

Wet Soil And Full Sun

(English Poetry)

Farzana Aqib

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Wet soil and full sun

(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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26- *A Stranger in my heart*

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28- *Sun is just about to rise*

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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*



الْمُؤْمِنُ

*Al mu'min,
The Granter of Security
The Giver.*

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

“Sight of God”

*From morning to dusk
Sun paints the earth
During its orbital trod
Leaving the canvas
Wearing colors of heart
Blue crimson red and Gold
Oh my heavenly miraculous lord
In every horizon on very road
Thee never let us apart
From the breath taking amazeballs
I never miss the sight of God*

Farzana Aqib

“Unclear”

Have courage to dare

In any dialect or genre

Don't swindle in between

Be clear

Imply what you wish to declare

Without sorry or swear

Look into my eyes

With unapologetic Stare

Farzana Aqib

“Engraved with Love”

*I exude a paper scented whiff
I carry inky hue
I am like a mausoleum
Of hundreds of silent
loomed verses
I am an ancient museum of the
unwritten manuscripts of poetry
Onto my body.. skin and hair
A hundred knots of poem
are tied with many metal hooks
You will see wherever you look*

*I am Wrapped into the white sheets
Hung on the city walls
With many Written poetic praises
All tributes paid to you
In black red and blue
Come celebrate me
as a mystic book*

Farzana Aqib

“Please Accept”

*From all my relics
Which from a hundred years I kept
With my trembling soul
I hesitate
From many a nights I haven't slept
In thine love I long swept
I give myself to thee..
Please accept..
Where i will go o' beloved
If a recluse like me
Into the bargain of heart
you reject*

Farzana Aqib

Rewarded

*From the foot to Everest
His love placed me on the pinnacle
From a speck of ordinary desert
To the realm of moon's dust*

Farzana Aqib

You must leave

*Why to get entangled
Into the enchanting worldly
Gauze of Pride ...
With its riches
With its troves
With its diamonds
And dazzling its jewels
When you can't put it
in thy safes and lock it
When you are not given the secret
pockets or jackets
So not to Rob it...
When you leave this place of
enchantment ...*

*With empty hands
And empty eyes' sockets
These Kingdoms, minarets
Ramparts and domes
Are the delusional displays
of divine
No one could ever roup it
And had ever dared to say
I bought it*

Farzana Aqib

“False and True”

*A strange awakening
coming from blue
A realisation I never knew
Existed into false and true
Lost between me and you
My whole life goes through*

Farzana Aqib

وَكَفَى بِاللَّهِ

*Thee is enough
Thee is enough
On the rubbles of my sinful muff
He is never tough
He ignores all my bluff
He pulls the shelters
On hot and burning's
Send the showers
On huff and puff
He gives the buff
To all the uncut
To all the unworthies and rough
Thee is enough
Thee is enough*

Farzana Aqib

“A Sip of Water”

*From my deception
To my conception
It was a journey full of devotion
What I deemed
What thee bestowed
A sip of water
for me was the most
Yet a whole full of ocean
I have gotten*

Farzana Aqib

“City of Dead’s”

*The silent lips
Breathe free
And bolden words
Are captured by the horrid souls
Painted as they
wished them to be
Framed on their balconies
Hanged as if a prisoner
of some conscience war
Flapping on the hooks
Of ugly manipulator’s walls
gibbering at full mast*

*One boldest moment
One honest comment
In the city of dead and deaf
Make them stirred
Wake them up...
And they order you
with instant effect
Hang till death*

Farzana Aqib

“Wake me”

O’ my beloved forsake me

I am ready take me

I will become

What you will make me

I don’t need fancy shoes

I don’t want Persian rugs

Even on the gravel

I can tread and run

At any juncture of time

From my shallow sleep

Wake me

I am ready take me

O’ my beloved forsake me

Farzana Aqib

“Another year we survived”

We are lucky

We are alive

Another juncture of journey

We survived ...

Many a comrades

Went nosedive

It was your strongest will

Or my powers to derive

There must be a task unaccomplished

That's why we are here to contrive...

