

Sweat, blood and Salt Hail the valiant hearts

(English Poetry)

Farzana Aqib

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Farzana Aqib

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I Dedicate

***The bravery and perseverance of
Our nation's defenders
Inspire my poetic expressions
a humble tribute to their
unyielding spirit.***

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 Iain (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 Vinegar 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- *Prophesy 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

Ms. Farzana Aqib:

A Mystic of the Inner World and a Warrior of the Spirit

Ms. Farzana Aqib is a luminous soul cloaked in the garments of the modern world, yet her inner radiance, purity of character, and depth of thought place her firmly among the ranks of the true mystics and saints. Though she walks amidst the world, her spirit soars beyond its noise — anchored in Divine love and illuminated by sacred knowledge.

She is not only a traveller on the spiritual path but a writer whose pen unveils the veiled truths of Sufism, inner awakening, and the mysteries of the human soul. Her words are not merely ink upon a page — they are a living message, a spiritual call, a testimony to an inward journey.

One cannot read her writings without sensing a deep familiarity with the timeless teachings of saints such as Rabia Basri, Bayazid Bastami, Khwaja Moinuddin Chishti, and Data Ganj Bakhsh. And yet, she brings these teachings into the light of our times — with clarity, elegance, and profound relevance.

At the heart of true Sufism lie Divine love, self-purification, and service to humanity. These virtues pulse through both her personality and her prose. For seekers of truth, her words are nourishment for the soul and a compass toward the Divine.

In an age where materialism seeks to drown out the voice of the soul, Ms. Farzana Aqib stands as a beacon — a woman of rare insight who has mastered the art of listening to the whispers of the heart amidst the chaos of the world. Through her writings, she gently invites others to awaken, to remember, to return.

Undoubtedly, Ms. Farzana Aqib belongs to that rare constellation of women — dignified, inwardly illuminated, and unwavering in their spiritual resolve — who have carved out a luminous legacy in the realms of mysticism and thought.

A quote from Ms. Farzana Aqib: "Love is not a claim of the tongue; it demands the ache of the heart, the tears of the eyes, and the truth of the soul. One who discovers their own essence, discovers the Divine..."

Pir Haroon shah

Chief Editor, Daily Wahdat Peshawar;

Chairman, All Pakistan Newspapers Society, Khyber Pakhtunkhwa;

Former Minister for Revenue and Estate, Khyber Pakhtunkhwa.

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 thorough and expansive bibliography.

Might benefit the American reader.

Kathy Adams

(Critic, Writer & Intellectual)

Rubies, One by One reading and meditating on each sanctified verse of each poem, like a mother of a new born baby, obsessed in the flames of love, We wonder with others, how many Rubies remain buried, in poet Farzana Aqib's heart.

Only time will tell, my friends

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.

Tracy Harriet
(Linguistic Scholar, Literature's critique, Editor)

Farzana Aqib's impressive body of work, comprising over 60 books is a remarkable achievement that showcases her mastery of language and form. Giving rivalries to great of English literature like Shakespeare John wardsworth, and Silvia Plath, even her comparative poems like Ode of divine love, are of the same quality of poetry as the john Keats. I agree with the critique of modern times who name Farzana Aqib as the greatest philosopher poet of our time.

Pir Haroon Shah

I wholeheartedly agree that Ms. Farzana Aqib is the keats and Shakespeare of our era. Her writing is not only a masterpiece of elopuence and expression but also carries a profound spiritual depth. Her worlds are infused with love, wisdom, and a deep sense of humanism- echoing the thoughts of our great Sufi saints like Hazrat Shah Hussain, Baba Bullay Shah, Hazrat Mian Muhammad Bakhsh (may Allah have merycy on them).

Her pen is like a luminous lamp that nourishes the soul and draws the reader closer to truth. A woman of suck remarkable insight and intellectual radiance is, without doubt, a true asset to the nation.

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.

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

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 within 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.

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 Chocolati Mickey Mouse n little Man. MashAllah after a long time we have u. Stay blessed always. Aameen

Umar Fayaz Wazir
(Literary Critic)

Farzana Aqib is Keats and Shakespeare of our times.

“A Plaudit to the Martyrs”

*A few among hundreds
turned Into My poetic fantasy ...
A Few beloveds become
My sonnet ...
A many strangers wrote my epic
I don't write poetry
These are the lineage
The inheritance of my heart
A tribute to my soldiers
A plaudits to the martyrs of the firmament !!*

Farzana Aqib

"A new crop of stars"

After indoPak combat 2025

*In the face of the stone
A past abide its pace
Breaking through the time spell,
Emprison'd in the sweatbox
Of a lost evidence of vengeance
Waiting to be listened..
on the purgatorial end
A prayer is begun to emit
from the silent oratories
With the streaming whiffs of incense
The light of acceptance.. passeth by;
With the accelerated cadence
and the weak spirit of faith
Stand besieged on the debris
Of shattered hearts..*

*And hope fermented in froth
on the tidal effervescence existence
How could judgment be so prudent
Thinking as quixotic visionary
thinking how they may ache and be frozen
in the icy air of Grievance..
then with shrivelled hands a hope stamp
a candle in the window ..
tearing out few cerulean ink drenched pages
Adorned with the poetic Lyrism
Of divine philosophy..
replacing the rustic yellow ochre
of unrequited love's glory.:
With the dabs of sanctified waters,
rinsing with the salty saline of saintly eyes
Baptising the new crops
of baby stars ..
So one by one burning the scented Verses
With oad and saffron wood,
So may it's silhouette be felt by everyone
Once the darkness be executed
by cosmic justice,*

*And the last flicking of flame
Remained alive till the last whiffing
of the moth smoke..
If the sacrifice of the sacred love
be accepted..
the new dawn will emerge as phoenix
from the moths ashes.
Subjugating the destined truth
Of futility..
fulfilling the empty vessel
of hollow desires and dreams.*

