

When Tomorrow Will Arrive

(English Poetry)

Farzana Aqib

Nastalique Publications

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When Tomorrow will Arrive

(English Poetry)

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Farzana Aqib

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- 3- *Midnight Sigh (English Novel)*
- 4- *In the Name of God (Journalist Articles)*
- 5- *My gift of Salvation (English Novel)*
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- 8- *Blue Monday of Love
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- 18- *One Pinch of Red Flowers, Two Scoops of Love
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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)*

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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*



الْقُدُّوسُ

Al-Quddoos

All-Pure

All-Sacred

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

“Ransomed”

Owning your story

Your own life...

Your suffering

Your sacrifice

Your emergence

from the pit of grief

The way you strive

the ransoms you pay

For the right to breathe

*This is must remunerate price
Be resilient to pay
With thy heartfelt smile
This is how this journey defines
till your stay on this earth expires*

Farzana Aqib

“Celestial Dance”

*Through the cosmic Alliance
Thy love continues its journey
Through thy heart secret sign
From your celestial playful shine
Through thine conscientious feelings
For those you surround
Look up at the North Star
Does it wink at you to recall
Through It's cosmic dance
Into some bygone past
A forgotten promise
Of some forgotten times
Does someone dearly
It reminds*

Farzana Aqib

“Mighty Frenzy”

Driven insane

In mighty frenzy

Whip me harsh

Stone me hard

Inflict pain on me in plenty

I committed a sin of loving thee

Nothing could stop me

Any brutality it may would be

May The whole world

burns in jealous envy

I'm a lover in ragged

What if others attired trendy

*I walked with blustery soles
What if others reached in benzy
Still my beloved will choose me
I firmly believe
Don't look at my mien
Look at my yearning
Look at my ornate fancy
With my mighty frenzy
I will reach thee*

Farzana Aqib

“Your Eyes”

*The one thing we know
This moment may never go
We may never meet again
Our lives may not be the same
Yet I can never erase
That last picture
That ever vivid trace
Your eyes... your face*

Farzana Aqib

“Alabaster”

Made with the crimson fire

Sculpt With immortal clay

A heart in love

Never decay

Never die

Always figured alabaster lay

Pure and saintly

Without betray

Farzana Aqib

“Pride and Prejudice”

*A story of past
So torn and pale
Much dust covered
And out of place
emerged from the debris
Far too above
from timid worldly disgrace
Slow and steady
In a tortoise pace
A mightier Love won the race
A pride and prejudice
Fell on face...*

Farzana Aqib

“A Lok Tale of Hollowware”

I beg you

o' clay

Don't melt

Please stay

*I have to reach on the other side of the
river*

Holding this earthen hollowware

I plead .. I ask ... dare

In the middle of the whirling wind

In the centre of hurricane

Be stable for a while

Don't melt don't decay

*I beg you o' clay
I have to reach on the northern bank
Where I have to keep a promise
A beloved long waiting there
Whom I can't betray
Be intact don't decay
I beg you if you may
O' My earthen hollowware
Let me cross this rivery
I have to keep a promise
I have to reach today
Banks are flooding
Rain is pouring
Bridge is broken
Raft is sunken
I have no other way*

Farzana Aqib

“Help My Pal”

Hold my hands

I am picking up the pieces of my heart

I may fall..

Don't let be missed a bit of it's parts

I am determined

I have to sew it

I have to restart

Farzana Aqib

“Conundrum of Love”

*Heart has its reason
Unknown to many
Not fathom to others
This is a mystery so unmatched
A conundrum to comprehend
An enigma so deep
A thriller so attractive
A riddle never solved
A whodunnit that never ends*

Farzana Aqib

“Shepherd of Earth”

*Like a shepherd move
Wayward on the roads
Relentless in the fields
Like an obstinate determined
To rescue a lamb from a trench
To save someone from a ditch
To pull some hearts
from darkest plunges
Save some naïve
from being trapped
Bless some starved
Give some smidgen
Pull some morsel
From a big bellied rich*

Farzana Aqib

“My Reality”

A faceless identity

A nameless legacy

An anonymous naming

That's what I am

A grain of soil

In the timeless gargantuan

This is my reality

If any...

