

# Custodians Of Hearts

(English Poetry)

Farzana Aqib

**Nastalique Publications**

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**Custodians of Hearts**

(English Poetry)

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Farzana Aqib

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- 2- *Saffron in the hay yard (English Novel)*
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- 40- *A hundred bedizen heavens (English Poetry)*
- 41- *After Many Moons (English Poetry)*
- 42- *Wet soil and full sun (English Poetry)*
- 43- *Desert Dune and Divine (English Poetry)*
- 44- *Custodians of Hearts (English Poetry)*
- 45- *A dark grey page (English Poetry)*
- 46- *That One song (English Poetry)*
- 47- *Forever Alive (English Poetry)*
- 48- *99 Ninty Nine Miracles of Love*



## *I Dedicate*

*My work of poetry  
To the Charisma of the  
Yellow milky Light of the moon,  
which has been the source of my poetic  
inspirations in many enchanting ways*

*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.

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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 from UK)

*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, compassionate, intelligent explanation of our present human emotions in the matters of love, she explains 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.*

**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 reprieve from this madness but merely the sanctified scent of the poetess's passionate euphoric poetry... a*

*spicey raprture, drowning my soul in her  
libidinously delicious words of love.*

**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.

**Nikki Aini**  
**(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.

***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

***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.



## ***“Poetry”***

*When vision is eloquent  
and imagination is strong.  
A jacquerie and rebellion  
concomitantly attained  
Dreams are drizzled  
On the canvas of mind  
tenacious messages are  
destined to born.*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Truth ameliorate”***

*Soul never die  
Like a moth embrace fire  
And burn instantaneously alive  
When Shell is broken  
Pearl is replevin  
A treasure recuperate  
When lust is burnt  
Truth ameliorate  
Desire can't be left  
on the mercy of fate*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Attempted”***

*Dive in the ocean*

*Let the tides gulp you*

*Or regurgitate you*

*Lover could only attempt*

*Beloved concludes*

*Farzana Aqib*

## **“Secret”**

*There is a cacophony in the heart  
A pandemonium conflict within,  
Yet a silence is prevalent outwards  
What I'm suffering in thine love  
No one knows in this world*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Seminal”***

*Thy love is like a magic*

*Never inconsequential*

*You're like energy*

*A theurgy...*

*As a sine qua non*

*Essential...*

*A necessity...*

*Not luxury...*

*Like the tasteless water*

*Without any flavour*

*yet seminal*

*Farzana Aqib*

**“ANAXERETE”**

*Under the same sky  
Till the dawn breaks  
I'm wide awake  
For the old promise sake  
your murky dizzying eyes  
Long drown in pleasures take  
A dream you once thrown on  
On my walls  
I'm still running after it  
Until the time will begin to crawl  
I don't know yet,*

*Where upon my foot shall fall  
Thy horizon is growing higher  
And more tall...  
But I know ...  
the proud ANAXERETE  
Doth fall  
With quite a sorrow haul  
Through the reverent fingers  
I will be outlast you all .*

*Farzana Aqib*

## **“Sketch”**

*Every night i lay down  
Watching the brilliant sky  
Every night I meet thee  
In a different attire  
I perceive you as you are  
I have a third inner eye*

*Farzana Aqib*



## ***Through the moon***

*I want to spy  
I'm Trying to lay on an eye  
It's a binocular on the sky  
Behind the luminous folds  
thee hide.  
Beneath the trillions  
Of spherule  
behind the cosmic dust,  
Among the luminescence  
of the heavens  
Only one orb is close by*

*That's the moon on the sky  
I look at it's glint  
Many a nights  
I contrive,  
Are you a pince-nez  
So polarised  
Or a glass magnified  
Through you can I see my beloved  
Can I fancied .*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Before Crucifixion”***

*It's a greyhound chase  
Prey is all set loose.  
Chains are loosened.  
Trap is activate  
I can't decide  
Shall I turn my face  
And leave the old  
perpetual Prison place  
With all the maiden grace  
Without a sword and spear  
Only with the conscious power  
With a dye in the wool heart  
And soul entrenched.*

*I will gash abruptly for race  
In the line of true faith  
A martyrdom status  
I may embrace ....  
After decades of dark bleak  
belligerent..  
being rotten in the stagnant  
miry oppressions  
If thee could understand  
If a wild heart tightly noosed  
May get set free  
I may be flogged As victims  
before crucifixion"  
From an unknown apostasy  
To the religious prodigious persecution  
What an honour.*

*I would be counted  
In the list of martyrs  
Somewhere near  
in eyes of-beloved.  
In the monumental depths  
Living the highest commandments of  
Lord.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Decay”***

*In putrescence*

*Lies new emergence*

*In Decay is hidden Maytime*

*In wither is ramp*

*With autumn coms salvation*

*One who doesn't know how to die*

*Could never feel alive*

*Farzana Aqib*

## **“Phantom”**

*Like air drifts unembodied*

*And soul is discarnate*

*I'm all spectral*

*If not spiritual*

*Without face*

*All phantom*

*I always sit wreath in you*

*No one could see me*

*Only the privileged is thee*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Soil”***

*The Lord of lust*

*Never trudge*

*The path of honesty*

*The disciple of greed*

*Preaches a syllabus*

*He never read*

*A herd without chains*

*A Native without brain*

*Gives the keys of the reign's*

*In the sovereignty name*

*In the hands of some insane*

*Reverend is the mother land*

*So is the flags and martyrs*



*Unique is blood  
On the borders which spread  
No matter what ..  
Fire, wars, hunger or threats  
The honour of the motherland  
Must be upheld.  
Leaders come and go  
Followers emerge and blate  
But sanctity of the flag  
Respect of the Nation  
Would never calumniate*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***Tribute***

*After many years*

*I sat to commemorate*

*All my lost and vain*

*I paid tribute to my pain*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Delusional fantasy”***

*Life actually was,  
with you which spent,  
Rest was the delusional fantasy  
Which Never actually meant .*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Live Syndicate”***

