

The Emphyrean Canvas

(English Poetry)

Farzana Aqib

Nastalique Publications

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The Empyrean Canvas

(English Poetry)

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Farzana Aqib

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I Dedicate

*My poetry is dedicated
To the depths of human emotion,
exploring the complexities of life
and the world around us.*

Farzana Aqib

Other Books by the Author

- 1- *A Thousand Obolos coins (English Novel)*
- 2- *Saffron in the hay yard (English Novel)*
- 3- *Midnight Sigh (English Novel)*
- 4- *In the Name of God (Journalist Articles)*
- 5- *My gift of Salvation (English Novel)*
- 6- *Death Warmed up (English Stories)*
- 7- *Caramel Sunset (English Poetry & Quotations)*
- 8- *Blue Monday of Love (English Poetry & Quotations)*
- 9- *Never say die (English Poetry)*
- 10- *Muhabbat ki Bhala kb Umr Hoti hay (Urdu Poetry)*
- 11- *Tumhare Sath Phir Jee lain (Urdu Poetry)*
- 12- *Muhabbat Hamsafar Rakhna (Urdu Poetry Part 1)*
- 13- *Muhabbat Hamsafar Rakhna (Urdu Poetry Part 2)*
- 14- *I don't write, life writes itself (English Poetry)*
- 15- *One Spoon of Moon, Two Spoons of Stars (English Poetry)*
- 16- *Ruby Red Love (English Poetry)*
- 17- *Honey Vinigar Love Story (English Poetry)*
- 18- *One Pinch of Red Flowers, Two Scoops of Love (English Poetry)*
- 19- *Drenched in Moonlight (English Poetry)*
- 20- *Cuddling up with Moon (English Poetry)*
- 21- *A Stardust Drape (English Poetry)*
- 22- *Fifty Names of Love (English Poetry)*
- 23- *Prophecy of Love (English Poetry)*
- 24- *Versus of Delirium (English Poetry)*
- 25- *It's about you and me (English Poetry)*
- 26- *A Stranger in my heart (English Poetry)*

- 27- Give me Just one Moment (English Poetry)**
- 28- Sun is just about to rise (English Poetry)**
- 29- Never Alone (English Poetry)**
- 30- A Music of the Silence (English Poetry)**
- 31- Be a Sun of my Frozen Heart (English Poetry)**
- 32- A Beholden Soul (English Poetry)**
- 33- Autumn always returns (English Poetry)**
- 34- Let the River Dry (English Poetry)**
- 35- The April Moon (English Poetry)**
- 36- Until I felt for you (English Poetry)**
- 37- Traveller of the Paper Boat (English Poetry)**
- 38- The Last Vintage of Love (English Poetry)**
- 39- When tomorrow will arrive (English Poetry)**
- 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**
- 49- Muhammad (PBUH)**
(A poetic biography of Muhammad PBUM)
- 50- Sorcery of Love (English Poetry)**
- 51- The last dance of the moth (English Poetry)**
- 52- A Piquant taste of love (English Poetry)**
- 53- The ancient door of soul (English Poetry)**
- 54- The long kept unsaid (English Poetry)**

- 55- *The unconfined secret (English Poetry)***
- 56- *The last call (English Poetry)***
- 57- *The empyrean Canvas (English Poetry)***
- 58- *The inner fiends and flames (English Poetry)***
- 59- *Panache Amber sky (English Poetry)***
- 60- *Autumn left my altar (English Poetry)***
- 61- *Endless pain and rue (English Poetry)***
- 62- *Chiselled art of my wounds (English Poetry)***
- 63- *Melted copper days (English Poetry)***
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- 68- *Tenacious grip of love. (English Poetry)***
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Introduction

Recipient of 15 diplomatic honours outside Pakistan, only in the year 2024, besides 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 70 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

Kathy Adams ***(Critic, Writer & Intellectual)***

Farzana Aqib's poetry,

Glides through the cerebral cortex, like a gliding skater over steely sheets of crystallin ice.

So smooth. Your skin purrs with explicit delights.

Nikki Aini ***(Critic & Writer from Malaysia)***

Reminiscing Rumi's famous quote:

'Somewhere in the soul' Rumi quote engraved here.

"Deep in the heart, somewhere in the soul, love finds a way to be forever."

Reading Farzana Aqib's love poem is like sharing a love story with Rumi.

Through twists and turns, peaks and valleys, love persists. What a wonderful way to express a love journey.

All in the name of Divine, eternal love.

By Ann Campbell
(Author poet literary critic UK)

“By night the light of day in her shines... and by day, night falls with the dark of her hair.”

While this may be a description of Farzana Aqib’s poetic personality as suggested by her recent poem, I believe, that in her self-imposed state of meditative “Nothingness”, she is really more like the magnificent Moon Flower, that blossoms only in the dark silence of the Night.

Muhammad Javaid

The grand celebration and display of Farzana Aqib poetry books at the renowned “Johannesburg book clubs’ annual brunch” stand as a testament to her growing influence and the deep connection her work fosters with readers. Her evocative verses and thought-provoking narratives resonate across cultures, inspiring admiration and sparking meaningful conversations. We applaud her dedication to

the craft and her ability to weave words into masterpieces that captivate hearts and minds.

Here's to many more milestones and the continues brilliance of her literary journey!

Muhammad Javaid

Farzana Aqib's poetry is a delicate yet piercing exploration of human existence—where raw emotion intertwines with spiritual longing, and the harshness of life is softened (Yet not diminished) by a mystical glow. Her verses do not shy away from pain; instead, they “transform suffering into something luminous”, blending the earthly with the ethereal.

Smih Lutfu Turgut ***(Ambassador of Turkey)***

Dear Ms. Farzana, Sufi path has qualities of character and behavior that reflect inner purity and selfless devotion. Instead of seeking the faults of others, a sufi looks for faults. In that respect, you use the poems to embody and mirror the nobility of this path. I wish all the best for the remaining part of your journey on this path; hope to meet one day in one corner of this world.

Kind Regards.

