

A Hundreds Bedizen Heavens

(English Poetry)

Farzana Aqib

Nastalique Publications

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A Hundreds Bedizen Heavens

(English Poetry)

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Farzana Aqib

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- 2- *Saffron in the hay yard (English Novel)*
- 3- *Midnight Sigh (English Novel)*
- 4- *In the Name of God (Journalist Articles)*
- 5- *My gift of Salvation (English Novel)*
- 6- *Death Warmed up (English Stories)*
- 7- *Caramel Sunset (English Poetry & Quotations)*
- 8- *Blue Monday of Love
(English Poetry & Quotations)*
- 9- *Never say die (English Poetry)*
- 10- *Muhabbat ki Bhala kb Umr Hoti hay (Urdu Poetry)*
- 11- *Tumhare Sath Phir Jee lain (Urdu Poetry)*
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- 14- *I don't write, life writes itself (English Poetry)*
- 15- *One Spoon of Moon, Two Spoons of Stars
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- 16- *Ruby Red Love (English Poetry)*
- 17- *Honey Vinigar Love Story (English Poetry)*
- 18- *One Pinch of Red Flowers, Two Scoops of Love
(English Poetry)*
- 19- *Drenched in Moonlight (English Poetry)*

20- *Cuddling up with Moon (English Poetry)*

21- *A Stardust Drape (English Poetry)*

22- *Fifty Names of Love (English Poetry)*

23- *Prophecy of Love (English Poetry)*

24- *Versus of Delirium (English Poetry)*

25- *It's about you and me*

26- *A Stranger in my heart*

27- *Give me Just one Moment*

28- *Sun is just about to rise*

29- *Never Alone*

30- *A Music of the Silence*

31- *Be a Sun of my Frozen Heart*

32- *A Beholden Soul*

33- *Autumn always returns*

34- *Let the River Dry*

35- *The April Moon*

36- *Until I felt for you*

37- *Traveller of the Paper Boat*

38- *The Last Vintage of Love*

39- *When tomorrow will arrive*

40- *A hundred bedizen of heavens*

41- *After Many Moons*

42- *Wet soil and full sun*



الرَّحِيمُ

Ar-Raḥeem
The Most Merciful
Ever-Merciful

Farzana Aqib

Kathy Adams
(Critic from USA)

In a world, so full of sorrow and turmoil today,
Farzana Aqib's poetry is indeed, a blessing.

Kathy Adams
(Critic from USA)

Poet Farzana Aqib has over the past several years, made her heart, a heart of the universe in her concern for all humanity, especially the impoverished, the elderly poor, the children who are homeless, poor and in need of tender loving care... the orphans. She is indeed, a beloved asset to Pakistan and humanity.

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Introduction

Recipient of innumerable national and international awards, Farzana Aqib is an accomplished and widely recognized novelist, multi-lingual poetess, philanthropist and champion activist for human rights.

She read English Literature in Punjab University Pakistan and media studies/ mass communication in university of Toronto, Canada leading to Master's degree in both disciplines.

After dabbling in media for a short while, she answered to divine calling and anchored in her permanent port of call i.s. poetry.

Although her poetry cannot be categorized in different genre of English/ Urdu poetic literature but she is internationally known and loved as a leading romantic/ mystic poetess with huge fan following. She has written 50 books so far and its just the beginning. She is a world record holder for most books in English poetry written by a single poet in modern times.

She lately lent her services to the Federal Ministry of communication, Govt of Pakistan as chairperson for literary revival. As per established habit, she excelled in that role also and had been lauded by the Govt of Pakistan at multiple levels.

Her poetry snares your soul out and sends it on an ascending spiritual journey with a burning yearning to unite and assimilate with your beloved. Her poetry has been competitively and favourably compared with the masters of romantic / mystic poetry ala Blake, woodsworth, Shelly, Rumi. Shah Tabrez etc.

Many of her books have been best sellers nationally and internationally. Her books are stocked in hundreds of libraries in Pakistan and many other countries.

Farzana is an embodiment of down to earth humility and that coupled with her most delectable persona, She is a pure treat to meet and convers.

Dr. M.Khalid

Reviews

Tom Clearly (Critic from UK)

Farzana Aqib's poetry, directly deals with human emotions just as we enjoy turns of sweet, salty, tart, sour, bitter and umami we need to realize that each flavor of emotion- elation, curiosity, contentment, depression, apathy, boredom, disinterest, anger, bitterness, jealousy, generosity, cruelty and empathy are essential aspects of who we are but none of them should dominate our lives or we find ourselves out of balance.

Farzana Aqib gives us flavours of different emotions and make us realize the diversity of human love.

Ann Campbell (Author)

I have read some of Farzana's English language poetry. She has a gift for encapsulating such major human conditions as love and grief, abandonment and a soul's yearning for love, in a few potent words.

Farzana feels her poetry in the depths of her being, and has mastered the art of conveying her emotion and commitment to this art-form.

Doris A, Smith
(Writer, Poet Critic)

Farzana Aqib's poetry is a wonderfully lucid, compoassionate, intelligent explanation of our present human emotions in the matters of love, she explaints the amazing possibilities open to each one of us, the power of love for the growth and success of Mankind, the sufferings of hearts, I love her novels, her poetry her style of presentation and her caring spirit.

Charlene Phare
(Poetess and Literary Critic)

Farzana your poetry is powerful, very poignant, I can relate, be proud of yourself, I am very proud of you!! Sending love and hugs looking forward to reading all your beautiful poetic imaginations in future.

Kathy Adam
(Critic from USA)

The poetry of Farzana Aqib has touched my Soul and focused my vision beyond all limits of reality, and in so doing, her words of deduction

have made me a slave to the madness of her magnificently beautiful poetry, a voluptuous madness, that has seduced my soul to a vibrant state of erotic intoxication.

I have sought neither freedom nor reprove from this madness but merely the sanctified scent of the poetess's passionate euphoric poetry... a spicey rapture, drowning my soul in her libidiously delicious words of love.