*Every move was intricate  
Goose-bumpy insatiate  
rumblings trembling  
Mysterious state  
All insanity intimidates  
Thy love is always infinite  
Like a typhonic wave  
Never calm never straight  
It Holds a lot of power  
and make a soul move around  
All in the syndicate*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Promise of Love”***

*Never underestimate  
A calm silent state  
The warzone of a soul  
Nothing could ever contaminate  
A heart could forever sit  
On one given place,  
Till the last breath it could wait  
Hope could never be diminished  
Beloved could never be too late  
An empty void is filled within  
An open hand is not for shake  
An abandoned slot  
Is too precious  
A million dollars;  
not for sale*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Paraphernalia”***

*When will it end  
Or never will it be  
Let me be shackled  
Let me be trapped forever  
in the Cartographic puzzle  
parallels to latitude  
Until you halt  
and meridian in the longitude.  
Where you never stop  
Make me a part of your journey  
Without a counterfeit gurney,*

*Only for a rotten apple  
And Few laughs and cackle  
Besides you  
nothing concerns me  
Take me On a vain-spent odyssey  
Fly off with me  
Into the wide blue yonder  
Burn me until the flame is  
extinguished  
Freeze me down  
to the point bottom mercury,  
That would be a lesson worthy  
Promise me your mercy  
That you will never  
return me*

*Farzana Aqib*

### ***“Love traps”***

*People trap you  
With their Treacherous love  
And paint you with their  
spurious words  
corrode you with their kindness  
Once deed is done, thence  
Erode thee from within,  
As a vulturous strokes begin  
Leaving no hint of your being  
gnaw you into the whole  
You are all diminished;*



*With no skeleton  
With no soul.,  
Thy trust is thine sin  
That you falsely entered  
in the counterfeiting love regime*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Bestseller”***

*Thy love was abridged  
by one chapter,  
Thine deceit flatten  
in one page  
Your goodbye was written  
In one phrase;  
Mine pain persisted few days  
Your desertion was witnessed  
A few miles ,,  
My memory kept it a while,  
Thence it was erased.  
Once story ended  
Book was closed—*

*Forgotten the twist  
Where we met;  
Smudged is the ink  
Where we part,  
Yet bestseller was the book  
Critics evince,  
It was the inferno  
of the unrequited hearts'.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Memory call”***

*Often At night..*

*On the wet clay river bank*

*Beneath the powdery blue skies*

*On the drift of night-lark voice*

*Few sentiments and names,*

*Emerge in the mind*

*thus subsides...*

*Often at night...*

*When light worms turn bright*

*And nightingale coo in it's delight*

*A full moon of July*

*above the Mediterranean rise*

*Wink and smile*

*A memory strain passed by,*

*glimpse and hide  
diminish towards the woods side  
I recall those assassin's eyes  
Who robbed the little river bank  
Someone's white humble pride  
A village beyond this grimy world  
A native heart of ethereal type  
The wafting air  
The winking starry stare  
The elegant foot printing  
Marking a flimsy hope  
The songs of the bowman  
The whistling of the river tides  
And the wild currently rhythm  
Hitting the river stones  
That poor and blind love*

*And a deceiver's hundred lies*

*Often at nigh...*

*I cover my face ... I cry.*

*I hate sad stories*

*Captive big eyes*

*And full moon nights;*

*It's the other side of big lie.*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Forever Lost”***

*Pain only whispers in the dark  
Like a distant meadowlark  
Until the evident sun sparks  
Autumn never forever last  
Thine love reminisce  
All overlooked,  
advertently haulm  
Piled up in stalk;  
On some shelves, In some lock  
Like one dusty obliterated spot  
A forgotten book and doc*

*I once bought...  
the rules of love  
Are antecedent and independent  
One can't read  
a hundreds syntax  
Archive, syndic, and record  
Heart is a museum  
Yet buried in debris  
Long time ruined  
Forever lost.*

*Farzana Aqib*



## ***“I Avoid”***

*I hate love stories  
I despise Captive eyes  
And abhor full moon nights  
I decry ...  
powdery blue skies  
That nightingale voice  
And night Clark's lullabies  
I hate all the poetic beauties  
They remind me one story  
They make me cry*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Paper boat”***

*I wanna write to you a message  
All that remains—  
Upon a paper ream  
in a talking poem  
With the inky stain  
All those silent words  
That run in the veins  
I wanna make a paper boat  
To make it sail in the rain  
Otherwise I am sure  
We will never  
meet again*

*I wish May one day  
It reaches to your door  
Floating crossing all the drains  
May by miracle it see thy name .  
May by chance —  
it ignites your heart  
And burn you In it's flame.  
May it ceases  
all the drifting pain;*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“I want to live a while”***

*I left my tardy conclave  
Of rustic thoughts  
Before the storm was set;  
Above the violent tides of shores  
Where the boatman's dripping oars  
Refuse to further roar,  
Leaving behind  
all paddles and plunge,  
All those weighty questions  
That Bury the heart pulse,  
where torpid nerves,  
Thrill in fierce rejoicing*

*I loosen myself into the  
Oceanic air,  
From the high floating  
At the river lark view  
Until nowhere I flew;  
Like a sloop unladen  
I drifted on the northern  
weathers whims  
Crossing all the wintry cold regimes  
I saw the flocks of geese  
floating together  
Towards the unknown regions  
I saw the solemn birds  
silently perched  
Waiting for their turn  
As if The whole nature  
was being fed on the  
round dribbling breast  
Of the motherly earth*

*I too wished to dwell  
into the virtuous silence  
Like a gentleman leisure  
With half starving body  
And full lighthearted soul of feather  
With no bad to cause,  
No good to reap;  
No mantras to recite  
No words to curse  
With my instinctive pleasures  
Away from the treacherous punt  
Distant from suburban alleys  
I wish to linger on  
Into my sly transaction  
With the same quite  
mountainous terrain  
And Same patient satisfaction,  
To snatch back my faith,  
With this mystery-solving lynxes*