Arshad
(Poet)

I am so impressed by your poetic skills which remind me of the late “Shri Sarojni Naidu” a poetess turned great politician of India who was known as the nightingale of India by the British Raj. No doubt u r the nightingale of Pakistan as I call u. The Late Shri “Sarojini Naidu was a colleague of my late most beloved granfahter at the “RTC (Round Table Conference) in London. She was the 1st woman Governor of UP n later on 1st woman federal law law miniter of India. She used to tease Gandhijee by calling him Chocolati Mickey Mouse n little Man. MashAllah after a long time we have u. Stay blessed always. Aameen

“Ensconced remonstrance”

*Ashes to the sky
Stardust to the earth.
Miracle of life passes through us.
When acrid tastes sweeter
More than the molasses.
And water tastes piquant as hell,
O' lay thy inner innocence down placid
By the voluptuous crimson
Lake of dusk,
Let the tides rinse away
What the chronic fear
Couldn't hath served us,*

*May the pages of the old scripture
Be cleansed by the holy water
May the hearts of false believers
Hung out to be baptised..
May all the inner hue and cry
And ensconced remonstrance
Be filled with rapturous joy..
So go unfurl the long covered secret
Let the demons of the neighbours
And rumours of the world
Be freed from your closet..
Don't creep out on the walls
And scuttled away on all fours
Stand up and tall..
Face the gimmicks of harrowing path ,
With all its rise and fall.*

Farzana Aqib

“Impalpable ash of Dusk”

*If I turn my furtive gaze
at the lucid clear moon,
Peeping deep inside my window
at the sienna branch of autumn ridden
naked bough of my Aspen..
hanging so low so down to my arm
poised to be all grasped in..
and the frozen pulse of moonlight
Is Pleading for the warmth of my
heart
To resuscitate a new breath into its
dead pale moon,*

*And If I turn my eyes towards the
Impalpable ash of my own fire
The furrowed lands of my infertile
dreams..*

*and wizened logs of my own
inner warmth..*

*Dazzles as if everything
that ever existed inside me,
The aroma, the vehemence and hope,
Is all there but long anchored
As old boats and oars..*

*Waiting from the days of yore's
For that one beaconsed hint
Sailing on the oceanic roars
To reach ye touch of soul
To that ever deep impervious shore,
Well, now, isn't it too late..
no of course..*

*You knocked, you trampled on my
threshold..*

*You climbed up to my eyes to seek
If you still reflect inside its deeps
hidden behind its cavernous ravines..
to claim what's still left there as thee
Ohh my darling.. my beloved
at this very day and this hour..
all the fire turned red hot
All the flames flickering
Robust and stalwart
In me nothing is left grey and cold
Nothing is blue and old
My breath feeds on your love
For a million reasons to judge
Step by step I will return
Through the dark aisles of pain
You will remain the same
My forever beguiling favourite one.*

Farzana Aqib

“Twinning wines lattice”

*Every erstwhile pain
Turns more dreary
With the blood-curdling shadows
And silence so eerie.
At the full moon nights
Crawling on the walls
Sneaking unvoiced
Gnawing wayward
and the silken hushed whisper
Of each white curtain,
With deep down descent*

Of hoary grey shadows..
on the purple bushy jasmine
A strange leafy commotion.
like a tendril gripping on the throat
And choking up my limbs and lungs,
my heart-beat struggles
Beyond many a quaint and curious
Unresolved questions,
And many clichéd answers,
But with the voice of morning rooster
crowing..
My soul grows stronger..
and the ghost of my dying amber
Vainly leaves my chamber door..
I gather my whims for the next full
moon sight ..
Or for the early rainy thunder roar
For the same mystery phenomena

*Yet again to explore.
Till then my twinning wine of scruple
is growing up a lattice round my door"
And my inner eavesdropping continues
with its convulsive aspasm .*

Farzana Aqib

“Sine Qua Non”

*Even in the dull ignorance
There still left a spark
In the grey Plethora of ashes
there is a little smile left
The imperious and vain spirits
Too have their story
In the skin of the banality
and enchantments of the world
there is always a divine arch
A perennial garden of flowers
Behind the wholesome chaos*

*Universe is unfolding its unfeigned
endearment,
But a cynical heart must foster its
strength !!
The blinding denial of the eyes
Must learn to trust !
Inch by inch step after step
move forward!!
the real McCoy is yours!!*

Farzana Aqib

“The Spiritual Anchoring”

*I traversed the forest
I traveled across the broken bridges
Over ferocious waters
and callous winds..
To see by my own eyes
The shrine of the Holy pilgrim
of untraveled thought
To read the other side of the allegory
To believe into the last scripture
of my mysterious mystic divulgence
To write my finest piece of poetry,*

*To own the truth of the ancient mythos
To recall all the waged wars
Of the yore days love lores..
The spiritual anchoring of the heart,
That sunshine is not always enough
for the unconscious path..
The Inner fire is sine qua nons
to keep floating as a raft
In the battle of mischievous tidal
force,
The art of seizing
Before the fire of last cannon
Giving up everything
Before the final call..*

Farzana Aqib

“Profundity of heart”

*My thirst is avid
My craving is infinite,
Ye spurt from the feet of stones’
And squirt from the chest of storms
My notoriety is abstruse
My sagacity is infantile
And Ye eminence is worthwhile
I’m inch by inch sinking
into the quicksands of insanity
Ye drop by drop drizzling as the
merciful magnanimity !!
I’m pore by pore pricked*

*You bough on bough laden
All bursting into Blossomed
With lily, Hibiscus Pansy,
intrusive and inapposite
That's My way to be..
Yet matey palsy-walsy
Always thick as thieves
That's what makes thee,
And still Between thee and me
There's a firm knot of profundity ..*

Farzana Aqib

“phantom of grief”

*Amidst the boundless main
Vain are thousands pain
When Termite licks the woods
And a silverfish crawls
on the old decaying page
They are destined to annihilate
the phantom of grief
aims at heart the same
Neither bough could resist,
Nor the vigorous human soul
They extirpate themselves from
despair
By plunging into a final fall.*

Farzana Aqib

“On the Rustling Whispers”

*O' thou forlorn soul
Listen the music of ye heart
if no one is walking parallel
If no one is walked past
If silence is nibbling on ye auditory
Trample the dead leaves
beneath thy soles..
Make rhythmic stir by tapping on your
heels..
drift a resonating clap
into the dead air trap..
O' thou forlorn soul
Create your own cacophony*

*Thy own twist and prance
on the rustling Whispers of the zephyr
Carve a hundred flutes and fife
With the hollow scattered timbre
Play your own lyrics and song
Blow your trumpets alone
O'thou forlorn soul
If night roars with gusty storm
And thundering lightning descends
upon
Keep thy pace with the speed
Use the flashing as thine beacon
Be resilient if drenched ..
O' thou forlorn soul
Keep moving on..
burn a hundred thousand candles
You kept burning so long.*

*When the Venus will have its advent..
And blue of sky will dazzle with sun
Thee will be the only locus
The epicentre,
The epitome of the bastion
The centre of attraction !*

Farzana Aqib

“Sackcloth and Ashes”

*O heart ! my heart ! Ye grievous
Journey nearing periphery !
Your love has worn every tan
Ye facade weathered every sun
Yet the victory you impulse
Would never be ensued
The defeat of ye is well-nigh
the cannon shot from foe I heard,
the adversary is all delirious ,
While aspirant seek the sword
drumming echoes, resonance roar
The quivering heartbeat of yours
disintegrates at calamitous fate.*

*But O heart! O My foreordained
course*

*Where the corpse of your dead dream
lies on the shores..*

*where cold and pale promises be
buried on earth!*

*Where the army of the darkness will
pay the tribute of this martyr of love*

*The ship of life anchored though
Safe and sound on the coast*

The voyage is done

And deed is taken!

