  
slip into the cave—dive into the well—  
ride Buraq swiftly into the heavens—  
from one galaxy to the next  
choosing to mentor the pupils  
destined to serve—  
He trains with rigor—delight and reward.  
The stern commands are difficult to obey—  
convert the disciple into  
a frenzied person whose behaviour  
seems obsessive—compulsive  
and yet it moves gradually  
training to master the concept  
of faith—to surrender willingly, unconditionally—  
to prepare ourselves for receiving the  
glory and magnificence of His  
benediction—love,—to belong—  
only to Him and become dust  
with time—resonating the  
celebration of His greatness.

## Smoky Lips

I stole a kiss from your lips smoking  
into my heart—sealed them  
with rose petals and let them  
sink into my soul like the  
lost pearl of my dreams.  
In the memory of Heron  
the old god rose from the sea  
to find a nymph for himself  
to rest his eyes on—to play  
games with—to have a companion  
for fun and a confidant for secrets.  
He ran away with  
her like a gust of wind  
without a phone call and  
she vanished like light into  
a black hole in the back of  
my head where all dreams  
disappear into the warm  
blanket of blissful sleep.  
I slake my thirsty eyes with  
images of You without shape—  
or form just boundless  
robust energy all around  
like a fortress and my  
Protector loving me in the  
moment of small sacrifice—  
the road You show glitters  
with peace—tranquility

the radiance of righteousness—  
Your glory and delight—  
the inner cleft of my mind  
folds into a twist—untangles  
again when Thy will is done—

## **Snowball**

There is no one in my life  
when You are there  
no space or empty spot  
no vacuum to fill  
as You inch away distress  
from my life and throw  
a snowball of directions into  
time compressed and space—modified  
to inconstant gratitude, wools  
of delusion folding into the  
comfort of Your warm mantle  
soothing the frenzy—tension—  
worry in the mouth of my  
mind where You kissed me  
many times with feather like  
winds touching the screams  
of rancor—pain—anguish—  
hurt—crushed in the pepper  
mill of forced events willed  
to contain—dominate—rule.  
Today no one claims  
my life or wills my  
thoughts—feelings—actions—  
the bonding separates me from others  
to be with You.

## Sad Eyes, Tapping Fingernails

The stony pathway of excellence  
drove into the sand-storm  
of time and ate apples with  
withered leaves—fallen twigs—  
the space between earth and  
sky bound tightly in  
ponytail dreams of gourmet food—  
sparkling water blue shades—  
hues of green burning my gullet—  
as I try to swallow the silence  
in my soul—the silence in  
my room—buzzing in my  
head like a stubborn thumb  
nail—I carefully pull out  
to feel the numbness in words—  
forgotten fairy tales—  
a log in fetters and chains—  
the rascal of yellow-blue stones  
mumbling words—incoherent  
speech—disfigured fingernails—  
tapping on the door to let out  
cats—dogs—ducks—afternoon rats—  
babies crawling on the floor  
to discover a space of their  
own and the unremembered  
mother who sees it all—waits—  
and say nothing.  
Her sad eyes eat my dreams and  
shuts the door on warm words.

## **Moss Reality**

Flowers wrinkle in your eyes  
like water lilies in a pond of  
ideas—floating in a world  
of dreams in the shadow—  
mountain caves of habitual  
trespassers—searching  
to find themselves in a quest  
for God in the long stories of The Bible.

Kiss the glass—seal lips—  
with silent messages printed  
on the page of life in  
ordinary uneventful days  
where the moss grows on  
pebbles in sandy reality.

## **The Inner Curtain**

The trampoline of ideas tossed  
in the bowl of words as emotions  
mixed the essence of dream  
engagement—enhance the  
desire for communion.

The internal rhythms change  
into a management of breathless  
words coated with velvet covers  
of Your loving mantle that  
encapsulates me in the warmth  
of a battlefield in Your  
smouldering eyes waking  
in the night of togetherness as  
You remove the curtain from the day.



## **Fragmented Stair-way**

The snow—flake danced in the  
avenue of dreams in the space  
between night and day on my  
bed strewn with word-stars—  
lingering with me as the world  
disowns them for make belief.  
I slumber in the unison of  
night on the tail of dream  
events and strange reality  
fixing causality of action with a  
foreboding spirit—halted in  
moments of sequestered  
thought breaking through the  
light stair-way—

## The Star Night

I opened my eyes in the window  
of a star sitting in my  
heart for a time—it glows like  
the light within and then the  
orbit changed.

The star declined  
like the fading moon  
and I traced all lines in  
my heart to the distance between us.  
There is not center point—  
The path stretched and  
narrowed before my eyes—  
the breathless journey—daunted  
hope and illusion as the  
words forecast the trajectory  
of years into a yearning prayer  
hiding tears on pillows—  
a loving smile—  
a light encapsulates within to seal  
my eyes with—Your love.  
Love turns, returns to the  
original source for  
sustenance—peace—tranquility  
absorbing elements of pain—  
create awe—wonder.

## Rebirth

The morning dew touched  
my eyes like water from  
Heaven cooling the ambers  
heated by intense prayer  
within and as the heat  
of the prayer cools my breath—  
I know You are there.  
Designs of future travels—  
rambling events of time  
are testimony of commitment  
and service running—supreme—  
elegance in different worlds—  
the lotus flower in  
my heart—always pulsating  
to remember—You.  
You killed me on the mountain  
of rebirth in the bird-nest,  
on a pine tree tearing me  
into a million fibrous pieces—  
joining me together to  
make a whole—  
when submission destroys let it  
caste me away in the  
continuous moments of  
surrender—consuming me  
in the youthful steps of playful  
teasing to grow love to a  
new level of repose—resting

in a hornet's nest for refuge—  
encapsulating beauty—  
folding my hand.