*Wrecking my inner idle thief  
whistling out its plumage poisoning  
who stole my breath  
An every passing moment  
growing more Canvas-back  
Towards the blinding death  
This Shrewd shadow of past  
Is not easy to outwit;  
It's sharp nailing tongue  
With pin-head eyes;  
I can't miss this trail  
until i try ;  
I begin to Stare  
undismayed upon my enemies  
I look at new harmless stranger  
With all my hidden strikes  
Not all the strangers are harmless as  
they appear  
A counterfeit mask they all wear*

*Another love; no way  
Another mindless crime  
In the navity of time  
No ... nay  
My heart pleading was pantomime,  
My pain was all in serene  
and dainty confine  
My struggle was deep in waters  
I landed into the inferno  
In the blazing of fire  
No more try  
I said out loud and cry;  
No more trust  
Only in the unknown skies  
I wanna fly;  
You heard my naïveté of desire  
Until bidding my last goodbye;*

*Farzana Aqib*



***“A moon beam and  
A poetic heart”***

*Let me write*

*If I want to ascribe*

*Who knows if tomorrow arrives,*

*Or not;*

*Let me win the laurels of pain*

*to which I long aspire*

*Let me fill the great basket*

*with the bushels of my*

*rhyming ripen*

*Who knows what treasures*

*My pen may hold*

*What thoughts*

*my soul wanna be told  
Let me write ...,  
You can maunder through my creative  
syllabled mazes,  
My poems are calm aspirant  
as a painter silent colourant  
And deep as a craftsman tool  
It May chisels your heart  
Or stitch your soul  
It may carve the unknown art  
A sketch of love  
You long forgot,  
Or rhyme of a song  
Still to your ears unknown  
Let me write ..,  
You May derive  
whatever you wish  
A worthless penny it won't cost*

*Let my words run smoothly  
In your veins  
Close your eyes feel the flame  
Whatever they mean  
Pain and poetry  
Together redeem  
A bitter taste they both licked  
A tragic trauma  
their thriller story seen  
A sorrowful journey  
Parallel they cross  
A pinnacle of sad demeanour  
Touched their feet  
Poetry pain and art  
Comes from the same blood lineage;  
Pain never halts  
Poetry can't stop*

*Colour from the canvas  
never drop  
Writer painter and prolific art,  
All the implement  
brushes of infinite gizmo  
are kept in one hold  
In the clutches of one Midas God*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Blood red wine”***

*I wish I sit and just grin at him  
Who said Love is a sin,  
I wish to undraped his mind  
See the darkness of his soul  
Who probably haven't win  
All his waged inner battles  
Whose trust is deviated and rattled  
Like a bubble of water  
Every instance of the clock  
Who rises and dies  
Who buried in his junkyard  
All the bitter goodbyes  
And all the brewing lavas*

*He carries within  
Who said love is a sin  
Let me turn back all the pages  
And water all the drying ink  
Let me tie all the links  
Let me start where failure begins  
Let me bet on this defeatist horse  
And seeing him win  
Love is a hope for many hearts  
Let me scratch with my nails  
The stain of this holy pain  
And all through the soul alley  
there where wherein  
A tumbling night besieging  
Let the Devil sigh hard  
Let the demons fly  
Blue shall be the colour sky*

*And red shall be  
of blood filled vein  
Let us wash the tinted hands  
And soak the dry lips  
Let the last leaf of autumn  
Be drenched in the rain  
Come fill some empty cup  
Toast a heart instead  
with blood like wine  
Cross the street  
behind the No go sign  
And all the crossing line  
An abandoned winter abode  
in the frozen valley  
Where secret of worlds  
Come crawling to hide inside  
to get confined ;*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“If you are not around me”***

*What good would heaven be,  
If you are not around me  
What harm hell does inflict  
More than a pain  
without you I bereaved  
There is no light left  
in the heavenly orbs  
Sky is howling empty  
And no more colours  
earth is bearing  
No crimsons, reddened tinge exists*



*In the pale diffusing horizon  
No blue and white is seen  
No abundant lush green  
Nothing is popping  
from the topmost bough of tree  
If you are not around me  
And rain drizzles like a salty saline  
From dreamless eyes  
Without flavours of spring streams  
And breathing becomes heavy  
If labyrinthine lying  
If in the muddle of nerves  
A slave bird flutters to flee  
If you are not around me  
Without thy warm kissing  
on my eyes  
With your nudging warm lips*

*I turn blind in the darkest alley  
I can't follow the path  
I can't read the signs  
In the dazzling daylight  
as of a blindfolded oxen  
Unknowingly trudged  
On the merry go round  
And jump wide awaken  
In the hours so wee  
I am nothing but a clinging shadows of  
thee  
If you are not around me*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Memorabilia”***

*When wintery daylight  
Sinks in the fields  
And pale leafage of sky  
Wears a darkest blue  
In storm woven intricacy,  
I can't move thereon  
Gloom so weigh me down,  
Memorabilia strikes so intensely  
A journey that I abandoned  
incomplete and left  
Half way so distorting  
A story I left abruptly*

*whatsoever had occurred  
inadvertently  
that recreant fable of  
imprecise feelings  
is still stalked somewhere  
in the holy aumbry  
Still There is something  
left undone to scrawl  
A haunting voice from the past  
Clinging on upon  
Where the gaudy moons  
and stars of my night hung;  
Next to my poetry book  
and empty coffee cup,  
Right onto the axis of my bed;  
All chapters and unread pages  
Streaming back to be recalled*

*A half travelled dream  
Return to the altar instantaneously  
As a reredos of forgotten memory  
My vanity appalled  
Drifting through the freshly mowed  
Fields  
The scenting air  
With the odour of freshly cut hay  
Moves passed freely  
I sit as a battle stricken soul  
Who suddenly is dragged  
into the Unwanted battle..  
knowing that I long left the broken  
heart  
Into the debris of  
storm stricken past  
Then who knows it all;*

*Who laid them spiky pieces of  
shattered heart  
On my seldom trudged path.  
Are you still alive my ghost.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“yin and Yang”***

*He is being witnessed  
He is being watched  
perceived as Janus-faced  
Seems as double facade  
Half bright and half dark  
conventional for the righteous  
debauched By the false*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Just one step”***