Kathy Adams
(Critic from USA)

A Real Me

In "A Real Me", Farzana aqib has described a "fake me" as a bag of "grey ash" and/ or the physical characteristics of a delicate, insensitive and insecure bubble, adrift in the ocean, idly passing the time of day, awaiting her annihilation.

On the other hand, "A real me", which is the subject of the poem, although well written, should have been oriented more extensively, to include spirituality and most of all, Farazana aqib's empathetic sensitivity to others, living in great pain and suffering.

In the holy words of beloved Rumi, "Don't be fooled by my beauty, the light of my face, comes from the candle of my Heart", sayeth the Poetess, Farzana aqib.

Kathy Adams
(Critic from USA)

When a poetess, such as Farzana Aqib, creates beauty with her poetic words, she might then know, for at least one brief moment, beyond a doubt, that God is really there, within her Heart, "innocently drawing life," in the form of Farzana Aqib's poetic words, from us with his "unbilical universe.. infinite existence."

Thus, the present poem, is really an atypical prayer, with its use of "wish" and "hope" directed inwardly to God in Farzana Aqib's Heart, in contrast to prayers which are frequently directed outwardly to God.

Niki Arifniey
(Critic from Malaysia)

The poetess is indeed a queen of hearts where love resides. Love is in all her arteries that gives life to her. Immense feeling of love that defies time. It will permanently stay that in all corners of her heart.

Nikki Aini
(Critic from Malaysia)

A mind blowing poem.

“I sprang up to exploit my existence to become a little reflection of what you wish me to be”
said poetess Farzana Aqib.

To the mystic poetess any perception of her is a reflection of that person; her reaction to that person is an awareness of her and awareness is a simple act of acknowledging the reality as it is. Any person’s perception is an assumption they make about other people on their own.

Truly as the reknown sufi Rumi as pointed out:
“The beauty you see in me is the reflection of you.”

Nikki Aini
(Critic from Malaysia)

“A miracle did happen...” mystical poetess Farzana Aqib has claimed.

“The old me died
The new me arise.” She eventually wrapped up in her amazing poem’ self Mutation.’

Just like; what Maulana Jalaludin Rumi has concurred:

“Once you conquer your selfish self the darkness turns of light.”

Aitzaz Ahsan

... "In an endeavour to
refresh
my candour ...
no gospel, no sermon
no religion "

Excellent verse, Farzana.

Your style appears to be a deep, silent and irreversible merger or confluence, as of mighty rivers, of Omar Khayam 'n Khalil Jibran.

Beautiful.

but I've been reading ur posts and seeing ur illustrative artwork here with interest and see u crave for a lonely sufy-ist 'oneness' (wahdat-al-wajood) and will live in pain and anxiety until that happens and: will it ever?

Dr javed Asgher

Farzana Aqib's English poetry is like a translation of the greatest Sufi poets I.e. Rumi..

I find a great depth of pain , a visceral pain like knawing by a wild beast, like reopening of pre

existing wounds repetitively ... this just doesn't seem like an imagined pain... this seems so real that even an expression of this read by a third person starts feeling that knowing ..

How can you fake such a pain ?

Buck Edwards
(Critic from Australia)

Farzana Aqib's poetry has a lyrical quality, rich in imagery that makes it a must read for those who seek to find genuine emotion in the written word.

Nadia Syed

Farzana Aqib is one of the Pakistan greatest enlightened Poetess, a mystic, and a true Sufi soul... Thus, the wisdom that she shares with us about time is not based on philosophical speculation; but rooted in universal perennial wisdom and result of gnosis (direct knowledge) and direct experience.

The essence of Farzanas response to our question about time is that despite the fact that we experience the passage of time (yesterday, today, tomorrow); that we have a limited lifetime on this planet (birth to death); that there is a marker in eternity for the

beginning of existence [1] and a marker for the end [2]; and that there exists an evolutionary process in play at the macro or universal level; yet in the deeper dimensions of reality there actually exists no so called Arrow of time.

As she says time heals and deals means .."presence is considered the reunion of the lover and the Beloved. Love—which at the highest level is love of the truth—is the pulling force guiding one to the Source. Learning to get out of our own way to allow this force to guide us is the purpose of life. Mindfulness is one such practice for learning to be present, as well as the state of consciousness of presence...In fact it is our life purpose to learn to be present and experience the joy of being. As Rumi says:
We made a pact;
... joy and I,
that joy is all mine!

Shamaila Amir

Farzana Aqib's poetry is a beautiful combination of words, that fulfill the requirements of both, the real love and metaphor.

Barrister Askara Latif

The echoes of Farzana Aqib's painful poetry will not go unheard. She is the voice of the millions who are wallowing in their misery and pain with no hope of redemption. Dreams are like a preamble to the realization of bigger goals and one can feel the anguish and pain in every word of her poems:

Barrister Askara Latif

“Adams Crabapple”

*Flowers laden
Adams crabapple
Cherry Blossomed
Boughs of my garden
And rainbow painting fabric of sky
Every abraded niche of my being
like billy-o enlightened ...
In a blink of the miracle
Every element of nature
turned awesome
And all my frozen prayers
And dream long left to rotten
Were jolted forthwith*

I was stirred with emotions

I was shaken..

I was awakened

How big is this little art of forsaken

One whisper ...

One request ..

One tearful prayer ...

One acceptance of the beloved

Laid underneath my feet

A Hundred bedizen heavens

Farzana Aqib

“Done”

*My struggle ended
When you looked at me
with a denote so pure
And a promise in your eyes*

Farzana Aqib

“The tears of the gods”

*A falling comet that night
When we met underneath the darker
skies
Away from the city lights
Betokened the end of our relation
Till the full moon's night's
Of other heavens
May the inauspicious here
Become auspicious
In the other realms*

*In the others sphere
Let's meet again
Where there's no evil eyes
Where there's no broken hearts
No falling meteoroids
And sun is wondrously high*

Farzana Aqib

“Intuitive”

*To be unloved
Or to be in love
Like a little thin gauze
A tiny beat skip
Like a tiny wire mesh
Only heart could feel
Only heart could judge*

Farzana Aqib

“That Easy”

*O' my beloved
Don't melt in the furnace of despair
No magic works
Better than a miracle of the prayer
Close your eyes And murmur
I will be there
Any time anywhere
A distance of hundreds years
Will flashed past
On the lips of the air
Look with the scent of thine prayer
Forlorn hope hath vanished
And A bliss is drawing near*

Farzana Aqib

“Ultimate”

Waking up next to you

Is enough to make this journey

Farzana Aqib

“Synonymous”

Like a synonymous relative

You and I...