Farzana Aqib

“Otto of Martyrdom”

*Air is deeply incensed
Fragrant like scent
A waft from the blood drenched
army men...
Moved past the valley
The whole landscape is rinsed
With the essence of patriotism
With the otto of martyrdom*

Farzana Aqib

“Above the Heavens”

*See the face of patience
Reflecting from the chest of stone,
Inside it's un- pulsating pulse
There is left an undiscovered story
A tale of frozen blood,
A mystery of true emotions,
Before it started and Until it all ends!!
Take your busy hours to trudge
the dense jungle path..
There you find the museum of the brave hearts...
The songs of resilient hills
and mourn of dead wood logs
Just sit and listen to the roaring of the forest call..
that returns from the ravine and glen
after having a silent journey through the chasms ..
with the arsenal smoke of war,*

*The black forest and icy crevasse
the harvest moon's cirque
Above the autumn sky
All Share the same pulse of resilience the same soul of
mystic silent spirit
the same duets of unsung songs,
Humming together in one tone,
Holding Onto the last breath
of bravery,
The never forgotten,
Valorous bygones!*

Farzana Aqib

A letter to the "Soldiers of Kargal"

*I raised you in my arms
I fondled you with my love
I cherished you with my eyes
in the milky moon light
Baby of my heart lies
You jiggled wriggled and smile
sung asleep with lullaby
I made the morning breeze
swung your cradle
You slept in the warmth of my
Cozy caress ...
Today I sent you on the boarder
To give my best gift
to this earth*

*No one but i know
How precious this soil worth
You returned our debt
to the sovereign
By offering thine blood
to this realm...
You haven't sleep from many nights
You are awake
on the top of kargal
In the frozen wind blown gull
You will sleep until
the cannons fire is not dull
Until the bullet shot
isn't reach thy skull
Nothing could match thy oblation
No tribute no ritual
O' my soldier
O' my soldier*

Farzana Aqib

"To the Peaks of Kargal"

*Amidst a dense and milky
crisscrossing mist
In the valley of snowpack mountains
I have to send a ray of light
A sun so brilliantly bright
My sweetheart lives somewhere
Near to the pinnacle of ice
I have to send the warmth of my cuddles...
an air of my benign affability of love ..
A kiss to melt his frozen heart
He left Crossing the river five
He climbed the hills
To embark a barque
To take his position
To aim his armour
Above and far
Today weather is intense
Roads are blocked
I have no horse no cart*

*No chauffeur to drive fast
No heavenly equine or chimeral beast
To speed fast ...
But I am sending my love
On the wings of light
It probably travels fast
O' dear lights of heaven
Please hold the shivering hands of my beloved ...
And give the iced bluish sole of my
Pal
A warm kiss for many hours
On my bestest on my behalf
Place them on thy chest
To make his night
a seasonal best
To give his abandoned eyes
A dream he longed to sight
Tell him return home
On the earliest flight
To the lands of heart
Where sun never hides
And light stay hot all the four sides*

Farzana Aqib

"Enemy next door"

*If war is compulsive
So let it be..
a bullet in the heart
Or an arrow in the chest..
nothing is more regrettable and worst
Than losing the mutual trust
one's own tainted reflection in the mirror
One's own dignity of not standing taller
Across the borders ..
or inside the quillet or stud
outside the door or within your own skin
If peace is threatened
And you couldn't sleep tighten
What's the use of having Neighbours,
When sharing a same air is not enough
When partaking the same harvest
couldn't Bind us in harmonious relations*

*Then be ready to adorn the battle scars
my frenemy enemy next door
Oh hidden snake in the grass..
A schismatic spy behind my back..
I'm ready to sever thy pride apart..
oh recreate of the glory of peace ..
oh Apostate of allegiance beliefs..
if war is compulsive
Let it be..*

Farzana Aqib

"My Resilience"

Every time I fell hard

Every time I emerged fast

My soil is lighter than the dust

My resilience is stronger than the rock

Hit me hardest ...

See me flying

Faster than the hawk

Farzana Aqib

“Emblem of Heaven”

Like an emblem

I wear you on my heart

Like a crest ...

Honour of martyrdom graces

My chest ...

My ornamentation

Couldn't be best

Farzana Aqib

"Always Vigilant"

*Don't call me ...
O' dearest compatriot
When days are blue
when nights are brimming with stars
And rainbows are dazzling
with colours
Butterflies are fluttering
in the happy glee
And miracles of love are falling free
But Do call me...
When hearts are gloomy
and dusk is falling
When darkness wrapped
the brilliant eyes
And cavernous silence
Descend from sky
Make me then a sentry watch
I will be on time ..
so would never botch
I will help you up from the crotch
To inculcate in thee
A new hope...*

Farzana Aqib

“Fight Until Lesson is not Learnt”

*Close your fist tight
Hold onto your pain
Don't break the clinch
Let it fight..
Until lesson is not learnt
Then open thy fist to bid goodbye
And let the bird fly
Stay afloat in the sky*

Farzana Aqib

“True Sons of Soil”

*True sons of soil
are like treasures rare
As diamonds, copper
and stones ware
Above the sea
On oceanic layers
You have to find with deep stare
your own kind of soul share
All the best rewards are find
When they struggle with fighter’s dare
Someone must be calling their name
From within the lands
or across the sphere*

Farzana Aqib

"Scars"

*scars on the soldiers chest
are Honouring emblems
As mentors ...
Not some reminiscent
Of Some remorse
They are windows of the
dawning sunshine ...
Where light influxes with
Heavenly downpours*

Farzana Aqib

"To My Troops"

There is nothing appropriate

To offer...

No "poignant accolades

No creative paeon

No apt praise

no pertinent acclaim

As each breath of mine

is besieged by debt

To their heroic attributes

I offer to my soldiers

A fist full of prayers

A heart drenched tribute

I salute

I salute...