*Only One enlivening thump  
See the Earth tumbling up  
Only One rousing step  
Into the mystic swirl  
astrochemistry all convert  
A metaphysic dark and gothic  
All stir in poetic rhythm  
All miraculous and stupendous  
So prodigious becomes a thought  
So aesthetic is the love of God,*

*Farzana Aqib*



## ***“Autumnal Solitudes”***

*In the autumnal solitudes  
I'm Breathing the last sunshine  
And All the sienna coloured leaves  
Forgot the last Christmas sign  
I'm dragging my heart away  
from the curse of dying sun  
I oscillate my pace  
I jerked awake my soul  
that still slumbers  
into the harvest moon times  
I ignited my inner flame  
Into a whirling and  
the wandering fire;*

*I have to stay awake  
Till the spring dawn arrives,  
I am lost somewhere between  
The summer's heat  
and winter's cold.  
My autumnal reality is haunted  
With the empty eyes  
And frozen voices trolled*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Alibis”***

*With the bawl of grapes  
Honey and wine  
I sat on the deck of doomed ship  
Beneath hovering stormy skies  
My end is written on the tides  
But still my soul is floating high  
There is no fear in my eyes  
I'm celebrating my last voyage  
Behind a pretentious smile  
I find myself an alibis*

*I will keep raising a toast  
To myself,  
if no one else;  
For at the end of voyage  
every one has to die.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Mercy my king”***

*Take me out of my suffering*

*Look at me,*

*O, beloved,*

*thy one look I’m seeking*

*Don’t close thy doors*

*Accept my offering*

*Love gifts are remedial*

*Be you a giver Or taker,*

*Let us see after this exchange,*

*Which one of us is recovering*

*My conviction is that*

*I attempted love*

*Your mercy should be accepting it*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Tell my assassin”***

*Change has fallen through*

*The crack*

*A new leaf emerged*

*from a frosted stack*

*Peace invaded from*

*a secret track*

*Pain is gone*

*Heart is moved on*

*Tell my assassin*

*There is no naivety*

*left on the alter*

*To further be ransacked*

*Look at the mirror*

*Hung at my door rack*

*Thy own face will mock you back*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Junkyard of the lost pride”***

*Bung and dumped  
in the broken cars  
Junkyard  
Few half awake dogs  
And few outcasts men maybe  
Like a leftover of a war  
After a great battle lost  
Earth sinking beneath the soles  
And sky is torn apart  
The tarpaulin of the earth  
Is leaking with its might and main  
There is no place to sleep  
In the ice or rain,*

*No woods to make bonfire  
No wire to hang their hollow skeletons  
Few Out of place forlorn  
Had to sleep on the frozen soil  
Yet sky is all bursting with  
pyrotechnics displays  
Twisting and dancing  
In the majesty of light arrays  
With the medley sound of music  
And church bells rung  
Heralding the New year advent  
The celebrations hit the sky  
On the backdrop of this  
high ending life  
In the old rustic junkyard  
Where Snow intermittently falls  
The Eternally hopeless  
decaying hearts*



*And the empty scarcest eyes  
With sealed lips but seeing all,  
Yes; all in earth or skies  
Whatever is going on  
Those Vivid displays or dance  
Should it be mattered, why;  
When cold is seeping down  
The spine;  
Shall they celebrate  
The new year's dawn  
When it's mighty escapade  
Turned this cold night  
More dreary with it shades  
When beneath their tattered skin  
Out of place forlorn  
becomes more ashamed  
tomorrow the brokers of this yard  
Will arrive with sharpened spades  
Last cover of their shame*

*And their naked dignity,  
A little piece of scrap metal roof  
And a pillow of old car tire  
Too will be snatched  
Their indebted honour if any left  
Will be exposed again*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Behind the Veil”***

*We are very lonely  
Even in the crowds  
There are many battles fought inside  
Many a faces we carry  
Behind on facade  
So never judge someone  
With the sad eyes  
Or a smiling visage  
Tears could be of happiness  
Smile could be as last resort*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Dirty”***

*Isn't it; You always knew  
I can't breathe without you  
Even then you haven't turned back  
Your deceit chiselled me anew  
Even though I wonder ,  
how I kept loving you so  
When fate was all written on the  
walls;  
It was always awe  
I was doomed to fall;  
When end was evident  
From the initial draft  
First chapter was dragged  
to meet That destiny propelled craft*

*O, honey  
After all these storms  
You are still the one  
My heart couldn't ignore  
I don't know how long  
it will chase My path  
Your memories' demons  
slowly But steadily walk  
The shadows of their presence  
Run in the day  
In the night they crawl  
Even when I don't look over my  
shoulder  
Even though I don't halt  
Their foot thumping never stop  
Their brigade keeps going it's March*

*And It's dusty footmarks  
are imprinted parallel  
to the last check-post  
of my horizontal bypass  
Isn't it so, you always knew  
that when the new dawn is arisen  
And when tomorrow is arrived  
It will still be tightening it's claws  
Weaving their circumvent  
Around my casket  
It will bring forward my past  
Isn't it so, you always knew  
That Demon of your love  
Will jinx my last journey spot  
My last few pages  
Which I kept blank  
steer clear of all blotches*

*To write a new version of me  
To leave a new message for life  
Your muddy dusty memories  
Still be staining my room  
My papers  
My bedsheets ;  
No matter how many a times  
I washed,  
I'm over and over being licked  
And be spelled by the witch  
of the haunted castle  
Which is freed from its confines  
Leaping up and round  
In a frenzy of a new battle  
I always knew,  
That gypsies of the heart regime  
Nowhere settle down*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“I see you in everything”***

*I always knew,  
It's you all the time  
I feel all your pantomime  
I felt your voice in the drifting  
weatherly rhymes  
I find you through your  
Little prezzie and largesse  
Not through loaded pockets  
And dime,  
Which thee keep sending  
all the times ;*