## **Broken Bonding**

The line broke—mended and  
broke again in the sadness of  
time each time I crossed the  
threshold to enter the domain  
of your magical world of  
foreboding tales—a future  
clarifying reality in the  
treasure trove of love where  
no one belongs to anyone—  
we share experience in a  
semblance of peace—  
trying to find familiar space to  
touch one another's soul  
and bond for a lifetime.

## The Seeds of Time

The lingering eyes of pain  
cast vestibule impulses into  
the painted gallery of desire  
falling asleep on a soft  
silent bed of teddy bear dreams.  
Fast—open lips—shriveled  
dates are not hollow inside—  
It is important not to eat  
the seeds of time—  
live in the archery of sweetness—  
growing trees within—  
The dates of love have no one's  
name written on them—  
they are distributed to anyone who  
wants to partake in the peace—  
in the joy and matrimony  
of time— where the glove of  
dishelved belief soaks the  
sorrow in my heart like a  
giant oyster trying to open  
in your hand—wrapped  
in paper—sealed in a bell  
jar—signifying a sacred moment—  
There is no time to cry—sigh—  
heave in the nodules of  
woe—begotten memory—  
thrusting its tongue in my  
face to scorn my sensitive

sensibilities layered in the  
pages of life I let no one read—  
the ink fades—  
I forget what happened or did  
not happen—for love is all  
that lies stretched between  
us like a youthful river— we  
swim—play—sleep—  
until death pulls us—

## Melody of Voice

Your telephone call smacked  
happiness on my face—the  
thrill to hear your spontaneous  
energetic—lively voice tickles me—  
I feel grateful—my heart  
smiles within to know that we  
will always have that frank  
honest understanding flowing  
naturally between us like two  
streams of consciousness in one—  
rivers of life—intermingling—  
effortlessly like the undivided  
line between Earth and sky—  
I kissed the words that  
sing in my ear like a sweet  
lullaby—the melody of words  
with your resonating voice  
give me a blessing—a rose—  
a beautiful moment that is mine  
to touch—feel and sense like—  
a cold glass of water which  
cools me within on a warm  
uncomfortable day when other  
words are difficult—



## Continuity

The swan engulfed the rose—  
swam with it to the edge of  
the pond—held in the beak—  
the rose bloomed till it could sip  
water and then wilted on parched  
soil like new ideas that are  
trashed and bypassed to hold  
onto old convenient ways—  
give nothing but the assurance  
of the same continuity—  
the same regime of claustrophobic  
words shooting colour in  
my face and your cloistered  
hands—hold centennial  
difference in fingernails.

## **The Medicine Man**

The doctor killed me—  
I did not kill him—  
The acid in my stomach  
bites my tongue like a gourd—  
dreams of the afterlife  
are real like life—  
I do not know where—when  
or how it will happen  
deep down I know the end is near—  
It will be nice to be free of the body—  
to have no other wants  
or desire just to be in the presence of Allah.  
He is always with me  
in this world more that myself—  
what will the difference be—?  
How will I be—? Where will I be—?  
Will be one continuous  
moment of unbroken bliss—  
Words melt into silence.

## Elliptical Orbits

The home of bliss mastered  
the universe as a floating gift  
of elliptical orbits—circumstantial  
space—endless hoardings of  
peace—marketable tranquility  
quite unreal for the majestic  
surroundings where God resides  
in the simple improvised  
broken heart that He chooses to  
heal with the balm of love  
so pure—sacred—a drop  
forms the ocean within—  
rising—falling waves—  
—there is no one else—  
known forever—the space  
within—Yours—not mine.

## **The Molten Word**

Your eyes caste a spell on my eyes—  
hands would not let go the hand—  
lips whisper sweet words—  
play the music of my soul  
to enter a reality where there is  
no breath—only eternal silence—  
Life is the light of dreams—  
reality becomes that dream—  
when there is neither disagreement  
nor conflict with The Creator—  
easier to worship than to  
serve or continuously obey every  
order—unflinching commitment—

## The Journey's End

You throw away the gift of words—  
the gift of prayer—the gift of love,  
perhaps you had enough—  
do not want more—  
perhaps you do not want proof  
to stay in waltz—in caves,  
on a stranger's door-step—  
in the wounds of sorrow—  
in the sighs of tomorrow—  
in the garden of delight—  
where there is no night or day—  
only twilight and dusk.  
The eyes—withered away  
in dreams—cast away  
the transient moment of when I  
thought you were mine—  
devoured by the deep spiritual  
love where we seemd to have  
lost ourselves in the yearning—  
in the knowledge of what lies  
between us like the gentle ocean  
breeze passing through your  
hands and mine—perhaps  
for a simpler touch to just  
look into one another—the  
togetherness of time—

## **The Running Night**

In the mantle of sleep a deep  
layer of bliss closed my eyes—  
the heaviness of a kiss  
potent like none other before—  
In the moments of sleep  
racing from hour to hour I  
feel your gentle hand touching  
my spine dissolving within to  
become a part of me.  
The wakeful moments of pang  
and desire are more—  
You are there forever more than myself.

## Allah's Presence

You took the cup of life from  
my hand—filled it with love—  
gave it back to me to sip and  
drink slowly as I weave through  
the moments of time is the  
headiness of pronounced  
presence that captures my soul  
and I am spell bound—  
Who will I tell—?  
What will I share—?  
The manifestation of God has  
Majesty—awe—grandeur—more  
than words can hold—  
It spills over—arrests the  
soul—unbound less serenity.

