

Sorcery Of Love

(English Poetry)

Farzana Aqib

Nastalique Publications

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Sorcery of Love

(English Poetry)

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Farzana Aqib

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I Dedicate

*My poetry to the dreamers,
The... believers,
and the ones who never give up.*

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 Venegar 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)*
64- *Cacophonous dance of heart (English Poetry)*
65- *A captive of love (English Poetry)*
66- *Blue Moon of august (English Poetry)*
67- *A long forgotten story (English Poetry)*
68- *Tenacious grip of love. (English Poetry)*
69- *Love wears no face (English Poetry)*
70- *Like a wet soil*
71- *Love to the dust ascend to the sky*
72- *Soaked in Ink*
73- *Don't let him say good bye*
74- *Lord of my soil*
75- *Listen to my unsaid*
76- *A two hearts glory*
77- *Sweat, blood and salt hail the valiant hearts*



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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.

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)

If this poem of Farzana Aqib “seeker of truth” is ever rewritten and expanded, one should consider including a through and expansive bibliography.

Might benefit the American reader.

Nasira Javed Iqbal

(Justice retired)

I’m waiting for you to make the 100 books of English poetry record in the world!

So proud of you Farzan Aqib

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

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 Hadayat Ullah
(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 Chicolati Mickey Mouse n little Man. MashAllah after a long time we have u. Stay blessed always. Aameen

“Custodian of love”

*A heart remains the same
As a nonpareil paragon
Yet a custodian of its tomb
Is Changed recurrently
The hereditary turban
wears the chosen one,
Who knows the inviolability of its
rituals
And tradition of its sacrosanctity;*

*Heart is consecrated as a place of
worship, ...*

*It can't let the Trojan Horse
To enter the Troy,
To use the clever subterfuge
And steal the deity ;*

Farzana Aqib

“Witnessed”

*When on the stage of the world
dramatis personae characters
With their wild and untamed nature
Haunt you With their sharpened teeth
And their beast clawed spells
Crucify thee on cross,
When their cold words
Stab your heart
And prick your soul
When your truth is maligned
With their fake overment
With their dido antic;*

*I wish to revert as a
legendary knight of equal might
But I can't lex talionis this fight
I can't mutilate Any heart
I can't demolish any place
Where God may
Visit One day
and see ...
The atrocious hecatomb
of his paragon of clay;
Where his nib may stand witness,
May it write some statement
Some verdicts ...
Some testimony ..
Which no one could ever erase
A divinely imposed penance,*

*Where Nothing inadvertently
be made,
Be it an act of micro benevolence
Or a faux pas sense of offence*

Farzana Aqib

“Metamorphosed love”

*And finally that moment moved past..
The pain calmed in the heart,
My dead sorrowed soul
Breathed hot and fast,
With the warming touch of
Blue sun shaft
Autumn left my alter.
Dead pale turf of gloom
Played the green light Trumpet,
Over the heavenly lyre
It cast,*

*Long gone butterflies returned from
their exile*

*I heard the coo of the cuckoos
the song of the nightingale,
and meadowlarks,*

*I stood there in my darkest attic,
Lightning up the candles,
Exuding the warmth of mystic scent,
Today I felt like parring off
my old self,*

*I had suffered enough,
Into the freezing ice and rain
Anew me must be born again!!*

*I shuffled my closet
To wear a new attire
I fluttered my new wings
Across to the blooming trees
in the sapphire of blue lagoon*

*I must dive,
A new women in me
Is Filling me with its hive,
My cursedest soul retrieved alive,
I shunned my old feathers
With the spell of my resilient magic
stick,
I grew a new beak
I wore the adumbration of the
rainbow, on my cheek,
The foreshadowing of the roses,
I painted as lipstick ...
Like the elderly eagle
When it takes the second flight,
I flew and flew high,
I'm happy
I'm roistering
Whooping my feet up*

*I thanks to my chain
My pricks and my poacher
If this atrocity of the pain
Hadn't inflicted,
A Testament hadn't been witnessed,
A recompense hadn't been retrieved,
I haven't been feeling the way
I'm feeling today.
Abundance percolates through the
veins ..
When pain digs enough void to retain*

Farzana Aqib

“Wound”

Go more closer

See what you hadn't before,

A miracle into the scar

a deep chiselled art.

Into a wound,

A heavenly chasm

A drizzling luminosity shaft.

In the darkest moonless nights

Through this hindmost postern,

*A column of unknown light
Emerging from the Beacon.
Healing the dead hope
As a dervish leaps into it's trance
Drifting like a rings of smoke.
meandering to the places unknown..*

Farzana Aqib

“Gallantry of praise”

*vouchsafe a moxie upon me
A thought and thew"
to write about you,
A gallantry like that of paladin,
A mystic marvel stardom
My ink is not appropriate
My bibliotheca
is far to be accurate,
My nib is not buffed
My sheets are old and ruff
I have no place to honorific thee
narrative,*

*My poetry is rustic Without rhythm
My prose is homespun
Give esteem to my pen
In the line of homage,
For I desire to panegyryze thee;
I want to rave over your glory
I wish to proclaim a dream
what I'm actually not worthy to be
O' Lord vouchsafe a moxie upon me*

Farzana Aqib

“Desire”