One more given time to strike

O' my buddy look over your shoulders

to see

How far we have arrived

Farzana Aqib

“Dare”

*Behind the veil of heart
A sagacious secret hid
They said you can't
I said I already did..
Like a magic trick
With a little wink of lid
With the profundity of heart
In the state of elated rapture
A glimpse of thee i captured
I can sketch
Through my poetic verses
What no other man
Could picture*

Farzana Aqib

“No exigence no thirst”

Heart risk everything

And worry about nothing

From vigour till languishing

Both worlds ..

And seven heavens

In a barter for the one glimpse

And in return

It needs nothing

No exigence no thirst

nor a little desire coming

It's keep on smiling

Rather In despairing

It's contentedly blushing

Farzana Aqib

“I Confess”

On the last day of the calendar

What I have to say ... guess

If you ask it's yes

It would be justifying if I confess

In thy love I live so blessed

In thy love I will die nevertheless

Farzana Aqib

“Continue Unresponsive”

To let go

Is the art you must know

Every word is not for you

Every thing said

May not be true

Every picture painted

Doesn't match thy hue

What is destined for thee

No worldly powers could undo

Continue unresponsive

On the journey you got through

Farzana Aqib

“One day we will meet”

One day we will meet

When sun will be melting orange

And earth will carry

the glow of golden wheat

One day we will meet

When last rain of winter clouds

Will ram it's last drop

And the cluster of black clouds

Will returned towards

the western field's

One day we will meet

When camels will waddle through Cold

desert nights

*And oasis will emit
The wet sandy heat
One day we will meet
Under the star studded sky
I will sing a desert song
Through the silent night
Drifting through the mammoth dunes
reverberating on sky
You will arrive*

*Walking on your bare feet
One day we will meet*

Farzana Aqib

“Eventide”

*With the eventide
despondency of the night
Touched the leaden hight
The gloom of the setting sun
And silence of the darkness
A drab of the assailant air
A Redness of the
treacherous sky
A sword of the whet Crescent
With its horrendous strike
Killed the last breath of light*

Farzana Aqib

“Gauze of heart”

Inner fire

One desire

One glimpse

may soothe the shires

I know the universe

will conspire

All will arrive

What soul acquires

Gauze of heart

Pulls no wire

Love could redeem it's aspire

Without a trembling dire

Farzana Aqib

“Plumb”

Path is sleek and straight

Twist is only in the hearts

Farzana Aqib

“Shot of the heart”

There is no unswerving

No overtake

This Journey is directly relate

It's a whirling circle of desire

It ends from where it commence

It's goes round and round

Without any jolting breaks

It hits the dart

On the spot

It's the shot of heart

You can't misplay it

You can't fake

Farzana Aqib

“On The Turn”

*You have to hide sometimes
To let breathe others in queue
Obligation and kindness is due
Like a sun dies at every eventide
Leaving behind it's gleaming hue
To give life to the moon and stars
To be the lord of all...
Like an ancient friend not foe*

Farzana Aqib

“Coon’s Age”

*A cascading flowery shrub
hung low...*

*And the moonlit night
descended slow*

*The blue moon envied
my busting glow*

*Why the light worm gleaming
A secret I know ..*

*The high ridged pinnacles
Shivered from behind the densely
covered snow*

*The whole native domain
awaiting the grand show
There gathers outside my altar
All friends and foes
I'm restlessly awaiting although
Walking in my bridal attire
Back and fro
My beloved will arrive
And I must go...
Today i will meet beloved
After a long awaited journey
A coon's age and so.,
I will be adorned as chosen*

Farzana Aqib

“Until my inner fire dies”

Let me write

Until my inner fire dies

My ink turned draughty

My eyes became dried

Let me write

For I Am a traveler of a paper boat

Parallel to the inking shores

I have to float ;

I have to soak

my nub and the soul

In the lilic blue

from the seashells white

Let me write....