*You bestowed me with honours  
And took me away from mindless  
crimes  
I saw you through my meagre  
purchase;  
Through my ordinary  
poverty phase  
A pair of jeans,  
I bought in the last summer sale  
And through those pair of specs  
Prettiest I ever seen  
Those I grabbed in the winter mart  
from a vintage cart  
in the season of pumpkins  
before the advent of Halloween  
And my Wedge sandals all green  
That I wore like a queen*

*Which I took on the fall sale steam  
A Last pair exactly of my size  
Amidst the pushing and loud noise  
I knew you must had hidden  
from the other buyers eyes  
Until I had arrived  
Thee sorted this sudden prize  
I always knew  
you will give me some surprise  
And When I upheld my first  
school trophy  
When I bang the disc  
And I spoke so precise  
The panel of judges was so  
mesmerised  
I knew you had spoken in my voice  
That appreciation and applaud*

*I couldn't describe  
I knew I was not alone  
You must be standing by my side  
Out of this world's eyes  
I always knew  
it's you all the time,  
I feel all your pantomime  
When I wrote my first column  
And my name was being recognised  
When I sat in front of the camera  
And Millions of viewers  
watched me live  
I know it was you  
somewhere in hide  
It's you all the time  
And that brewing desire  
To write a hundreds of books  
In one life ;*

*And then got it done pile over pile  
It was you listening  
all my silent vibes  
I always knew  
It was you all the time  
Whatever I claim today  
Is not mine  
It's all yours,  
yet needed my sign*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Desert blossom”***

*Sinking in the Deluge  
Drenched and soaked  
With a Blurred Vision  
All smudged and smoked  
Black sky bursted again  
The lashing of the rain  
Inflicting as insane  
A cache is emerging on the wall  
A canvas is all blotchy stained  
A story is clinching my heart  
My pen is oozing blood again  
Reality May assault the fiction  
Truth probably win the game*

*When scorched desert  
drinks the water  
It turns the table on  
between sun and shadow  
Between draught and flowers  
in the arms of scarcity It Nurtures  
A Joshua and Tumbleweed,  
It erupts from the flamed flesh  
A bunch of desert lilies  
It cracks the chest of sand  
To display the colour of marigold  
It gives the Brittlebush'  
A wet glazed glow  
With the morning dewdrop  
Despite the drifting air  
Hollow whistling hue  
It plays the heavenly rhythm  
For the displacing dunes  
the flora and fauna chirping Tune*

*The parched and barren landscapes  
Wear the magical displays  
the extensive carpets of wildflowers  
abruptly doth lay  
In its most arid parts  
It never let the spring depart  
It tumbles up the sea of soil  
It makes the moons sail in raft  
It takes a game changing start  
From a deadly drought  
To a happy ending saught  
Like a piece of magical craft  
A landscape swap  
Wand into a vivid art*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“What is Poetry”***

*What is the reality  
Of the poetry—  
And What is its philosophy  
A Verses of prophecy ?  
Or the power of apostrophe  
What are the lyrics  
A depiction of reality  
or a mockery of some hypocrisy  
What is a poem;  
A soothing cure for the pain  
Or the inflicting piercing atrocity;  
May be a mere simple stanza  
or a scattering thoughts agenda  
In the average reader’s eyes  
if a poet himself does defy,*



*Poetry is a sheath of desire  
a cowardly dare indigenise  
A love letter ...  
to the mighty beloved  
A message ...  
which could never be vocalised  
A feel ...  
that could never be said  
A rendezvous,  
that had never been held,  
It's a self acclaimed alibis  
But poetically philosophised  
If accepted then justified  
If rejected then classified  
as a set of imaginary lies  
A poison that only a pen could spits  
And there is an infinite story in it*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“The advent of love”***

*Love snatched my heart  
It filled my soul with poetry  
It left my chest empty  
Yet as a hollow flute  
it enticed my soul with songs  
It untied my feet to dance  
I play my music  
I listen the silent voice  
I write my poems  
Whatever my beloved describes  
I play my music  
And beloved arrives  
With ascending immortal light*

*I close my eyes  
All the weakened might  
Slowly reached to the seven skies  
The inner combatants are parted  
now—  
Upheld the white flag  
unbent the bow,  
I only perceive the mystic signs,  
A million poetic lines ;  
Ah, so the silence is,  
All hushed in peace  
The conscious cacophony is mute  
I only commune through my flute*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“The introvert”***

*Nights are kind enough  
To make a man cry  
But I don't...  
Telling my pride  
it's not right,  
This can't be I,  
It's better to conceal thy pain  
It's graceful to bid goodbye  
Last breath must be elated  
Tombstone must be high  
Everyone must  
yet with grace if one dies  
Did you ever cry,*

*Alone in the moonlight  
Beneath the desolate sky  
Talking to the stars  
Seeking no reply  
Pains are precious  
Tears are reverend  
Shouldn't be ire  
Secrets are discerning  
A way too adroit--  
Yes, try!!!*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Change is must”***

*Leave the confines  
Why to suffer incarceration  
Fly away from the draught  
You don't deserve a damnation  
You are born  
in the nest of eggs and straws  
You wear shiny feathers  
so a thirsty dessert you must cross  
All the waters of the oceans  
taste the same salt  
An ancillary to the path  
Our nature readily provides  
It favours transpose --*

*for the change it contrives  
A dune never stays  
on the same spot  
A caravan of gypsies  
mustn't be halt  
Change be yours  
Don't wait for the hawks  
O' little blue bird  
Never delay your depart  
to be a victim of some  
Unseen brutal assault  
Follow the trail of the stars  
And the old passage of the old river  
Thy ship will never deviate  
From its right path*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Breath sings his songs”***

*Let's write his praise*

*If Ink is worthless*

*Then blood is alternate*

*Let's talk to the beloved*

*Let the lips and hollow flute*

*be aligned*

*See how, the inner silence conversate*

*Farzana Aqib*



## ***“Just asking”***

*If we meet someday  
In a moment so soon  
On this journey of the blue skies  
On the brimming bright moon  
Away from the earthly shadows  
Amidst the fluffy cloudy wool  
Somewhere On the dancing ethereal  
tunes  
Will you hold my hands  
Before I swoon  
Or burn me like the jabal -e-toor*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Insanity”***

