

The Piquant Taste of Love

(English Poetry)

Farzana Aqib

Nastalique Publications

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The Piquant Taste of love

(English Poetry)

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Farzana Aqib

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I Dedicate

*I consecrate my poetry
To the splendor of my innermost being,
To the radiant light of my deepest fantasy And
My dreams that yearn to manifest into reality.*

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 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- *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
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74- Lord of my soil
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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 through 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 mercy on them).

Her pen is like a luminous lamp that nourishes the soul and draws the reader closer to truth. A woman of such 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.

“From bough to roots”

*Life is a mystery so deep,
It's the obscurity that goes beyond
The intricate, enigmatic beliefs
On the bough it reaps,
Beneath the roots it seeps,
Its woven within the threads of the
soul
Its Written on the canvas of the heart
It's a divine scripture if you read..
Running down through the
cascading veins of blood..
breathing within each pulsating surge
Yet still awaiting to precisely be lived ..*

*it's thumping heavy on the chest
With so many queries overfed
And abundant phenomenon surfeit
There are Curiosities overwhelmed
There are strategies overcooked
And a manmade dogma of percept
about its length, depth and strength
About it's beginning and its end..
it's reality and purpose ..
Weighing down so hard on the nub,
So ponderous is its thud ..
it's an inferno of the burning quest
An enigma of unraveling pursuit
A jigsaw piece of random stress
An Unsolved conundrum
Of infinite vacuum..
it's the bustling slot
of waywardness ..*

*and the abandoned track,
of righteousness ...
With all that evoking awe of wonder..
then why to solve it's mysterious
essence
why to Stir the sack of husk..
why to count the speck of stars..
If One question pullulates
into a hundred dust parts..
if One thought burgeoning on as
unsolved
Why to catechise its existence
Why to cross-question its meaning..
just like an oblivion of the world
Live and Die .. bid goodbye,
As a moment that moves past
As a a sun when it ascends
As a night when it descends
As a rain when it falls...*

as a thunder when it claps..
why to look for a loose thread to
grasp,
Why to dwell in a gay confusion
Why to be lost in a rosy illusion
Just embark, be witness and dart..
dine and dance, sip and fast,
As a guest of honour in the holy grail
Until thy resurrection for a new life
again
Until thy promised return in the game.
Be a donor, benefactor or a patron
Be a support for the cause..
life is not a guest house for all,
It's a mission in the confinement of the
soul,

Farzana Aqib

“The memories of freedom”

*In my heart there is a snatched song
Of freedom..*

*That often reverberates from the
columns*

of the hilly terrains ...

*From the melodic flute of some
Shepard songs..*

*From the aviary of the poached birds..
who have lost their nomadic flight.:*

*Who have forgotten their vast world..
the love of their migration..*

their desire for Avian Dispersal,

*In my eyes there is a frozen canvas
Where rainbows emerge as bedizened
murals..*

*where wet leaves whiff into scented
petrichor ..*

In my mind there's a vivid tapestry..

Painted On a vet fresco ..

as a fertile landscaping ...

of my agrarian settlement..

*The cob of corns and kernels of the
paddy*

that green fabric of rustling barley..

*the vineyards yielding bunch of
grapes..*

*sweet and savoury on the tips of taste,
Sienna yellow hue of autumn..*

stitching the skin of burning turf

with the soothing patch of winter sun

*On my lips there's a thirst
Licking the dewy champagne of spring
On my skin there's a deep cold frozen
season ..
A ridged white blanket of snowy
winter..
and the inner amber silently rancor ..
as flame of red voluptuous fire,
into my sleep i echo with voices
I whisper my dream..
i drift some sighs..
a scented past becomes alive
An incense candle burns all night..*

Farzana Aqib

“God comes with small things”