On earth and other planets

Are repetitive...

Like two diverse forces

One is negative

Another is positive

All about being in

Metaphysics practice

Born at the different times

Yet heirs of the same heritage

Growing distant memories together

*Like a necessitated sedative
Being fairly apathetic
Yet as an ancient rivals
completely competitive
crossing each other's path
So precisely consecutive
Isn't this a phenomenon
So bindingly attractive
If you and I stay
Rapturously together and active*

Farzana Aqib

“Who mirror thy inner side”

Words decide

How to mirror thy inner side

Be selective when you whisper

Be scared when you shout

When fire erupts minced it flame

When flowers blossom

Open thy mouth

You must know how to rein

A speedy tongue or a yarraman...

When to halt when to ride

When to tight

When to bite

Farzana Aqib

“Show me the real game”

Pull the gauze

Show me the real game boss

Let's be straight

I wanna relate

Leave behind mosque or cross

Show me the real game boss

Night is a head

Day is a tale

let's toss

Draw back the veils mark a dart

*Pull the gauze
Between the life and death
Between the oozing warm blood
And tightening deathly jaws
Why day melts
Why night thaws
Shall I mourn my birth
or heartily applause
Show me the actual cause
Show me the real game boss
I should've dare to say
But hundredth time
A Hundreds nights I spent to solve
This myth of yours
and many more
Unsaid question .. because*

Farzana Aqib

“Ignorant”

*Those furious And in pain
Those lamenting and condemn
don't know how to sustain
What mercy this hurt contains
What light will ascend
Through this burn
What will be the returns*

Farzana Aqib

“Through the hole of soul”

*With the pricks of pain
My body is sieved
But the galaxies of stars
Through these pricks
blinks and peep
the whole universe is on its way
To drench my soul so deep
All the divinity
plummeting through them
to submerge my soul
And leave if forever seeped
I'm up to derive since the advent
I stay awake and pray
I forgot what is sleep*

Farzana Aqib

“Between you and me”

With the longest sent benediction

I eventually won sacrament

I got a hint of acceptance

Overflowed with blessings

Tears rolling down with commotion

I am so heavy with emotions

For thee I am so important

How powerful are my prayers

My callings...

My invocations

I realised at the end of my journey

*At the last station
There is nothing like this
When your end is destined
With a day of invigoration
Let's call my clan
My friends and foe
Let's toast for celebration*

Farzana Aqib

*Don't disrespect your journey
By following the path of others*

Farzana Aqib

“No gods but God”

From divine

To shrine

From gods worship

To a man worship

From a God revere

To a stone prayer

Either way it's a sin

As if one fell from sky

To Plunge into a ravine

Be thy own guru

Create thy own path

*Follow Thy own brain
Don't hero-worship a man
Like a silent lamb
To make that
damn ...
Something in between
A worldly god
Or an outcast demon*

Farzana Aqib

“After falling from my eyes”

*After falling from my eyes
I re- emerged from my grey skies
To rewrite my genuine script
To revamp my heart and revise
After falling from my eyes
I collected my Ashes
My denials my prize
My factual dogma
My incontrovertible truth
My open secrets
My unconditional surprise*

*After falling from my eyes
I redeemed my sins
My efforts my tries
I washed off my soul
From all the parasites
After falling from my eyes
I ascended to the ethereal highs
With my real stereo type
With my inner real voice
I took my hidden advice
I redeemed my pleasure
My heavens my paradise
Yet a little late I realise
I came here on a purpose
Yet In a false disguise*

*After falling from my eyes
O' my friend ...
All the counterfeiting designs
I am going to destroy*

Farzana Aqib

“A righteous clam”

It's a trickling stirred in veins

It's a drizzling calm on pain

It's a blind spot of faith

It's a silent nub of soul

Thy thought has hundreds

Binding chains...

Every soul has its own way

It's own names

it's own clans

Some for fortune

Some for fame

Yet for every heart

A precise conception is delineate

To have on thee

Their righteous claim

Farzana Aqib

“Passage to heart”

Give air to spark

Scratch thy wound deep

To make direct passage to heart

The depth of thy scare will decide

How deep the light will seep

Farzana Aqib

“My nameless pleads”

The magnanimity of my tears

My silent sacrifice

My diligent pain

My empty pleads without name

Will carve my paths

Will halt the storm

That unleashed torrent

it may retain ..

It Will wash all my wounds

And All my ugly stains

Farzana Aqib

“Destiny still is unknown”

Be calm

Hold on...

Thy name is carved on my palm

A glory of love

Is Visibly shone..

I am trying stealing

A fading pinch of light

From a warm blush of dusk

All spilled and Overthrown ..