*How inferior is a desire
of heart,
It picks out the gimcrack
From a Baccarat crystal rack
It seeks the dime a dozen
It sulks for the cheapjack*

Farzana Aqib

“Morning ritual”

*Sprinkle hope on every heart
Like a morning light on every niche
Smile like a North Star
A little grin on the lips
A little shine in the eyes
May Brighten up
someone’s life.*

Farzana Aqib

“Face the wall”

*Dare to grasp the pain
Adorn your scars on the face
Carry thy stain as reward
Lick thy wounds of heart
Heal your bruising soul
With a courage to implore
One who avoid wars
And never dare to endure
Timidly be chained in his slavish
thoughts
halting the scaling
Of ancient prison rampart
A gallantry conqueror
Thou be never called*

Farzana Aqib

“Ostracizing”

*An enchantment of
Love and grief
I discard from my list of beliefs,
I rather disembark on some
abandoned reef
Of some desolate sea
I broke the falsehood spell
Of storm stricken yellow leaf,
I gave my soul a befitting relief;
The avid compassion of love
A brewing desire to be loved
The ecstasy of dream*

*And the truth of unsettling
Reality,
I chose unseen dilemmas
Over the deceiving tricks of
Being someone's friend
Or foe;
I'm rising up the ladder of clouds,
Away from the rains and thundering
strikes
Like a gallantry rise of the the Royal
hawk
Alone and solitary
Be it a higher peaks of mountains,
Or highest flight above the horizon,
I can't imagine
specking and snatching,
with crows and pigeons;*

Farzana Aqib

“In love”

*You and me
Our love and destiny
Imperious in desire
Desperate in pursuit
Like a day and night
So parallel and align
Always chasing
On the same affix design
But never be borne
at the same time!!*

Farzana Aqib

“Hold on”

*Give pearls, dime and rubies
To the traveler's of northern southern
seas,
But never give your dreams
To any one of these;
Give shelter food and water
But keep your will free
Pretentious the world may be
A hundred Traps scattered there would
be;
Wait and see,
This world's ugly same repartee.*

Farzana Aqib

“Endless pain and rue”

*love isn't always true,
You just wouldn't have a clue,
It's a bed of fire ..
you shouldn't walk through,
There are many faces
And many gimmicks under this sky
blue;
You never see what next
it might do,*

*Thy trust can't be gifted to any devoted
needy crew
For the Endless pain and rue
Blind love and blind faith
Is a childish thing to do.*

Farzana Aqib

“A Silver Moon”

*Melted copper days
Dribbling dawn from the sun
Slithering away here and there,
Coating sheaf of wheat amber;
Painting rice hull gold and pale
And at the yellowish vistas
Of horizon
I'm gazing off,
the vivacious spirited trail,
Into the cavernous hue of night,
The coal of dark sky
drilling down the earthly surface*

*The receding and rising
Tidal Music could only be snapped
and heard,
The silver of moon displays
its luminous soothing lustre
In brightest Shape and face
On the mystic oceanic surface ..
on the dancing tidal waves,
Between the day advent
And nighty bidding goodbye phrase
I see the miracles of the
Magical arts,
The strokes of my unseen creator's
craft,
Which Never evades and halt,
The work on its canvas
never seemed done ;*

*Every breath heave a fresh scent,
Every bough and bud
burst into an infinite touch
Pink, red and blue
Like the cluster of butterflies fluttering
through ..
Into many palettes and hues
And the rainbows arched magic
casting around its spells,
Like Winter wears it white drapes
And autumn carotenoids its blaze
forth,
splash, dash and panache.
Amber, orange, Auburn,
Giving rise to the mystic pigment.
Shades of nature never dies
With each twist of time*

*Painter enhances
its levels of work.
And relentless Miracles
Are adorned onto the glory of earth ;*

Farzana Aqib

“The Vanilla sky”

*Never let an ink stain your folio,
Or any ugly word smudge your blank
sheets of soul*

*Let the pen of divine-will
Write an infinite narrative
of overflowing fill,
Let thy Lord write thy title,
And until,
Thee touch the pinnacle
Up above the vanilla foothill*

*Parallel to the North Star
into the blue horizon, enraptured with
the heavens,
From the homespun,
dreary ho-hum.
Let the divine communion begin
A God planning must take win;*

Farzana Aqib

“Granule”

*In one grain
The whole universe is wrapped,
In one seed a miracle of the creation is
packed.*

*A little speck
A tiny bit of drop
A scant grist,
Tell us the story of great creation,
Gargantuan skyline*

*And endless ocean
Are lessers astonishing
Than the journey of the
granule,
and the wholeness of the modicum.*

Farzana Aqib

“Unforgivable”

*Something cracks inside me
when I laugh ...*

*A flame turns rumbustious
With a tiny teardrop*

Farzana Aqib

“Midas touch of love”

*All rugged
Barren and rough
Like an ordinary stone
Hung above the earth
Moon was nothing
Without a Midas touch
of beloved's plenary love
Fractional or complete
It was inutile orby
But when Sun kisses it's forehead,
It turns into celestial body
so mysteriously striking
so knock for six heavenly .*

Farzana Aqib

“A Poetic Quotation”

*The warmth of the book is the only
peace,
you can offer to your fretful mind,
otherwise the hullabaloo of the digital
age, is gradually nibbling on your
soul,
speck after speck its gnawing away
your life, leaving behind the hollow
skeleton of disparity and fakery;*