*Just as a little fine Scotch mist
Washes away my teardrop..
and a calm summer drizzles
Wet my dry tresses..
Just as a little smile drifts
on a Whimpering child’s visage..
Just as the dormant bud emerges
on the barren naked boughs,
When a long lost stranger
Whisper at the familiar door..
When a shepherd of the mountains
Sing an old nostalgic song ..
when the grey dying amber
Little linger on..*

*As the full moon enchantment
Capture the whole stratosphere
and a fallen star of sky
Abruptly cross my path ..
when a first grape bunch hung on my
vines
And the first snow flakes
fell on the ground,
When the old eyes spark
With the burning hope of tomorrow..
when an astray bird find
its way to the flock..
I find my God in my little hiccups
Of breath..
In the silent voice of clock..
in my warm cup of tea..
In my newly stitched clothes..*

Farzana Aqib

Wabi-Sabi

disorderly as ever"
rough, chaotic untidy..
this is the artistry of my canvas
The genius of my fresco ..
Spontaneous, raw, random
Pure straight broken..
The doyen of imperfection,
I'm shaping nothing but a tawdry
creation
From a decayed splintered wood
To a shattered plank of grove,
Yet With the Midas touch of nature
As a distinctive piece of art..
A lustreless curio it may enhance
A rustic understated elegance
it always command..

*Its inner void, and hollow trunk
never lack in outer grace..
though without a brush of shellac
It wore infinity as divinely relic,
I'm the wabi-sabi imbecile version
Yet carry the glory of reverential
magnum
A mystic Zen of Buddhist monks
A spiritual tool of divine blessings
I'm lissome, lithe, limber...
The broken piece of oak and timber
A pebble on the shores of Lake
an uncut rock, and gemstone..
I'm simple rough and homespun
Yet a greatest art of wholesome.*

Farzana Aqib

"Love doesn't wear the weather"

*Summer time sadness soared
Melancholy sat at my door
Violent as northern wind roars
Silent as the scotch mist's drops
And that last whiff of drying red rose
Lingering on my chest as ghost..
you're acting so Gratuitously
you left without cause,
Ye never call to divulge
You never bother to wrote,
And when the next fall will come
After the long frozen winter snow
melts*

*And the dormant blooms will begin
forming its abundance..*

*I will keep few aquatic branches of
flowers*

*Few lilies of the blue ponds
where you often find the reason to
come..*

I will build a raft this summer

I will cross the bridge Pontchartrain

Or What may come..

I will reach out to thee..

this autumn or another ..

distance won't much matter..

Love doesn't wear the weather..

Farzana Aqib

“The Willow bend when it must”

*Drowning deep into the shadows of
the moon
swinging in the cradle of the darkness
Sinking in the lullabies of my demons..
Tormented by the wrath of my dreams
yet my vigorous heartbeats
burnt with the inner ambers of the
soul..
a cold numbness of the outer winter
though
Silently tiptoeing through my breath
I'm being frozen in the haze of sleep..
but my dreams has nails to lacerate
A fist with the iron claws..
They choked my cacodemon*

*It blew off the fallen angel from my
heart,*

And still I chased my abductor

On the tune of the bagpiper..

I cuddled into it's arms

I loved its warmth..

The more I grappled with my desire

The more it shackled me in cell..

like a Sky creeper..

as a leafless doddering vine

Entangling in my veins to

suckle out my eyes,

It snatched my fantasy

My woven tapestry..

my buds and my leaves

My fruit and my flowers..

my words, my ink, my poetry..

but I gave life to my amer bael

*I let it grow across my chest
On my boughs..
in my limbs ..
around my entire being..
and under its yellow spell
I stood firm on my roots
I nurshoured my enemy with my
arms..
under the adversary of the enemy
I won the war.*

Farzana Aqib

“if it happens as it happens”

*Older than the sea
Ancient than the Earth
primeval as the sun..
spiritual as the primitive beliefs
Oh.. there you see..
It stood resiliently calm in ease
As the archaic tree,
let me tell thee..
every thing is temporary
Only love exists forever,
If it truly occurs ever be.*