*They ask me, if I know you?*

*How oblivious and naive*

*Are the People of my tribe*

*If i know you?*

*What is this mindless inquire*

*What is this idiotic question,*

*Do they justify.. No*

*Then why they mimicies*

*My looking in the skies*

*My silent hushed voice*

*Tell me How to verify,*

*Don't they see into my eyes.*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Write my poet”***

*I'm all groggy with the thought  
Of all sagacity and fame  
By all my conscious brazen bells  
There was no courage of mine  
but to fell  
Have I given up!  
Into the arms of false deceit of love  
How many songs I will write  
How many poems  
in memory of that mendacious past  
How many pages will be written,  
How many shadows of betrayal Be  
sketched*

*How many titles  
Will be slated  
How many dreams will be slaughtered  
and slain  
For the sake of that perfidious love  
If love anchorage this much pain  
Or mooring this much power  
to elate  
Is there any vigorous might other than  
this exists  
With whom you may compare it with;  
If none then—  
For this frenzy of heart,  
let me gather all my  
Scattered thoughts  
In the sake of that one lacerate  
Let me write and paint*

*A thousands more lyrics  
and paintings of my  
poetic art  
That's perhaps the only cure  
For the untamed seethe  
And for Saddling the wildest  
demons of hearts.  
I suggest dear pen  
Now roll page onto page  
With an inkling nonstop;*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“After shock”***

*Like a hoary rock  
I'm fossilised  
Paused and Crouched  
From a century—  
It was yesterday, you said  
And I feel;  
it's a battle waged  
from decades,  
Ahh; Forgetting you  
wasn't easy.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“At large”***

*Like a hundred thousand spears  
far and wide as eye could stare  
The inner pain once again reappeared  
Trying to reach  
the never go line,  
With all the rage  
and anger pare  
The walls of cage,  
The Shackles and the cuffs  
Whatever comes next  
Whatever is near;  
Whatever may dare,*

*The slave of heart  
Scaling the ramparts  
Tearing apart  
the walls of sanctuary;  
A Silent Desire got teeth  
A pious dervish's turned naked  
Soul emerged all stripped  
Insanity of the fakir  
Crossing the limits of piety  
The oblivion heart  
leading towards  
The Appalling naivety;  
The Power of the Love  
Pulling the chosen  
true-blues —  
with its mighty gravity.*

*Farzana Aqib*



## ***“Welcome on earth”***

*First howl, first cry  
First surprise,  
With both closed eyes,  
First clairvoyance you realise  
When from the amniotic waters you  
are made dry  
First welcome on the earth,  
Without any alibis,  
Until you die,  
Adam’s rigorous sin,  
Made us end up in  
A battle of salvation*

*Must has to be won  
A Fire and Water both  
the stern enemies  
Glazed with inbuilt vengeance,  
manumitted inside  
the man's skin,  
Do you know ?  
my traveler of life  
That inferno of the hell  
and peace of the heavens  
Incarnated nowhere else  
But invigorated within  
Feel with thy deepest sighs.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Alms of heart”***

*All give in..*

*A silent submission*

*Is a true love definition*

*When Beloved talks,*

*you listen —*

*Burning away the inhibitions*

*Your reticence, fear and reluctance,*

*your pain your dreams*

*Your ambition and your perdition,*

*Everything must get omission ...*

*From a captive prison  
To the elated position  
World lays a million options  
devout plump for a different  
dimensions  
Thou most salvation  
In the name of alms  
Even heaven is discarded  
Without any qualms  
Without a second thinking  
Love is all but getting  
A bagger of love...  
Never minds a street living.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Conquest of Mecca”***

*After endless desperation*

*Tonight is the night of celebration*

*A slave of ardour*

*A helot of cupidity*

*Seeking confines in divinity*

*Coming in the ultimate salvation*

*Tonight is a night of celebration*

*Hidden Among the hundreds of  
sovereigns*

*Thronged with the countless thrall and  
bonded labourers*

*trudging with adorer’s*

*great congregation*

*There is a silent expectation  
Those who are fed with  
Boiling water...  
And lived in starvation  
Being honoured with the titles of  
anticipation  
Though no one is qualified  
No one remembers its hymn  
Reaching the sanctified  
Is not easy game  
No one is up the mark  
in his devotion  
No is being called  
as subject of psalms  
What a strange sensation  
But still some innocent notion  
Keeps them crawled  
They know their mischievous  
Will be ignored*

*The rash of their lord  
will never be unleashed  
Even if they are out of this land's  
religious belief  
Yet They buried all their worshipping  
idle  
With this last hope of relief  
They heard the lord of Ibrahim  
is kind and sublime  
They had never been accepted but this  
time  
As tonight is the night  
of the last revelation  
A night of victory  
and celebration,  
Today the reverend land  
came under the righteous subjugation,*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“I prefer to be alone”***

*In my saintly renown*

*I killed my pulse*

*I turned stoned*

*I cast aside the fake camaraderie*

*The faked up blossoms*

*The shallow fame*

*This world and its game*

*I never desired*

*I never owned*

*I stayed unchaperoned*

*I prefer to be alone,*

*Farzana Aqib*



***“My Clandestine legend”***

*Time is matured perhaps  
Or desires are over fed  
Today I smile at myself  
There's nothing more to ask  
Besides little butter and bread,  
Why my mirror says  
I'm unabridged,  
Nothing requires for my lady's  
appetite,  
Nothing appears necessary*

*Why my heart boldly assures  
nothing needed anymore  
Nothing is there to idolize  
Why my eyes turned away  
From the treasures of the earth  
And sky lost its worth  
Why nights appear empty  
While the crops of stars foison plenty  
Why airs feels no more drifting ..  
as if the hypnotic mystery slowly  
creeping,  
It's all an endless hushed silence  
Gulping me like quick sands  
Yet Im fully enjoying  
Untimely sinking  
Waiting for the last moment  
To be totally diminished*