Farzana Aqib

“Handle with caution”

*A charred existence
And ceded desire
The flames of love
Extinguish it's fire
If not fuelled by the true sacrifice.
Animosity and annoyance
endearment and inclination
Both breath the same air
Carry the same energy*

*Yet one wayward storm
One ugly word and sentence
And One relentless wafting wrath,
Drift apart the entire journey's Path,
Burns out the whole jungle
into ash and trash.*

Farzana Aqib

“A lat dance”

*Knowingly or unknowingly
Intentionally or otherwise
Often we kill our own precious things,
that we most desire;
Sometimes with the dread
of disseize,
With our bond-slave of heart,
And under the casting shadows that
looms
A deep dark fear
of losing a bit of its part,
With the wounded cowardice of ours,
Sometimes with the showcase of
success*

*When it's preened to start,
With the flaunting, boasting inferior
art,
Often by chiselling wounds
On souls,
With the fake
enchantments of love,
A moth's final twisting around the fire,
A last dance of disparity
That could never last.*

Farzana Aqib

“The only hint of Salvation”

*Forgotten and forsaken,
Is the destiny for the chosen,
A doorway to the truth
A pathway to redemption
The only hint of salvation,
As dervish dances away
the pain of separation,
It celebrates the desolation
With its bleeding soles
And empty hands ..
Leaving behind the false indulgence.*

*A sermon of the monks
A message From the oblate
A drifting voice of talapoin*

*All are Binding the silence and
religieux
Linking the seclusion with ultimate
celebration ..
into the divine propinquity of
Meditation ..
The unchaperoned hearts are often ...
seraphically shaped and taken
Into the realm of ethereal heavens,
The More solus Is their night
The more serene their soul awaken ..
when ruthless wind stirs around..*

*The yellow abundance is horrifically
shaken*

Bough be relieved

Autumn will leave

A burden is off from the heavy-Laden

Farzana Aqib

“Someone not like us”

*Make or break
What difference would it make,
Like a frozen lake,
At the advent of the first summer ray
Is ultimately melt and break,
On the brighter side of planet
Life is hustling awake
On the darkest part of the sphere
The spectrum tussles with ache
Life goes on and on
for its own good sake
The more you are lagging behind,
Away from the busy rat race*

*The more closer you are pushed
towards the top divinity place ..
the herds of sheep
The flocks of birds
The throngs of human race
Deviates thy pursuit
Alter the path of thy race ..
the empty cup of devout's heart,
never tolled for rake
Never mind abandoning
Never seems forsake
into every lonely face
In Each dervish's outcast shack
The presence of divine
Reflects with grace*

Farzana Aqib

“Setting down”

*Rising sun and you
How similar you both are,
Setting dusk and moon
Forlorn amongst the stars
congruent to the blues
of my deep scars.*

Farzana Aqib

“Sun Returns Alive”

A smile so vivid

A scare so deep

A thorn so prickly

A rose so graphic

Lilly grows in the stagnant ponds...

Diamond formed in coal

Buried in the debris of night

Sun returns alive.

Hope and disparity travels

Parallel, side by side.

Farzana Aqib

“One story line”

One side of the story

Is yours,

Other side of the chapter

Is me,

Yet the book is same

Title is one,

Where you begin

I end....

Farzana Aqib

“Drift apart”

*Your desire is to keep the butterflies in
your grasp*

*To feel their colours
falling on your palm,*

*My journey is to rescue the fallen
wings,*

And broken arms,

To open the doors of ancient cages.

To calm the hunters' outrages,

O' my sweetheart,

A poacher and a bird

Never share the same world.

Farzana Aqib

“Museum of the books”

*Books are also a silent Museum Of
broken hearts*

Some Forgotten histories

Some Waged wars

Some fictional characters

Some real stars,

*Books are also the silent Museum's of
heart,*

Let's fetch your curiosity

Let's sit in its silence

Feeling the talking

with the walls

*Let's explore its ledge
It's Rack and stands,
Words after words
Shaft after shaft
It's art and craft,
To unearth few stories
To mark few paragraphs
To see some artisanship
To touch few stones
Few Metals pots,
And Ibn Battuta raft
Few maps and binoculars
From the voyage of past,
To capture the essence
Its sculptural collection
The ancient civilisations
Let's visit the old domes
of the books,*

*Let's explore its roots
It's actual legends
Let's see who left what
On its shelves.
Let's read all
the manuscripts,
The complete drafts
The covers and the
other hidden gems
It's Religious and poetic versions ...,
Let's feel the pain and profundity of
the love,
Let's wear the shoes of the writers;
Let's be wrapped into
the colours of the ancient posters,
Let's drink the ink of the poets.
Let's be dramatic
Let's be genuine.*

Let's be mysterious
Let's be honest.
This is the pilgrimage
Of the writers and poets.