## **Repose and Togetherness**

In the casting shadows of  
winchester dreams, angels open  
the door of Heaven and let the  
cool air into my room to  
lull me to sleep as if this  
room is not in this world—  
as if I am not here and this  
element of repose in togetherness  
baffles me—stuns me at  
times frightens me—as You  
smother me with love  
and cover me to sleep in a state of stasis—  
communion transcends  
the boundaries of space and time—



## **The Writing in My Heart**

In a filterless dream there are  
trees in the shadow mountain  
growing like the giant beanstalk  
upwards towards the sky—  
The mountain top is clear like  
the mirror on my dressing table  
that does not hide the reality  
from my face on a tired  
day or laborious night.  
I write unending messages—  
hoping you will read  
them one day and write in my heart—

## Dust

In the morning shower of sun  
rays and beams the window—  
decorated by dust particles dancing  
in the freedom to coat furniture  
and floors with glorious dreams—  
we zealously clean to throw  
away the unwanted part—  
introduced in our homes—  
It is natural to find dust wherever  
we go—a reminder—to dust  
we will—return—  
The advent of hygiene—  
introduces potent  
chemicals in our homes  
we clean the dust from our lives—

## **Nest Eggs**

Rain stopped on the mountain  
to flood the plain as houses  
float in water—wet  
clothes—furniture—books—  
all lost to an interfering  
intruder who does not apologize  
for what he does because we  
have no control  
on the elements of nature—they rule  
our lives more than money and small  
change nesting eggs in winter  
to keep warm—crashing reality  
on cement pathway—reluctantly  
forecast the future in your ageless face.

## **The Moment, A Lifetime**

Strangers enter the hedge grove—  
hid behind the trees to see you  
in a flashing glance across the  
hallway of dreams as the mist  
rose from your feet into a  
serpentine dance and the maiden  
sat transfixed by the spell of those eyes—  
bind my soul eternally to the  
passage of light in the moon  
and stars.

I can never hold you in my eyes—only feel  
for a moment when there is  
something—the effect—  
a lifetime.

## Departure

The despondent message falls like a  
wet sponge on my hand and  
death dripps into the bucket of  
open space that seals you in  
a wooden coffin, wrapped in  
a white shroud, buried like a  
treasure for memory and dreams.  
The house has many people  
who come to commemorate you—  
All the rooms have a vacant  
empty look as I search for you—  
The photographs have your iconic  
smile and those deep set eyes are  
silent about reality of another world—  
now—your home.

## Steel Whiteness

The test ended in a broken hip—  
smashed by a cricket ball touching  
your lips to find an alibi—  
I found the dreams of frozen eyes  
thawing in the sun-lit garden of  
tomatoes—cucumbers—cabbage  
emotions—spinach feelings—lavender  
insense-halt my ascent towards  
memory hill—  
flowers of reality—where I once lost myself  
and—return to the shadows  
of agony creeping on walls—  
like ivy to cover my face—  
grey hair sprout in steel whiteness  
to uncolor my dreams.

## Undisclosed Future

Open fields of grass—a mountain  
of ice and rain—the scattered  
dreams—punctuated silence—  
folding hands in vacant space  
of exfoliating time where  
inappropriate connotations tunnel  
rummaging ideas—inventions to  
find a new home—  
a new destiny to empower—  
moon beams struggle in the ocean  
of life—undisclosed future—  
events give fate—fortune—  
a tale of episodes.

## Stories

The tangerine jar fills my days  
with a sweat and sour taste of  
masquerading dreams intervening  
on a threshold of existence to  
circumvent circumstances  
emerging in the spider's forehead  
of undisclosed passages—  
moon beams dance with the sun.

You narrate stories about  
others—inform—me about  
coagulating life resting in the  
tiny folds of moments—skirting  
avenues of time on forlorn  
paths—I am alone  
in the sacred space.



## Unfair Strokes

The brush pen strokes warm lines  
on a page to create meaning in  
words forgotten in alley moments—  
quick downturns—battle grounds  
of wisdom—escape hatches of  
tubular worms—dragonflies—  
locust swarming into the  
jungle life of organized urban  
space—concrete—steel—  
and glass buildings uproot—  
trees planted a century ago to  
save Earth from ferocious  
consumption—demanding ever  
more—never enough—impoverished  
humanity struggles for a morsel—  
a water-drop—

## **Hungry Soul**

In the silent night Your  
images like stars—water  
droplets on parched soil—  
morsels of nourishment for a  
hungry soul—food—  
You nourish me all night  
with wondrous warmth of sleep—  
a beauteous love  
that knits into my being those  
precious feelings of knowing  
Your presence—humbled  
by blessings to feel a sense  
of oneness—description fails—  
a serenity beyond doubts—  
a precious gift—disdainful pleasure—

## Sunny Babe

Tie shoe laces—mend fences—  
eat banana and cream while  
life flings a new challenge in  
the horizontal cup—  
where you are neither enthralled  
nor enthroned—a deep sadness  
weighs me down—the reality of  
cliffhanging details—mesmerized  
suffering—tonal failure—have  
no recourse no one  
bites the fingernails of time in  
fire—lawn mowers—lotus eaters,  
the open dry ground of memory—  
an undulating past—

## Formulations

Festoons of love enslaved flowers—  
old pictures of roasted duck—  
a venitian writing table—goblets  
of water—the frozen heating pipe  
in Siberian wilderness—nests—  
fixated ideas about poultry farms—  
mushroom cultivation—tunnel vision—  
the coffee cake of expectations suffering  
in oriental passages of  
transit trains—obscure paths  
where you once knew everyone—  
now the faces change—  
the new tree leaves—a refreshing green—  
dullness fades like distant night—

## The Quest

The atom construct molecules  
atoms form building blocks—  
the chemical bond of substance—  
the particle collider de-construct  
the atom to find the end of life.