*My creative deserts
must burn with heat
My poetic clouds
must bring hurricane
For Nothing is attained
Without being called insane
I have to fill my hollow empty frame
With the verses of love
As God doth indite
With a picture I paint
All mystically blurred
With a hue of sorrow and my
mysterious delight
Let me write
On the dance of a dervish
On the rhythm of the might
Until my inner fire dies*

Farzana Aqib

“A Veil”

*Give air to my fire
Until the flames get higher
Give my autumn striking hope
A veil of springily green
With thy Midas touch
preserve my inner esteem
O' colour curator
O' master of dyers
Don't let me sink
in the ditch of a low desire
Give new feathers and plumes
To an injured Sire*

Farzana Aqib

“A toffee caramel love”

*A glacé touch
A saccharine whisper
With sugary cuddles
I meet my beloved
in the dreams
All fondant ...
All coated ...
All maudlin satisfying*

Farzana Aqib

“For both sides”

I sent love

thee revert back

I started secretively for myself

Thee placed it on the mantelshelf

I thought it's worldly

Thee took it to eternity

His love is for both worlds

This world and after world

Farzana Aqib

“Found the Real Me”

*I thought I lost myself
In quest for thee
On the relentless journey
Of torrents.. woods and breeze
But I found the real me
Which I could never see
I reached my abode
Where I supposedly be*

Farzana Aqib

“Love has no eyes”

Love has no eyes

No face ...

No tribe, no race

No bargain no rates

No reigning monarchy

No kingdom no despotism

No lands no flashy place

It comes from no bequest

Nor from any hereditary estate

Nothing is written

On its slate...

*No rules are affixed
No stamp to erase ..
Somewhere it melts down
from the pinnacle to the drain
Sometimes it emerges
from a narrow worthless base..
love has no eyes no face
Hither being hailed
Thither as disgraced
Love has no eyes no face
Somewhere in a niche
thawing like a wax
Sometimes on a flame
Burning like a moth
In a flash of seconds
from vigour to gritty death
Journey of heart
has many conquests*

*There are hundreds of miracles
Being born on its hands
Yet many a misfortunes
You May relate
From Kingston to out of place
From beggar to kingly grace
Love has no eyes, No face...
It has no tribe No race.
Yet be blessed a heart
Where you find its trace!*

Farzana Aqib

“My Juggler Shoes”

*More you stay apart
More you get closer to heart
I devoured all my words
Silence is my captive art
Someone wore my juggler shoes
To play my remaining part
I can't pull the bogie off
I can't revert back to past
On this unknown crossover
Let's have a fresh start*

Farzana Aqib

“Birthday Surprise”

Write my name on thy hands

Add the glimmer of your eyes

A scent of thy touch

One red petal of your lips

Make me a birthday wish

You are on top of

my well wishers list

Wrap the letter

Close the fist

Give it a final kiss

Shake it up twist it on

Blow it off the wrist

I will catch my bestest gift

Farzana Aqib

“Amour”

*I felt that numbness
That silent creep
On my skin so deep
Crawling down my cheeks
Like a soft kiss of tears
Happily stirred with glee
I am confined in the soft veil
of my solitude ...
Waiting for the procrastinating
nonpareil moment
until he arrives
My mergence with thee
Is so secretive and hibernate*

*Only heart could hear my commune
My whisper is so low
Beneath the hundred vacuous
Folds of soul
No-one could ever know
When thee comes
When thee go
Our covenant is unbowed
Our amour is not necessarily avowed..*

Farzana Aqib

“A prayer”

Give weight to my soul

Don't let me drift

Give worth to my soil

So I may bloom and shoot

Give power to my words

That my heart may get soaked

And my message reap the

Guerdon fruits ...

Give my gift to its endmost behoof

*It may nudge all resentful hearts
It may prod all obdurate minds
it may brings them some trance
O' my Lord I wish so deep
From every shelf, my book may peep...
In every soul my gist get seeped*

Farzana Aqib

“Love has its own power”

Let me soak droughty lands

Replenish my empty hands

I may quench a parched night

I May drizzle on burning sands

Let me carry a bouquet of flowers

Let me sprinkle the bucket of stars

Night is silent with gloomy avatars

Geese are flown, birds are gone

Woods are hollowing emptily dark

*Let me write this story from start
Let me add two sweet hearts
Let me add the melody of love
Jungle deserts will all gear up
Love has its magical powers
It passively fills minds of ours
With the buds and rosy bowers*

Farzana Aqib

“Reverence”

It was straight

Neither deceit

Nor reject ...