Farzana Aqib

“White Lies”

*You wore
all the shades of sky
High and low
Pale like your skin
White as you lied never before
When you stepped out of
that night's threshold
From the sill of my door
I bid you goodbye
To add no shades to canvas
No more...
With a bleating heart I bore*

*And the mad frenzy kept the heart
To infinitely love you and adore
Despite all the deceit
All the contour ...
It still Sits...
on the leftover remains of heart
to explore ..
Be it a dust of beloved trails
Or a shimmer of stars
as perchance of yore*

Farzana Aqib

“Within The Open Cage”

*One thing is remained unsaid
Despite all the formalness
And whatever Decorums done
That last little thing you hid
Behind your darkest hue of eye
You left without a word of goodbye
I still wake up
in the middle of nights ...
Wondering why
Thinking if you had to part*

*Then why half
You left the injured bird
With the open cage
Neither it could fly
Nor it would die*

Farzana Aqib

“Past May Not be Recalled”

*It's useless to recall
For what could not be
And all that could have been
Time moves fast
Each wave recedes in seconds
Each word written on sands
hits the rocks ...
Past shall remain the past*

Farzana Aqib

“You Must Reach”

*You are home to many
But you worry end up homeless
You are hope to many
But sulking every night
Soaking your pillow wet
Fearing immersing into hopelessness...
You pretend you are strong
But you are not ...Nonetheless...
keep moving on
Life is a grinding wheel
Between sea and beach*

*Like a grunion run
On the first possible tide
You must leave the sand
You must merge into the blue
You must reach...*

Farzana Aqib

“Archive”

*I am a collector of moments
Of Tidings and happenstance*

A word or phrase

Each Eye and face

I collect them all

Be it Present or past

Like an archive

Dead or alive...

I scan it on my heart

I trace it to verify

I choose its ancientness

I read its characters ...

*Weirdness of the hearts
Purity of the souls
I preserve them all
I hang them around
Besiege them and surround
Making them the monument
As if my journey's landmark
I don't forget them ever
Like an accoutrement
Goods and chattels
I carry them all twenty four hours
My lineage
My clan
My friends and foe
precious or predacious
Whatever they are
No matter what harm they do*

*They are the impedimenta of my route
Its the must carry treasure trove
All deeply chiselled
And historically aligned
All biblically aware
And nomadicly rare
I know who is a hero
And Who is maligned
Who is wayward
Who is confined
They are the shadows in the desert
As if a dense green groove
Under the burning wildest blue*

Farzana Aqib

“Under the Old Tree”

*Under the old banyan tree
Life left a message
You must read...
On the rusty chair
Sipping thy tea halfheartedly
Looking across the street
Dwelling still in the past
Drowned in the darkest sea
How long it will go like this
Waiting is persistent pain
Like a whistle of missing train
In the midnight
Half past three*

*Don't you see
Life left a message
On the boughs of aged tree
Aren't you tired of same fatigue
Shun thy old
Yellow worn leaves
Naked your boughs
From head two to
All the burdens you must release
Autumn never stays forever
Winter has its own schedule
Spring will come as of routine
Flowers will bloom
Birds will chirp
with the brimming
same forever glee
Learn from the old banyan tree*

*The art of being free
Unchain thy old holdings
Open the cage and flee
Don't wait ...
You are the author of your fate
What you want...
Will seek thee
As per dream accordingly*

Farzana Aqib

“Coalesced”

*On a day like this
When sky is dazzling
With Celeste blue
And horizon appears
dove grey warm
As if the whole universe is beholden
In thy solicitous arms
Why I feel solus
Yet peacefully calm
I want to drift
Like a milky mist
Lucid pellucid crystalline*

*Above the pinnacles
Like stardust shine
Beyond the prodigious sea
I want to melt into cosmic
Without a hint of me
Completely coalesced into thee*

Farzana Aqib

“Fear is forbidden”

*Fear masters horror
Imagination loosened the rein
All is woven in seconds
beguiled over decades
Dreams are interlaced
With faith..
Without fear making its place
valour is Warp and weft
Dare is yarn and tool
Fear is forbidden
in the yard of dreamer’s loom
Weaver leave no selvages*