Messages lie hidden in the  
darkness of space—in the hollow  
depths of gaping black holes—  
the expansion of silence, noiseless  
rotations of planets—galaxies—  
stars in a measured direction—  
follow the current of change in  
eons—find the central truth—  
discover the singular answer.

## Money

Time gives value to what we do—  
creates an essence of our ability—  
measures it in productivity—  
quantifies it in monetary terms—  
Monetary value today defines life  
as all activity either creates  
more money for some or reduces  
the value of money for others—  
Money buys power—prestige—  
creates clout but fails to  
cleans the soul—create ethical  
or moral value—

## Pleasure

The broken hip staggers in pain  
a brave face smiles to give a kiss  
to lost eyes and a wondering soul  
nested in the city jungle—  
peace through poetry and music  
in the silence of the words  
entered on a page of meaning  
in the book of time to  
record all instances of ordinary  
events—changing lives to make a difference.

I sat on the terrace of time  
watching the rose of life bloom—  
wilt—scatter petals in the  
wind—become a part of the soil—  
My life knows moments of  
parchment despondency—buoyancy  
bloom—a sense of achievement—  
fulfillment—satisfaction to know  
I care and lost—growing  
in the gaping silence broken by  
a light and a fan—  
when words push  
themselves on paper for a reason.

## The Splitting Sun

She dances in the distant stream  
of marigolds and daffodils—sun  
kissed moon beams of celestial light  
spun her like a daisy on the  
green velvet floor of sweet grass—  
she opens her mouth slightly  
to drink the rays from Heaven upon her  
like a welcome rain for parched soil  
and burnt grass casting shadows  
in the day like the morning mist—  
and there is nothing there but the  
invisible feeling of your hand  
that takes torn particles to heal  
them with a touch—  
a face of joy in the memory of heroic dreams—  
glimpses filed in the silent night with  
wonton ties and bonding sails—  
a lonely cloud—  
bereft by the moon on parchment where I spilt  
my emotions to blot paper reality.



## The Paradox

Moments of solitude gaze in bare light—  
the folding hand of night steals  
a share of feelings—tumultuous emotions—  
waking to a feather like touch of  
vibrancy—exfoliating desire to reach  
the core of an unknown harmony  
where the portents of my soul are in  
rhythmic sequence with the wave of  
celestial delight flowing in and out  
of my being—sometimes less—sometimes  
more—  
gentle now—intense later and I  
quiver with pleasure at this selection—  
the process of proposition or desired irritation—  
a hint—the tight rope I tread—  
grows more rigid becoming a fine line  
between agony and desire—shut like  
an oyster or clam afraid to fall in love again—  
The paradox of emotions—a see-saw of dreams  
silence—laser lips sprcad a pasted smile—  
of woe begotten days lifting the veil  
to see the future alight into my life—  
the ageless swan of scaffolding dreams  
honeycombs in a pyramid of borrowed time—

## Landscape Words

The sun beams break on the floor of dreams—  
the carriage of words writes across the page  
in images of rushed shadows—  
circumnavigating the elliptical course  
of feelings surrendered on the path  
of solitude in spiritual development  
to crab desire—insurmountable within—  
like the blush of spring on a lazy morning  
on a tennis court of mustard loneliness  
where one hand clasps another  
and in the muted silence of  
imaginary landscapes—desire languishes  
in sighs—heaves like the swell of waves—  
I miss you more than I admit—  
There is no remorse in knowing  
you and I will not be here one day—  
perhaps then the enemies of fate  
will change—remember me as an  
ice float on a chocolate mountain—  
writing to fill space on paper—

## Night Star

The stroke of centennial time,  
euphemisms in dust play piano  
strokes on forlorn hands, remembering  
the reed dancing incandescently  
on narrow mud flats where you  
rose in a boat—fishing—catching  
crabs—shrimps—plucking oysters—  
muscles from a hidden cove  
in Norfolk—

I wander in the elm forest—  
old oak trees have seen history—  
battles fought—wars won—lost  
for crown and glory—seldom  
their's— borrowed from ancestors  
to satisfy egos, boastful confidence  
of egomaniacs rushing into the orbit—  
shame—unthinkable dexterity  
to quiz a mortal soul insignificantly  
seated in an enclosed balcony—  
where stale smoke putrifies air—  
signifies nothing—I stare into  
the night to find your face in the stars.

## Morning Dreams

Scattered wasteland of sorrow,  
the morning crowded waterways,  
lost horizons of sunk harbors,  
altered coastline—meandering tunnels  
are childhood habitations of my dreams  
pressed tightly against a chest of  
words carved in my heart like an  
engraved tombstone—weathering slowly  
with sun—wind—rain—  
breathing the coolness of tonight—  
tomorrow's promise—like a babe  
suckling nourishment from a  
mother—loving care—  
like a lamppost burning bright  
to illuminate the path for others—  
in a world of hewed dreams  
pomegranate shades—tall grass—smooth pebbles—  
catapulting the vagaries of ceramics—cribbed  
space—nothing in oblivion—  
escapades of harbinger dreams—  
mortified experience in the  
vale of loneliness and hunger.