*I know after this abode  
A new door be ajar  
After this one stop  
A Next destination will  
Certainly call,  
I left all the details of my past  
My journey's little hiccups  
And my rewards  
In the piles of my mythus books  
In many a countless stalks  
Read them every night  
Those are the stories  
of my times  
Like a secret diary  
A Road map kept so clandestine,  
Where am I next destine,  
There will be no second guessing.*

*I'm a legend  
My ink was always blessing  
My hands were never chained,  
So I'm leaving behind a hundreds epics  
A thousands legend's  
For the blind eyes  
What they fear to imagine.*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Never anchor your boats”***

*When Standing between  
The topsy turvey turns  
With empty pockets  
And last meal in hand  
When You abruptly stop  
Considering your second thought;  
You turn your backpack  
Inside out  
With all the hidden resounding doubts  
When forward pathway seems  
unfriendly—*

*Hollering are the streets of city  
You can foresee  
a tumble of thy journey  
Your spirit is dead on the gurney,  
When every breath  
in a helpless mercy,  
You feel your worth not more than a  
penny,  
A benighted past too,  
Gravitates In hurry  
All amidst the wild waving fern  
Wind drifting without concern  
Hope is scarce suffice  
even for filling a small urn  
Asking for your instantaneous return,  
Your childhood treasures begin to  
burn,*

*When Night is descending  
With its darkest camouflage  
In scallywag childish manner  
And hope is fading somewhat tanner  
There's no hint of gauzy silver lining,  
Which you had always been pinning,  
When Horizon is deadly dark  
Then unpack your surviving  
forethought  
Burn your boots  
Your map your favourite books,  
Make the flame,  
Feel the warmth make a pause,  
Stay for a night  
But never halt,  
continue your unstoppable walk.  
peregrinate in hills*

*Run on treks  
Rove in sands  
Voyage in oceans  
Never ever anchor your boats  
Your pursuit will suddenly  
End,  
Thy destiny itself will arrive  
Winning the race must be  
The end of story  
Quitting the journey  
May forever hauntingly be recalled.  
The last page of your diary  
Be written as,  
"I made it,  
I beat the life's toiling tricks"*

*Farzana Aqib*



## **“Chessboard”**

*Love is a bait,  
Laughter is a sign of sorrow  
It comes first as vanguard  
Pain follows as pawn  
Queen is slowly drifted  
from the central square spot  
Like an oblivion heart  
Soul becomes entrapped  
in a sorrow tricky,  
Laughter is handcuffed  
Misery check the king,  
Defeat comes abruptly,*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“On the spot”***

*He is enrapt*

*All in contact*

*Talking straight and direct*

*You May plunge into the ocean*

*Or be sunk in streams*

*As in the broad day light*

*you are seen*

*For him day and night never sleeps*

*The wakeful vigil he keeps*

*When in the storm of darkest nights*

*A sun capsized behind him*

*Smiling serenely from the further side  
he emerged  
Trying never to slay  
The crop of brilliant  
starry nights—  
If this sphere is beginning drowsy dark  
He shifts the sun farther away  
in every speck he is  
aligned majestically  
You are just the mould of brittle clay  
All fragile frail flimsy  
He is the architect  
He knows what you are at  
What from this life  
thee expect anyway  
Stop this hide and seek  
Come straight!*

*Dare what you May,  
Ask what you are frightened to say.  
He is lord of universe  
He will never say nay.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“He listens”***

*When life traps in its vicious  
insinuation,  
And inner pain is beyond speculation,  
And in the dark pitch of a broken heart  
A soul pleads,  
“Mercy my lord”  
A stupendous sound  
Bustle around,  
Sinking hearts retrieve their  
consciousness,  
Silence buzz with acceptance  
A vice says  
“I’m here to hold”*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“In the line of faith”***

*From the cradles  
Till and after -  
The indolence of the youth  
So as a wilful reminder  
On this briefest life route  
Carry in thy luggage  
Your first milky  
and last blackish tooth,  
Faithful must behold their  
Blob and barm truth,  
They will get after this purgatory of  
life,  
What they choose:*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Pack the bags”***

*Before me come home  
Let me straighten up my record list,  
On the entry gate  
It compulsively be shown,  
My baggage must be lighter  
on the trudge  
I have to lift it alone,  
On my next destination,  
There is no segregations between  
mention and dome,  
Before me come home*

*Let me stitch my broken shoes and  
wound,  
Let me learn few rituals and chants,  
My last meal must be simple  
My clothes have to be white  
And not sewn  
Before me come home  
I must bid goodbye  
With the people I loved  
With the friends I roam,  
May they go forth  
Or I go after,  
Our tickets are drawn  
Our end is written the same!*

*Farzana Aqib*



## ***“Extend your hands”***

*Love can heal  
Only love can mend  
The wounds of the soul  
Please extend your hands  
for those—  
Where life is being tyrant  
And taking it's heavy toll  
Where scarcity is out of hand  
And dreams are beyond control,  
Don't stand with your selfish streaks  
You are not on its payroll  
Pull your goodness  
From thy inner demonic hole,  
Only love can heal  
Only love can mend the soul.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Free will of heart”***

*the rules of love are  
antecedent  
and the independent  
Heart knows  
That no traditions, and jurisprudence  
Love conform  
the law of nature insofar,  
Even religious sentiments remain at  
avoidance  
The terms where love concerns  
Never be brought under contrivance*

*Farzana Aqib*

### ***“In my seclusion”***

*There are times I think  
And there are moments  
I follow,  
My impulsive instincts.  
I think — when I find no hint,  
No goose bumping message, no  
sensation,  
No ice breaking.  
I follow— when door is consistently  
knocking.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Swap”***

*Kiss me and hold me  
My beloved  
I'm sold free  
In the bargain of your love  
Now you judge my worth  
You fix my price  
Whether Give me in alms  
Or forfeiture my virtue  
As the other nimrod hath  
Already sold me  
Or as the king of kings  
swap me with your mercy  
In your loving arms unfold me*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“Frenzied art”***

*My passion has gone beyond my  
bounds,  
I can't look over my shoulders to find,  
have I moved forward,  
or time has gone backwards,  
My ink drank perhaps  
the whole blue ocean  
There never be a cessation  
Of my poetic narration,  
My quest never be satiated*