To My saviours

To my troops

Farzana Aqib

“Where to get”

*Where to find that
idiosyncratic talent
That sui generis brave
That unique heroic chic
In a class so Rare
With a piercing hawk stare
And agility so whirling
With unmatched valiant dare
Where you find that treasure
A son with many emblems
Adorned On his shoulder
A boy you just called brother
That one khaki cladding soldier*

Farzana Aqib

"Lion Hearted"

*This soil is so fertile
It germinates many flowers
A soldier.. A martyr
and many bravest hearts
This land is brimming with
abundance ...
With lion.. cheetahs and hawks
Here mothers give birth to
A millions gleaming stars ..
This soil so fecund
It's always stay inflorescence
On lands.. on skies
On seas and draught
It's saviours are lion hearts
Valorous on the field of honour
Gallant in the testing hours*

Farzana Aqib

"Home Made"

*A freshly baked bread
In the earthen bellied pot
And a lump of fresh homely butter
In a drifting aroma of mustard greens
Being cooked on woods
In the afternoons
Engulfing all the home fields
I taste my blood and soil
With the dip of sweat
and kerosene oil
Behind the roaring cannons fire
Beneath the deadliest war streaks
With my close eyes...
With body so draughty weak
I still anticipate
My motherly served devouring taste
I still don't feel any distaste*

Farzana Aqib

“Undying”

From my debris

I emerged

From my ash I sparked

I am a fire of my own

I am a furnace of my emotions

I endlessly burn

Like a sun...

Blazing.. alone .. and stern

I am a warrior

I am a soldier

Farzana Aqib

“Martyr Never Dies”

*Like a random flower
I Blossomed in the distant valley
Like a lonely drifted cloud
I descended on the earth
I kissed the outlying pines
And Cuddled the single swine
I bobbed between the earth and sky
To find my lost purpose
To coalesce with the divine*

Farzana Aqib

"Must"

*I burnt my boats long ago
The day this war began
There is no question of return
Until it's done
Peace has to be won*

Farzana Aqib

“A Signature Destiny Draft”

*From an empty heart
To the overwhelming start
Alongside the brightest highways
Parallel to the darkest part
Drenched with the sweat
and blood ...
Washed in the waterfall
From a debacle of centuries
To a victory so aghast...
Love for this beloved soil
Stood alive and tall
Still breathing fast
After Many waged wars
It couldn't be taken away
It will never be apart
No one could ever satiate
A soldier's unquenched quest
His signature destiny draft*

Farzana Aqib

“Let the earth be Conquered”

*Let the earth be conquered
Let the enemy be trounced
Be a shelter to the oppressed
Don't let the treasure troves of tears
Be fallen on ground ..
After long decades of struggle
After a sacrifice so profound
You will never let be perished
The hectatomb sacrifice
of the freedom loving Mankind
You are the redline of the land
A Carrier of redemption
A kindling hope for salvation*

*So Herculean and sound
You are the eagles on horizon
my soldiers on ground
Sky is thy limit ...
Service is thy mission
Peace is thine confine
That's how You define...
At the pinnacles yet sublime
So is The earth ...
Mountains.. seas and ravine
Anything could be conquered
Within no time ...*

Farzana Aqib

"Angels"

*On the frozen pinnacles
They Walk to combat
The sinner and the cynical
Beneath the deep seas
Above the gargantuan blue sky
Pak hawks fly ...
To make you hear the oracles
To show the world
Their undying miracles*

Farzana Aqib

“Soldier at Heart”

Open up the knots of my soul

Free my heart

Let my feet be freed

Let me run marathon fast

I have a promise to fill

I have a moment to grasp

I have to end

A waged war

I am a soldier at heart

Farzana Aqib

“Thunder of its Boots”

*From a blinding end of
deep woods
A ray of light vivaciously stood
Peace came out of war
Roses carried by the troops
Stars embellished all four ways
From within the darkest
combatant broods
Khaki soldiers never lose
It wins the hearts
Without gun shoots
Like a veteran
It knows it's roots
Earth be trembled...
With the thunders of its boots*

Farzana Aqib

"When Tomorrow Comes"

Be my witness

O' torrid dust of my terrain

O' mist of my dewy Sward

Be my witness

O' night of my wintry dunes

O' havoc of my roaring desert

The zephyr from the north pinnacle

The salt of my barren earth

Be my witness

The blossom of my enriched sods

o' my moon, O' my orb..

O' my smut and drifting dust

O' my ray of newborn sun

I was there wide awakened

I was vigilant ..

I was prudent ..

I was dove, I was raven..

*Till the first ray of dawn
Be my witness
O' my seas
O' my oceans,
O' shores..
All the cannons and gunshot
I was Belligerent as combatant
I was plummeting as fierce hawk
I was leery Argus eyed
I was More expeditiously soared
than the vowing missile ball,
piercing the chests of ugly nemesis
As iron stalwart against a Bulwark
I was there on the qui vive pole,
I gave my blood to this cause
bestowing my love on this earth
conferring my soul as sovereign infinite
Slying my being as dust, sweat and blood
My ardour and bequeath
The entirety of my heart,
My beat my throb,
To build its fortress
To make its rampart*

Be my witness...

O' Dawn of tomorrow

O' brimming scents of southern waft

When spring will knock at your door

I be here in the midst of war ..

Distant and forlorn

But redolent with the hope..

drenched and scared though..

Where autumn might ripped

my skin ..

and winter may have hardened my bones ..

where Artillery of shells

might Burn me sienna

From head to toe..

beyond face to skull ..