## Trojan

Mosquito nets in finger lake dreams  
mesh sorrow into my tired bones  
worn out by unfettered events of  
masquerading events like a Trojan.  
Each time I sit in silence on the  
gaping desks a gentle hand caresses  
me on the nape of my neck rubbing  
my spine with sublime ointment  
to make me feel I am not alone.  
The hammering pain of summer heat  
folds memories of butterfly dreams in  
tinsel—the life of thorny  
reality that I bite every day chewing—  
intense spiritual emotion  
exploding in membrane cells—multiplying  
like fervent friends wanting to  
remake me with a new constitution  
of ideas in an ideology perhaps  
forgotten or antiquated today that  
stirs the roots—feeds the center and  
stills the core of emotional storms  
into placid daily routines forever lost  
in exactitude—

## The Storm

The storm came and went like the  
brief shadow of the candle on the  
old mantelpiece decorated with  
seasonal flowers—formidable  
pictures—reminders of past  
relationships now buried in sand  
time—fading from my hand like  
a channel of dreams cast  
in forlorn pathways of a broken dam—  
where I stand to count the moments  
of togetherness—sheltered from  
tired remorse—melancholy—  
depression calculating busy roads—  
where no one stops to greet you—  
roadside conversations—trite,  
improper—ridicule relationships  
developed in cafes—pubs—  
restaurants—just to seek a friendly  
glance—an occasional smile—  
a lost cause of how life maroons those  
afraid of pushing the boundaries—  
exacting confidence—to say—this is my way.

## Care Giver

The heart tumbles with desire  
to know—feel those threadbare  
moments of peace when there is no one—  
just a sensation of being alone  
in the breath of this world  
under The Canopy.

My dreams—Heaven sent—  
His blessings—countless—  
the day too short for the duration  
of the restful night—nudging  
me into prayer—meditation  
to have Him within my heart—  
a lurking fear if He leaves—

The cool morning washed by  
night's rain dries my eyes to rest  
on the green—

## Treasure

Love flows like an endless river  
the special bond—in a glance—  
in an imaginary hug—  
a wonton kiss to feel—  
know the touch of a soft tender hand—  
a magic or flow of love—  
silence recedes into my heart  
to hold you in my soul like a lotus bud—  
I treasure moments of  
togetherness when we  
wilt through life and  
unbutton the hurt to feel  
the cool softness—soothness of  
air running in and out of our bodies  
owning the vestibules of time  
in the hungry cave of wants  
and needs that spare no one—  
I find the treasure trove  
of love sublime kisses  
folded in envelopes old  
notes lost in time—



## **Harness**

The years lift affection  
in one direction or the other—  
hands meet eyes  
to see a moment shared  
in the harness of servitude—  
lost in a world of compulsive  
obligation to make peace  
in an environment of  
material space that begets no one.  
In the hours—minutes  
of wasted space there are  
special moments of care—  
reticent desire for a  
beguiled soul—a muted voice—  
a lost being.

## **Bonding**

The testimonial of peace broke on  
the floor of reality when you  
incarcerated dreams—  
test the sincerity of intent  
that has always been there—  
I marched into marshland  
swamp reality of mosquito bites—  
gastroenteritis and a knowing pain—  
an abscess that burst today in  
my hand—my heart absorbed  
all your pain to cleanse the wound  
in your hurt mind and beleaguered soul.  
I give myself to you for no reason—  
just to let you know and feel  
that you are not alone—  
I am always with you—by your side  
a traveler on the same path—  
a different destiny—  
my love and prayers are like lonely flowers—  
or jam melting in the reality of  
time just to see that smile on tender lips—  
a sparkle in those lost lingering eyes—  
searching to find the truth  
of what they see—hold a mirror  
to the face of reality.  
I sit at your side to learn—  
to find your desire  
within my heart as my own—

to know that happiness lies in the  
togetherness within the empty space  
and the hard floor where our  
feet touch to find the cement of time  
erode the foundation for an  
onward journey where our  
companionship—neither compromised  
nor challenged  
understand the shades of meaning  
hidden in our eyes and your  
smile sits in my  
heart like a lion—

## Last Love

In the tall winter days—lonely thoughts—  
the sea and moon play hide and  
seek like two frisky lovers oblivious  
of the world around them as it  
circles in beads of glass—  
open cocktail parties where I do not find you—  
The heart stops at all those moments  
of rectitude where there is a  
semblance of you—a hope to lift  
the sign from a heaving breath—  
I touch you just to feel if  
you are there—then—all fades like  
a jaded dream, the images crashed  
before my eyes as I eat off the plate  
of life—something knaws me  
like a vulture inside—  
no gentle breeze to soothe  
uneven tresses of the soul—  
great sadness sits like a stone—

## **Subordination—**

Tears dry in the wishing well—  
sink to the bottom of my heart  
floating between the black hole of  
death and the tribulations of life—  
here men dominate decision  
making and no one gives space  
to me to grow—develop—flourish.  
I create space for myself—  
guard the boundaries from constant  
invasion—attempts to devour—control—  
manipulate—ridicule with contemptuous  
arrogance—a rising tide  
to crush me one more time in  
the barren sterility of boredom.  
The life of wasted years  
are a lesson not to let others claim  
what is not theirs—  
Brash privacy invasion—cold  
decisions of hard facts cannot  
be softened into the majestic flow  
of love or consideration—just to  
live in hope for change—  
a change to endure—

## The Toy Store

The terracota tile floor shimmers  
like a rivulet in the blazing sun  
as I walk over to the gate of ice  
and snow melting in our eyes—  
The hidden distance of mango  
crates—orange peel—dried apricots  
stored in harvest chests  
elbow desire into a cage of meaning—  
I see the mountain fold  
into the sea and the sea become  
a fertile cropland but there are  
more horizons for the vanquished soul  
walking through quicksand trying  
to make sense of semblance and reality—  
The road to your house—broken  
by crumbling hope—unkept promises—  
empty words balloons  
into the nothingness of punctured reality—  
perhaps consciousness has no face for  
eagerness in unity—a naked  
hunger to possess—manipulate—use—  
control—discard.