Words are silent nothing is said

*Then why the tides regurgitating Red
And rain is still bleeding blood ..*

*why the sky grew dark and
despondent!*

*Why the moon turned woebegone
Why the whole earthly concern
abruptly discerned ..
Why the atmosphere wears
The sackcloth and ashes
As if a duel is fought
And few dreams are slaughtered
As if a faithful heart is adorned
With martyrdom title,*

Farzana Aqib

“Before Fading Away”

*Before being dust to dust
Sow a seed of thine final quest
Unfurl all the hidden pages
All the long kept unsaid words
And ye blood drenched manuscript
Before vanishing as a drop of dew
Grow your constituted roots..
Deep down the earthly crust
Travel on the ecliptic path
To write thy final story draft
Inhale some more radiant rays
Sip few more drops of rain*

*Emerge as a full arch of rainbow
Grow as a full bloomed conifers
give your last breath to earth
Thy last gesture of thankful reverence
Leave your last signature existence
Be the emblem of humbling pride
The symbol of the great perseverance
Before being dust to dust
Fulfill ye promise of birth!*

Farzana Aqib

“Slithering Away”

adagio I'm withering

Slowly I'm dying

Bit by bit truth is emerging

Step by step ending is nearing

There are many seeds I never sown

There are many eyes I never kissed

There are many varieties I never

tasted..

there are hands I wish to hold,

by leaps and bounds death is chasing

By heavy steps life is plodding..

*There are moments to regret
There will be love to reminisce
Time spent in the hollow moments
Time left is filled with heavy emotions,
Abundance was squandered
Fewer are coveted in amass!
Bygone is just a rue
A pine over the yore!*

Farzana Aqib

“Anima Mundi”

*Unbowed and Triumphant I stood
In the face of adversity
In the lie of the land
With the tight seize of circumstance
I was all trapped and chained
But my impregnating soul was free
I was not a bit scared of what the next
episode of destiny would be
Beyond the shadows of dismay
Undaunted was my faith
I was the victor from my soul
Not the victim of the circumstances*

*I knew I will never end
if not given continuance ..
I knew I have the phenomenal cosmic
energy!!
The piece of anima mundi.
I will burn on a pyre,
and rose alive
To live another life,*

Farzana Aqib

“Poetic Hopes”

*Poetry, dreams and stories
Can't be sealed inside the souls
Can't be kept in one cache
They need a gunny or burlap sack
with a knife cut hole at it's back
To leave a trail of million seeds
On each of its trudging tracks
May the rain gives it a root
May the dreams erupt on a bough
May the stories grow their wings
To flutter around the skies and moon
And may the poetry wear the stardust
To sprinkle its light around the earth*

*To dazzle across the woods and dark
To lighten up the cavernous
moonless paths
To harken back the long gone flocks ..
to coo and sing with Nightly larks
To pirouette and bow
To gyrate and dance
On the roaring winds and thunder
claps ..
To give rebirth to the dying earth!!
To grow the seeds of poetic hopes !!*

Farzana Aqib

“Noumenon”

Bleeding words

Crippling pen

*Shivering hands and descending
poems*

A poetic empty coo

A mystic noumenon

Like an unfeigned ardour

A sibilant voice that drifts through

Allah Hu .. Allah Hu

Farzana Aqib

“Delusional Reverie”

*In every wood there is a different
green..*

every canvas paints its own scene,

In a vision or none

What we seen is not seen

*The meadows the flowers and the
dazzling rainbows,*

*Whatever parallel on the journey hath
been,*

*Faded from the visual realm,
boscage thicket as the last night
dream...*

*Life is all spent into a wannabe
delirium,*

*And by the delusional reverie,
Amidst may or may be!*

Farzana Aqib

“Emotional Cacophony”

I kiss you

From the lips of many hearts

From the eyes of hundred souls

From the warmth of million stars

I kiss you,

like a last grip of the yellow leaf

That leaves the boughs without a

moan,

Like a drifting breeze..

That scatters the dust to reach the

pinnacle of the moon,

I kiss you,

*With the vague whispering desire
with the fainted thin smile
That ends before the light of sun
Like the dusky smudging grey of
clouds ..*

*That return to the thirsty desert night
Without a fistful of rain
All disparagingly ashen and ashamed
I kiss you as the first dew on sand
As the first budding on cactus
As the coo of the desolate forest
As the dark night of winter!
I kiss you to the last hiccups of death
To resuscitate the memory of my pain
To celebrate my labyrinth of love!!
To reignite my emotional cacophonous
end;*

Farzana Aqib

“Wars pay off well”

*Wars need characters
Theatre and stages,
To display it's vulgar theatrical
To expose its blood drenched weapons
The broken bones and skulls
Wars need merchants to sell its broken
arsenals,,
Wars need menders and the extra
seamstresses..
the carpenters and the launderers
To sew its ragged shoes and clothes
To press and starch it informs
To hire its new platoon of soldiers
To built many cheap caskets*

*Wars gives job, it barterers
A flesh and bones with blood
A breathing body for the carcass!
An honour for the returned ones
A mass grave for the victims
unknown!
War is a business of demonic strength
None other than;*

Farzana Aqib

“Vicissitud”

*When pain strikes with the strange
arduous rhythm at the wee hours of the
night ..*

*And begins to walk parallel
With the endless azure climes and
starry skies;*

*And all with the sans pareil
of dark and bright,
Waylaying its repercussion
With those dark beguiling eyes:*

*Thus melting to that cosmic light
Which the tophet soul doth denies.
Tumbling the moon upside down
Half beguiled, half boscaged
Behind the trusses of the clouds
But when it pops onto the boughs of
palm tree..
it enters into the entire abyss of the
earth,
Pain grips like the phantom
Ocean bulges out of its shores..
How pure, is their love for each other
how distant is their billet,
How remote is this relationship
One is at the foot
Another is on the hill,*

*But there touching is so eloquent
Their kisses are warm.
their smile is so innocent
So oblivious to their own vicissitude
To Their epic calamity
As if they know nothing
but this one moment!*