It was a his profundity of respect

Rather my pride he protect

He simply did what I expect

I said leave....

He instantly left

Farzana Aqib

“Infinitude”

*In a world so miniature
Like an empty hearse
Nothing appears infinite
Nothing seems enough
To hide a tiny secret
Yet In a heart so enormous
I saw submerged a universe*

Farzana Aqib

“Hue of love”

*The presence of thy advent
enlightens my half*

*And leave the other half
cold and dark*

*Like a moon keeps rotating
it's facade*

when welcoming the sun

And when getting apart

Farzana Aqib

“Commitment”

After you part

I alter my name

My aura my facade

But from within

I will always be the same

With same old wounds

With same pang of heart

Farzana Aqib

“Good luck”

*People will slander me
With thy name
That defame is my fame
That notoriety is infinity
That assault is my pride
That pelting feels rosy
Sometimes good comes wrapped
In bad packing .*

Farzana Aqib

“Nothing is Sisyphean”

Sometimes a pursuit appears

Sisyphean task

Sometimes a hope becomes

Inutile to ask

Sometimes a dream seems

As ineptly futile

But at the end you realise

It was the bestest and worthwhile

Farzana Aqib

“Don’t hold waters to stink”

*When there is no bleak link
No gauze no thread
No message written in ink
Then let go the memories too
Don’t hold the waters to stink*

Farzana Aqib

“Appear from Nowhere”

Sky is diffused

Sun is hidden

Stars are marooned

in the gloomy night

You May now choose

Unveiling thy sight

Emerge from the hight

Time is appropriately right

Broken hearts need some warmth

Frozen souls need some light

Farzana Aqib

“Brevity of Soul”

*Every tongue is stirred
Coming from the herd
Cacophony of the voice
Pretentious escape from the lies
Silence of nature is often mystified
Verbosity or brevity
Tranquility or noise
One is Mystery of divine
Another is evil monopolised
Every soul is given the freedom
preferential access to the choice
Hustle or peace
Being whizz or wise*

Farzana Aqib

“One sided praise”

*My hands are dipped
In the ink
My thoughts are tangle
With the words
My pen is oozing my blood
I don't know what I write
What I apprehend
But only one picture is
drawn always
Only one sided praise
Is always written
All my talent of creation
Starts from thee
On thee it's ends*

Farzana Aqib

“My Kingston of Abudence”

So many beads of ink

So many riches of books

Piles on piles

Staking creations

Lyrics stanzas

Prose and poems

My Kingston is reigning

with abundance

I am Servent of Lord

No one could ever measure

*My treasures consistently coherent
Coming from
Arabic English Roman
My gems and jewels
My silver and gold
My cash and diamonds
Couldn't be stolen*

Farzana Aqib

“Give me Honour”

*If a little glimpse of
Thine Love
Doth mirror my work
Emerge from my books
emanate from my belles-lettres
I will be among the saintly rebels
Being hit and hurt
Always being roughed up
I will be honoured to be called
A dissuaded beggar
Out of class out of clan
Pelted by the children
Defamed as insane*

Farzana Aqib

“Wali”

*No one wants to see
Someone’s fervently loving thee
No one wants to see
Someone being endowed
with divine degree
Someone climbing on the ridges
Someone abiding
in the silent valleys...
In the midnights after three
Someone is wildly loving thee
No one wants to see*

*Someone's roaming in the woods
shivering beneath the
barren trees*

*Someone's calling name of ye
In his own frenzied verbosity
Someone is nearing to be
A wali or saintly..*

*No-one wants to see
Someone's drizzling drop by drop
Into main stream*

*Until mammoth part of sea
No one wants to see
Some discarded ordinary being
Becoming a true depiction of thee*

Farzana Aqib

“Odd of Negativity”

*I was sadly maligned
discarded and discouraged
You endowed powers
to my courage
I was nothing I confess
Now I must honour this largesse
I must work with proclivity
Against the irony of negativity
I must flourish
I must accomplish
What you assigned
To this rebel mind*