Sucking my blood yet find me unbowed

My unconquerable faith

Will never deviate

from the course of its take

It Still be building a fortress's wall

I be there shielding my comrades and all

The feeble and frail

The friends and Paul

*Cushioning them safe
from the deepest sorrow of the wars
I had traveled way too far
facing all the horror, williwaw and squall
For thine peace, roses and the doves
I had snatched the triumph
From the clutches of the warlords,
I trounced upon the world
Without the conquest over the enervated.*

Farzana Aqib

"A poet dreamt"

*From the mountain's heights
Above the waters of west
Emerged a star.. a crescent
A green flag mast
A land was carved
On a poetic behest
Like a regal eagles nest
A poet of east
in his Nirvanic Sleep
tightly slept..
To see what he wished to see
To get what he consciously dreamt*

Farzana Aqib

"Done"

*My fears ended
When you looked at me
with a denote so pure
And a promise in your eyes
O' sipahi..*

Farzana Aqib

"I am a soldier indeed"

Give air to spark

Scratch thy wound deep

To make direct passage to heart

The depth of the scare will decide

How deep the light will seep

All the freedom my pain will reap

I am a soldier indeed

Farzana Aqib

"Last Stopover"

*A cold cup of coffee
One smudged letter forgotten in the niche
Few wrinkles on the bedsheet
Reminiscing the last lessee
There are few good moments
Also left hidden under the pillow
Few dry petals of red roses
Still feel fragrant
Few un sent letters
Like a last reminiscent
Let's keep them in the pages of diary
At least the new fresh smell of paper
Will carry the waft of the past
It will leave on the souls
A soothing mark
It will remind us a long gone bravest
A khaki, a soldier..
Who will stay forever in the heart*

Farzana Aqib

"In the line of duty"

*Sun fracked faces
Bluster laden feet
From a distance
You will judge the plight
A lover's solemn troth
Journey of fidelity
Crossed boreal region
Sandy deserts
And paid the bloody toll
In the line of duty
You sometimes rot*

Farzana Aqib

"Soil"

*The Lord of lust
Never trudge
The path of honesty
The disciple of greed
Preaches a syllabus
He never read
A herd without chains
A Native without brain
Gives the keys of the reign's
In the sovereignty name
In the hands of some insane
Reverend is the mother land
So is the flags and martyrs
Unique is blood
On the borders which spread
No matter what ..
Fire, wars, hunger or threats*

*The honour of the motherland
Must be upheld.
Leaders come and go
Followers emerge and blate
But sanctity of the flag
Respect of the Nation
Would never calumniate*

Farzana Aqib

“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 long left widow..
the last touch of hands
The last frozen kiss of kids
Before the tingling bells of Christmas...*

Farzana Aqib

"Hero"

*Like a wild flower
You have the courage To emerge
from the debris of heart
Even in the most hostile times
With the soil encrusted with salt
And the compelling wind of autumn
You were trampled by the rain
And wizened by the sun
Still You emerged as a flagship
Receiving salutes of cannons .
Ohh my hero soldiering man.*

Farzana Aqib

“Sachem of Life”

*When path is clear everyone is wise
But when bocage 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

“Weight of Casket”

A riveting sight

In a dusty distant town ..

a mix of engine roar

Wind, smoke and Vapor ,

Like a roaring whizzing

Grieving sound..

Drifting through the four-ways around,

Despite the camouflaged face of disguise

The combat-plane.. is visible to eyes..

Still be captured Amidst boscage

Seeking a soft landing on terrain,

The empty hollow hearts and eyes

shivering trembling hands and shoulders ..

awaits their last hopes to drop..

The heavy hearts and heavy boots together,

Carry the weight of flag draped coffin..

Today some soldier returned his home,

Down the clear shaft of eyes..

*We see some khaki camping site
Vigilant on the opposite side,
across the hills behind the river
the vulturous enemy hath
made its hide,
with the same flesh as of ours
With a same breath as we heave
So let's celebrate the two ways victory
In the name of soldiering genocide
In the line of slaughter..
but before shifting the casket on earth,
into the deep dark ditch of the ground..
let me write a befitting poem
On my enemy's suicidal attempt
for tasting their own blood in mouth
For waging war on the humankind
Like a distraught hulking fool at large
sitting on the mounds
of his own shoulders cadavers.
Like a dog that still needs to learn
How to be a good hound..*

Farzana Aqib

"Before 14th August"

Miles and miles

Left to run

Before the melting of the orange sun

Smell of powder

Smoke of gun

Roses are wilting

War has begun

Home is besieged

Boarders are shunt

I have to go back to my clan

I have to grow my bread and bun

I am the salt of this barren land

I am this soil's own son

I have to plough a crop of laughter

I have to dry the river of tears

I have to bring smiles in eyes

I have to stir the giggling of fun

I am alone ...

*Though I am none
Yet I rose to feet,
What may come
I am the light, I am the one,
Shun thy fear
My fellow friends
Come come everyone
Rush to the new rising sun ...*

Farzana Aqib

"My Army"

*I slept so deep and sound
With sweet dreams
And heavenly silence so profound
You stay awake for me all the night
Shielding me four-way around
Amidst the gun shots
With the roaring cannon sounds
O' my saviour protector
My soldier my persevere
I am peaceful ...
for you sacrifice your blood ..
On battlegrounds ...*

Farzana Aqib

“We are not Slaves”

*We are not slave ...
O' naïve make it clear...
We are a Nation so brave
O' naïve don't ever make this mistake
We shed blood for this land
We were not cowards
We were not scared
Go see the tombs of our martyrs
And see your ancestor's graves
Hold back your tongues
O' Naïve.. don't betray
Glory this Land on the highest scale*

Farzana Aqib

"Despite The Wounds"

*I heard the diminutive squeak
Of an oxen cart wheel
On the never ending dust track
My eyes were dried
My mind was drifted
I saw the massacre of my clan
Lost of my home land
For the creation of a mother land
My father ... my brothers
my army man
Took a stance...
To the atrocities of our enemy
so insane ...
a promise of a new homeland
Kept me breathing alive
Despite the wounds
That I couldn't strive*