From the ajar castle window

I can see the old sky

Grievingly brewing moan

*The last North Star
holds the last hope
For a Gold robbed
empty throne
Be calm ..,
Hold on ...
A warmth of life is still alive
Inside the cranky bones
Half a journey crossed by
Though Destiny still is unknown*

Farzana Aqib

“Soaked and dried”

*I doubt my sire
If faith needs a wafting fire
From the debris of grey dreams
That burnt the last
yearned aspires
Like a wet un burned leaves
Soaked and dried
My soul and heart
Laugh and cry
I doubt my sire
If heart needs another try
Or shall I bid goodbye*

Farzana Aqib

“On the same path of life”

*On the same path of life
Where sun arrives
Once on a blue moon night
Where smoke of damp
Rotten air uncurled
Moves past us whirled
Where darkness crawls every hour
I have to carve my own path*

*From being reticent to out large
From a tiny receptacle hole
Where my dreams were hurled
Into My own carved world
Where colors of my heart would every
second unfurled*

Farzana Aqib

“Huhu”

*I surrender my soul
I lay down my heart too
I will capture the miracles of my
Solemn Allah hue
O’God .. Al-Malik al-Qudus
I wish to do ...
In thy name...
What no other soul dares to do*

Farzana Aqib

“God is there”

*Night is very deeply darn
The whole valley is terrified
Ice is ultra cold and white
Pinnacles gleaming in moonlight
Nothing is visible in the sight
But a constant link inside
A soul is all set to dare
To meet the one hidden somewhere
Face to face Eyes to eyes
Despite the ruthless flooding sky*

*A monk is travelling all the night
A dervish is whirling wind alike
A bagger is hauling
A prayers in the air
A stage of life is mystified
A hint of beloved is no where
Yet a bed is warm
Coffee is there ...
He Is near yes very near
It's all concise and too clear
In every element of the story
God will appear*

Farzana Aqib

“Solemn Commune”

In the silent heart

I heard a solemn sound

like Hu Hu

A commune between two

One is me

Another must be you

Farzana Aqib

*Only heart could carry
What oceans couldn't bury*

Farzana Aqib

“Last hope on clutches”

*Only poet could measure
The pain of its verses
All moaning lyrics
In blood drenched inkling
Only poet could levitate
All Prophesied prayers
Up in the Holy air
And keep perennial bulk
Of his leftover curses
Only poet could enshroud
All the old grudges*

*And fading memory rehearses
Only poet could carry
The unrequited love
The faded smell of dead roses
A half dozen of broken dreams
And a last hope on the clutches*

Farzana Aqib

“Claustrophobic”

Shun my autumn stricken leaves

My dead offshoots

Wash my sore and gash

Shuffle all my broken dreams

Stitch my split and scares

All the furcate of my heart

All the limbs and extra part

I am stuck in my inner closet

O’ my God

I feel so claustrophobic

In the inner Cage of soul

I am so memory phobic

Farzana Aqib

“Haunting Memories”

Redeeming old faces

From the fading pages

Amongst the unknown phrases

A relentless demon of past

Got freed for some chases

Farzana Aqib

“In the love of moon”

*That brief midnight commune
With the full moon
On the rhythmic tides of
Bursting blue lagoon
I said come down on the earth
With the gentlest breezy boon
Meet me somewhere soon
He said no bird could fly that high
To capture my falling silver tone
Go Fall in love with brilliant sun
And it's beauteous noon*

*My quest will make you all ruined
I am a beauty unattained
Like a short lived dune
My nights are happening display
Yet All in delirious showcase
A day treats me like a goon
Leaves me ashamed
in unmatched gloom*

Farzana Aqib

If it wasn't so

*Without poetry, painting ...
and moonlight glow
What grace earth hath wore
Life would have been so bore
If it wasn't so ...
All the artistry on the show
Why then spring and autumn
All displays ...
Hath actually made for*

Farzana Aqib

I Do

I do I do

I swear to blue

I believe it's true

There is nothing in this world

But you...

It's the ultimate whisper

of the heart

It's a conscious voice too

Farzana Aqib

The Scent Thee

*You wore someone else's eyes
You borrowed some stranger's face
You peeped direct to the soul
You did thy glimpse only to those
You feel like touching
You already chose
You didn't blink it or let it close
Until the final whistles blow
My heart was wet and all froze
You left abruptly in one go
Like an evening shepherd goes
Those eyes were left in deep repose
Like little lambs amidst the woes*

*That man was standing
right before
But that feel of thee
was never close
Though Face was same
And same was the name
But core was empty
Like wilted rose
The scent of thee was no more*

Farzana Aqib

“A silence speaks Hu”

A dervish whirling Hu Hu

A silence doth speaks Hu

A bird chirping

A cat meow

A bear growling too

A whole jungle is reverberating

On the flapping leaves through

And a heart never skipped a beat

Without saying Allah hu

*From grains to moon
From the drowning sinners of Eden
To the ark of Noah
Every heart knew
Where dwells this enticing magic
Why breath compelled to the Hu*

Farzana Aqib

“Above the line”

*On the tune of wind rhymes
Madly whirling as wind chimes
Your beloved is fore-way nearing
Like a scattering warm sunshine
Dance and dance until thy soul
Emerges above the bleak line
From the idea of living and dying*

Farzana Aqib

“Ultimate Love”

What to do I asked

Sacrifice what is closest to heart

Farzana Aqib

“O’ Prodigy”

Don’t judge me

o’ prodigy ...

You are special

I am ordinary ...

You reached till the walls of kaba

And I brought thee in my heart

You traveled that long path

On the some camels or some rath

I just turned my face

*And pleadingly asked
I traveled through my soul pace
I reached fastest than fast
O' prodigy don't teach
Love needs no dictates,
No draft.*

Farzana Aqib

Only few pearls of tears

*Journey through night
Went in vain
Everything is forgotten
about the last vivid dream
Only few pearls of tears
Remained to gleam*

Farzana Aqib

“Real troves are never taken”

*Forgotten but still enlightened
Miracles of hearts'
never forget to Blossom
Seeds couldn't be buried
By digging deepened
The more you suppress
The more power it would taken
Autumn snatches all the treasures
Spring brings back in abundance
Vegetation erupts*

*from walls and debris
From every mount once rotten
From every inch of land
Which is made of earthen
Robber couldn't rob you forever
Real troves are never taken*

Farzana Aqib

“Don’t mock with divine”

One was left abandoned

But soon taken

Another was left floating on waters

But reached to a kingdom

A tierace was thrown into jabb

And sold by the hands of Egyptian

One was Joseph

Another was Jew

Third was Christian

*Path of Miracles couldn't be altered
Gift of God's Couldn't be haltered
Thee aims at few
And those are chosen
Don't mock with divine
You can't close
What God has opened...*

Farzana Aqib

“Swapping”