Farzana Aqib

“Set your own clock”

Time is killer

And the healer

It's a kind of fallen angel

Take the best out of this demon

Don't let thy soul

gnawed by its evil

be the attacker

be the stealer

You thyself be the leader

Farzana Aqib

“Art of silence”

In the Silence

hidden every art

Respect treasure and craft

Too unique in every facet

Much distinctive in every part

More gargantuan than the sea

Much deeper than the heart

Farzana Aqib

“Instinct”

Your heart knows the way

Where to go

Where to stay

Follow its praxis

Whatever it says

Wherever it takes

Farzana Aqib

“Unravelled”

*Go in the cavernous dark
If you ferret stars
If you seek thy beloved sight
Dragnet through the moonless night
Leave behind the trail of light
Close your eyes
Be blind ...
Don't let the hollow whistling blow
Indulge you in some false sound
Distract your heart
Divert your mind....*

*Explore thine own intramural
Expose your inner unraveled
And What Is inside left confined
Parallel to false worldly conquest
Vastly laid true divine*

Farzana Aqib

“Iron Bond”

*When ocean rise
At the full moon sight
And moon bird fly aiming high
I look at it with hypnotic eyes
Knowing one day
It will fall from sky
Many miles down
Many yards beyond
I will pull it with fairy wand*

It will jump inside my wall

It will sleep in my pond

Amidst the lilies

And nightingale songs

Moon and I...

Have memories fond

We are tied with iron bond

Farzana Aqib

“Dues”

*Wind hail your name
Ocean roar your praise
Rainbow paints your tribute
Bird paeon your glory
I have words drifting around
Millions and millions
Miles on miles
Like a star dust
Beaming bright
I have to pull them
On blank sheets
All pearly plain
Angelic white
A praise of beloved*

*I must write ...
To begin from the dusk
Till the broad day light
I owe so much to thee
I have to return ..
If not all then few salutes
To adjust my dues.*

Farzana Aqib

“Melt in Dust”

There is so much to do

Go till then...

There are so many chores to be done

Listen to the music of wind

Be Drenched in the shades of sky

Dance with the whispers of silence

Drift your soul away

Like a whirling hurricane

Grind your ego

melt in dust...

Accomplish your calling

If You must ...

Farzana Aqib

“Cestus”

Distance is your creation

Closeness is his domain

You may drift apart

Hide behind the wall

Yet from your inner regime

He will whisper

He will call...

Farzana Aqib

“Not quotidian”

Let it burst

Let it roar

Let it outpace every walk

Let it be shown on the sky

Let it be written on every heart

Your dream is not quotidian

Your story is not wanted

Write it on the walls

It's a divinely call

Farzana Aqib

“Only one heart”

*Like a wall flower
Many blossom and die
Plucked and crushed
Leave no mark forever
Try to touch just one heart
Only one .. Not all
Spark in some eye
Like a morning star
Herald the advent of light
Before you die...*

Farzana Aqib

“Listen the Voice of Silent Moan”

*Feel the pain of a hidden wound
Listen the voice of a silent moan
Be the voice of the unvoiced
Be the light of the unlighted
Not all the sufferings are apparent
Not all the victims have endurance
Scars insides are more deepened
Then the discernible marks*

Farzana Aqib

“Let the Dust Settle”

*When sky is dense
And eyes are overcast
Let the rain showers
Let the clouds be emptied
Light Is a definite phenomenon
You don't need to strive
After few hours day will turn bright
So let the rain cleanse your heart
Let the dust settles
Why to rush
Nature is always perfect
It has equal syllabus written
Be it a monarchist
Or a victim*

Farzana Aqib

“Bloodline”

*Bloom with grace
Even if on a dunghill*

Farzana Aqib

“I will return”

Someday I will return

Be certain...

To see your standing

To collect what is left

If a bit of you is still there

I will surly fetch

Till then play reckless

I will return ..

Be certain...

When your desires are submerged

beneath waters

And your heart is settling for less

Farzana Aqib

“It Hurts”

It hurts ...

When blurred eyes smile

And blustery feet excur

It hurts ...