Farzana Aqib

“Final Fall”

*Carving thine path Through delusion,,
Conceiving sanity from delirium ,
Retrieving righteous from the fallacy
Attaining power from deception
Staying deprived despite the
prerogative of simoleon
an insouciant shrug to the avarice
impulse,
Is the true spiritual virtue
The divinely gift of soul*

*O' rapacity of desire
O' coherent to pleonexy
You must avoid the fallen angel legacy
The lust and gluttony ..
the hankering of the devil's heart
the sins that paved the path
For the Lucifer's final fall.*

Farzana Aqib

“Solemn Night of Love”

*A pale moon of summer night
Slithering through the azure light
Descended on the desert wide
Wearing the hue of dewy lustre
Lingering above as forever
The aspens meadows
trembling with the warm fuzzies
dessert wind is stirring the quiet
whistling With high exuberance
Whispering with delight,
And I sit in the Archie pergola
With the rustling of the vines
The unknown intoxication thickens
around my eyes.*

*My heart listens the sound of breeze
That pirouettes with the tall trees..
That night of divine divulgence,
I lost my pristine inner senses
Feeling all immersed into a magical
crystal blue lake ..
With the dense shafts upon my face
From the dazzling silver moonlight..
So calm is the solemn night
So serene is the solitude..
If it's a dream it should never end
If it's a reality it should linger on.*

Farzana Aqib

“The Untold Mystery”

*On a cascading path,
Carved deep into the mountains
With dancing heathers of moorland
Neath the dense forest of random
dreams ..
I traipse often across,
Striding up to the edge of heaven
until the winking realms of starts..
descending down to earth often
With a deep dipping Solemn moon
into the blue lake's mortal depths..
Slithering down on the river course
Bending turning twisting tracks
in strange jubilant aghast ..*

*On the never ending journey
Towards the unknown dilemma
Of the untold mystery!
Seeking the random clues of life
Search the strategic secrets
Of the gargantuan universe
On the momentous existence of the
dying sienna leaves ..
Feeling the last hiccups of autumn
A first cry of spring..
An eternity of grief..
Between the birth and the death,
Somewhere in between
Finding reasons to live
and believing in me.*

Farzana Aqib

“Soon pain shall be ceased”

*It will take time
Thou shalt not .. given in despair
Destiny not seeketh thy dreams be
attained at ease!
Nor it hath any care,
If Thy plodding through the night
Hath unabated or languid!
It will take time to declare
Yet soon pain shall be ceased
by its own,
and all the hefty losses are
Forgotten forever ..*

*Time will herald its victory
Victims and heroes will be chosen,
Honours and swords will be given!
Blood stains will be washed
And Medals shalt be worn.
So between the ashes and fire
Wait and see!
Thou shalt not .. pull the trigger on the
haste!
Thou must halt for the sake of peace!*

Farzana Aqib

“I will rise from my ashes”

*My nemesis wrote me down in the
index!*

*Erased my name from the toasting
salutation,*

Washed my ink as smirching stain,

Burnt my thesis..

and my hands written master pieces,

*All my Dreams I pasted on the
ceilings*

*My foe wrote me down in the biblical
catalogues,*

*Wrapped my soul inside the pile of
Old worn paper sheets..
But still a silver fish
Caught my whiff,
My sent was mystic..
It made an ordinary junkyard
A mausoleum of some saintly soul,
My old skeleton carried the hue of
My skin ..
I still appeared as revered as an
ancient scripture's verses,
My assassin killed me with abhorrence
But mistakenly made me eternal.
Forgotten to read some indelible
prayer ...
That divine had calligraphed
On my Palmer crease,*

*Thou left me as a dying amber of
grate
And I ascended to the stratosphere
I spread like the forest fire..
I embrace the feral air ..*

Farzana Aqib

“Amethystine spirit”

*O, hushed screaming night,
Muzzle your pursed lips
Thy pain shouldn't be heard,
Ye skies are laden by the grief,
Thou roof is about to befall,
A Little pulsating nudge,
A light touch of withering heart prod
May weaken thy strongest ramparts,
Ergo, the abhorrent marathon sprint
must halt,
Calm the steaming galloping hate
Beguile the world with ye faith*

*Enchant the eyes with belle of life,
Don't be snared by ugly sights,
Inhale the zephyr, feel the mist
Instil the calmness of mystical
amethyst..*

*Wear the shadow of deep purple light
avert the perils..*

Open thy third mystic eye.

Farzana Aqib

“99”

*A majestic grandeur
settled on the chest ,
I felt prevalence of love
With lingering peace and rest
A serene phenomenon of seclusion
brooding above,
On the pinnacle of the the earthly
realm
Rroaring through the deep tidal
stream,*

*Trudging through the rugged terrains
Smudged with uncritical reverence
Tet toddling with the barefoot pace,
Heart pulls its weight and reins
Where some altar incises
Its soulmate name!*

Farzana Aqib

“A second and a century”

Full of sound and fury

An empty syllable roar twice

Drifting as a thunder doth strike

There left nothing afterwards

Yet a Quietude was forever eternal

weighty, mighty and alive!

Farzana Aqib

“Subsumed by the love”

*Many moons passed
After snow permeated Earth
And wet drenched eyes,
of sun-drenched harvest of dreams,
Wrapped in grey clouds
and me with burning ambers
And warmth of love.. survived,
Through long December nights
And short Winter days..
With the tiny spark of ye touch
That goose-bumping nudge
Still carries on,*

*I perpetuated the myth
of not believing you are gone ,
I endured that forlorn existence
With the prodding empty howls
of gusty northern winds..
Each season ended and began anew,
Until the last full moon..
When I subsumed thy soul
By holding you in my arms..
That one moment gave me
A hundred thousand years..
Though many moons ago;
Night Still carries your scents,
And sun reaped Cherry
Wears your skin
As The entire universe within
That one captive moment
is fossilised and frozen !*

Farzana Aqib

“Entirety of Life”

*You mean everything to me,
O’ the warmth of my heart
O’ the coolness of my eyes!
From a shadow of the moon
To the sun rinsed dazzling hours
Through the drifting morning azure
Within the mighty roaring typhoon
From the prodigious limitless river,
Inmost the bijou trivial room
And through the deadly blinding dark
Up till the deep cyanic sky view
And Whatever I see, in between,
You mean everything to me,*

Farzana Aqib

“Be you”

*Peel a knew you
From the depths of sunken heart
From cavernous darkness of ye eyes
Unfurl the light that long been defused
From within the soul ignite the spark,
Read all the unread love letters
You hid beneath the old piles of your
book yard..
This year or after few years
You will certainly receive a wake up
call ,
A memorabilia of undiscovered past..*

*A deep silence may stir the chronic
rage of heart..*

Wear all the colours of your azure

Drink all the springs of ye path

*Throw away the skeletons of the
deadfall thoughts*

The hurt, the fear and downfall,

*Come sit with your new peeled out
facade..*

give birth to new dreams

*Give a shuffling kiss to thou
wardrobe,*

Live once again and toast,

Offer ceremonious welcome to thyself!