*To avoid its secret reveal
To make its jacquard appear the best
Fear stricken souls
Only waywardly dooms
never mar or mend
Never reach a destiny
Forever losing friend
Dreamer walks above the earth
That's why called a legend*

Farzana Aqib

“Enchanted”

Like some ancient magic

I gravitate his love

He listen to my every breath

Farzana Aqib

“A rapturous silence”

*enwreath with silence
Muzzled without words
Shushed with caution
I am all quieted and serene
Only Drumming of heart
Is being rebelled
It's increasing every moment
I am trying to make it stifle
For once I want to hear
the unsaid of the unseen ...
I want a little hint ..*

*which comes from within
To capture what is out of scene
A beloved that is never seen
That unquenched desire
long hath been ...*

Farzana Aqib

“Knock Knock Knock”

*Past continues to screw on
No bygone is being by gone
It's only a living mock
Look at the ticking of grandpa clock
How a pendulum ...
Moves and drawn
You bury the past
Beneath the spiky bits of rock
And dare to barefooted
Walking on...*

Farzana Aqib

“In the Line of Love”

Travelling off the map

Capturing someone in booby trap

Don't herald a victory snap

How could you wear a winner's cap

Deceit is not the art

It's an awful handicap

Farzana Aqib

“Deciduous”

*Those faces dear to my heart
When they bid goodbye
When they part...
I couldn't collect the pieces of my
shattered being ...
I can't play another music
I feel troubled to restart
I close my eyes ...
To avert the scene
Like a dove in fearing hours
Hidden behind the deciduous trees,
I get drowned in the folds of heart
I am a naïve deep in core
I don't Carry a lion heart*

Farzana Aqib

“I hedge my bets”

*Kingship can't be trusted
Crown is not promised forever
So I hedged my bets
I wore an attire of a beggar
So not to be deprived
And face all the weathers*

Farzana Aqib

“Euphoric Love”

*I want you, my love,
If I honestly speak of
to become the mirror
of my euphoric Quest
such that those,
other than me,
who covet Love from the deep,
dark pools of your eyes,
become restless captives of my Love*

*Set thy heart all desires above
soon annihilated in
the fires of my tongue.*

*As I have marked you, my Love,
so have you marketh me...
for all eternity.*

Farzana Aqib

“Best of Both Ends”

Wear it as dust

You will shine like a glitter

In the line of love

Who leaves rapacity quest

Only he gets....

The best of both worlds

Farzana Aqib

“Don’t Seek World”

Don’t seek world

It’s nothing but enchantment

It’s like a bubble on the water

Nothing more than entrapment

Read the warning on the walls

Life ends like a siren of lament

You are designed powerless

In the web of divine

Be it earth

Be it any other planet

Farzana Aqib

“Secret”

You want to see a home of miracles

Close your eyes ...

It's within...

Speak to your inner silence

Ask the hidden magician

Whatever you want from this world

It will pass your way

On some day

At some juncture

Farzana Aqib

“Serena”

You are your home

Dwell inside

Don't reveal thy secret

Avoid....

Farzana Aqib

“Contentment”

Accept what is given

Ignore what is taken

Hide what is snatched

Show what is vouchsafed

Surrender to his will...

Wait for the bestest of divine

Farzana Aqib

“At the End”

*And at the end
You wake up
from the wilderness of
your dream ...
And pursuit of unfaithful love
Fades away ...
Like a distant scream
Like a delirium
That evades the innocent heart
Releasing the slave from its extreme*

*Love can't be mistreated
With all the weatherly odds
With deceit.. and eyewash
It may abruptly halt
To change the horses
In the midstream*

Farzana Aqib

“Drink a Toast”

*When you need it the most
You won't get
We think the same
Most of us...
That" all doors are slammed and shut
Yet .. Which time is best
Only God knows what
Just leave it on thine
destiny behest ...
Sometimes diamond turns worthless
Just like a rock...*

*Sometimes dust worth a lot
Sometimes a friend acts the worst
And a foe as worthy host
He offers you peace
He offers you a toast ...*

Farzana Aqib

“Tumult of Fear”

*When you will look back
Even over the darkest moments
You will see a silver lining
A silhouette of light all around
Like the patterns of the sky
From dark to blue
And white so brilliantly high
Life never leaves your path
It follows you wherever you hide
Seek a beam of hope*