Farzana Aqib

“The moment of your goodbye”

*The deep impression
on the pillow,
the carter of your head,
Left on my bed,
The scent of your body
Still soaking the sheets
And yours wafting breathe
Still wake me from sleep
You crept silently in
You tiptoed out unnoticed
Yet your afreet
dances around the moon,*

*The demon of your memory
Sings aloud in the clouds
All night I keep a bonfire alive..
With few overlooked moments
Few overflowing promises
And Some revised dreams
Some rotten roses
Some empty wine glasses
Clinks as rattling chimes' with deep
mystical sounds
I keep blowing up the flames
Thinking vainly insane
May the frozen carcass of your love..
be warmed again..
May one night before
All the demons arrive,
And before the sunrise
pulls aside
the dark drape of night,*

*May before the amber of flames,
turn all grey..
you pull thy reins
and say..
I am back my love
I survived...
I returned from the valley of
Tracherous imprecise
I'm the same old lover bonafide.
the real McCoy.*

Farzana Aqib

“I still believe in love”

*I'm ruthlessly stabbed
and bamboozled,
I'm bitten by everyone
Honesty; I ain't never seen none..
Yet I still believe in love .*

Farzana Aqib

“Unmatched Frenzy”

*All the fears are kept in mind
For that one fear of mislay
All the uncertainty is about
If he may go astray
When beloved is lost
No burden is on chest
No fear is left.
Latch is unlocked
Door is all ajar
Altar is overtly kept
Soul had left the cage
Heart seeking escape from the cage.
when beloved is not in the sight,
What's the insanity for,*

*Why this delirium is prevalent,
Why is this self distorting fight ...
Why are these anklets tingling..
What for these drummers striking ...
Why are my feet dancing ..
None top..
ohh beloved don't leave
Come back in my heart.*

Farzana Aqib

“Depollute”

*Sip the endearment in
Swallow the Spirit of solicitude,
Warmth of yearning must ooze,
Only love should exist
Inside thee,
Rest of the pride shouldn't exude.*

Farzana Aqib

“Forget me not”

*From the thousands moons
By the thought,
No longer in desperate foliage caught,
In the autumn of life
When every hope stinks to rot.
Journey of decades
In Blustering brewing hot,
When such a passion brought...
You see me or not
You open the doors or not
My love begets hope
I will die on thy altar
I will procure my spot
I will never vacate this slot*

Farzana Aqib

“Forgiveness”

*Those sulking after sundering,
With deep grieving rupture,
With the pain of separation from thee..
Thanks for returning thine gazing ...
Thanks for the grin,
Thanks for the bestowing
A life on the dying .*

Farzana Aqib

“Caucus”

*Follow the rules of the world
Follow the dictates of the tradition ...
Do as it's been told
Execute as it's always been done
Forget me ruthlessly my beloved
As per principle of the deception.
Thy Betrayal
won't be called betraying,
Thy Deceive won't be written
As Deceiving,
You will be called faithful
The true believer of the
Conventional ritual,*

*Love without deception
Heart without scar
Beloved without mischief
Never been acceptable,
Into the lover's beguiling genus.
Never been entertained
Into the magalogue
of the hoodwinking caucus.*

Farzana Aqib

“Stayless stealthy”

*Between physicality
And phantom of reality
Life and death are one
split personality,
What had occurred
What would be,
In this stayless stealthy
No one exists actually
Only a feel of unknown possibly...
An existence of a mighty, powerful
deity...
The domain of nature*

*Slaves every breath
Every heart is chained
Every beat is cuffed
Even that one thing
Which is called soul
And belongs to thee
Is also kept into the coffin
of mortal body
Tightly locked not left free*

Farzana Aqib

“Apostrophe of life”

A hint of being alive

A circle of life

As if only a mark of apostrophe,

A selection all random.

Like a moth birth

A dance of butterfly

Around the flame,

So abrupt so short term

One blink happening

And other blink ends

One breath happy

Another filled in with

Ultimate desperandum

*Why to flaunt
Why to flutter
Why to show all the skanking tantrums
You and me are as painting on the wall
A writings on the water
No one be called
Absolute handsome
Behind the face of reality
There's hiding another mask,
another phantom ..
With every inception
There is a seal of agreement
Life has to end.
Either with hatred displays
Or With heartfelt endearment.*

Farzana Aqib

“Last date on Calendar”

*In the darkest times
Of the year.
I wheeze..
Desolation is choking my
Throat with both hands,
Under the moonless sky
And no other planet near,
Only breath is a sound
To shield me from fear,
The frozen lake ..
And snowfields arena
The tired horse and the reindeers,
I know it's the night of facility's ...
That changes the date on
Callander ..*

*It's the last day of the year
It's the last harbinger of new year,
I burned some wood
I made some fire...
I played my flute
I changed my wet attire
I celebrated my solitude with
Unknown happy glare.
With the change of date
In the diary..
I promised to relive
While gazing at the light of amber,
With deep burning stare
In the days of strife,
To not let the misery devour my
remaining life,
I promised to cut of the trails
Of past*

The long gone departed sight..
With my own resilience
With my own carved knife..
I know it's a new year night
I know tomorrow sun will emerge
more vividly bright.
I have to wait until dawn arrives.