When empty stomach hosts

And injured hands nurse

It hurts....

When outer nobility deceives

And inner is far more worse

It hurts...

Farzana Aqib

“Corundum”

You could never be a star crossed

You are the compeer of miracle

A virtual Paragon

In the mounts of carbon

A real... corundum

Farzana Aqib

“A poet”

We are simple people

We poet..

We lyricist ...

We artist...

We are emptied from the core

We give the world

All our gifts and treasures

And leave this world all depleted

As some sapped beggar

Yet still smiling as a conqueror

Farzana Aqib

“Contentment”

Not everything you ask

You get...

Whatever is bestowed

Take with respect ..

Farzana Aqib

“When you arrive”

On the journey

Many people come across

Many junctions crisscrossed

Many names are forgotten

Many eyes sneak inside

Many moments seeped deepened

I wish when you arrive

At Thy destiny side..

My memory capture you forever

My smell leaves you.. never..

Farzana Aqib

“Live greater than your fears”

Keep your eye

On the brightest star of sky

Even if a thunder strikes

Keep rowing

Keep going

Above the highest cursive tide

You are guided by the light

Live greater than your fears

That's what the purposed of life

Farzana Aqib

“Let it go”

Listen to mind

Even if your Heart says so

Let it go

Whatever is the leftover

Let the specks be eaten by crow

Let it go ..

Be it a memory

Be it a pain

Be it an unforgettable name

It's all entwined

With the threads of vicious game

Learn to drift

Learn to say “No”

May it be a friend or foe

Let it go...

Nothing in the world always

Stays on the same page... although

Let it go..

Never let the past hurricane

Uplift your rooted sow

With it deadly blow

Let it go

Let the stream of light flow

Match the pace of time tick

Don't get slow

Let it go

Farzana Aqib

“Unknown yet Known”

When I try

I can't write

When I think

Nothing arrives

When I sit calm in silence

Divine picks my pen

And strike ...

Words drizzle like torrent

I write and write

Till abundance

All the Midas drawn itself

*Neither in one
Nor in two
But in hundreds
I know some unknown
Is rotating my compass
Some unseen kept me indulgent
In some unsaid discussions
I am gifted with paper boats
I am drowning in inky substance*

Farzana Aqib

“For a seeker in believe”

A little hint of thee

A slight goosebump’s feel

Would enough forever be

For a seeker in believe

Farzana Aqib

“I am seeker of truth”

*I have lost everything
Whatsoever I did possess
Not some more not some less
A righteous step nonetheless
To desiderate my deep success
I am a seeker of truth
I have no address
A silent whisper all revealed
A stir of leaves gave access
In some abandoned broken heart
I redeemed my forfeited asset*

Farzana Aqib

“Nothing more I could ask”

Appear as you are

Don't hide

Don't camouflage

Everything turned as

Invert reflection

Everything distort into refraction

Without you my being is mirage

Appear as you are

Don't camouflage

Nothing more I could ask

Farzana Aqib

“Unforthcoming”

*Very slowly it comes
Very silently it descends
Beloved seeks utmost silence
A privacy very deep
A place pure and cleaned
A heart prepared to redeem
Very reticent is his love
Be awake to capture
Don't blink your eyes
Stay awake all night*

Farzana Aqib

“Extreme”

Give more power to my silence

Listen what I could never dare

Farzana Aqib

“To the One I Owe”

*I can't promise anything
I am empty ...
I can't trade anymore
I have already bartered
I have gifted my soul
To the epitome of reality
To my endmost paramount
I have shifted my whole
To the one I owe
To whom I seek refuge
To my ultimate anchorage
I can't promise anything
I am only a skeleton of bone
My inner is already gone*

Farzana Aqib

“Epitome of love”

I am epitome of my prayer

My body drifted in the air

Only a recital so profound

Keeps floating everywhere

His love is my mantra

His praise I only wear

Farzana Aqib

“A visitant”

*I am standing on the altar
I am knocking nonstop
Wake my beloved
I traveled many years
I suffered many days
I am uneaten from many hour
I am standing on thy door
Knocking nonstop
Please pick what I left
A little confer and bestowal
Some candles of my love
Some accolading flowers
I am returning to a destiny
Miles away and very far*

Farzana Aqib

“He is always close”

For a restless heart repose

He is always close

In the blink of thy eyes

a million times

He did cross...