*In thy deepest darkest inside
Emerge from the shadows of
trepidation....
Try until the tumults of
fear is not died*

Farzana Aqib

“Without a Man’s Code”

*There is still more roads to go
Life has lot more to grow
It has no land ups
No end no arrivals
It’s a commotion forever
Like an orb on its axis
When day struggles
Night relaxes
It never halts its never waxes
Stopovers are the signs of death
Rotation is another word for breath
There is no end to this road
Life flows ...
Without a man’s code...*

Farzana Aqib

“Wait Till the End”

Wait till the end

Story always comes

With mystery and suspense

Don't judge hence

At the equidistant

Actual riveting commence

Farzana Aqib

“What you plump for”

Each heart bury some story

Of sad and happy past glory

Some epoch appears

Amorously gory

Some chapters are making

Applauding history

Few pages are Wild and hoary

You are the victim

You are the query

Dwellings in the past's

Lonsom territory

*There is much to be happy
A bit to be sorry
Choice is yours
If you plump for Contentment
Over undue worry*

Farzana Aqib

“Ignite Your Dreams”

*Burn all the embers
Spark all the smut and stoke
Fuel your inner char
Ignite your dreams
Leaving behind the gravity
Of fears and failures
Your inner fire keeps you alive
Even if you are buried beneath
The glaciers of ice
Seek advice from thy inner voice
Dreams must be attained
Whatever blood and sweat it takes
As a great sacrifice...*

Farzana Aqib

“Real Me”

*My soul is a work of art
My outer is nothing
more than brag and air
Like Grey worthless ash
My pride is hundreds folds wrapped
Into my solitude ...
My inner is so beautiful
My glimmering facade is
merely a gimmick
All my outer...
Is is nothing but a smug swank
nothing more than a bubble on
water...
Don't go after...*

Farzana Aqib

“Sound of Music”

Story poem and Art

If it's not surrounding you

If it's more a space apart

Then you must think to restart

All the shades of life

needed to breathe

Without the colours of paintings

Sound of music...

Poetic lyrics ...

books and crafts

Life is nothing but a burden

Of an aching heart .

Farzana Aqib

“Meet where no end meets”

Rain is pouring forth

Seas are bursting out of shores

Flooding is gulping all the land

Be it turfed ...

Or scorching sand

Only me is cracking

Wried and dried

Like an ageing curse

Chocking at the river of thirst

Give me a hint o' my beloved

*My blustery feet
Couldn't be worst
Meet where no end meet
Beneath the sky
Above the earth
Thunder roar like clouds
Drizzle thy love..
upon my soul .. burst*

Farzana Aqib

“For a promise Sake”

*I aged standing on one place
Beside a sparkling lake
Where You promised to return one
day..
Affixed Like a Rock
Silent on my take
For some promise sake*

Farzana Aqib

“Eternal souls”

Eternal souls are

Never be detained

Or kept ...

They are neither of the east

nor of the west

Like and axis

That spans the celestial distance

Between the two eyes

And draw a line between the hearts

A partition that never exists

Within the two chests

Fracture only buried within the soul

Like weeping lips

*With the torrent of raw deserts
sands....
Hearts that tenderly coiled
And approach
Never ordinate to feel
And seal the love
Eternal souls are neither for the east
Nor of the west
They are so warm
In theirs own wild nest*

Farzana Aqib

“Captain Sailor”

You get to walk forward

Neither to left

nor aside...

Straight onwards

No looking back at the shoulder

No stopovers at any corner

Nothing should deviate your pace

Nothing should pull thy rein

Nothing should pull you backwards

Nothing has to be seen

as if awkward

*On the path of struggle
On the crossroads of life
Everything has to be faced
Hurricane.. typhoon
Floods and rain
Yet a captain sailor always
Keep sailing shore wards*

Farzana Aqib

“Hiatus lost what is won”

*If a span moves past fast
A second it's called
Even if it's spent in hours
If a stretch goes by lento
By the pace of adagio
As a decades it's marked
Where time is reined and halt
And forcefully paused
As if a century as a toddler
Slowly creeps and crawl
Even if it's in a blink of eyes
Even if in a jiffy of time
Love makes time flashily run*

*Hiatus lost what had won
Nothing is achieved
When deceit is done
For all abandoned places
For all forsaken hearts
Time stops and ceased
Needles stuck and chocked
Every tick is turned frozen
A clock strikes none*

Farzana Aqib

“Choices Given”

A magic is woven everywhere

A display of enchantment

Is changing its canvas

Every four way

To extricate the eyes

From the inner dismay

The brush of doyen artist

Keep adding strokes

To enhance some frolicking

To give some divertissement

As a great host...