Own what you are scared to own!

For once say out loud you exist!

Farzana Aqib

“Sufi mysteries of life”

*Nature writes poetry
In its own Rhyme and rhythm
No poet other than divine
be knowing the actual lyrical cadence.
Look at the pattern ..
of the deciduous redbuds’ arms
it’s fingers as if holding a pencil
To write some mystical verses
The creeping of the thyme
Isn’t it apparent as if
A calligraphic poem..
The colours of Camellia*

*Woven in an array of single,
Double, or semi circular pieces
Like the inkling of some poetess
As if music is wrapping inside its core
And being created by its own.
Listen to the sound of rain
It's beat and humming
It's thunder and claps..
As some religious hymns
A folklore tale
Making the entire earth twirl and
dance as some Sufi mystic poet.*

Farzana Aqib

“Nativity of life”

*A little crib surrounded with nativity
figures..*

Birth and it's miracles,

Suffering and its consequence

Between Life and Death

There are so many upheavals,

Still beneath the blue horizon

Life continues to builds its refuge

Its delusional home for rest,

Where the ceaseless, soaring dreams

Flies with its infinite quest

To live forever..

*As if there is a confirmed tomorrow!
And a never dying love.
In the labyrinth of his days
A Man unheard the voice of his own
breath ..
It's tiring hiss
His inner skeleton's
Pervasive growing pace,
It's jumping outside of it's cage..*

Farzana Aqib

“Bivouac of life”

*On the trudge of solemn main
In the sandy footprint trail
Dust is thou rectitude
Thirst is thine virtuosity,
The muffled rhythm of labyrinth breath
Is unspoken tune of the last hint,
That the slumber of dead soul
Must be awakened,
To learn to survive the battle
In the bivouac dwell of life..
Under the nose of firing cannons
Before the complete destruction*

*Life must emerge from the ashes
Victory shouldn't be comprised
As a coward invertebrate platoon
Moving In the skin of lamb.
Pusillanimity of man
Never goes out for Victory stand!*

Farzana Aqib

“Silence of the bells”

*A sense of sanctity
Still exists around
Altar still exudes the scent of
reverence!
Temple bells no longer
herald the sermon,
Yet a drifting hymn of silence
Still lingers on,
The deity of love is always
worshipped..*

*A heart for eternity remains as
pilgrim,
Even if the boscage covers
the hearths of the goddess
And obscurity doubts
The existence of beloved!*

Farzana Aqib

“In the dark”

Win the camaraderie of darkness

Hit the trail of darkest path

For light only born in the dark

Enlightenment emerges from behind

the dense darkened boscag

A light of Beacon is felt by sea

If ship is lost on the starless paths

From the darkest hue

and the deepest shadows,

Resilience hat learnt Its bestest art ,

Embarrassing the days

And abandoning the nights..

*Following sun ways
And avoiding nighttide
Seeking bright day
Without eventide..
O' Naive,
life wears the both sides,
Before night sun never rise!*

Farzana Aqib

“The Ultimate Dare”

Solitary yon realm

Elysian ethereal extreme

I briskly walk through

In the twilight zone of dreams

Following a dazzling trail of stars

*Crossing between the slipstream
of moons ..*

Alone I weave the silken clouds

Lonesome I spun the earthly terrain

O’ alas .. I hate the rays of sun

The clamouring noises

And morning’s advent ...

*The stirring commotion,
The forenoon and sunup
That incited me awake
Into the reality sphere ...
I was at some reverend threshold,
I was brought up to the Communion
table...
Having the taste of holy grail
Slowly sipping the zamzam,
I was about to meet my beloved!!*

Farzana Aqib

“The One Night Promenade”

*In one night promenade
I witnessed so much change
Moon slithered to many different ways
Sky wore a hue of multi palates rays
Planetoids shuffled around the earthly
landscape,
Black blue white and grey
During the one night sphere
I heard the thunder clapping miles
away..
I felt the lightning flashes very near,
I drenched in the nightly misty dew*

*A briskly air smacked my hair
A nightingale's voice
broke the silence of the woods..
A rhythmic sound of raindrops
drifted forth and through
In one night promenade
Every inch of stratosphere
tumbled into a new canvas,
that the dazzling jewels Of starry
night..
and bewitching city lights
In the mendacious ingress of daylight
All were robbed within the journey
of one night !*

Farzana Aqib

“Clique of true men”

*On the smoother side walk
Hand in hand many walk past
Yet In a sudden path swerve
We find ourselves !
In the muzzle of unknown jigsaw
puzzles,
Mirroring the world
The real image of us,
Jumping around the formidable
hurdles one after another,*

*The outer power and inner strength
The resilience of a strongest human
The stumbling block and impediments
Brings out the preponderance
In clique of expeditionary men ..*

Farzana Aqib

“It’s called mother earth”

*Earth hopes to hint some more
Concord ,
Some sigil of harmony
A leaf to leaf symphony
And rood to root camaraderie
The melody stirred out of
western winds
Hollering around our timber trees
Pirouetting within the cornfields
On the summer morning hours
And winter afternoons walks*

*It chases the old laid paths
On the snowy trails of cloven hoof,
In the mascot of the rainbow arch
It dazzles on the city skies,
Often in the rainy nights
It's settles on the barren beaches,
Its blue smacking tides callously rinse
the old samurai dust filled shoes,
In the flocks of geese it's slicing "v"
Heralding the change
in the nature's synergy,
Life silently unbolts all the doors
Letting the fluxes of the light
Caravan onto caravan arrive
It resonates within the pulse
on a personal level.*

*To sit on the same page and table
With a same plate of cuisine
It serves to each one of us..
As a mother's equanimity
As a full grown acceptance !*

Farzana Aqib

“Demilune”

*I drew thee in my world
Like the phases of the moon
As full and deep in the June,
Glistening dazzling white
Stratospheric on silver shores..
I write mystical verses
The poesy way of stories
I draw sketches on the sands
About Those broken castles of the
dreams
That the ruthless receding tides
leave behind as debris..*

*And milky mysterious enchantment of
thee ..*

In the decadent cold frenzy

Above the frozen December sky

Thy wintertimes demilune

All fading fake smiles

*Like a last quarter gauzy appearance
of the autumn night half-moon,*

My rhythm is still in thine spell

My heart casted on the rune,

What i write I don't savvy

What I don't, ye apprehend .