Neither you are made unheard

Nor you are being ignored

What have spring up on the boughs

Root always knows ...

Farzana Aqib

”Fight for Right”

Souls are made of stardust

Exude your eternal light

In the cindering night

Never get lost

Farzana Aqib

“Ocean can’t be Silent”

Be silent on the surface

Be roaring from inside

Oceans can’t be silent

Streams always flow up right

An ascetic may appear silent

But a dervish never stay quiet

He dance and dance

On Whirling tides

Farzana Aqib

“Master Weaver”

Chase your stars

Sketch your own destiny... man

Draw your own fate plan

Life will weave all the threads

According to thy finger span

Farzana Aqib

“With open yes”

What we go through

Is what we create

What we avoid

Will stay as empty page

To write a comprehensive life story

You need to live each moment

Nothing should sneakingly

be passed by

Farzana Aqib

“Tsunami on earth”

Let me drown

My love is an abyssal lagoon

So Cold and warm

As winter afternoon

My soul is like a burning desert

It can't be laid calm

It has to change its dunes

It has to Quench its ancient thirst

It has to drench the draughty earth

It's dew is enough to rinse

A hundred thousand milky moons

Farzana Aqib

“That’s up to you”

*I whispered your name to stars
And they burnt in the jealous envy
I told the moon about thee
And he hid behind the dark cloudy
Haze...*

*No one felicitated me
No one seemed a bit happy
The flowers faded their hue
Butterflies forget their glee
Everyone turn their back on me
I don't know what to do
To whom you choose that up to you
But never forget ...
I am possessive too*

Farzana Aqib

“Molehill”

Having nothing

And losing nothing

Baggage of life should be lighter

A molehill shouldn't be

Stretched higher

Farzana Aqib

“Only Bodies Drift Apart”

*In the syllabus of human art
Watch all the moments of tumble
And dart...
When you love from the souls
And not from the heart
There is No separation
Only bodies drift apart*

Farzana Aqib

“Not far”

Your biggest enemy is inside you

Not far...

Protect yourself

From your inner war

Farzana Aqib

“First Flight”

*I will confined you in my eye
But set you free to fly high*

Farzana Aqib

“Test Try”

Sometimes you have to lose yourself

To find who you are..

To knowingly Fall

And tumble on the path

To learn how to be stabled

When your wings are falling apart

Farzana Aqib

“Let the Light Seeps in”

Real lesson vibes

From within

Real teacher is your gut

Wisdom comes with silence

Best is said

When mouth is shut

Keep adorning your soul

With the new wound and strut

Let the light seeps in

From the new cut

Farzana Aqib

“Lick the Ink”

Live inside a book

Lick the ink

Smell the crisp

Forget the outside world

Peace is prevailed here

Wherever you look

Heal those empty eyes

With atrocious desires

that hand shook

Steal some moments from life

Dwell in some nook

Leave the outrageous task

You unwillingly undertook

Farzana Aqib

“Hero Unravel”

*A Damaged heart is the most
Vigorous combatant
It survived the game of war
It knows what he returned for
It's familiar with the roaring shots
It's a hero unravel
It had shook the iron rattles
It could win all the battles*

Farzana Aqib

“Pieces”

I got you in seconds

I lost you in seconds

You were descended on the heart

Like a drizzle in many intervals

I collected you in pieces

Like a shattered jigsaw puzzle

Farzana Aqib

“In A Day”

*If it's meant to be
So it shall be
That's certainly the case ..
you see..
Set yourself free
Every bit is planned by thee
It is bound to happen
In a day or three*

Farzana Aqib

“Smile”

When leaves stir smile

When tide recedes

And Bid goodbye

Smile...