Farzana Aqib

“The gloom of fleeting year”

*With the gloom of the fleeting year,
And the pleasure of the rising sun ..
heart endures the departure of thee,
How like the yesteryear
My journey hath been
What shades of sienna
The dying fallen leaves
I wore like a dry reed
What white drape of snow I wore
What dark woods I have seen,
With the gloom of fleeting year,
the barrenness of the last winter
With the shadows of the teaming
autumn*

*licking the fields of turfs
and trees
With its lustrous devouring
Inch by inch deeper in
Second by second increase
Heart endures the
departure of thee,
Like a last star on the sky
The hushed stillness of the night
And the dreaded voices of the birds,
Some assumed unseen is
Creeping in from the skies
Jumping out from the tidal waves of
sea,
With the gloom of the fleeting year
Someone is waiting for the last whistle
of the crossing train ...
May on the last days of the season..*

*It brings in the news
of lost And deceased..
the war is over or not yet
The bodies of the myrtles
Needs the last warmth
Of the amber flames
Which gleams in the eyes
Of the long left widow..
the last touch of hands
The last frozen kiss of kids
Before the tingling bells of
Christmas ...*

Farzana Aqib

“One way to go”

*Silence in itself confounded,
Commune and hush grown together,
Both are either
Prevalent or hidden
Breathing together
repudiate neither,
United so sanguinely
entwined and compounded
Whereas love formed this threne
Between sky and earth
From Ditch to horizon above
To the Carcass nibbling vultures
To the peace loving Dove,*

*Love is prevailed and in-gripped
within..
amongst Sky earth and trench..
A triangular sphere
Perfectly fitting to their divine scene:
Silence still remains serene.
It's a commune between
Seen and unseen.*

Farzana Aqib

“A million years of dream”

*Like a moth twisting ... wandering ..
over the flame
A poetic tale was gathering
in my mind,
Few lyrics few dreams and
Rhythmic words of rhythm
The way dreams wear the body
And thoughts wear the garb
I saw some fleeting flash in the middle
of the night
I remembered the light
and it's scented waft,*

*Sneezing running laughing
In the line of mystery
Growing together..
in the flavour of love
Drenching together
In the rain of quest
We all, my dream,
my thoughts and my reality
All sat up late until dawn
Whitewashed the zenith
And the North Star left
the-mark of its presence
I weaved through stars and dews..
pearls and flowers
A hundred thousand thoughts ...
Into one realm of night
I made hundreds strings of songs ..
A million years of dreams*

*Into one sold artifact
Into one solid manuscript
The poetic narrative of a poet,
A collection of poems
A collage of artistry
A volume of mystery
Those few hours of silent night
Gave me the treasures
of the one gifted mind.*

Farzana Aqib

“A strange love bind”

*Few love stories make you cry...
Some bring tears in the eye
Mine is written with connoisseur touch
of miracles
betwixt Laughter and joy
My beloved lives forever,
My comrade never dies.*

Farzana Aqib

“Lemon and vinegar”

*In the silent promenade
At the dawn ...
When half the earth still wears the
drapes of sleep
Parallel to the ambling sea
I walk around the beach
The tidal waves of water
Gleams like the melted snow
No one swam in the cold
Only seagulls dive deep
and go ..
transparent water
wears the strokes of blue..*

*The vivid sky sprinkles its hue
With The sparkling morning dew
And diamonds crystal
water beads
Slithering on the leaves of trees ...
like millions of Pearls
popped out of their shells
The wide metallic plate of horizon
gradually grew
glaring white ..
and I abruptly thought Of you
behind the skyscrapers of big city
towns ...
Saying, "Who would ever have thought
we will live
So faked up
in the zigzagging broadening streets of
cities ...*

*Forgetting the truth
The whole scenic spread
of the reality displays
Entwined, entangled
Inter-twisted ..
Tussled with day to day
Unnecessary burden..
the immortal souls
And mortal bodies
Carrying the powers so temporarily
owned..
We have never thought..
we would make humans history
So fragile as paper boat
Titanic sank
so would all the world in a blink..
Crossing the brilliant
Seashore I thought...*

*Crossing few pedestrians
and cyclamen,
Day illuminates with bang,
The hustle of the day
Begins to rise ...
drifting all the sides
With the shifting angle
over the earth and the blue
The dancing butterflies
Wafted away
Making their wings
skedaddle the way
I saw you in the sour prison
Through my imagination
In the dim light of your room,
Still wishing for the day
not to cross your curtain..
how unfortunate is this spell this make
shift world ...*

*How eternal is the eternity of the
universe “
If live by the principles of the nature
be led,
Now as I turn my gaze
The Day is long settled
Miracle happens few hours earlier
at every new dawn anyways,
“good night my comrades
My friend ..
sleep tight..
Until you can,
With your own alibi
You can't cope with
the miracles of the real life.*

Farzana Aqib

“Crucification”

*A Nail of love
A sip of poison
A crusade of heart
For thee i gave
My Breath, My all
My blood, my skin
My impulse, My dream,
And whatever I had
As long kept treasures
A deep secret within*

Farzana Aqib

“25th December”

*A crucifying to rebirth
From cross and convulse
To the highest spherical worth
A Great miracle of birth
Happened on the earth*

Farzana Aqib

“Q for Quaid”

He came he saw

He fetched

A peace, A congruence

A name and honour

For us...

A piece of land

A home on the eastern side of earth ...

A terra firma to rest

A Nation the best

amongst the bestest.

Farzana Aqib

“The greats of the world”

*Do you feel repentant sometimes ...
Or you remain the obstinate
As a pertinacious mule..
Let me tell the plunderers of the earth
who dictates and rule
To the ostensible august
and avowed greats ..
The lover of death
the ravenous of blood
The lust and creed
To the supremo monocrat
who reined and chained
The entire universe,
Who slave and slain
the purported enemies,*

*That there is actually
no enemy*

*There is exactly
no opponent ...*

There are only oppressed men

Whom we call human

This planet is designed

In the Adam's name

for all the Saints

and demons insane

Not for the specific

pedigree or clan

*There is no nation greater and better
than the*

Rest of other nations..