## Heavenly Father

Your eyes bypassed my soul  
to look yonder on a younger  
generation. It was and is wrong  
for me to have an expectant  
heartache—a wishful thought—  
a day—dream that perhaps You care.  
You have side—stepped me and  
as I stand alone on my own—  
trying to do the best I can—I feel  
the loss—depravation and bereavement  
of having lost Your care—Your  
mentoring when I was a teenager—  
Throughout my earlier years—I looked  
up to other writers—poets—friends  
to comfort my hurt mind—quiet  
my agonizing soul—  
where are You—?  
No not for me—

## The Drink

The snuff box fell out of his pocket  
and splattered like dust on the floor—  
swept away—cleaned—the wasteland  
of day-dream desire hangs on  
the chin of time just for another reality.  
He pours himself a drink—  
drinks slowly to experience the  
desired state of mind—  
slowly drinking—sip by sip as his brain  
dulls like a deadwire until he  
drops on the computer chair—  
half conscious—unaware of where  
he is or what he does—.  
Anger has found an ego—  
the tenable bond of care fled—  
a listlessness engulfs him as he  
awakes from a tired slumbering past  
of marshmallow dreams—  
a barren landscape of parched land—  
nothing takes root, a family waits for  
unsaid words—untold care—unnoticed tears—



## Teenage Youth

Tradition folds boundaries around  
scaffolding thoughts—surmounting  
a raging torrent in a young mind  
confused about identity—education—  
family—the purpose of life and living—  
Engineered escapades of wonton desire—  
flamboyant style—enticing attire—  
a mannerism of seduction—childish  
behaviour—a nervousness to find  
yourself in the maroon island  
of life where reality becomes a  
seamless web of actions—reactions—  
a significant space that is not  
ours but Yours—  
the hand of life holds out to us as  
we chew the islands within—  
I have seen Your iron hand  
and the disciplined tooth cut  
incisively into bare reality  
—exposed—indisputable—  
The crushed marble wall tangles  
in my eyes coating my hand  
with the dust of time.

## **Intense Emotions**

The trajectory of space—time  
collapses in the moment of communion  
life has a new meaning—  
Each moment is a new lesson  
a different experience embellished  
in velvet thoughts—a soft hand—  
a rose petal—  
Fellings have new dimensions  
the soul—a different aspect—  
the texture of emotions changes  
You can see it all—  
like a photograph.  
I do not look back—  
there is much that lies ahead  
in a new destination—  
He disciplines with firm  
resolve—each moment of  
submission feels like Heavenly  
delight—sustance from Him—

## Heavenly Richness

For all the words of encouragement—  
for all the gentle thoughts—  
for the velvet glove—  
for the hand to hold—  
there is a warm sultry feeling  
more like a cool summer breeze  
entering my heart where You reside—  
In the quiet time there is between  
us and when I am alone—  
there is a richness like  
gems from Heaven imparting  
a continuous flow of positive feeling—  
a wonderful assurance of a  
treasure trove that will not  
be stolen by the thieves of time.

## Silence

The marigold silence  
on Your lips has kissed mine  
to make me feel the elliptical  
path of celestial purity  
in the chin of time.  
There is no sieve  
just a gentle weave  
of instructional flow  
and memorable words  
like an antique dinner plate  
serving portions of spiritual reality.  
In the bristling sunshine  
of vacant moments  
You mesh my soul  
with soothing delight  
and I am forever yours  
for all life time.

## Being Together

Words are seldom able  
to convey the depth of feelings —  
emotions that are within  
the core of my consciousness.  
There will be many moments  
of togetherness—the best  
are those when we know we  
are never away from one another—  
It is this feeling that gives  
comfort and removes fatigue  
for care begets the value of love—  
love the essence of bliss—  
bliss the state of happiness  
when the impossible seems possible—  
to give joy of unfettered  
moments—delight—love.

## **Kingdom of Light**

The hourglass danced on the table of dreams  
and shallow words folded the napkin  
of reality on the lap of time  
into the bemoaning rituals  
more significant than truth—  
the essence of real existence.  
The crowded staircase of desire  
has many wonton claims  
thrown into a chest of drawers  
or the cupboard of loneliness  
where I see the mirror  
for who I am—  
You cast the first vote in my favour—  
it changed my life—  
belief in You alters my person—  
and the difference allows me to see  
what I did not see before in the  
waves—wind—the strong sun.  
I ache for the promised day to come  
when life will be what You said  
and I will walk on new roads  
that lead to Your Kingdom—

## Vein Thoughts

The mop cleans the wet floor—  
streaking lines across the surface  
of dreams and lost desire sleeping  
in coat pockets—battered envelopes—  
majestic flows of ice and water  
into the spillway of life—  
The horizontal—vertical integration  
of space contrived dreams—robust  
thoughts—unruly words—wait  
listlessly on the horizon of a mango  
orchard—where the heat of the night  
cooks a midnight supper of dreams—  
I re-read old letters to find a  
missing page of meaning stitched  
between lines written and lost—  
the unspoken word does not record  
success or failure of any magnitude  
in a cage of meaning caught on a  
sultry afternoon drizzle in the courtyard—

## The Turning Point

The rose bush—hibiscus hedge—  
flower pots with birds of paradise  
strangle a driveway of lush green  
passages on the scaffold of time  
cementing hobbies—hopeful dreams—  
enticing propositions for peace—  
harmony—universal brotherhood—  
The expectant heart and mind  
cleanse all thoughts  
emanating from you like a  
trash of ideas—discarded garbage—  
peels on a heap of emotional  
experience sanctified by time—  
I push the desire for togetherness  
into the bottom drawer  
where jungle bliss nurtures  
organized space in quiet time  
of rituals and cultural practice  
when I am alone—  
I fold the test of words in a new  
unwritten page to populate ideas  
in navigating holes where people  
hide from reality—truth—