Farzana Aqib

“Still we dare to love”

*I'm a silent zephyr of the morning
You are a roaring wind of the shores
I stir a sweet melody of the spring
You rumble through the ether
you chase the vehemence
of the summer sun
And I burn with the flames of amber
In the coldest ambient ..
So i may warm thine frozen night
I melt with the candle light,
As month and a fire ..*

*We dwell together in cohabit
one is sooty smoke
another is a paraffin-wax..
one will drift away with air
Another will melts in the tears ..*

Farzana Aqib

*A zephyr of the Mediterranean
In its gentle swaying drifts
Leaves a tasteful salty lick
on the skin of silver sandy beaches
And a wind moving past the towering
hemlocks ...
Moving through this ancient woods
Scatters a musty fusty stench
A seductive poisonous potion
Green as its fern ..
Purple as its stem ..
A man wears the weathers
Be it Rain or scorching sun
whatever the path it opts for
As the crystal lakes of water
Wears the blue of ether*

Farzana Aqib

“In the arms of the Lord”

*Beneath the fern and mosses
Somewhere In the woods..
I buried my inner Noises..
I seeded my pen under the turf,
And hung my verses
Over the boughs of the trees
as the reverend lanterns for the holy
presence..
I returned with the sonorous echoing
of my last hymnal whisperings...
now I slept peacefully
Into my intramural serene dorm
Into my esoteric spiritual domain...*

*I had sacredly done my duty..
I heard that in this solstice summer
that barren fern bore flowers
Miraculously..
and the mosses spread across
So Soft and velvety over the grass..
The whole forest is humming with my
song,
The phantom of my silent endeavours
Wore the feathers of the fairy lights
They dazzle with the stellar stars
As the thousands moons sprinkled
over the blind earthly sod..
and the entire jangle is dancing on
the rhythmic version of my songs..
and my heart is frozen inside my
ribcage,*

*without the pulse of my creative soul.
Yet my chest is enlivened
by the sacred force..
A divine endowment
That will be Emblazoned
On the fortress of the holy walls..*

Farzana Aqib

“Unseen Miracles”

*A spectrum of my verses
Reflecting a Variegated depiction
Of my inner autumnal being
And my outer blooming spring
With the fragrant flowers and foliages
of my dreams ..
Burgeoning on in abundance
over the earthly deserted realms
With a sanguine light and meaning
It paints the faces of unseen miracles
Where voices go unheard
And silence spurts as deafening
rackets..
I'm sitting there in the quietens
of my solitary asylum,
trying to write something*

*From my obscured fantasy
before It dissolves into the migratory
patterns,
of the outer lunar Graphicurry
And dissipate into the inner molten
magma of artery,
I sit to give words to my inferno
Before the triggering dacitic eruptions
To give eternity to my peaceful
heaven,
As echoes from the other distant world
Stirring the Fire of my slumbering
grey silence..
but before it leaps out of its shell
As a mighty rebellion rebels,
My stifle words.. as a phoenix
with its burnt quills*

*Will resuscitate from the ashes..
as phantom of the moon it might
crawl
On the pines boughs .. on the ferns
and grass..
wet and soaked it returns
to its opus black hole,
Where On the fullness of it being
It pulls out the waves of the seas
With its mighty lunar spell..
its scorching thirst drinks all the tidal
frenzy
From the gargantuan depths of
oceanic cauldron ..
heavy with its potbelly exhaustion
It returns to it's abandoned
confinement,
Until the dark cavernous*

*moonless nights mark its advent ..
It hung on the ceiling of the forsaken
churches, to lock its doors and bells
where only the fallen angels
Come to regret..
it listens to their confessing
It calms their repentance
It writes nonstop about the burning of
the scared hearts..
it writes the holy thesis
Biblical. theological, devotional
All the scriptures of human theorem,
They revered it as poetry..
I take it as divine sermons ..*