*I want to be called yours
That's the only gift I need
In the barter of all my rewards
And all my good deeds*

Farzana Aqib

“Determined”

At the end

I have to meet my beloved

I am walking on the strait line

My eyes are on the destiny sign

Neither on the Road gravels

Nor on the shades of pine

Farzana Aqib

“Whole universe”

Embrace me in your arms

Let's forget about the world

My whole is woven inside you

Your all is wedged into me

Farzana Aqib

“Jigsaw puzzles”

*Destiny is affixed
Written can't be erased
Little tears and wears happen
Without a massive change
The maze and crisscrossing
Is Made to deviate
Yet end abruptly emerges
Without a delays*

Farzana Aqib

“Blind by Desire”

*Don't they read the signs
What is written four ways
What is openly defined
Every bit of nature is
vividly displayed
Nothing is confined
Why they act so blind
Isn't this world so powerful
To divert their minds
They apprehend every bit they see
But thee...*

Farzana Aqib

Always on my Mind

I open my eyes

I seek you

I close my eyes

You emerge on my mind

Rest of my Day goes by

In few attempts so futile

Farzana Aqib

“Deviated”

So now I saw you

You were right there

And I was unaware

I looked across the skies

Always..

But never dare to see

underneath my direct stare

Farzana Aqib

“Open Secret”

It's just the confusion of the mind

Heart always knows you

Eyes always see you

Yet this secret is only

Confined between these two

Farzana Aqib

“You could never camouflage”

Don't tell me

You don't care anymore

You are on a new start

Don't pretend too smart

Deceit is a work of art

You could never camouflage

Souls never leave the souls

Heart never gets apart

Farzana Aqib

“Pendulum”

Nothing will happen if I quit

Nothing had happened

When I was in...

I am good for no extreme .

Farzana Aqib

“Real Salut”

No one is as exact

As Their Mirrors’ reflect

No one carries a real facade

All enshroud all odd

Halt few hours

Stay few days

Wait for the first seasonal shower

Rain will rinse all the craft

Paint will soaked

Be drenched and washed

Real soil will emerge from the salt

Farzana Aqib

“Real truth”

I burned my books

And ask my soul to take charge

To teach me the real truth

To lead me towards the real path

Farzana Aqib

“Spring footfall”

Listen he is there

Answer his call

He is standing on thy altar

Not behind the wall

Seeing directly into thy eyes

With all the dignity you may ask

Walk on your feet don't crawl

He pays visits to great and small

Not like winter or autumn call

He sneaks out

like a spring footfall

*To pic thine worries
To hold up thy hand when you fall
He never likes tears or sighs
He likes the bravest who could
righteously stand tall*

Farzana Aqib

“My library”

I carry the whole desert

In one pinch

My whole world

Comes in my fist

Few pages so crisp

one bookmark with feathery clip

Few shades of ink

Blue black and pink

My walls emits the whiff of words

My room is fragrant

With scented grip

It blossoms the lyrics

It sprout the tulips

From the roots of books

It never stink ...

I could see the prodigious world ..

In one glimpse

In one blink

Farzana Aqib

“Let’s meet”

Let’s meet

where silence speaks

And quietude laugh

Where pages talk

And passivity read

And moist of ink

deeply seeped

Let’s meet...

Where paper boats carry

the unsaid message

Where inkling streams

Forever spurt...

Where books are piled

As reading seats..

*Where walls are carved with
poetic sheets...*

Let's meet

Where silence speaks

Farzana Aqib

“Wear the wounds”

Lay the weapon

Surrender a gun

Loose a battle

Wear the wounds

If war is waged

against a loved one

Farzana Aqib

“I Must Adulate”

*I have to write the praise
I must emblazon the name
To thou glory
My immortal enthusiast raise
Its must if I am made affluent
In my creation
If I am the one chosen
For a task to adulate
To hail the majesty
To the one who is worthy*

Farzana Aqib

“Veneration and Curse”

*Somewhere in the wide universe
Away from the cavernous holes
From the Plato Saturn and mars
Above the veneration and curse
Time is being reversed
Every skin is stamped and pierced
God is being witnessed
Every tick of time is searched
Every breathe is weighted
Every word is measured*

*Once said never reversed
Nothing going unchecked
In this mega concept
Everything is trapped
within its spiky herse*

Farzana Aqib

“Delirium”

*So close that I feel his heart slipping
into me*

So distant that I can't see

Farzana Aqib

Before the last candle burns

So he admitted

He loves me

He thinks it's the ultimate beginning

And I believe it's the perfect ending

Always leave the party

Before the last candle burns into ashes

Farzana Aqib

“Seasons of Heart”

*Season is changed
So doth my heart
I saw him after such a long journey
After many moons ...
Like a voyage of stars
He appeared the same
But my heart was rejigged
It Turned metamorphosed
I didn't feel it skipping a beat
And my eyes weren't even
gleaning enough to greet
Weather was transmuted
So was the seasons of heart*

Farzana Aqib

“Go Empty”

Be empty

Lighter and floating

Like a swan alway be flown

Lust of the world

Will make you heavier than stone

You will sink you will be gone

Farzana Aqib

“Artist of both arts”

*Sometimes only one pavé
One bridleway
leading Towards the goal
Prickly gravelly full of stone
Sometimes only across the ocean
Your destiny is barely shone
you must know the both paths
You must be the artist of both arts
Master of treading
like a cannon wheel
Master of floating like a raft...*

Farzana Aqib

“Web of Love”

*Only my heart could hold thee
Mountains will be fallen apart
And sky will caved in
A gauze of my love is the strongest
ever been ..*

*With which a web I spin
And thee lastingly ends up in*

Farzana Aqib

“Avarice”

*You are chosen by thee
A worthiest guest could ever be
Don't cry for the little cachet
For little renown and fame
Don't seek a piece of dust
Don't wish for a taste of soil
Life is once not twice
Don't be avarice
For diamonds and gold
Don't die in rapacity
For a bone to be thrown*