## Conflicts

The particles of sun bleached faith,  
vacant—expectant eyes and the  
solitude of a quiet room where  
the wall clock ticks—the ceiling light  
illuminates my hands and face  
racing across the page of time—  
your horoscope conflicts with mine—  
in duty bound routines—planner lists—  
goals—objective—values—mission statements—  
I find the core of my identity  
surrounded by oysters in the  
turbulence of time focusing on  
my Beloved—I attempt to  
approach each day in small—silent steps—

## Ajanta Caves

Trifolded layers of chocolate thoughts  
in a jar of convoluted images  
frothing capuccino coffee—ginger  
biscuits—the empty room in a  
castle—all tell tales of what happened—  
You sold the door of your house—  
debtors took what did not belong  
to them in carts—pick-up trucks—  
you sit decimated on the  
steps waiting for a hand to hold  
for an eye to give you care—  
path of madness and endless beauty  
where each self rivals the other—  
the signature position of the matriarch  
writing in the pool of lotus time  
as the hours catch fire in a glance  
of exuberating love—devout offerings—  
tender lonely shade of willow  
trees—a forlorn smile—hazardous  
eyes fling me on the floor of salty  
words tasting bitter-sweet gourd  
memories of Ajanta Caves—Goa coastlines—  
Andaman Island—you  
roam free in the sand.

## Your World

Interspersed days and salt lines  
hug me in a tirade of memories  
holding the hourglass in finger—  
nails that shed my skin like  
apple blossoms floating in the dream  
of a morrow on chalk cliffs  
rolling downs kissing my hand  
like a lost lover looking for a  
cottage on the shore of life.

The buttons on the faded aquamarine  
corduroy coat hang loose with  
threads stretching out to show no  
one cares—I run my  
hand through the salt-pepper  
hair—the perspiration of anxiety—  
the worry of the unknown melts  
my hand into the garden of bliss  
that I know lies with me every  
night in the sweet enveloping  
feeling of celestial ecstasy—  
swooning—sleep—  
I drift into Your world.

## Bangkok

The tepid water flowed over my hand  
rinsing memories of a world where  
I lost an enchanted dream  
about the bull frog and the dragon  
fly in a lilly pond full of lotus  
leaves but no lotus flower.  
I ride the motorboat to the  
floating market in Bangkok—  
palaces—temples—pagodas—  
line the bankment with orange  
roofs—white walls and golden  
pillars—people slap  
across the water in long narrow  
boats to sell fish—vegetables—  
flowers—in a muddy river of  
dreams and stale reality.  
I watch the smile on thin lips  
as they coax me to speak while  
words seal in my heart—  
it is a chest for safety.  
I look into the sunbaked iris  
of Ulysses—crush the mountain  
with one foot of fame.

## Your Space

Rainbow particles in the hand of time  
fold the coffin of words into a  
sea shell and bury it in the  
library of life touched by the  
weathering shades of light—  
dark reality smiling on my  
little plans of exact achievement—  
disciplined lists a rarity of what  
I want to do rather than let the  
day happen to me with all  
eventful and uneventful things—  
in a quiet life of reflection—repose—  
no nonsense.

The hand of shackles and chains  
goes away—I belong to Him—  
Unconditionally—  
love—in devotion—  
service—in all I do my day,  
He is the center of all in my life,  
and with each incremental step—  
I am in His orbit—the sacred space—  
where I am never—alone.

## **Tuberose Reality**

The lie detector test failed to catch  
lies on the page of words with unknown  
meaning splashed in the lap of time—  
riddled with consistent variation  
of hoops and roots that hold trees  
to the ground of folding glory.  
I unclasp the hook of memory  
unleash a wave of past images,  
the horror—happiness—sorrows of  
life compressed in thoughts—fragments—  
where people enter storm capsules—  
energize events—slip away unnoticed—  
like a feather floating in the wind—  
There is nothing here but a desire to  
fill the void of time with gainful  
employment—activities stimulate  
the mind—challenge the intellect—  
pacify the soul—fit decisions into  
the ethical—moral code—  
unwavering universal principles—  
give me mango dreams—honey thoughts—  
a fortification of tuberose reality—

## Resentful Discourse

Coco dreams—watersheds of sunshine  
float on the soft cushion of reality  
in the cream of experimental  
experience sawed by time fragments—  
exploding in my face to deny  
the truth of what I know—feel—  
Quantum computing—nano technology—  
genetic engineering—try to create  
life or make it better for us through  
automatic selection—discourse of  
resentful happenings—muddling  
incongruent reality to face the  
signature of time in the length  
of unreal disputes—imaginary  
escapades of belittling servitude  
ingrained suffering—threatening  
the black sage—white swan belittling  
fortitude of tidal bridges calculating  
alleys of accounts—projections—future  
earnings dwindling thoughts—  
irrational horizons where one door  
shuts—another opens—the bulk of  
frustration flows into the stream of love—

## Resting Place

The night cast its shadow  
in the bitter gourd on  
The Milky Way dancing  
in celestial light torn  
out of the mystical universe  
where dawn turns to  
fight the basic violation  
of sacred space in the  
sunlight where you and  
I shine to join in a  
rectangular speech to  
drag the hour out of  
the night when no one  
knows what is there—  
the sudden slowness of  
breath—quivering lips—  
release—what is not ours—  
in the mindfulness of  
niggardly space when  
you looked into my eyes  
and we drank into each  
others soul.