As a great master

*He is Drawing all the rules
of engagement
Choose your own game plan
Be it in the line of monarchy
Or in asservissement
Rise above the sky
Or crash on the pavement*

Farzana Aqib

“Midway”

Don't build your prison

Don't weave your silk around you

Like a mirror always reflect

Arrogance entraps as web

Walls are meant to protect

Not to get buried up

Farzana Aqib

“Always on the Set”

How strange

You still looms around

As a midnight dream

Floating on the moonlit clouds

Deep and vivid

Bright and clear

While I am all

wide awake

Walking on the streets

In the broad daylight glare

Like a penumbra

You are held forever

between my moon

And my earth..,

Farzana Aqib

“Sad delight”

With the blind certainty

.... Somewhere

On the crossroad of life

We arrive ...

Toiling with hope

Shunning behind

The feathers of despair

Building the dreams in barren places

In the empty hollow stare

Somewhere on the crossroad

*You may follow the trail of my dust
You may come here
I shall set forth my journey
Filled with sad delight
Recklessly Warm in the Air*

Farzana Aqib

“Like A True Love”

Nothing breaks the heart

Like a true love

O’ darling don’t be stern

Hold my hands instead

It’s the last chapter

Before a new page you turn

Nothing breaks the heart

Like a true love

It’s a time we part our way

It’s a junction where chase ends

*And a new journey begins
To nowhere.. i know
every empty milestone confirm
Nothing breaks the heart
Like a true love*

Farzana Aqib

“I Must Remember”

In every crystal of your eyes.. though

I see my own reflection

You continue your journey

Don't turn ..

I will seek you in every star

of my darkest nights

And like a moon you promise

You return...

Even if miles are stretched in between

For eternity this love

*I must remember
Crossing all the rivers
All the burning forest
Like remnant of some holy relic
A forgotten love will come*

Farzana Aqib

“A promise of unseen”

Standing alone

With nobody near

And a road ahead

All blurry and unclear

With a luggage of unsaid promise

Of someone unknown to eyes

yet oh-so dear

Who told me once

With many drizzling tears

Be assured ...

“I will be there “

Who reiterated with full credence

Without any fear

“I would always stay sincere “

*Now in this moonless night
On a path with shrieking horror
With bats on sky
And few wayward deer...
I am melting with all the fear
Why he is not here
Shall I halt and wait
On the promise of the stranger
Or return to my world
Where I have left few faces
So strangely familiar*

Farzana Aqib

“It’s All Right”

It all right

Though from eyes to heart

I am all torn apart

Yet the other end of tunnel is still

glaring bright

When dawn will arise

All the density will turn white

It’s alright

That day we met

And that moment you part

Every second is stuck on the

Yearly clock ...

*But I have to move on
For my leftover wounds
For My hiccuping breath
And unspent hours
I have to restart
I have to combat all my fears
I have to end all my inner wars
I have to fight...
It's all right*

Farzana Aqib

“When Tomorrow will arrive”

I will be alive

When tomorrow will arrive

I will stitch My wounds

I will build my abode

I will rein my desire

I will be alive

When tomorrow will arrive

My eyes will remain open

If my body couldn't contrive

I will be alive...

When tomorrow will arrive

I will write my story on the

Top of the cliffs

*I will not let the tide
Erase my reliquiae
With no doubting questions
In the seeking eyes
If I were ever alive..
Let the night evade
Let the sun arise
I will be there
When tomorrow will arrive*

Farzana Aqib

“That One Last Sip”

Let's celebrate

What is left

Between two of us

Let's celebrate

That on last sip

in the glass

That on last drop

On the droughty lips

A DNA of your last kiss

Let's celebrate ...