*My clothes were torn
My honour was gone
But a flag of a precious new land
Green and white
Mast high
And Was gleamingly shone
Soon I will arrive
To the other side
Though from all the treasures had lost
and head to toe I deprived
Yet with a burning quest alive
I left my yesterday
For my tomorrow
For the cachet of my daughter
For the dignity of my religion
This flag is not common
This soil is not a run-of-the-mill
This Nation is not an ordinary nation
Never forget my sons
When you will be grown
In full boom,*

*This nation is earned
With hundreds of millions of
Immolations
With many dreams silently burn
It just not happened
An a facile and ease*

Farzana Aqib

"Hail The Bravest"

*You were not there
When the soil of the land
Was drenched red
You were tight in thine oblivious slumber
Without knowing
Who sacrificed his blood
So turn your gaze in reverence
Halt your words of opprobrium,
Hail the bravest
All the martyrs
All the soldiers
Who buried there today
For your futures....*

Farzana Aqib

"I am a Soldier"

Every time I fell hard

Every time I emerged fast

My soil is lighter than the dust

My resilience is stronger than the rock

Hit me hardest ...

See me flying

faster than the hawk

Farzana Aqib

"Give me any task Uphill"

What may come

Whatever it will.... Yes

It's me and my will

Give me any task uphill

I will reach by hook or by crock

I have a long row to hoe

A Few promise

To fulfil

Farzana Aqib

“Mother of Martyr”

*O' mother of the martyr
Don't Bereave ...
over thy unmatched grief
Thy Soul knows what you retrieve
Your recurring pain
Your heart's treat
It takes you back to the doors of heaven
When worldly dreams are achieved
When fruit of thine sacrifice is reaped*

Farzana Aqib

"Return from War"

May be ...

When spring comes again

May be ...

When rain drizzled on the desert

May be ..

When autumn stricken trees

Shoot another life

May be ...

when darkest

Stormy sky

Wears a new attire

And nights are adorned

With brilliant millions stars

And earth after hurricane

Wears a new avatar

We will meet again

Oh my friend

*I wait for every train
Be it a cloudy night
Or a day wet with rain
Holding a placard
inscribing your name
I heard the first platoon
returned from borders
I heard war is over*

Farzana Aqib

“Lullaby of the Motherland”

*Come to me
As you are
Heavy with sorrow
Pricked with arrows
Rotten at heart
Drenched with tears
Indebted with injuries
From the dreams you borrow
For thine country's tomorrow
And in my arm ...
Snuggle like sparrow
Fall like feather
Light and warm
In my arm..
Live in the moment
Forget about sorrow
You are my today
You are my tomorrow
You are My saviour hero....*

Farzana Aqib

"My Enemy"

*Don't forget man;
I returned from a war too
My body is full of wounds
My heart is pricked
With bombs sharpnels
My body turned sieved
with bullets hitting so deep
Yet I drag you out of war field
I offered you peace
I gave you love and roses
I tried healing thine pain
I forgot my moaning and bleeding
Don't forget man;
You were from the army
Of my enemy
You were intruder of my land
I offered you peace
Hoping this bloodshed must cease*

Farzana Aqib

"I can't halt"

I have miles to go

Before I halt

I have to weave many dreams

before I sleep

I have miles and miles to cover

On the snowy fields

I have to tread on the frozen lakes

Through the dense woods

dark and deep

Through the mountains and seas

I have a promise to keep

Farzana Aqib

"The Promised Land"

*In a night far too colder
And wind was blowing
much too bolder
Boughs were stirred
Like a forceful reminder
Like a jolter...
I felt a strange tranquil in one corner
A flam of candle was far more brighter
Settled so lucidly
Gleaming so pridefully
Placed on the shoulder
On a clay built sill
On a nameless tombstone
Serenely Twisting ...
On the whiff of angels'
flipping white feathers*

*A peace was prevailed all four ways
an imperturbable tranquillity
Was all Possessed there,
Wrapped in the mist of stardust
Like a mystic mystery story
Like a forgotten heroic tale
There was a grave
Of some unknown soldier
His name was nowhere
But his karmic soul was somewhere
revisiting his last abode
for sure*

Farzana Aqib

“Forever in the Hearts”

You are not forgotten

You will live above the memories

It will forever tender be

Not for decades

But For countless centuries

Farzana Aqib

“Clan of the Martyrs”

War is over

Blood is drenched

Soil is plundered

Bullet shells scattered

Chest is pierced

Yet peace is snatched

Honour is saved

Flag is on the mast

Gracefully raised

Mausoleum is built

Honoured is bestowed

Yet something is left....

Let me see

The widows of the war hero's

The mothers of the injured soldiers

The faces of the martyrs' daughters

Who gave colour to this land

Take me to doors of the bereaved

*To pay my homage
To say thanks...
Who washed off the henna
of their hands ...
For this motherland
The price of liberty is not payable
It asks far more than you expect
It seeks the fervid blood
It demands brave chests
It takes away the laughters
of the young girls
It snatches the colour of their eyes
So to dye ...
The uniform of the martyrs
Just to scatter a rainbow
on the grey sky*

Farzana Aqib

"Shaheed"

*A callous black sky
Sprinkled its ink on the earth
The molten warm blood
splashed the earth red
Pain spurted from the wounds of a soldier...
Yet no screaming was heard
Resilience never crossed its mark
Bravery kept the breath calm
A valiant laid injured
amidst deafening of Roaring bombs..
in plain yellowish khaki uniform
Until the last cannon fire
of the enemy artillery
was not made Diffused ...
Until a comrade
declared victory Into his ear
He remained alive
To see his blood sacrifice
Just Being justified ...
Until the stars of the bright light
Appeared on the cauldron black sky
He went to deep sleep
He closed his eyes.*

Farzana Aqib

"A Smoke of Gun Powder"