*All is ugly alchemy of stones
All is nothing but Carbon and coal
O' ignorant at heart
I you wish you must known
You were sent for the throne
Not like the dogs
For licking the bones*

Farzana Aqib

“Please”

O' my beloved

If not me

Then my soul must there be

Where I see thee

Where there is no veil hung between

Farzana Aqib

“Enchantment”

All tangled in thoughts

All entrapped

This riddle is unmatched

This jigsaw is so empowering

This labyrinth is so enchanting

It won't set any soul free

It won't let any heart reach thee

Farzana Aqib

“Better than the past”

O’ my painter

Paint me with the best of your art

Make me unique

In the Pursuits of my heart

O’ my painter

Draw a map of my journey

Leave me across on a silent gurney

On a land so away from the hustle

And envious craft

Away from the grim

and cautious fate

O’ my painter

Paint my today better than my past

Farzana Aqib

“Burden of broken dreams”

*Dreams of the tired eyes
And smiles of the broken hearts’
All camouflaging art
All faced up open lies
A Journey of the seven seas
On a wrecking shattered raft
Spare sometime to read those eyes
Halt a while to watch that laugh
Like a hollow empty whistle
Like a last defusing light
Burden of broken dreams
Is heavier than the falling skies*

Farzana Aqib

“Despite all”

We must live

We must laugh

Despite all...

A Wound on the Shoulder

A Gravel in the eyes

A Blustery feet

And damaged heart

despite all

We must laugh

We must live

This Journey designed

just two yard

*This Breath is coming
only few hours
Life is short
Time is short
We shouldn't rush
We must halt
Despite all
We must live
in the whole
Not in half
We must laugh
Before turning on
our name plates
Into an epitaph
We must live
We must laugh
Despite all*

Farzana Aqib

“What difference does it make”

*Now nothing is gained
by hiding or by showing
By striving or ignoring
Gone is what was permanent
stopped is what was transient
What was gained had lost
what had eluded, is returned
What encounters, What avoids
What is perceived
What is mislaid
What difference does it make
Only let the time pass here
Let me be drowned in my delirium
Don't make me awake*

Farzana Aqib

“To whom in silence I spoke”

*With an abrupt jolt
I was awoke
To whom in a silence
I often spoke
Who takes me in the gorge
of half floating dreams
Away from the hiss of voices
In the warm heavenly streams
In the mist of unknown smoke
Who leaves me detached
And un knocked ...
All marooned and shocked
Then from where*

*A whisper bumps and jostle
A mere thought of thee turns vocal
A half drowning dream
Stirs and revoke
My ship of diligent pursuit
Sails on the mystic waters
none stop..
and I eternally know...
My love for thee has no dock*

Farzana Aqib

“Bereft of Fire”

*On the cold desert night
Outside my camp
In a chilly air moist and damp
Me and my silence
Bereft of fire and lamp
Huddle and recite thy name
Life appears very strange
Beneath a stars studded spectrum
When moon descend on earth
With its brilliantly lit eyes
And perches on a single palm stem
And long shadows of night*

*Dance on the whirling turns
Holding hands of some
unseen companions
I think of thee...
Rather I could see
among the millions of stars
Where exactly we would be..
On the eve enchanted
Arabian dunes
I feel pivot of mystic voices
On the ethereal tunes
With my silence alone
I twirls and whirl
With hundreds moons
The bogie of the king
May arrive soon*

Farzana Aqib

“Mystic spirit”

I want to dance

*Like the wild tides of
perverse lagoon*

I want to twist and twirl

Like red sandy dune

On the music of my heart

On the order of my inner tune

I want to celebrate my wounds

Farzana Aqib

“Either thee or the world”

*Who cares who sees
Who cares what other say
Why I let it be seeping in
Why I become a dirty source
Of all the muddy intake
Let them reflect
their own inner reflection
Let me display
my own inner calling
Either thee or the world
This world or that ethereal edict
Fake or real ?
Decision I have to make
Not any other man could dictate*

Farzana Aqib

“Empty Pots”

*You said it all without a word
Without any emphasis applied
You become evident
without coming into sight
But you give all the hollow shells
a very loud voice*

Farzana Aqib

“Unseen love”

I wished to stole a glance

I wished to nudge

My beloved..

But couldn't wangle

Only I could discern

A goose bumping fondle

A voice without sound

A love so profound

And carefully handle

Farzana Aqib

“Against Your Desire”

*I gave my whole life
To prod thy love
To flick a spark
To a cold wet sill of heart
To the moist wet woods of love
To apprehend what is hidden
Beneath the debris of stub
But silent was the sound
And silent remained the path
A silence I grew
And only reaped the weariness
and darkly ripened wrath*

Farzana Aqib

“It won’t be Thwarted”

*Show me your dare
show me your love
It won’t be thwarted
O’ my cowardly king “
In love no heart is ever being judged
Notoriety is rewarded
Madness is courted*

Farzana Aqib

“Oneness”

I have no end

I am not a drop of rain

I am gargantuan

With the irrepressible sea

I am one

Farzana Aqib

“Nothing to Worry”

Nothing to worry

What if all comes down

My hopes are alive

My dreams are intact

I write my message on trees

And my poetry on sky

Nothing to worry

Everything is alright

What if torrent is devastating

What if all comes down

I have a shelter of thy love

*I will wear you as my coat
I will hide in your arms
I will stay cozy and warm
What if all comes down
I still have you
The pillar of my strength
A rampart of my being
My fortress ..
My army ...
You are four ways around me
There is nothing to worry
Why would then I rush and scurry*

Farzana Aqib

“Richest of all”

*I feel the whole word
Is Jiggling Into my sockets
I walk around the world
With my hands in my pockets
I reap the rays of the morning
I sow the shadows of the night
I carry my Gunny's filled with gold
Silver and dime
My world is filled with brilliance
and with thoughts that shine
There is nothing*

*Which I haven't got it
With my hands in my pocket
The whole world is jiggling
into my sockets*

Farzana Aqib

“Read my poem then”

read my poems then ...

When fire smiles to its hearth

And flames burn

the corners of the earth,

When roofs are made with gold

And children eat the mirth

Read my poems then...