Be calm and reconcile

Breeze will never stops stirring

Waves will not stop coming

Never let your simper evades

Forget your pain for a while

*Let the Happiness travels
for mile to mile
Life becomes quite so
As you adapt
As you style ...
Always dwell in cheerful isle.*

Farzana Aqib

“Walk like a saint”

*Outside the cathedral aisle
Distant from the temple's fire
Walk like a saint
Let thy inner light drifts
Away from the tricky guile
A house of God is built in you
Kirk of faith is within you
Don't get lost in the worldly punt
Leap away from the crooked stile*

Farzana Aqib

“Persistent Knock”

Knock knock

Double knock

Until doors are unlock

Stir and Wake thy sleeping heart

Give this naïve a gentle shock

Half the journey spent already

Look at the tick of clock...

Exceed and recede within the sea

Don't stay away from the dock

Farzana Aqib

“Truth”

*Mirror never reflect thy face
It carbon copy your soul chase
Whatever is the colour of heart
It brings up all the trace
Be it jack or the ace
Be it grace or disgrace*

Farzana Aqib

“Growth”

Be humbled

Melt in the ground

You will wear a crown

In one grain of thine being

The whole universe confined

You will blossom

On the immortal mirth

Without the pain of birth

As if the lord of earth

You will see the miracles

of oneness

*How A tiny speck
be worthy of fortune
When it becomes
the part of gargantuan*

Farzana Aqib

“Accept it”

*Say you belong to him
Say are a scattered part
Of this divinely scheme
From head to toe
From limb to limb
There is no doubt
No faithlessness grim
Thy heart is already given
Thy soul is already taken
Yet thine mind is still*

*Deviating between
Opaque and unfathomed Feeling,
Thy hollow skin and empty eyes
Are waiting to be filled
With that love so gargantuan
With that one infinite
With that one definite*

Farzana Aqib

“Above the Quiet”

I'm not silent

Neither Verbally absent

Nor emotionally violent

A storm is hovering though

Above that deep quiet

My heart is constant

Like a triumphant tyrant

Communicating with every breath

To that one source of infinite

Farzana Aqib

“Combatant of God”

Who among us

is desirably quiet

peacefully tranquil

Yet emotionally vigilant

Who sleeps with the close eyes

Yet forever crusading

with the tyrants vile

He who is not concerned

With the worldly lust

And falsified

*The warriors of God's bevy
Constantly combating
not with swords
But With their ink
pens and eyes*

Farzana Aqib

“Friendship with Lord”

Don't go door to door

Like a commoner

Befriended with the sovereign

Enter into the monarchical realms

Like a stylish debonair

Like a cultured suave

Ask directly from the Lord

Not from the jumbuck lot.

Farzana Aqib

“Rebirth”

Why to repent

The time you have lost and spent

What is left is left

What is spent is spent

A night is a sign of surrender

A day is harbingering rebirth

Why to halt in the abandoned nest

Why can't you be leapt

From the past parapets

In every autumn

*Earth tears-apart it clothes
To appear anew effervescent
Why to repent
What is left is left
What is spent is spent*

Farzana Aqib

“Fidelity Awakening”

*Love pricked me so badly
But that was the awakening
My pain jolted me
from the deep sleep
I returned to my task
To fulfil my fealty*

Farzana Aqib

“One bargain”

*My hundreds of desires
Got Wrapped into the one,
That mammoth one .
I gave up this little world
And Let go of
What was long held
To embrace
The scores of pleasures
The countless treasure
Of thy love
This one bargain
Is more heavier than the rest*

Farzana Aqib

“Just like my love”

*I left my heart exposed to sun.
It will vapour and vanish,
No time within,
The same way quondam I was,
In your love once*

Farzana Aqib

“All Extravasate”

My eyes say

Let us delineate

My hands say let us write

My soul says let me depict

My heart insists

To let it illustrate

Thee is all in me

deeply seeping,

Fully percolate, all extravasate

I don't know how to define

how to contrive.

*How my pen will justify
What I write.
Thine praise is being sung
From earth to skies
Will my little attributes
Will capture your eyes .*

Farzana Aqib

“I wish to burn”

Is it inferno seven

Or heaven

Why I am enjoying my inner fire

Why I wish to burn

Farzana Aqib

Review

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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۔ 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 لائقِ ستائش 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:

اِس سعادَت 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 اور نینٹل 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۔