Farzana Aqib

*“Silhouette of the
unseen demons”*

*As the shadows of the sun
striding behind you
And the silhouette of the moon
growing taller than ever..
when a fistful fear grows
larger than the shores
And the weak claws of the night
turns mightier than thine shoulder
blade,
Impeding you down to squelch and
wade
To slacken the Pennant of thy sail..*

*you are neither losing nor winning ..
Thy inner and outer combatants
stakes
and like a one eyed merchant gaze
you helm and steer,
through the abyssal river ways
beneath the starless nightmare
Above the rip-roaring tidal spate,
thine inner silence goes deeper than
the oceanic caverns..
Sinking slowly into the endless depth
of dupe..
derailed in the faith ..
Thwarted by dismay
Obstructed without the mercy prayer
whatever it may..
thy sail is Wrecked in the main*

*By None of these genesis
Only by thy delinquent attitude
this intrinsic intrigue against the
labyrinthine power of thine dreams
There was no common adversary
alliances
If an enemy there be..
It's only thee ..
Who lacerated the metronome ticking
To stir up the unwanted cacophony
Of the phantoms of the past
Of the failure, disgust and dearth
You are wreaking as senile without
worth
as an insolvent dead duck
Although thine soul was more sturdy
Than thine thoughtless timidity..*

*So just for once ..
let the sun sits opposite the moon,
Let the striding shadows
And chasing demons
scuffle with the reality,
Let's get settled the stratagem
For the final victory or tragedy.*

Farzana Aqib

“Light and Shadows”

*Until the pain hadn't set me free
I couldn't see..
that nature undeniably goes
beyond the course of metamorphose ..
For the renaissance of interest
it must endure ..
that there's a silent growth
in the woolly fold..
A story turns many chapters
before being told..
A dense oak dramatic interplay of light
and shadows..
it's deep dark foliage and broad
canopied foray..*

*Never occurs before its Onslaught days
Before its lessons Laden albeit aged.
so as a flurry through the columns of
hills
roaringly speeding away
And the autumnal palates what we
behold
As the enchantment of dazzling
beauty
is a vibrant transient towards killing
A beginning of ruthless dormancy
And a rapid end of harvesting..
until ...
The new canvas of ambient light
Wears On the spring colorant skin
Emerges from the month of bul..*

*And life resuscitate from the
decoration of wrath.. with self-
fulfilling prophecy...
Strange isn't that..
The dormant Winter comes with
hope..
As the pine cones hold
the conviction of the summer sun
the precedence of new growth
The seeds of Optimism and promise
dormancy and potential ..
harbingering the return of vibrant
flowers,
Beneath the white icy flecks and fluffs,
Before being robbed
Deceit never get exposed..
before scarcity and draught*

*The mercy of raindrops only occurred
as the lashes on the corrugates
destined to wash off the dusty rocks ..
pain chisels rocks as the combatants
of wars..*

*Heroes are born out of blitz ..
if blessings has any meaning
It's just witnessed in the face of
penury.*

Farzana Aqib

“Under the Sacred fig tree”

*The notions of duty and altruism
are vital condiments..
if it's known to common discernment
Size and colours are irrelevant
For those who beholdeth
the truth ..
For their own behoof ..
Mystic impetus is within their creation,
Stitched inside their own skin..
Colossal if the boughs
Ample is the refuge
Massive if the trunk
Thicket be the shadow
Under the sacred fig foliage
Sun is forbidden for furtive peek
And Fruit is abundant as you seek*

*a dense cluster of bamboos groves
Is just a taller grass with hollow stems
Laden with the evocative sound
And rustling songs of wind,
Filled with the whispering susurrations
And chirping storm of sparrows den..
An avian habitat of bird filled heaven.
the aromatic compounds of robust
pine
Sheltering and mending the
wintery transition ..
Gripping the slopes, and strengthening
the soil..
From decades of storms ..
And the havocs of ice ..
The thorny prickly cacti
So blessedly been chosen for the
oxidisation ..
As in the visually artistry miracle*