Before the fully awake men

When stars are diminished

with the haze of lust

*And smoke gulps the turf
Read my poems then
Before the fully awake men
When the holy inscription
of Allah Return
And holy rendition of verse
Begins to rehearse
Read my poems then
Before the fully awake men
When empty stomach's
Are well fed and drunk
And scorching deserts
Receive the mizzle of rain
Read my poems then
To the hearts that are willing to hear...
And to the souls ready to fight
Against the indiscriminating stance*

*And mine words carry some worth
Wear Some weight,
... amen
Read my poems then
Before the fully awake men*

Farzana Aqib

“Affirmed”

A new palmer crease

Emerged on my hand

You left but destiny took its stand

Farzana Aqib

“I am chiselled anew”

I am a dossier of truth

My build is you

My cast is you

In a furnace of thy love

I have burnt through

I eschewed my pride

I,m chiselled anew

I reflect thy colours

Beneath the sky blue

My predecessor ..

My decent ..

My past and present

My exists my extinct

aggregates on you

I am nothing but Hu ء

Farzana Aqib

“A promise of the infinite”

*A promise of the infinite
A drifting passive presence
A Mighty hidden reminisce
So darned strongly scent
All vividly magnificent
A Lost stranger finds its way
Knocks my door
Make its descent*

Farzana Aqib

“Eyes”

With an infinite print

You did it

Thy love acted innocent

Yet it chiselled a scare

So definite

Impervious to fear

All so invincible

Like a victor army

It was mighty and magnificent

Farzana Aqib

“Gift Supernal”

*What if the world dissolve
And the light be diminished
Let the visitation ruin the earth
Let everything die of any worth
Let the streets buzz with silence
And all the life signal diffuse
Still Our love will stay eternal
it's adorned on the chest
as a gift supernal*

Farzana Aqib

“Friendship with God”

*My love is invisible
Within no entity
Don't find me in objects
Into any body
Feel me in thine eyes
Touch me in the air
You will find me
Nearest than the near*

Farzana Aqib

“Painter”

You are in every picture

My eyes ever drawn

Farzana Aqib

“Passage to heart”

A poet and a pilgrim

Always keep forgetting them

One on the path of desire

Another on the voyage of creation

Farzana Aqib

“A night spent in wait”

*There is a heart
That never sleeps
There are eyes
That refuse to blink
In the crusade of love
Every breath is fighting
Against slumber
Every bone refuses
To take rest*

Farzana Aqib

*I always thought
I am separate
May be all at my own
No one either made me known
That my identity is long gone
I am merged into whole
Into thee I'm deeply grown
Hack me into pieces
Yet In every bit of me ...
Only Thee would visually shown .*

Farzana Aqib

“Bottomless abyss”

Just look into my eyes

No word's after this

Silence goes deep into the souls

As a bottomless abyss

Farzana Aqib

“Hush”

*Don't spoil the spell of the eyes
Their enchantment often
tumbles up the skies
Thy unsaid is like a chasm
Dark and roaringly wide
And the hollow clink of the words
Is heavier than the rocks
It weighs hard
on the soft inner soil
Let its light pace swiftly fast
Let their magic befell and cast
Let eyes whisper their own secrets
Let them talk heart to heart*

Farzana Aqib

“True or false”

*Heart carries thousands
Burdens...
And Many pricking darts
Like a sky with millions stars
But it can't possibly possess
Like a cruel deceitful art
Two lovers and two hearts
Love is a trample of one God
It can't be divided between
Two deities and one devout*

Farzana Aqib

“Eyes say it all”

Remember the first thing

You capture

Are the eyes

Words follow the path

*Eyes carry the unbearable
enchantment*

Like a deadliest voodoo craft

Like a peephole of the heart

Farzana Aqib

*Love starts
When trust begins
And trust begins
When you turn blind*

Farzana Aqib

“Commune”

Don't act as flurry

Burn slowly and steadily

Like a candle in its task

Night is long

Beloved is in no hurry

He will stay

As long as you ask

Farzana Aqib

“Inside the dream”

Sleep clung to me

I dwell within the fortress of my eyes

In your presence

In your arm

I sleep deep and calm

In your absence

I dream till the nudging

Ray of dawn

It's the only medium

To meet thee

Other than this

What other recourse

Would there be

Farzana Aqib

“Barrier of fear”

Love was always there

Only ramparts needed to be cleared

Barriers you raised

Meant to be razed

Path has to be smooth

No towers no walls

Nothing in between be saved

Farzana Aqib

“With no powers”

I travel in transition

In the dream sleep

I doubt who exactly is me

My strings are actually tied

On the fingers of my crony

I am a puppet of destiny

Farzana Aqib

*Like a pinch of salt in a bowl
And a drop of honey in a cup
Thy little gaze is enough*

Farzana Aqib

Review

Dr. Shoaib Ahmad

(Director Rumi Chair Punjab University)

اللہ کریم کی تقسیم بھی اس کی رحمتوں کی طرح قاعدے قوانین سے بالاتر ہوتی ہے۔ ہر چیز ہر شخص کو اپنے صفاتی ناموں والی صفات سے کچھ نہ کچھ حصہ ضرور دیتا ہے۔ کسی کو ایک میں سے، کسی کو دو، کسی کو چار لیکن کچھ خاص لوگوں پر سارے دروازے کھول دیتا ہے، اپنے اسماء کی روشنیاں اُس کی طرف موڑ دیتا ہے اور اُن روشنوں کی جمالیاتی جھلمل کی بارش اُس ایک آدمی کا احاطہ یوں کر لیتی ہے جیسے وادیوں اور پہاڑوں پر برف کی برسات، جیسے چپ کی چادر میں لپٹی پراسراریت، جیسے گیان کی سکینت، جیسے تخلیق کی آفاقیت!