Farzana Aqib

“Amorous love”

*Bound each to each
With all season four
When my eyes behold
Rain with rainbows
Night with countless stars
And sun with the dazzle of desert
Autumn with its bright enchantment
And spring with its temporary state.
I wish nothing ends up here,
Without its ultimate purpose
Rainbows mustn't be fading up*

*Spring shouldn't be tarnishing its hue
Vapours of rain May
never dwindle down ...
I wish to linger on
with the piety of nature..
I wish for eternity
My heart remains in amorous love,
I wish to see divine best in its facets.*

Farzana Aqib

“Abandoned in my Skin”

*Behind the debris of squandered
hours
In the rotten plethora of dreams
Life is spinning us into its dusty wheel
Particle onto particles
Layers after layers..
threads twisted into strands
thong knotted with the rope,
already dead and choked
as the ancient mummified corpse..
without the warmth of the running
pulse...
And a ribcage Without the fluttering
heart bird,*

*Our hearts are given away
in the Sisyphean tawdry deals,
Our souls are lent on our sordid
mortgage,
Where is the nature..
the cascading rivers and fresh streams
Abundant Blossoms and wafting
breeze,
I'm far too forlorn in my solitary
inner being
More Than the cacophony of my body
Life as a stone carved goddess
of destruction,
Is pedestaled on the highest pinnacle
And the real mystical inner spirit
Is melting in the dust,
A divinely light is covered with the
darker mud,*

*And deception of the world
Falsely magnifies its worst.
Never I had ever felt to be
As that abandoned in my skin
The way this worldly mischievous
chiselled out of me!*

Farzana Aqib

“Creator”

*Immortality driven me
to the mound of dust,
I first dreadfully thought
Beneath these hummocks
of swollen earth
What eternity lay,
After sleeping under the knoll
When breathing will completely choke
And bones be broken and ruptured,
And flesh will be gnawed
by grub and maggot,*

*What eternity would there be left,
And then I saw the naked boughs of
autumn stricken tree..
Popping new leaves,
and a new birth of epilithic appeared
on the barren landscapes of stones,
After a long battle with spate
and torrents
after long spell of draughtiest storms
Life returns to Earth
From the ashes of leaden grey skies
From the hollow dead bones .*

Farzana Aqib

“Pivot”

*In all blue and grey
In the longitudinal length
And Ferried away
Across the deserts and above the
mountains..
they travel and travel
in many convoys
Farther and farther away
In thine search in thine quest
And here I lay ..
next to you, ..*

*Dwelling in my omphalos
Inside my chest nucleus
A sacred pivot of my inner chapel
Just a one breath away,
And thee is forever there.
I swear ..
oh, pilgrims of love
I don't need to go anywhere.*

Farzana Aqib

“Salt of the earth”

*Poetry dance and moonlight
Music, flowers sun and children
Few drizzles and vivid skies often
That's what i want from life in
abundance,
rest I don't lay claim,
Neither I assert any rights,
commerce, crypto and trade,
brokerage, exchanges and abundance
You may avow if you desire.*

*This worldly investments
I doth never identify.
Life is too short to ravaged
By counting the worthless
Paper money And coinage*

Farzana Aqib

“That Night”

*Beneath the green light
of that mystical night ..
Breath resonated with the deep verses
of some scared writing
of some unread Scripture undefined
like the warmth of some emanating
essence
My six sense
lit up with the whiff of some
invisible presence,*

*The feather of moon
Abruptly tore apart the grey clouds
And the quiver of the body
Drenched me with the rosy dew
The scent of unknown love
Past through..
the drift of my cascading soul
Leapt out of its confine
I felt all dead, sunken beneath the deep
hole of ravine..
But my soul returned to its aviary
again..
A hiccup jolted me upright
I knew something must have left
incomplete ..
in the line of divine,*

*That I must have to be accomplished
before the deadline..*

*Before hanging my shoes on my door,
before the next call of another
reverend night.*

Farzana Aqib

“Bonded Labour”

*At every dawn why I turn brilliant red
and orange,*

*And at every midday radiant silver
blue ..*

*and at the dusk I wear spectacular
low-sun hues,*

With autumn’s advent I die

*With winter I shun all the palates of
lights but white..*

if I’m life ..

Then what is there of my own choice.

Farzana Aqib

“Dissipating inning”

*as a dewdrop evanesces away
And a teardrop dissipates
As a dust speck
drifting through the air
What am I in real,
A delusion on the sand
A picture on the water.
Me and my existence
Passing out as a second
In the continued sequence of time.
Diminishing into the irreversible
succession of past,*

*Having no choice of present
And No future occurrence.
Yet I'm still eternal
into the ethereal realm
Where time ceases its existence
And life lost its meaning.*

Farzana Aqib

“Jealousy kills the most”

*When success knocks your door
Friends and foe begin
to speck your flaws..
closest ones take the lead
Ignorant follow the cult
Scholars and untaught
Together blemish ye art,
But Success kills them together
Like an ardent shooter
Ye boon as well as ye rival suitor*

Farzana Aqib

“Remorseless love”

*Out through the gargantuan night
Love crawls on the one side
bland and breathless
and quiescent stands still
On the other side,
In its own wilderness of peace,
The ceremonious deep night
Hold the cradle of moon
So to let it sleep tight
Upon the ascending tides
of the silver sandy shores,
A restless cacophony of ocean
Lost its composure and rest,*

*In the quivering pulse of hollowing
wind,
The wild leaping tides
seek the touch of moonlight..
up above the sky
In frisky curvet they sprang
to reach the maximum height
Cohered in the the same love
The both moon and earth
Never taste the same flavour
One remorselessly sleeps in the peace
Another remains awake in tears
Love and justice act bona fide
Madness and composure
Never opted evenly.*

Farzana Aqib

“Inner Light”

*With the inheritance of pain
And legacy of loss,
Wrapped inside the unambiguous
camouflage,
Behind a feigning indifferent smile
my eyes seldom mirror
My inner crestfallen soul*

Farzana Aqib

Alif

*A flash of azure drew my eyes
Towards the sky
And drifting trail of clouds
Grey white and black
With the Cornish muzzle
rain and hail
laden on their back..
a crisscrossing mist
Above the cascading streaming track
Beneath the sienna painted horizon..
with the vivid view of April moon
The milky haze of winter nights
Autumn stricken landscapes*