*As of aesthetically contrived sculpture
And that charismatically patterned
in omnium gatherum style..
on the dunes of desert
In the drought's of summer sky..
from an angel oaks terrace
to the Juniper in Sedona,
From the MANGROVE Territory
To the SOCOTRA DRAGON blossom
from Dwarf trees to honey crisp
From Stanley plums
To emperor Francis cherry
Be wary ..
of thine own allegiance
Be guard of thy deference and fidelity
Your purpose and the spirit of the
journey.*

Farzana Aqib

“A Spin of Potter wheels”

*A spin of potter wheels
Sculpted a clay into porcelain
a miracle of ceramic phantasm
A Midas touch of doyen
on the lathe axis turns
an Artistic Plasticine
into inventional gismo..
An ordinary dough wears symmetry
The human faces..
eyes are knifed, lips are craft
Chest is chiselled.. face is sculpt..
but where is the soul..
where is pulsating heart..
I'm scared of this phantom
of lifeless death's reflection*

*Without memories..
hopes and impulse,
only a mound of dust..
this is difference between divine and
human err..
when God chooses a speck
It gives him light and purpose..
A man of dreams and tools
Is a reflecting light of God's conscience
A body with empty eyes and running
pulse,
Without the essence of purpose
Drought of compassion.
Is nothing but a hollow painting
Placed in science museum.*

Farzana Aqib

“Cardboard existence”

*Brittle and flaky as the burnt
cardboard*

*As the barren salty earth
without the hint of sod ..*

A hue of burnt sienna skin

*The debris of autumn stricken
leave and frond*

Black grey and beige..

*As a residue left on tip of the
cigarettes bud..*

*whatever’s existing in its blossoming
pride*

Will meet the same fateful upset..

*As the cindered remains of wood
and drifting ash of amber..*

Without any eyes to witness

*Without any lips to whisper
Thou names written on the lodges
Ye pictures hung on the wall..
as a soaked cardboard..
disintegrating into crumble
thawing within the seconds
Vanished with the smacking deluge,
as a tiny paper boat..
melting as a earthworm
with a pinch of pink salt..
sailing on the swampy roads..
without any shore to halt
Without any anchoring port..
an effervescent existence
Less than a bubbling pop..
that doth much last
for the minimum second of the clock..*

Farzana Aqib

“Beyond Dante’s poetic dream”

From where to begin,

Sure from ye sin,

Or thou punishment,

From divine justice,

and the redemption.

Between purgatory inferno and

heaven

Beyond Dante nine circles theory..

or outside the dream .. a firm reality

From where to apprehend..

There are no dissenting voices

From the orthodoxy realms

There are no disagreeing..

*From the religious zealotry
That man is born in loss
For an inevitable tragedy and grief ..
Verily man is sent..
Verily man will return...
It's not anomalies but rather
A fundamental human test..
There is a crucible of faith everywhere
Each breath ye heave
Every step ye take is being measured
Every deed on thine behest
is righteously assessed ..
Before the ascendance of Mount
Purgatory,
For the salvation of separations
The inferno of the earthly transient
Had to be endeavoured*

*The testimony of spiritual anguish
The disobedience of the Adam
Should face repercussions..
A fall from perfection
A Loss of Innocence,
A gift of Suffering ..
Dolour and adversity
and the Death for thee progeny
Then the corporal infliction
by the earthly spectators and
phantoms..
is a deliberate purge to the contempt..
outside the fantasy of the Dante
dream,
There's a real furnace of this world
Its unquenchable fire" is asking for the
fuel..*

*wars are hovering..
Gunshots are heard
Next to the wailing wall
impeccable are still massacred..
innocents are strafed..
proxy is hastening..
millions are cannonade
Billions may sooner become obliterate,
What dream of poet we paint and
discuss
When a reality of the man
In it's bodily confinement
is not less than a Crack of Doom,
It's first breath on earth
is a apocalyptic event
A journey through the Reckoning
repentance..*