*There are no flags higher than the
dignity of man*

There are no big bosses

No leaders no prodigious

No phenomenon..

*Only human ..
Resilient, silent
Peaceful creations
There is no one extramundane..
no one by definition
unearthly Herculean
Even is the earth
And equal is the world
Take the light from the sun
And peace from the moon
Voice from the wind
And currents from the tides
Fruit from the trees
And colours from the skies
Songs from the birds
Dance from the butterflies
Bury your arsenal
Burn your war uniform
Break thy killer tanks and guns..
You are given a life to celebrate ...*

Not to hate...

*You are given breath to express your
gratitude*

Not to possess the nature

Neither you owe the rights

Not me having any claim

We are born to die

And to live the same.

Farzana Aqib

“The Ink”

*With the ink of my pen
shall I draw the map of the world in
random,*

*Shall i cross out the boundaries
and religious Orthodoxy
and Paradigm,*

Shall I erase the judgments

The sins and confinements

With the ink of my pen

Shall I draw few more skies

*And many birds free to fly
With the ink of my pen
Shall I mute many screams
of wars..
Many years of hatred..
shall I doubled the number
The pictures and the people
Who dream the peace
And seed the love
With the ink of my pen
Shall I write a number of
the love poems
That exalt the stars
And plaudit the sun
Shall I delete the gaps
Between God and man
With the ink of my pen*

*Every thing could be done
Every impossibility be overcome,
All the battles must be won
Every slaughter must end*

Farzana Aqib

“The Red”

*I think this war must end
Betwixt, the and then,
The siege is only woven around the
innocent men...
Beyond the point of victory
Behind all the captive injuries
Above the lines of boarders
Beneath the turf of earth
All that is seeping ..
is the blood of human
I think this war must end
Before the next spring
After this maddening mayhem,
When the gun smoke will settle...*

*And cannon shots will defuse
Many blossoms will certainly erupt ..
But earth will wear the only colour
unvaried,
The colour of martyr blood
There will be no white
No blue No green despite,
Only crimson Reddened bright..
The colour of death
and massacred
The colour of many
brutally murdered .
The ancient witnessed,
The one Sky
will not be painted
It's iridescence luminosity again
With many rainbow brush
And saturating frames*

*It will full mast
the one flag
The Red, for the rest
The symbol of earthly inhuman
episode.*

Farzana Aqib

“Tapestry of life”

Yarn, wool and silver

Gold silk and silver

black and white

Every thread is needed

At a weaver’s loom,

Every loop is left..

*To facilitate the interweaving of the
thread weft*

Every knot is intentional,

To hold the warp

the whole under tension

Every twist and turn

*Every single pattern
In the eyes of weaver
Is very important...
I seek silver knot
And gold threads
He adds the black
To enhance the appearance
To attract the best
At weaver's market
Amongst hundreds objects
Weaver knows what will be sold at
The earliest
Creation and creationist
Can't be at the same
level of risk and concept
Like knowing and unknowing
Seeing and unseeing
Deep and hollow*

*Narrow and wide
As the Master and new disciple..
Like God and human
One sees from the upper side
Another looks at it
from the underside.
Be aware the fact
that besides the masters will
No knowledge will be imparted
Into the tapestry of life.*

Farzana Aqib

“Life never dies”

*Life never dies
Perhaps you and I,
The western wind is wild though..
Smacking and swaying
Like the test of time
Snatching and testing,
Inflicting Day and night
Taking away from top to bottom ..
all the dignity
And regality shows
All the flowers
Leaves and bifurcate
Branches of decent furcate*

*Yet resilient boughs
Hold and wait
Limbs and bark
Remains silent and forbearing;
despite being stark ..
Roots never loose their grips
Earth never plays with tricks
Storm comes and dies
Gales burst and flies
A tempest makes ugly displays
Yet Light emerges from behind the
grey
Life goes on for those,
Who fight silently quiet
Pain chisels a scare
Autumn pulls their green avatar..
snow snatches all their colours..
but fighters blood
never fades away*

*It forever stays,
Until the spring arrives
With abundant sunshine
New shoots peep outside
Birds chirps with tweets
and noise..
death is forgotten
So is the pain.
New chapter of story
Brings so much to celebrate.
No time is left to recall
The deprivation of ugly past.*

Farzana Aqib

“When tomorrow starts”

*When tomorrow starts with new
chapter..*

don't clip the worn out pages.

The faded phrases

And evanesce faces

The tangential memories

That lost characters;

*When tomorrow starts with new
chapter;*

Don't unpack your baggage soon;

To discolour thy moments of rapture.

*Don't forget to close the back trapdoor
aperture,
That long chasing hankers
Let the sunlight enters
From the main altar.*

Farzana Aqib

“Pretentious”

*It's so simple people doth change ..
It's so gut-wrenching though
that they don't themselves even know.*

Farzana Aqib

“Martyrs”

*It was the crusade of love
Neither you survived
Nor I..*

Farzana Aqib

“Recall”

On the last day of December

*I'm being sedentary... listening to the
flames cracking only ..*

After many months of selfless journey

I wanna bring you back

in my dying memory..

looking into old albums

drinking coffee

Listening music of fugees

“He is killing me softly”

Dancing on thy favourite tune...