کچھ ایسا ہی فرزانہ کے ساتھ ہوا۔ مولانا مالامال کیا اسے۔ دل کھول کے دیا۔ چھپڑ پھاڑ کے دیا۔ حُسن دیا اور حُسن میں ٹھہراؤ رکھا۔ شہرت دی اور شہرت میں عجز رکھا۔ صلاحیت دی اور صلاحیت میں جذبہ رکھا۔ اظہار کی طاقت دی اور اُس میں سلیقہ رکھا۔ فکر کی پرواز دی اور اس میں پھیلاؤ رکھا۔ قلم دیا اور اُس میں روانی رکھی لفظ دیے اور ن میں تاثیر رکھی۔ ابلاغ دیا اور اس میں قوتِ تسخیر رکھی۔ عاقب دیا اور اس میں جاودانی رکھی۔

خواتین و حضرات! عمر دیکھیں اس کی اور کام دیکھیں۔ کیا بات ہے۔ کام کی وسعت دیکھیں آدمی دنگ رہ جاتا ہے۔ حیرت میں ڈوب جاتا ہے۔ کیسے ہو سکتا ہے۔ کون کر سکتا ہے۔ وہی کر سکتا ہے جسے چُن لیا گیا ہو۔ اتنے تو اس کی زندگی کے

سال نہیں جتنی اس کی کتابوں کی تعداد ہے۔ کوئی شخص پہلو دار ہو سکتا ہے، دو جہت ہو سکتا ہے، شش جہت ہو سکتا ہے، ہشت پہلو ہو سکتا ہے لیکن کوئی ہمہ جہت کیسے ہو سکتا ہے اور فرزانہ ہے ہمہ جہت۔ اس لیے کہ مالک کل جہات نے اسے چن لیا ہے۔ اس پر رشک کیا جا سکتا ہے مگر اس جیسا ہوا نہیں جا سکتا۔

فرزانہ نے ناول لکھے اور ناول کے تمام تنقیدی حوالوں سے معتبر لکھے۔ فرزانہ نے اردو شاعری کی اور دلوں کی تہوں میں چھپے جذبوں کی تسکین کا سامان کیا۔ فرزانہ نے انگریزی شاعری کی اور ایسا لفظی اور فکری نظام لے کے آئی جو ہماری کلاسیکی روحانی روایات کا پلو تھا۔ یوں روح میں اُترتی ہے جیسے جھیل سیف الملوک پر پریاں اُترتی ہیں۔ دوسری طرف اس کی شاعری عہدِ حاضر کی فکری بھول بھلیوں اور عملی انتشار کے مضر اثرات پر براہِ راست مرہم کا کام کرتی ہے۔ اس کی شاعری آسودگی بخش ہے۔ اس کی شاعری دور سے سنائی دینے والی بانسری کی مدھر لے ہے۔ اس کی شاعری فطرت کی سرگوشی ہے۔ اس کی شاعری محبوبہ کا دستِ حنائی ہے۔ اس کی شاعری صوفی کا قول ہے۔ اکتارے کی تار ہے۔ راحت کی پھوار ہے۔ قوسِ قزح ہے۔

فرزانہ کو جذبے سینچنے اور لفظ پرونے کا ہنر آتا ہے اور یہ ہنر اُس کی کتابوں کی ایک ایک سطر سے جھلکتا ہے۔ آنکھ مارتی ہے اور الفاظ کے اندر چھپے معانی کی طرف اشاروں سے بلاتا ہے۔

خواتین و حضرات! فرزانہ کی قابلِ قدر اور لائق ستائشی شخصیت کا ایک پہلو اس کی سماجی خدمات ہیں۔ وہ صاحبِ قلم ہونے کے ساتھ ساتھ ایک باعمل اور بصیرت افروز ان تھک، دردِ دل رکھنے والی اور داسے، درمے، سخن خواتین کے حقوق کے تحفظ کے لیے بھی کام کرتی ہیں اور میں سچ مچ حیرت و استعجاب کے ساتھ

دیکھتا ہوں اور سوچتا ہوں کہ یہ اکیلی بندی سینکڑوں بندوں کے برابر کام کیسے کر لیتی ہے۔ پھر غیب سے جواب آتا ہے:

ایں سعادت بہ زور بازو زیست
تا نہ بختد خدای بخشندہ

فرزانہ کی اثر انگیز تحریروں کے تراجم مختلف زبانوں میں بین الاقوامی سطح پر ہو رہے ہیں اور فرزانہ کے مطالعے کے بعد مجھے یہ فیصلہ کرنے میں ذرا بھی تاہل نہیں ہوا کہ اورینٹل کالج میں ہم اس کی شاعری کے فارسی، ہندی اور پنجابی میں تراجم کروائیں گے اور فارسی کی حد تک تو یہ کام شروع بھی ہو چکا ہے۔ میں نے فرزانہ سے یہ اجازت بھی لے لی تھی کہ ہم پہلے اس کے کلام پر ایم فل اور پھر پی ایچ ڈی بھی کروائیں گے۔

میں آخر میں فرزانہ کی گیارہ نئی کتابوں کی رونمائی پر اسے دل سے مبارک باد پیش کرتا ہوں اور انتظامیہ کا شکر گزار ہوں کہ مجھے گفتگو کا موقع دیا۔ اس تقریب میں شامل ہونا اور یہاں وقت گزارنا میرے لیے اعزاز اور یادگار ہے۔

باقی رہے عاقب جاوید۔۔۔ وہ ہمارے ہیرو تھے اور رہیں گے اور ۹۲ء ورلڈ کپ میں جب گرینڈ پیچ کسی بالر کو خاطر میں نہیں لارہا تھا اور چھکے پہ چھکا لگا رہا تھا عاقب کی غیر معمولی سلو ڈلیوری نے اس کی وکٹوں کے پر نچے اڑا دیے۔ میری دانست میں یہ کرکٹ کی دنیا میں ”سلو ڈلیوری“ کا پہلو نمونہ تھا۔

خواتین و حضرات! میاں بیوی کو ریکارڈ بنانے اور اچھوتے کام کرنے اور ملک کے لیے عزت کمانے کی پرانی عادت ہے۔ اللہ ایسوں کو سلامت رکھے۔