*Despite the abundant visionary, mystic  
revelations.*

*I want to reach a next hundred  
generations,*

*Through the paper boats  
of my heavenly creations.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***Deprived***

*I have been here*

*I have been there*

*I traveled all around*

*I saw the whole sphere*

*You trudged in the valley of fear*

*Without looking anywhere*

*I saw your tears*

*I felt your despair*

*Yet I blindfolded myself*

*from your worsting*

*I ignited the lights*

*To celebrate my phenomenal year  
I wear new clothes  
You wore the autumn leaves  
I ate the sunshine  
Your left with nothing  
But with black Cavernous yawning,  
I climbed up to the pinnacle  
To the highest peak  
Your plunged into a ravine  
You fell so steep  
But still you got the lead  
Your journey is filled with hope and  
faith  
Mine is filled with pride  
Yet the weight of balance  
Is falling at your side*



*Your empty eyes are filled with all  
unanswered dreams*

*Mine are all deprived.*

*There is nothing left to retrieve.*

*Sometimes defeat is victory*

*And victory is defeat.*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“A tale of a candle”***

*One more chapter  
and I am done  
I am burnings since then  
When you wrote your first  
Poetic confession,  
In the moonless night  
When you sat on the cold stones,  
with my pale blue  
Drifting light,  
I burned myself alive*

*I gave you a vibrant  
mystic sight,  
You wrote something  
With a mysterious smile  
Until with pride  
thine eyes grew bright,  
You never turned your face  
Towards my side,  
You kept looking at the sky,  
Until the Day arrived  
With its dawning brilliant white,  
Few moths and my corpse  
inconspicuously pushed aside,  
You never perhaps realise  
Someone was your comrade  
Though not so signified*

*Someone melted  
without a moan or cry  
Oh my poet,  
Bona fide,  
I wonder why  
You never look into my eyes  
Tell me if you May reply  
Is Your creation that night  
Was more dignified  
Than I,  
Your artistry on the pages  
was more suffice,  
Or my sacrifice,  
The way I die  
Aesthetic wise.  
Hot as hell, cold as ice*

*Oh my writer, so glorified  
Someday sit and write  
Story of the untold sacrifice. Someday  
give meaning to  
What you always write.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Power of divine”***

*like a covetous moss,  
fester deeper,  
With every passing year  
cerebrally implanted pain  
Silently chewing away,  
The pernicious remnant of love  
Turning frangible and embittered with  
age  
Peace is no where endowed  
Search returns with woebegone stare  
Yet only in the deep profundity of  
prayer  
In the intramural of soul  
It's sedately sitting there.*

*Farzana Aqib*

***“On the dry rivers path”***

*I have seen on the dry rivers path,  
Many hollow shells  
And broken rafts  
Many moons that sunken  
in the waters once upon  
Still lay there undone drunken,  
Many fossils of stars  
that had survived the slaughter of the  
draught  
Many dreams that once floated on its  
tides  
all ripened,*

*Now laid there as dead corpse  
On the dry rivers path  
I saw one paper boat  
And few splinters of oars  
With one fallen badge of a seaman,  
And few dried tears drop,  
On the muddy binoculars,  
On the dry rivers path  
I followed the trail  
I saw the footfall  
An ancient transient caravanette,  
Some lost letters  
of someone's sweetheart,  
On the dry rivers path  
Between the wind and woods —  
I silently stood,  
Like a dead tide*



*Without a music of its mystical voice  
Quietly hitting the stems of  
the naked trees,  
wishing to stir the empty boughs,  
To see some seagulls fluttering across,  
But when dreams die  
Eyes turn barren  
Like old rivers arc  
Where No Hope flutters  
Where no flocks  
Wish to stop.  
Only the dazzling canopy of starry sky  
winks above,  
Only milky moon  
mercifully laughs !!!*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Our Endless Search”***

*amidst judgement, condemnation and  
fear”...*

*we live around here”...*

*With brewing hotchpotch of voices  
unable to hear,*

*the voice of inner convenor*

*restlessly Pondering in our ears*

*The silence of Night,*

*whispers of shadows,*

*or the voice of eternal Love...*

*From the eternal conscious sphere,*

*Trembling all unclear*

*We no longer heed and care”.*

*we have become heartless and cruel  
individuals*

*We perceive the trail of our pride  
unsinkable  
without compassion,  
true Love or empathy...  
We continue on this journey  
As a rigid cynical  
while we still...  
in the name of Religion  
and all else, call "holy",  
We are becoming un-spiritual critical  
residual  
With man made rules  
of iron rod,  
Still confused  
in our endless search for God.*

*Farzana Aqib*

### ***“Peacock pride”***

*With the pride of his eyes  
With his stubborn heart rock  
I gave mirror to his amour propre  
I painted his picture  
With pink and blue chalk  
There was something similar in it ,  
as a neck of a peacock  
Gallantry, ego regalia  
Emerged on one tripod.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***I will hold you tight***

*You can't hide"  
Don't make this effort so futile",  
From behind the galaxies  
From the lyres of skies  
I will capture your eyes  
Your presence never be  
over looked Twice,  
My eyes shall shake no more  
I will not let this dream spill  
I will hold you tight,  
My desire will keep chasing you,  
I will be on the run, until  
the dew of my eyes  
and blood of my throat distil,*

*One day I might struck down the  
ramparts, the fortress,  
Whatever is upraised  
For the soul revival  
With the silence of the prayer  
And the power of my will.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## **Quotation**

*Universe is a poetic creation of God,  
that's why a poet and his scripture  
never dies.*

*Time could never bury it under its  
dusty layers",*

*History could never erase it from its  
chapters.*

*Poetry was engraved on stone, written  
on the leafs,*

*Memories by hearts,*

*Even before the advent of page.*

*Farzana Aqib*

## ***“Remedial”***

*Pain and patience  
Are Deeply incised  
Embellished as one  
When pain arrives  
Then silently opens up  
The door of patience  
It heal the wounds  
Without letting it know to anyone*

*Farzana Aqib*