*A seething doomed laden sky
Turned cellar black
A smoke of gun power
Gulped the smell of
freshly ploughed fields
After Many days on the war fields
leftover life was wrapped in labyrinth dreams
Armour jiggling
And weapons clanging
A velvet black shadow of war
Was dancing on the turfs and trees
There was no sound of children playing...
Or chirping of the bird's greets
It was dying hissing of the earth
Only soldiers of beloved land
Licked the horror grip
They were agile
They were quick*

*Horror of war shouldn't seep the ground.....
Or reached to the tips of sky
Kids are sleeping sound
Motherland shouldn't be waking
Peace shouldn't be melt
With the knock of morning sun
War must end....
Enemy's defence shield
must be stamped
Blood is enough soaked
Earth is already drenched*

Farzana Aqib

"O' Lion-hearts"

*Don't look over your shoulders
O' lion hearts...
Tears in eyes of thine loved ones
Must be blinked back
In the Name of sacrifice
In the line of duty
must have been halt
O' lion hearts ...
When you will return
from the snow covered peaks....
From the deep black seas
From the gargantuan blue skies
Each specks of the earth
Will gleam with joy
You will be hailed
For thine sacrifice
For all the ostend bravery
All the illustrated war true stories
You have complied*

Farzana Aqib

“Widow of the King”

*Paint the sole of her feet
Make her wear a bridal attire
She is a widow of a martyr
She is the queen of hearts
She rendered to this nation
An unmatched sacrifice*

Farzana Aqib

“Witness of Truth”

*Although sky is grey and livid
Yet His Welcome must be kingly
His honour must be vivid
He is the chosen one
He is gifted...
Today a father is going to receive
A body of the shaheed...
A promised land is given to him
A nirvana soon be retrieved*

Farzana Aqib

“Pledge to Native Soil”

*Be witness o' soil
I stood there before the gunfire
With hot blood and sweat of toil
Be witness o' land
I proffer my blood
To colour thy seasons
To paint thy sand
Be witness O'sky
I drifted in thy space
Like an eagle flight
swift and agile ...
To cosset your peace
To aegis your heart
To shield your borders
To protect your coast
To wreck all thy enemy tries
Be witness o'soil*

Farzana Aqib

"A son of Solider"

*Cannons shrieking
Strong and ugly
Like furious tiger roaring
And bedtime stories
Calm the child...
"Daddy will kill the monster"
He will bravely fight
"Don't be terrified "
And the innocent eyes
ask the mom...
Will he come alive*

Farzana Aqib

“Wake up in Peace”

*“The lapis lazuli raindrops
slowly slithering down
From the bitumen-black sky
upon the emerald leaves
like luscious tears trickling from
The sky’s eyes...
Earth is over flooding
To wash away the ugly stains of gunpowder..
As if mourning the last night battle
A leftover blood is slithering the ground ...
Victory paid its price
It was snatched from the jaws
Of man eating monster
Peace drew its line
With the Titian-red blood
of the soldiers*

*A boundary is built
with the cadavers
of martyrs...
Tell the sleeping town of the civilian's
Wake up on your time
Emergency is dealt
by the strong arms
Don't worry ...
The dawn is peacefully calm
Tell the school going kids
Nibble your breakfast
Hot and warm...
You are shielded forever
You don't need to fear any harm*

Farzana Aqib

"Destiny"

*Wound is still warm
Berry-red blood is still squirting
from my arm
But I will Carry my flag
I will reach to the top
I must hurry to hoist it
Before the new dawn
It has to be flapping
At full mast ...*

Farzana Aqib

“Mighty Hero”

*A moonstone yellow rupture
Torn apart the carnal black sky
A death of the bravest
Illuminated the earth
With a lodestar bright light*

Farzana Aqib

“A Widow of a Captain”

*A war siren outside the door
screaming piercingly though
Like a needle
As a dagger
And sword
I stood dumbfounded
He was rushing to go
The paint on my hands
Was still smelling fresh
My bridle attire was still
gleaming red
In the blink of eyes
Sky changed its hue
It turned black from blue*

*The beat of wedding drums
Turned into gunfire
A red colour became white
I changed my attire
In the blink of eye...
Every thing stirred
I held his honour
He became martyr*

Farzana Aqib

"Khaki"

*"Smoke drifted in slow folds
Kids of muddy streets
No longer being seen
A black melancholy emitted
From the broken black chimneys
A squeaky donkey cart
No longer move past
A village is in the grips
of horror streaks
Neighbour across the barbed wires
Sending gifts of marter
And shots of bullet shells
From Behind the coward disguise
A milk of cow's
is all turned dried
And Oven of villagers
All turned cold
birds on trees are all horrified*

*A water of canal turned all arsenic
My Neighbour is a man
Who coloured hostile
Behind his fake smile
In his ... insane frenzy
In his signature antagonistic style
He wants to be killed
Or wish to die...
He is a meek and docile
Let the soldiers in khaki
Take the rein and arrive
You will see the change of fields
A resilient sky
And burning fire
Thine enemy be buried alive*

Farzana Aqib

"Fight is On"

*Sound of heavy thumping
Hundreds of leather worn feet
Bartering beating against the ground
Like a welterweight...
Fight is on
In one round
In one go time
Inside the ring
Or outside the borders
Enemy must be knocked down
Victory has to be profound*

Farzana Aqib

“Last Battle to Settle”

*Through the jabbing cold
War is dropped on the canvas
Like a slithering paint
Red like blood
Pale like gunpowder
Black as clouds
Paint your own landscape
Skulls or flowers
Guns or roses
War or peace
Defeat or victory
But remember...
This must be the last battle
Before the new moon arise
For tomorrow should only
be painted ...
An ending only be written
With the nib of the guns*