The last warmth of my bed

The last wrinkle of the night

That last one choked word

*And the dimness of the
Blurred eyes
Let's celebrate
That little taste of love
You left on my tongue
And that last red stroke
You marked on my soul
You raised your flag
On the domes of the fort
You left like a victor
I felt like a conquered
You were hailed like a great
I was besieged and nailed
Still there is a reason
To fill your plate
Let's celebrate.*

Farzana Aqib

“Solitary Trance”

A mystical recital

A solitary trance

An endeavour to burn

a hidden flame

To pull a dervish

Into a whirling gravity of

intemperance

To give a louder voice

To the inner whisper

To capture a figure

With a fleeting glance

To personify

*Some vintage illusion
Into a visual extreme
To grab a beloved
Within two arms
The insanity of a lover
Needs no sound
Needs no reason
To respond...
It's always there
Never slaved to circumstance
With blustery souls
And bleeding heals
It's pivoting on
Dance and dance*

Farzana Aqib

“Actual You”

How does it feel

When you leave a Kingston

And wander In streets

How does it feel

walking with the

Fervent zeal

With a heart so soft

And resilience as steel

How does it feel ...

When No penny is left in pocket

To buy thy next meal

How does it feel ...

When you are made unhooked

From thy treasuries bogie wheel

How does it feel...

When you are left nondescript

Faceless.. nameless incognito

With No secret to conceal

How does it feel...

When truth is out from confine

Nothing being falsified

What you say

What you act

All is true .. all is real

bigotry given no exception

peacockery Is cooped

So not to reveal

How does it feel

Where No one bothers

Which trail you follow

In the dusty muddy streets

*How does it feel...
Everyone is coated
Layer onto layers
No one knows who is who
Hunger makes man indifferent
From the status quo
Poverty bestows equal honour
Bread gives the same flavour
Blood appears the same
Nothing is sold here in stalls
in the lineage name
No one asks from where you came
Every trickling blood in you...
percolate through red hue
Be it you or thy foe
Nothing In the veins called blue
Only truth soothes the core ...
In the inner most heart temple
No man is forced to kneel*

How does it feel

When you sleep without a roof

On a bed of reed ...

With a pillow of sand underneath

How does it feel

With no fortress of thy own

With no land you call thy home

Yet beneath a star studded sky

In the milky haze of moon

A strange sensation you redeem

Isn't freedom felt so deep

Isn't pride get repealed

Isn't you feel freed

When wounds of heart calmly heal

How does it feel

When the real you emerge

From the piles of silky attire

With reluctant fingers

from the royal feast

*A taste of carrot and raw wheat
Like a commoner you get treat
How does it feel
When you got nothing
You lose nothing
No invaders cross thy land
No thief snatches from thy hand
No face up you paint
No mask you carry
No burden of ego humps
Like a hawk on the sky
You swiftly float free
With all Shunt feathers
of lust and grief
How does it feel*

Farzana Aqib

“Before I Met You”

*Every thing is changed
My being.. my class my clan
I had a name
Until I felt for you
I was alright before I met you
My Bloosom
My garden
My rainbow
My butterflies
Burnt in the angry flame
Nothing is no-more same*

*Every bit of my life
Got Drenched in rain
I had a face...
An honour ... a grace
I had a name
Until I felt for you
I was alright before I met you
Deceit gulped the light
Clouds wrapped the truth
My diamonds turned in coals
My reality lost its worth
I was stained and spattered
All my aspires turned Out lame
My happy melody drifted
Like a melancholic song*

*All my dreams were slain
I had a name
Until I felt for you
I was alright before I met you*

Farzana Aqib

“Let Me Go”

*A thousand miles away
To the north river
Where an old windmill lay
On the paths so unfamiliar
In the dusty sultry month of may
I have to go a long long way
Neither I forgot a promise
Nor they...
I have a debt to pay
They have kept
some unsaid to say
I have a desire if they may
A long awaited catch up
Lingered halfway*

*At the end of the day
Beneath the star studded array
Before bidding goodbye
A homage I will pay
In the temple of love
I will surrender
I will pray
Let me go there*

Farzana Aqib

“Don’t Worry Darling”