*Coca red and yellow
Capturing my eyes more
than the spring flowers
In ruin lies magnificent glory
In autumn palate divine is frozen
A mystic surrender of the nature
prevailed before the creator
In winter spiritual colourlessness
White Is worn by the earth.
When March sky embrace the Spring..
and nights of June
dazzle with the full silver moon,
And July afternoon
Exudes the melting silver of the
burning sun..
the north wind carrying
The terracotta smell
of highly soaking earth*

*And a potter baked its pottery and
bread..
the smell of freshly ground wheat
And kernel of the corn..
in every scent and every taste
of the hard laboured harvest
you exist..
I eat drinks and taste your love
I sleep and walk with you often
Yet I can't capture the wind in my eyes
And embrace the light
I can't kiss the moon
And hold the sun in my arms..
you are mine but not accessed
You exist but don't let me touch.*

Farzana Aqib

“Demonic heaven”

*The paranoia of the night
Scratches my back
Rub my eyes, Squeeze my chest,
And a dreadful day
Makes me awake
I Labour all the way
To return back to my old place
To recall the same weirdness of love
To live with my inner demon self.*

Farzana Aqib

“Pride of my faith”

*You know me, that's enough,
They don't know me
that's the upper hand over
My prayers are not my pride
My faith is my strength.
They ask my descent
My derivation and succession
Yet when I open my chest they mock
With reality I'm upfront
With delusions they are blunt
They see mirror of the world
I'm blind so straight from the shoulder
I have an eye of the soul.*

Farzana Aqib

“Cosmic Ethos”

*My lineage goes back to the soil
I own this entire earth
Yet I have my unravel
share of skies too,
The hereditary of cosmic ancestors
Still I rub stardust on my skin
I'm a speck of universe
I'm a soul on a relentless travel.*

Farzana Aqib

“Sachem of Life”

*When path is clear everyone is wise
But when boscaje blinds the eyes
And path appears obscure with no
light..*

*Only a man in the battle forlorn
Could decide,*

*One who stood long in the depth of
despair*

Larger than his life,

*The one who carries the faith
without any fear of doubt,*

When victory is close

Many new soldiers are born

*But the sachem be the one
Who led the army out of storm.
Who carried the caskets
of the martyrs
And guns of the braves..
those are the hero unraveled
And masters of the game.*

Farzana Aqib

“Alif Allah”

*A simple vertical stroke
sheathe the entire universe
Carry the humongous weight
of holy nobility
the wholesome of revered verses,
If marked on the empty canvas
It dazzles with the whole entirety
Turning the ordinary paper sheet
into a holy scripture..
like a blood on the cross
As a cure of holy grail
A simple vertical stroke
Carries an entire spiritual trail*

*One Alphabetic entity wearing
A Woollen cap of suff
Immersed deep into the divinely
essence of love
Rotates in circles ..
giving glory to the ink and brush
Just one alphabet “Alif”
Goes beyond the woollen cap of suff
And long whirling white shirt..
It pirouette and spirals
On the burning earth
It’s pinwheeling arms
It’s long open cuff
Contains the million of stars
And hundreds of cosmic twirls*

Farzana Aqib

“Fana-fi-Allah”

*A Melting Point of love
Like a frozen glacier dissipating
into the gargantuan ocean ..
and drifting mist becoming a rain drop
To fall into the thirsty mouth
of a barren shell
Where soul is unhitched from the
bodily desires
And heavenly quest
Is ignominious for the seekers
Where Inferno of hell
Cast no dreadful spell..*

*And inner demons are pulverised
By the faith ..
And death is perceived as
eternal annihilation
In Allah..
And the last breath seek
divine invocation
A state of conscious disownment
Of world..
they call him infidel
The apostate
But in eyes of the seeker of this path
It's a refuge in God.
Which is the only thing they ask.*

Farzana Aqib

“Smell of cheap cigarettes”

*Now it's time to prevail a hushed
silence ..*

A time for standing ovations,

It's the freedom slot

to speak for all ..

if you have an intellectual dare..

we are primed here

We are all eager to hear

What you ever wish to say,

Every mouthpiece has been shut

But yours is not unplugged

Every book is closed

*Yet a bookmark is on ye chapter
The blackboard on the wall of hall
is erased from the ugly remarks
But thine pen is profusely refilled
With the red indelible ink
It's time to write your own verses
Your own dynamic script
The blinking tube lights are replaced
the old coughing critics
Are hauled out of hall,
The laughing pseudo jokers
are Sent to rusty press club's bar,
to nibble on the tea
and yellow cake rusk
the smell of old tobacco*

*And buds of cheap cigarettes
And the ugly red pan spitting
All have been cleansed
Now stage is set for ye
May your white scented scarf
And unbiased thoughts
Give the old dying literature
A new hope and path
May you bring the
wafting unpopulated air
inside the walled courtyard..
Into the stinky brains of
old letters mafias ..
Those who with their black thickened
lungs
puffing the black smoke's cloud*

*Like the old dying engine of
50s model bus
They could only spit blood
of their deep settled hatred.
On all the new budding stuffs
May you dare with pen
Write the new syllabus
The way no one had ever done.*

Farzana Aqib

“A letter to Maya Anglo”

*Thee knew why cage bird sings
With a fearful thrill
For the things unknown
And I know why poetry slithers
Out of the grip of the pen
Like the mercury beads rolling
On the palm of the hands..
like the drop of rain crawling,
grovelling on the earth..
like the ascending of the tides
On the full moon nights
For a caged soul wanders
For the things unknown..
For the world unseen*

*Still longing for the distant world
Far from the ethereal realm
Sending messages to the mighty
extremes..*

*Yearning in dismay
wishing his words someday
wear the feathers of the free birds
and emulate the thrilling voice
of many caged warblers,
May someday his beloved opens
the doors..
and free the soul
he long held ceased .*

Farzana Aqib

“Pursuit of happiness”

*Peace drifts through the silent caves
Of the soul,
deep, forlorn and alone,
Though heart burns with its own
inferno..
with the fury of its flames,
Where Earth with all its scares
And pierced chest
Is fidgeting inside the graves,
The solitude of the soul is blest
Only it knows the way to solace*

*For its pure without any guilt of crime,
When desire of the world enslaves,
The incarnated hearts,
And placidity is bartered,
Restive remains the covetous
And deeply sleeps the forsaken.*

Farzana Aqib

“Still we dare speak”

*Dreaming of peace in the after hours
And wagging wars at cockcrow
Chasing salvation unflaggingly
And Closing borders during chaos
Speaking of freedom
Yet Raising prison's walls
Feeding to the Carinate cranes
And clipping their feathers
still we carry mirrors
Still we dare speak.
Still we dare dream,*