*A verdict that only birds will sing
And butterflies will be fluttered
And only kids will play
No cannons will be built
No missile will be shot
No bombshell will be found
No arrow should come in the sight
No khaki will be stained
No enemy think to dare
Fight till you fight
Remember it should be the last battle
Before the new moon arrives*

Farzana Aqib

"Blind Alley"

*I won't open my eyes
Until the war is not restrained
Until the monomania
of the combatant
Not be reined..
Ask the soldiers posted outside
Is sky of my land has washed off
Its black stains ...
Is this morning sun gleaming
With all its brilliant flame
Is the frenzy of the enemy
Left all its claims ...
Is war agreed to change its name
Is peace prevailed four ways
Ask the soldiers posted outside
When will My beloved arrive
In this autumn.. summer
or next winter days
Is he still assiduous
On borders to stay
Until the doom finds its way*

Farzana Aqib

“Honour of Khaki”

*O' weaver weave fast
Keep stitching
Don't halt...
O' spinner spin the thread
Warm and thick
Tan and khaki
Like a sandy dusty terrain
A colour of earth
A heavenly honour
A khaki uniform
I should be wearing...
move thy loom o' artesian
Tie thy strands yarn in yarn
War is hovering
Listen the siren
The khaki uniform I must wearing*

Farzana Aqib

“Be It River or Stream”

*Be it river or streams
estuary or dam
All in the untoward
overland ...
I must intricate
I must intervene
I need to hurry
Where rescue is deemed
I need to jump
I need to swim
Over the seas
Inside the swamps
I need to supersede
All lay preparedness planning
I am a soldiers ...
My commitment is embossed
Like a stamp
I am dyed in wool
I am all true blue
In the name of Pak land*

Farzana Aqib

“Legends or Shaheed”

Who knows

Who comes next

In this deciding contest

In the chapters of the war books

In the lines of historical context

I have to move fearless and perplexed...

Who knows

Who comes next

Battles leave behind

Honours and shields

Legends or shaheed

and many sacred sacrifice

With long looming effects

Farzana Aqib

“War Game”

A smell of dust

Smoke and blood

Wars Leads to door of hell

Yet pathways of peace

Are across the battlefields...

It's now and never

Win or loss

Forever or never

A victor with crown

Or a slave with chain

A soldier or a coward

With a sword or rein

Heroes Win their liberty

Through these jigsaw of war-games

Farzana Aqib

“Where Rainbows are Alive”

They ask my name

My whereabouts

My blood and clan

Why my skies never get darker

Why my moons are always brighter

Tell those naïves

I live in the land of martyrs

I come from the lineage of the soldiers

Farzana Aqib

"I asked a war Hero"

How far you will go

How long you will fight

I ask a war hero

He smiled and said

Until thy enemy breathed his last

Until our enemy reaches

From hundred to zero

Until I see the peaceful smile

On the face of a martyr's widow

Farzana Aqib

“O’ My Serviceman”

*Miracles may rest on your hands
And rainbows erupt from your eyes
Butterflies stay and dance
Wherever you go and stand
I wish you become the reason
For the joy of some heart
Hope for some fading dreams
And a fresh influx of rains
for some dying streams*

Farzana Aqib

“Sacrifice Behind Smiles”

*A charisma of the sunshine
And blossom of the moon
The dust of the stars
And the rain of the dew
Every miracle is happening
Just Because of you*

Farzana Aqib

“Stand Tall”

*I was awakened from my dreams
My doors were shattered
With harrowing screams
War was waged
Horror was imposed
Yet my smile wasn't faint
I recited Quranic verses
As calmly as saint
I knew till the dawn
All our dreams will be redeemed
I heard the thumping of my army
Roaring of our cannons
Whizzing of our drones
Pak forces were all set for encounter
Fear of their might
Strength of their thew
Ability of their brawn*

*Spreading four ways
outside the reign
Making the enemy already shiver on
Before they even gone
They held sway..
Cowardly invaders badly mistaken
An abrupt smile flickered on my face
Not even a inch of Pak land is on stake
A lesson was gonna be taught
nonplus enemy be Caught*

Farzana Aqib

"Angels"

*On the frozen pinnacles
They Walk to combat
The sinner and the cynical
Beneath the deep seas
Above the gargantuan blue sky
Pak hawks fly
To make you hear the oracles
To show thee, their undying miracles*

Farzana Aqib

"Pride"

Behind khaki cladding

Angels in disguise

Walks on the borders

Floating on the sky

Scaling up to the pinnacles

Far above the Everest

To Indefinite high

For the honour of This soil

They wish to die ..

Farzana Aqib

“Mountain Stallion”

*That unknown jitters
And sudden dithers
That must be love
With the earth
With this soil
That busting smiles
And boisterous mirth
Those daring steps
And incessant dance
That inexorable spirit
Beyond and above
That must be love
Those ebullient words
And rebellious trends
That wayward directions*

*And relentless speed
Like a deer of woods
or mountain stallion
That unmatched force
And daredevil rebellion
Flying high like hawk
Yet In love with dove
A chest hard as rock
A heart soft as bud*

Farzana Aqib

“Signature Love”

*You want to know
What I feel for you my soldiers
You are clung to hearts as glove
You are what I am thinking of
You are like a gift of divine
Wrapped in glistening starry dust
All pearly feathery bright
like a silvery opalescent dove
Like some angel soars above
Sent from blue with signature love
I must draw you with my ink
In my silent wordless plea
Your holiness or thy human soul
I am not meant to speak of
You may join the gaps between
To retrieve an ultimate image
What I sketched in dot .. dot
What I can't speak of..
Hats off to you o' soldiers*

Farzana Aqib

“Widows of War”

*Those pearls that gleam
On these eyelashes
Let me taste that pain
Before this forbearance crashes
The debris of my love
Laid there naked
The soul of heart
Is burnt in ashes
The colour of my blood
And colour of thy Valentino
Being reason for celebration
the red wine of your glasses
And fresh cut of my heart
Perfectly matches*