## Tremendous

The vanquished soul sank  
into the dust of yester years  
threatening to destroy nascent  
peace in innocent minds  
and turbulent hearts—  
colliding in the space of  
fury dejected in the revenue  
of celestial conquest where  
you and I are embroiled  
in the test of choosing  
friends from deceptive time—  
a serpent's kiss—  
the masterful manipulation of  
magical words—  
sourcing encouragement in the threat  
of misbegotten words—tied  
in a knot in your hands—  
culminating in the fastness  
of razor joy—candy  
thoughts where I eat  
the raw sewage of hate—  
for no reason—  
preconceived ideas of  
terrestrial delight run  
away with—causality  
of unnatural dreams in  
the thunder of heat and dust.

## Friend

I saw you sprawled in  
the arms of light—  
the light that is in you and me—  
all those years of bliss—  
happiness never forgotten  
and in the silent night  
of wakeful dreams—I kissed  
the brow of morrow on  
your open forehead—  
gave a woeful thanks  
for the broken link  
to be reconnected in  
solitude—in the empty  
space that God fills  
and give back  
to me—a treasure  
to hold and trust.

## To Know You

The moon rose in the sky  
a crescent three days old—  
crows rest on electricity cables—  
the maina pecks ants—  
insects hidden  
in-between blades of grass—  
some birds fly home  
wherever home is—  
the slanting safida shows  
earlier ones were cut and sold—  
stolen for money—  
Why do people steal—?  
for food? for greed? for both?  
My hand digs into a  
big pocket—whatever He gives—  
His benediction—His blessing—  
but no one can give  
what He does not give—  
He loves to give  
we know not how to give or receive—  
He loves endlessly  
we know not how to respond  
and each day—I learn  
a little more about myself.

## Warmth

The eyes touched—my eyes  
swam with a soul  
into ocean wilderness  
of sprawling trees—rolling  
grass—the kikar and neem  
trees drink the sap of life  
in tiny sips—  
I let the hour slip by  
as if time stretched itself  
like a rubber band to catch up  
on what happened—  
I am glad to be back  
in the waking arms of memory  
so robust—boisterous and strong—  
ruling the domain of cherished  
words—careful thoughts—bare  
reality—the truth we  
hide from each other  
to be true to ourselves.

## Floods 2010

The stony face of red and white walls  
wash the cream of life  
flowing from every breath  
in the wilderness of silence—  
a peace of a noiseless present  
in the style of country soldiers—  
marching to save lives in floods—  
rebuild schools in the aftermath—  
aborted fetuses—small babies—  
the disease of animals—men—women—  
the chanting waters of death—  
a moment to share a smile  
in your eyes and mine—  
sipping green tea—eating  
a chicken mushroom pie—  
gaining strength from the  
faith and food we share  
to rebuild the heart of a nation—  
broken bones—the wounded soul—  
someone will emerge to lead—

## **Planning**

I learnt today to follow  
the activity planned—not  
plan new activities in between  
to be wise and not foolish—  
to know the difference and  
value mistake—to learn  
from it all in order not  
to feel the low pressure of  
regret and remorse later—

A conference is the target  
audience of sadness—group  
therapy combined with ego  
strokes—remorseful silence  
in the bottom of my heart  
in the tiredness of my  
soul where nothing begets  
nothing in the boredom—  
of an angry void.

## Runway

Love sped away in years  
what you and I could not  
do in a day to quieten  
the raging voice within,  
drumming the beat of peace  
in my heart to make each  
vein and my pulse throb  
to know this is life—  
a foot soldier—  
walking—marching in step  
with destiny—  
seeking the hand  
of fate that so guides us  
through meandering time—  
in the twist and turn of a  
celestial light—shining on  
your face and mine.

I ate the whole lemon tart  
divided it with a knife  
in two parts to share the  
absence and smoke the  
coffee that fills aroma richness  
into the bosom of my dreams  
when the needle has left the  
thread and stitched a broken  
button like my heart—formed  
soft like a rose—light like a feather—

floating like a cloud in love  
to harmonise a soul—just to  
hold a pen—a smile in the  
silence of a room of unpredictable journeys—



## **Thine!**

There is no time and place  
for You to enter my eyes  
and be with me like myself.

I am nothing and no one,  
The veil lifts and all the  
light enters my eyes  
swims around to re-combine  
with my DNA.

The test—Yours,  
the surrender—mine

The universe Yours,  
the bargain—mine—

The head, Yours,  
The pillow—mine.

The soul—Yours,  
the breath—Thine—

The Will—Yours  
the heart—Thine!

## Leaf

I am a leaf  
falling from the tree of life  
floating in the wind  
touching an eternal abode—  
torn by hot smoldering words  
indignation—conceit—arrogance—  
folds in the palms of  
the Universal Being held  
in the central temple of  
delight like a lotus flower—  
When the wind kissed my head  
and the grass touched my  
feet with dewy softness,  
I know You are near—

## **The Rising Sun**

The stars gleamed in the night of dreams—  
my head on the pillow  
was not with me—  
somewhere far away  
I roamed through  
the temperate forests in  
Federal Way with you  
as you held my hand  
there was nothing else to hold—  
and in the slumbering moments  
I felt your cape cover me  
with celestial sleep—  
I awake in the  
trance of service and gratitude—

## Feelings

My heart bleeds with all  
the nonsense of this world  
thrust at my door-step—  
I feel—I care—  
A criminal offence today to  
feel for anything other than money—  
A crime I commit in every waking moment—  
every day that I live because I feel—I care—  
poetry is not important—it does not get you  
anywhere—  
only money does, money does what money  
wants—  
buy clothes—jewelry,  
who buys poetry—?  
it gathers dust on the bookshelf—  
give away your books free—  
be grateful to those who read—  
poetry has no value—  
so what if it is highest  
form of creation and  
food of the gods?

The words flow effortlessly  
from my pen as I look  
and smile