Don’t worry darling

Nothing will hurt you

I have a feeling

Close thy eyes

Fly over skies

Like a young starling

Life is still beautiful

Heart is still charming

Don’t worry darling

If clouds are denser

And dusk is falling

*The thunder is rumbling
And world around you
As a sand hill slithering
Dreams are shattering
hopes are Crumbling
Don't worry darling
This shall too move past
Tides will recede very fast
Sun will again emerge glaring
Don't worry darling
Life covers all the wounds
Earth shuffles
Sky and streams
Autumn gives way to green
Good times follow from behind
Bad time leads as warnings
Don't worry darling*

*Hurricane leaves
Clearer skies
A sign of rainbow
Distinctly heralding
Don't worry darling
Life... still is beautiful
Heart .. still is charming*

Farzana Aqib

“Secret”

*That silent commune...
with thee and heavenly moon:*

Farzana Aqib

“Crucification”

*My poetry is representation of my
crucification*

*I am nailed by the pain of my heart
And crossed by the blasphemy of
loving thee.*

Farzana Aqib

“A Prodigious Soul’s link”

*My words are borrowed
I am cohere into a whisper
Which emerges from my ink...
and make me write
which I could never think
I write hundreds of verses
Nonstop with a pledged wink
It’s some heavenly..
spherically command
A prodigious Soul’s link*

Farzana Aqib

“Two peas in one pod”

*My verses are the strongest praise of
mighty Lord...*

*As if a dervish unknowingly trod ...
dare walking before the God...*

*My mystic and my poetic ardours
Are two peas in a pod*

Farzana Aqib

“let my king see its bride”

Let my pain change it's attire

Let my wounds open their face

Let the blood oozed

I have to charade

like a blushing bride

I have to embellish my facade

I have to adorn my avatar

Paint me red

Decor my palm with dust and gore

I will appear more ravishing

With all clotted ore

Let my king see his bride

All purely pricked with soars

Right down from head to core

Farzana Aqib

“Catechize”

They often catechize

How I write ...

My poetic inscribes

Like no other men

Wad after wad

Again and again

I said with no surprise

“Very simple my friend

I doodle all the time

On the blank sheets

All plain and white

Without a clue to behold when

*Only my pulsing pen
Keeps stirring on
Like a heart beat test describes
So incisively carved and felt
My lyrics pour down like rain
My poems are somewhere else written
Only through the hiss of my breath
They are sent...
A voice of my curiosity
Beats in my chest
An Apex of my love insanity
Never take rest
That's how....
I write my poetry
In my silent nights confinement
In my moments so solitary
All the verses pledged to eternity*

Farzana Aqib

“Last Time”

Hold me ...

Before making me deprive

Let me live In a moment

Before I actually die

Hold me...

Before i turn my back

And you vamoose

A moment is more than a decade

A drop is more than an ocean

One touch of thy love

Is like a torrential rain on sand

Enough to Gulp my drought

To drench the dead turf

Of my barren land

Farzana Aqib

“Nothing is ever enough”

*Nothing is ever enough
To halt my journey
To make me hang my shoes
To dry my ink...
I have a lust of a giant
I have a thirst
So draughty to define
I am so darkly blind
I am so silently duff
The whole stardust
I have to gulp*

*The whole universe
In me is persistent to converse
Nothing is ever enough
My nib ...
Is made with the crystal of moon
As ink I will use the whole lagoon
I have to write ...
Whatever is inside
Whatever being burnt in my heart
Whatever in my blood being boiled*

Farzana Aqib

“Multiverse”

*Hanging on the sky
Like the eternal orbs
And travelling parallel to moon
My dreams is my reality
Growing side by side
Breathing living laughing
In more widest regime
In some multiverse
I am my shadow on the earth
My actual belongs to universe*

Farzana Aqib

“Quantum Mechanics”

I am not what I am

What I am

No one knows

Fold after fold

Like a zea mays

Lyres after lyres

like an old glacier

Reflection on the walls

As a mirror mosaic

Exposed to gleaming sun

Try find my actual

Between the zigzagging paths

Above the human rituals

Inside the dogmatic assertive

I live more than once

I am forever

I am persistent

Hence and thence

In quantum mechanics

In Many other planets

Farzana Aqib

“Alibi”

It's been quite a while

You may alibi

create a reason

Make some excuse

But come....