*I wanna sit along side
The cracking bone fire
Burning the phosphorus of my
Horrorific Demonic love
Immersed deeply into the voice
Of that long muted repartee*

Farzana Aqib

“Saviour”

O’ Teacher , O’ Salvator

Please open the door

my eyes are red

With pain..

My pain is never gone ..

O’ good Samaritan ..

Tell me some remedy

How to move on.

Farzana Aqib

“Enchantment of heart”

I know all the spells of love

I have many unfolded

Occults ...

Many mystical phenomenal

Many anomalous things many tricks

preternatural

I have known..

If I wont execute

you will die in my love

But no not like this,

*I want your return
Very natural and self craven
With the unspoken promise
Of your soul
Thy own chosen.*

Farzana Aqib

“Duty”

*I'm so affixed on you
So wrapped in thee
So engrossed in your thoughts
So fastened on your sight
If I blink my eyes
I will die*

Farzana Aqib

“Rescue”

*Just play with my tress
Move your fingers in my locks
My pain so lingering
My eyes are so empty
Without your love
I'm laid like a dead carcass
On the hot desert earth
As a deer with his last breaths
being nibbled
By the vultures*

Farzana Aqib

“My strength”

Now give me your love

In abundance

Try another rubric

It may work..

Judge my resilience

*I may die with the affluence and thine
affection*

I long defeated death

in the grave persistence,

I will not die with the deprivation ..

With thy stubborn ignorance

I may be stabbed by love.

Farzana Aqib

“Manipulator”

Now if you will knock on the door..

it will not be opened

Now if you will ask forgiveness ..

It won't be given ..

Now if you will pretend annoyance

I will not come to seek pardon,

Remember that art of begging ..

My manipulator

I long forgotten .

Farzana Aqib

“Tornado”

When raised “are” the walls four sides

Flood makes it way otherwise.

When capacity of pain

Is suppressed inside

The small heart,

The pain oozes through the eyes.

Farzana Aqib

“Few more years”

we have to die either way...

Vigorous or unvigorous

Frail or stronger

But If you will be throughout

Encircled all about

We will live a bit longer

Farzana Aqib

“Futility of love”

in the legacy of love

Nothing was earned

As a heritage dividend

my share was none

Neither you were gifted to me..

Nor I was given to thee

In return

Farzana Aqib

“Delude”

*Deceive comes in noteworthy
appearance*

*Wrapped in golden ribbons adorned
with diamonds...*

In the gleaming bottles

Elixir appears sweet and sour ...

On the tongue its bitter

Down the throat its poison ...

Deceive comes in unco mien

With a deluding name.

Farzana Aqib

“Blemished”

*After you left
People never let me forget
Some reminders were arrived
Through mutilating bravest..
with their piercing comments
Some discussions were held
Some pictures were sent
Some gossip were woven
My wounds were pricked
As a board of dart game*

*I was chastised
I was skinned alive,
With your name
In the inferno of pain
I was hurled..
Again and again*

Farzana Aqib

“Red snow”

*With the prevailing despair
When nightly stars are burning,
And cavernous night drizzles its silent
dew,
And sunshine hides behind the density
of clouds..
O' beloved you mustn't
shed tears,
War will drift away like the old drying
river..
living a dry patch on the earth as it's
reminiscent,
on the threshold's of the new year..*

*Don't wear your clothes red
The morning of the new dawn,
will make you forget ..
It Will rinse the stains
of blood,
Demons of war though
Hung forever,
Close your eyes and pass the debris
laden streets,
Sky earth and universe
Together they all weep..
You are not alone
Desert moans
And ocean sighs
Every silent heart cries
as you are crying.
And winter wears its grief
in white drapes*

*Where burnt sienna leaves are lying :
Yet, these gun battles
Fire and shots...
The smoke of burning homes,
Drifting through the ash coated trees.
Your fate cannot be different your soul
couldn't be parted :
This is the one phenomenon
You and me may relate..
this earth is a hell for few living
refugees ..
And confinement cell
For all broken-hearted !*

Farzana Aqib

“Forever There”

*The heart has a thousand windows..
And the soul only one;
Yet the blood and flesh lives
Not often one hundred
Life wrapped in flash and bone carton
Dies like the dying day light..
with old sienna sun..
But soul goes on and on
Its journey is never done*

Farzana Aqib

“Rapture and scorn”

*Pain I hold in light esteem,
And rapture I carry
For deep scorn;
A desire and fame
In two different regimes
Only I linger for my paradise
Of dream,
I live in the freedom of death
As life is confined with the morn:
And if I sit alone to pray
My heart mind and body
Seek nothing ...*

*I fumble for words to seek
What I implore is thee
With the dame courageous repartee..
If I may say
Please let me endeavour
The shackles of love
The confinement of heart
The lifetime Imprisonment with my
beloved..
Between life and death
Only this one quest matters.
Rest is nothing but empty,*

Farzana Aqib

“At the verge”

*Between peace and war
There left a distance of
hairline so far
This side is us
That side is battle
Neither you are afar
Nor I'm being safeguard
Earth is at the disastrous verge ..
Neither I could erase the borders...
Nor you could converge
The rein of the hell
Is loosened enough..
War will masticate
All the skulls.*