Farzana Aqib

“Vainglory”

*Laid on the sands I lapsed away
Receding back and forth
With the tidal reverer ..
how ocean rubs it's ego on the earth
How the gargantua water prostrate
With deep surrender..
only vainglorious man bows never
His infallibility impairs his faith
His pride snitches away his heaven
Neither he remains as a speck of dust
Nor he could ascend to the throne.
Between spherical realm*

*And demonic purgatory
He remains dithered forever
Like a hollow piece of a fallen tree.
That was never been chosen
to be chiselled by the sculptor,
Only kept for the fire flare,
That air and earth both disown*

Farzana Aqib

“One Turn”

*Meet triumph and disaster
The two impostor ..
as two sides of the same coin
Life is just a one turn
of pitch-and -toss..
win and loss ..
carries the same clause*

Farzana Aqib

“Corroborate witness”

*Through gravel and grit
When night is all dark pitched
And you envision what is inside it
the last candle of the altar is
already lit ..
In the blind Abby of some ruined
convent ..
a smell of holy smoke still exists
Long shadows of oaks
Still clinging to the walls
Few pigeons are humming from behind
the ceiling arc..
And amidst dust and debris
I stand still..*

*Still feeling brave and tall..
places of holy glory never gets ruined
Holy water remains in eyes
Holy candles are always lit in the
heart
When old shepherd suggested
Treasures are in the debris
of the old church ..
he witnessed the corroborate,
Treasure are often buried
in the ruins of empty eyes..
and kept in the silent graves
of the myrtles of the other side,
Who raised the revered wall
And built the temples in their hearts.*

Farzana Aqib

“Perfections”

*Half impaired and nameless
All abashed with the tint of grace
All naked but without face,
A hull without figurehead
A physique without skeleton
All with the best of the both worlds
With the ethos of dark and light
A soul whose love is innocent
Derives eternity from the both sides.*

Farzana Aqib

“Resurrection of dreams”

*Your voice awaken me
from the depths of cavernous silence ..
from the unknown places..
Each morning I open my eyes into a
new dream light,
Each night I burn the old flames
of my defunct past..
I keep my furnace alive ..
I sipped the eternity
of thy promise ..*

*I know I'm in a trance of some
phenomenal resurrection,
I know I'm a phenix
That will rises someday
from my own ashes.*

Farzana Aqib

“Traveler of the heart”

*Unexpected visitors,
Travellers of distant places
Sometimes bring strange surprises ..
They leave though early...
But leave behind an unforgettable legacy.
That forever pinches the heart ..
Throughout the life journey.*

Farzana Aqib

“On Contary”

*Forgetting you is
The Healing of the wounds,
But lesioning of the soul.
It incapacitating my creative will..
My heart In the whole.*

Farzana Aqib

“Baggage of love”

*Let's meet again
For the last time
To exchange our baggages
To return all the trophies
All the prizes
All the names
And All the pains
Which you took mistakenly
And I kept intentionally.*

Farzana Aqib

“Worthy of Honour”

Remorseful days

Ohh nay..

I shall never say,

If they possibly hit somewhere

I shall break in the cloud

Standing on the sanguine side

looking at the crimson orange

Blue and grey stripes

the ancient lyres of sky

It's canary coloured awning

Which did never in a million years

Faded to fraying,

and life enrichment in its hundreds

*Vivacious stories
Yet to be settled and narrated
A millions Lessons Learned or may
Not even unveiled yet..
And a hundred unforgettable moments ..
Still awaiting behind the eyes
To be revealed..
remorse could never be enough to make
this aghast regality
This great journey
Feel Devaluing its majesty ,
I shall always place the trophy
of this unbelievable life high..
that I won with my first breath
On this planetary air..
on the pinnacle of my highest reverence..*

*This gift shall never be disfavoured
In anyways,
I will be return it with a gratitude
From a thankful recipient.
With my best written comments.*

Farzana Aqib

“Please Disembark”

Sifting through so many memories

Weigh of my raft increasing

I'm sinking though..

Come to disembark me off thy love

My Sinking raft..

Couldn't carry much load,

go float into your own blue oceans

Bid me farewell ohh reminiscences

Of my past..

Ohh my beloved's hefty cache

let me sail with my white flags

I ended my inner war long ago.

Please bid farewell, please go.

Farzana Aqib

“Black hole of eternity”

*Sweat tears and blood
Look whose face is marred by the dust
Who's striving vehemently
Who's having a million cuts
Chiselled on his chest..
among millions of pretentious
That one face must be
your unfeigned love*

Farzana Aqib

“Hollow minds”

*Come short, err on
stand again ..*

*At least you are striving to be
in the game*

*At least you are seeking
some worthy cause..*

your pursuit is not insane

Thy aim aren't quotidian

Don't look at them and listen

the finger pointing critics

With Fault finding eyes

And their Demoralising brain

At least you are the one

*Who is facing the consequences valiantly
than them*

*You are the hero of your own war
If you win you are king
If you die you are martyr
Where your arrow falls
Your gallantry rise above all
You know the truth of being humiliated
And honour of being victorious
You are the far better off than
the empty shells of oceans
Who are good for nothing
But for hollow whistling..*

Farzana Aqib

“Voyage”

*I'm the captain of my ship
Be it a storm or iceberg streak
I'm the voyager of my nights
Be it laden with galaxies
Or cavernous like the blind eyes
I'm the bellwether doyen
I'm the captain..
I can't cavil or rebel
I can't turn my wheel backwards
Like a resilient caravel
I must proceed ahead
Fighting with the bad weather*

*I can't forecast a misfortune
I can't deny the storms..
I'm there to face the sun and the moon
The tidal wrath or the smoother wind
I can't blabber, I can't refuse..
I shall split the chest of mighty lagoon,
If I reach my shores before the dawn
If I anchored my ship prior to storm
I will be honoured by swords
And if I sunk by my shallow destiny oars..
I will be remembered as the sailor
Of the doom.
As coxswain of the odyssey
A brave explorer of the life.
Who will always sleep in the
depths of the waters
in the arms of gargantuan sea.*

Farzana Aqib

“Destiny Endowment”

*Every breath is welcomed with amenity..
Every step is rewarded by frill
Each sip is milk and honey
Every morsel is served on
pearl and gold ashet
After the the tiring endeavours
And a recklessly trudged path
The destiny endowed with geniality
It's warmth turned out to be a
best comradeship,
The host is unseen
But his generosity is seen.*

Farzana Aqib