O' my love one

From many days

I didn't enjoy my tea

I have kept few cardamoms

I know in the tea

You love them

Farzana Aqib

“Roots”

*Roots need salt and sugar
You can't grow being bitter*

Farzana Aqib

“An old Tree”

*To all the moons of earth
To all the drops of rain
I take a soul to soul vow
I loved you forever with what I had
And with what is left
as remain ...
My love is not vacillating
It's an old Giant sequoia
It is there affixed
And ever sustain*

Farzana Aqib

“Poison”

*Love is a compulsive tragedy
Which every heart seeks*

Farzana Aqib

“Forever Craved”

Taste of pain

Has its own intoxication

Once tasted forever craved

Farzana Aqib

“Scare Give lustre”

*Scares give lustre to beauty
And a poetry to silence
Plain moon would have appeared
As plain white sheet
Without a story written on it*

Farzana Aqib

“Dusted”

I was born to love

My heart was never mine

Farzana Aqib

“Stars are Brimming”

*Stars are brimming out of my eyes
And my pain is gleaming on the sky
I was bound to be illustrious*

Farzana Aqib

“First sign to dare”

A first pimple of goose

A first deep shiver

A fear of unknown

Is the first sign to dare

First herald to victory

If overcome..

Every success is near

Farzana Aqib

“When beloved is one”

*That one song
When I sing loud and strong
The entire valley thrills and resonates
along
Church heralds it's presence
With its metallic gong
Azan and kalam
All hamdo Salam
reverberates four ways
Wherever the wings of air flown*

*That one hymns ...
That one praise...
That one voice which I raised
That one recital which I have made
Is shared by all
Had touched every heart
To everyone it relates
With everyone it belongs
When beloved is one
Then difference is none*

Farzana Aqib

“Pirouette”

*Like merry go round
Whirling all around
Earth taught to all
How to spin without sound
Love wears the dancing shoes
It never settles down*

Farzana Aqib

“Long Queue”

Don't stand in the queue

Don't waste time

In the long awaiting list

The first one is not you

Few minutes to go

One will be chosen through

Beloved only meets the best

Who is burnt into the furnace

Who is all coal inside

*Yet pure as gold
And righteously true
thee then mark you
as a diamond ...
enormously sized
White and blue .*

Farzana Aqib

“Ahhhh, yeahhh”

Every tongue is dripping

With rapacity

Every heart is dribbling with

gluttony

Every eyes is gleaming with cupidity

Love is avarice in lust

Friendship is become

intemperance Of gains

Tell me where I go for simplicity

When the law of the land

is all written with pleonexia

Oh yeah ...

This is what everywhere I saw

Farzana Aqib

“Invaded”

*Like vapours of morning dews
All my desires desiccate
Thy quest came as a warrior invades
with such mighty state
It ravaged my being and lay waste
To the four corners its infiltrate
It Gulped all ...
What my heart's Ever craved*

Farzana Aqib

“Doctrine of faith”

Still ignorant and Raw

*The disciples that owns the tenet
of heavenly laws*

Which itself begins with

A resonating sound of Iqra

Farzana Aqib

“Miracles of love”

*The yellow moon of autumn
Painted earth with its
Sienna and mustard powder
It squirts the green blood
From the veins of the earth
The empty boughs
Show their ribs
The naked trees
expose them to the sun
A light kiss the barren soil*

*Love shows it's miracle
Spring arrives
with its voluptuous madness
And the womb of the world
Erupts with multiple coloured
dimensions
With the unbelievable
digitmonstration*

*Where the trail of my dreams ends
And last star smiles on sky
There My journey disembarks me
Into Forsaken
My voyage halts
in the middle of nowhere
I burn my boats at once
I abandon myself without cry*

Farzana Aqib

“I was always there”

*Hundreds of years ago
Somewhere in the cosmic
Or beyond the limits of my thought
I was concocted in the fabric
I was being written
I was always there
In the mega celestial regime
My journey was made unbidden*

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 روشنیوں 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۔ مولانے مالا مال 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 تنخیر 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 ہیر و تھے اور رہیں گے اور ۹۲ء ورلڈ کپ میں جب گریٹ بیچ 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۔