Farzana Aqib

“New Year Resolution”

*Silent be the lips
And talking may the books
Writing may the passion
Poetry be the salvation
Other than this
What else would be
As my avid anticipation...
And My arduous
new year resolution.*

Farzana Aqib

“Blindfolded ox”

*A morning first ray is gold,
It's Hard to rein, hard to hold,
The advent of the spring news..
Knocks the frozen
snow stalked doors
It's early harvest is a shoot
The last fruit is the laden groove,
But it's given time is
few hours and weeks,
Then autumn paints its Sienna Leafs,
So heaven wears purgatory grief,*

*As morning sinks in the night
And night scatters in the woods,
As sun goes down behind the trees
And moon emerges from behind the
harbour,
Night abused the vibrant light..
Day Ransack the dignity of night.
Spring paint the vivid walls
Winter brushes all whitewash..
nothing is settle
Nothing is forever
From the milky childhood days
To the toothless old age
All it happens in a wink of eyes..
there is no exception
No alibis ..*

*In the game of life
Tell me o' traveller
Did you see something
That ever survive.
One by one
Line by line
We owe to bid goodbye.*

Farzana Aqib

“Out of Seasons”

As I turn another chapter

An other page.

Another date on my calendar;

I wonder?

“Will this new year

I will survive..”

and if, thence ..

what is left to accomplish besides

What is overwhelming to write,

What dreams are unseen

What desires are still alive,

*What forgotten is still breathing in the
archive*

What is long left there

Yet out of my sight;

Could this year be hurling

My whims ..

towards the other saintly side..,

Will this afternoon of life

Bring many more awakening nights.

Will the long buried quest

of the beloved

Still be haunting

in the full moon nights,

Will the demons of sorrow

be looming on the walls,

Sitting on my shoulders

left and right,

Will the battle of the body,

*And the peace of soul
be aligned outright..
Will the hovering clouds of dismay ..
Be turned blueish again
Like my few emerging
white hair..
and few inner scars
of my battles, that howl
with the roaring winter air,
Don't you know
my ancient skies..
My old comrade
Witness of my
baffled nights
and astonished days
I've fought my share enough
If there is any life left*

*I seek peace,
I offer peace,
To the strength
of the youth
To the vulnerability
of the weak,
I've grown happily out
of every seasonal race..
But I've a thousand other reasons to
celebrate
Few books at my walls
and colours of ink at my nails
Ansound of poetry in my heart ...
Few lyrics I write every hour
Few song my life composed so far..
Every night crawls in
as Christmas*

*With thumping Santa Claus
Every day ushers precise
as banging new year
12 'o' clock
Together we live
Together we laugh
the same salt we lick
From each other's tears drops
The same bluster
We all wear,
We dance together
With the moon..
A wait for revered
Will end soon.*

Farzana Aqib

“Wild flower”

*The whole universe is captive in a
Grain ..*

*And a miracle of birth
in the Wild Flower mein,
From within the stone
It erupts..*

*a seed breaks the concrete ramparts
With miraculous resilience..*

*The Infinity is placed
into a speck of sand..
and eternity is gifted
Into the unseen land;
destiny is chiselled in*

*The palmer creases of
The hands..
On the maze of earth
Like jigsaw puzzles piece
life is made as an ordinary game..
No longer than hours,
A brief is shorter
A shorter is large
A little soul in the bodily Cage'
Seems So far..
as it may stir the mayhem
the inferno with its higher Rage.
A dove is hushed in the space..
So be devoured by the hawks,
Man is fed on the cold carcass..
And vultures are fed on hot blood,
The wings of pigeons*

*Are trimmed deceitfully
so to prevail fakery,
in the face of war exercise
Parallel to the soldiers' pride
The showcase of peace
and articulation of harmony..
Looks soo heinously ugly..
when the voice of the widow
Is choked with gun powder
Fear looms With the anarchy of goons
and rowdier..
Sky is empty without birds and geese,
And victor army Celebrates with
gunshots and booze ..
A child starves behind the lock gates,
The victim predicts the cease of the
state.*

*Few attics shine with candles ..
Few doors are haunted with horror;
Celebration and commiseration,
Living in the same hours ..
In the same neighbourhood
Inside every door
a fear breathes through the chimneys,
Outside on the streets
A treacherous demon intimidatingly
stood
So atrociously firm
And Menacingly stern
And silence and Laughter
Celebration and mourn Together
settled in one tone.*

Farzana Aqib

“Cul-de-Sac”

Now end is close

It seems though..

Last chapter of journey

Is in cessation

Heart is no more itinerant

No gypsy wandering

Further attract

No wayfarer comrades call

No caravans of traveler

Near by Halt...

No poetic ingenuity is done ..

No lyrics are being born

*No envy is left
No colour of hate
Are rubbed..
I think you are my last love
Let the story liquidate here.
NO further delirium of life
More be possessed.*

Farzana Aqib

“Awake”

*Only victims of the night
Had Known
That how many decades
They lived before the first knock of the
dawn*

Farzana Aqib

“Healing”

*Only one liniment
Will heal the wounds
Don't look for any
clinician..
or Ayurveda man
Tell my beloved
Just call my name.*

Farzana Aqib