Farzana Aqib

“After the martyrdom”

*The white feet of night
Creep on the black fabric of dreams
Half eaten crescent
And fist full of stars shines
I sip a milky haze of moon
And gulp all the fortune
I cradle in the arms of pixies
As Night descending
like a mist of heaven
I am drenching
I am being baptised
As if a new born arrived
The old me is long died*

Farzana Aqib

“Send Peace Across the Borders”

*That land of strangers’
Across the blue river
Beyond the red mountains
Beneath the gargantuan grey sky
Parallel to miles and miles of
Scattered green cheateaus
The smell of wine in the air
The intoxication of the
forgotten past...
A Smell of orchids ...
Cider and smoke
A zephyr of the tulip farms
Wake me at every dawn
And birds of northern sky
On my western attic arrive
They make me recall
My distant sweetheart*

*Who sings every night
With the millions of falling stars
With the echoes of the tides and gale
On the melodies of the nightingale
With the light of the
Gleaming worms...
That land of strangers'
Across the borders
Send the air cordially warm
filled with the terracotta smell
And a wayward shepherd
across the boarder
Skipping the eyes of guns and powder
Brings me a gift of unknown love
A woollen jacket ...
Spun at home..
And some sweetbreads
From earthen stove
muffled with the smell of my beloved
Wrapped in the scents of far lands
I dream of reaching
but Can't dare*

*That land is distant
Yet so near..
That land of strangers'
Is a land of imgo
Let's wear the wings of some flamingo
To cross the borders in one go
Let's go my friends let's go
Love must be reaped
Love must be sown
Bear its fruit
When it's grown*

Farzana Aqib

"A Trooper"

*Tied up with rope and chain
Wounded and slain
I am already adorned as martyred
I am a trooper of love game
I am crucified in thy name
I am grappling in the line of heart
Where mind forget the bodily pain
Where crackers are titled wisest ones
And wisest are called insane
Where heart is killed for its dare
And wrath is offered on his remains*

Farzana Aqib

“In the Love of The Soil”

*Laid naked on the sand
Touching the waves with the hand
The impetuous tides of the time
Roar and crawl on the land
the retribution and reward
In the faith all stand
Love abided without a treaty
Heart surrenders without demur,
Without caviling demeanor*

Farzana Aqib

"Forever Alive"

*And many a years pass by
Since then...
Many a moon blurred and die
Many a rainbows emerged and fade
Hundreds of stories
Made and erased
Yet you drank a whole of eternity
You fossilised on each page
Beyond the death and age
You don't go
You never evade*

Farzana Aqib

"A Comeback from the Battle"

Make a wish list

O'combatant

Wheresoever you wannabe

Whatsoever thy whim to be

I insist ...

make a wish list

O' combatant...

Write all those dreams

That lost in mist..

All those nights ...

You sat alone to bleat

To stitch thy wounds

and open slit

I insist....

All those dawn that you wist

All those moons..

*you wanna retrieve
All the moments you skipped
All the faces you often missed
make a wish list
O'combatant ..
I insist...
I will sprinkle all the flowers
All the rainbows
All the stars
Close by thy wrist
make a wish list
O'combatant
I insist...
Bring me back
that lost rosy smile
Spread with brush
A kaleidoscopic outburst
On those pale drying lips
I insist...*

Farzana Aqib

“Scavenging for Peace”

*In search of peace
In the game of war
Live like scavenger
Street to street roam
To find a bit of love
A peaceful home
I sleep on the paths
I choose empty dome
In search of peace
In the game of war
I laugh at blusters
In comfort I moan
I drifts relentlessly in the woods*

*I bob wayward ...
In desert and storm
Live like scavenger
In search of peace
In the game war
It Looks all pale and forlorn
Yet I carry in its baggage
A smell of lavender
And flavour of sea foam.*

Farzana Aqib

"From Srinagar to Amritsar"

(War 2025)

*Targeting their religious sanctuaries
On the ecclesiastical immunity
Of human sensitivity..
Be it a horrendous operation blue star"
On Gurdwara golden temple
In the dark days of Amritsar
Or decimating into the dust
the reverence of Stupas and chapels..
Into the blood drenched valleys
of srinagar
Be it a mosques or synagog
An abbey.. or cathedral..
inside the Deli metropolitan roads
or across the line of control,
This cowardly act of a shoddy rival
Hitting the schools and hospitals..
oh blood hulking " Bharat Mataram"
Chain thy lunatic skunk ..*

*O' Army of "the Neanderthal"
The weapon laden shlemiels
O' ne'er-do-well neighborly adversary,
Be vigilante of our redress..
our castigating revert ...
Peace is our religion
Yet killing the monsters is our slogan,*

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

“Stardom of martyrdom”

*A goose bumping sadness is prevalent
Festooning as the greatest reminiscent
Into the threshold of our inner cavern
as a gossamer silk curtains
We could see the vestige of the past
So Vividly breathing and clear..
Standing besides many epitaphs
Of the great generals and the Martyrs
Who were consecrated and sanctified
Not only By their septs and gens..
but by the God,
Whom we solemnly call the combatant soldiers..
the fathers,
The Brothers ..
the son of soil
Those who were killed on their spiritual path..
on the line of their inner call
the saviours and the condolers,
of the fellow sufferer..*

*Pure and pristine
White and enlightened
Their bodies were wrapped
As inside the seraphim feathers
And not in their wooden coffins
Their remains were carried
as on the fluffs of their divinely plume..
Their unblemished souls
And unmarred characters
Never died with their bullets ridden
Corpse..
Those virtuosos of the rules of war
The Renaissances' doyen
of combatant arts..
the true heroes chosen
for the heavenly stardom
May thee all
Sleep in the ethereal Peace of seven above heavens ..
and beyond the nonpareil reach of human,
recital for ye ..
Will forever there be ..*

Farzana Aqib