*There is no dream outside this illusion
There is a damnation of hell
In one lifetime circle till death,
There is a rigorous comeuppance
Within this world of condemnation
There are Enough stratagems
for Eschatological redemption.*

Farzana Aqib

“Ode on a divine love story”

*Their thrust beguiled the divine
So did mine,
They maintained their pallidness, ...
behind their bowing away the doubts
And woebegone ..
through their compos mentis
emulation,
I'm a connotation of Ardent quest
My name is love,
Through every thing
Over everyone..*

*You are the one
I too redeemed my dreams from,
Nor did I chase upon,
Neither it had any toiling beyond
It just transpired as some
marvel phenomenon,
As a miraculous enactment
As a heavenly syndrome
Or by the mighty Moirai hand
Fewer amongst the chosen ones..
That I heard the tune of my pulse
incessantly on..
that the smacking of my fervent heart
walloped me every often,
Just As the wast drape of sunshine
every forenoon,
descend upon the cerulean horizon..*

*Wrapping the earth around with its
benign affability and warmth,
and the snowy quilt of winter night
Unfolds it's haversack ,
Entrapping the woods with its frozen
spell,
Yet the amber of thine burning eyes
And ardour of thy enchanted light
Kept scintillating in my pulse ...
To making my blood chambré warm ..
Nothing else could have enraptured
me more..
than thine ample feel to converge
upon
all the weathers, and all the seasons,
My autumn reaps blossoms,
My summer drinks the blood wine
As my last Supper..*

*and in a period of descent
In another heroic journey archetype..
Another chosen one was destined
For surviving the gut prison
of a great fishy abdomen..
As a holy Cranberry spritz,
Where Jonah had been swallowed
within,
inside the darkened belly cavern..
Before the rebirth of his
transformation
reciting the verses of uplifting..
“there is no God but thou “
Just as the prodigy of thee’s love
The alchemy of thine Torrid kiss:
Pay the price for all my wounds and
lacerations..*

*In the crusade of the love..
without any combatants I won.
Only a dome of green homage
Is built on my holy reverential remains,
A cross of Salvation ..
Is erected on the cavalry of Jerusalem
A hint of my existence is evident
In the Cave Patriarchs as the reverend,
The inkling of my presence
Is buried under the Mount Nebo,
Somewhere in the Jordan.
In the lineage of divine worship
Quran, and Psalms...
Injil and Gospel..
Zabur and Talmud ..
All of the Goodness gracious,
Before Ibrahim and after Muhammad*

*My journey gyrate around the sun
Where to start where to end ..
My story is indelible
My epic is eternal..
my love was never meant to be
forgotten.*

Farzana Aqib

"I am ready for the journey"

*Come see, is there any scare
adorned on me ..*

May be ..

a tiny blotch on the skin

Or an old laceration blot

But there's nothing on the soul

Beyond the wrath of the years

And the manipulations of hatred gaze

*Despite the bludgeoned entry of the
misfortune..*

I bear the brunt of the loss

*But no tears of regret scrolled down
my throat*

*To rebut, confute my thoughts,
There was no hint of chaos
In the murmur of my heart
It was resilient enough to fought
I painted a new wall of my facade
I tilling my soil for the new bed of
flowers
To propagate the roses
To harken back wondrous flora and
fauna
On my freshly laid Velvety sod ..
For Both my depth and elevation
After metamorphosis ...
I returned victorious to my clan
I stood up as the captain of the
battalion
I was ready to rescue my injured
native dreamers..*

*To water the wilting hopes..
as one resilient soldier in the war
is the whole army against the tyrant
horde,
Sow dreams, give buoyancy to the
hopes,
Don't count thy pricks stab, and jab, .*

Farzana Aqib

“A colossus of my legacy”

*O' Artist of the Great oceans
O' northern southern doyens
If one day you be Entreated
To evince a great poetic canvas
to chisel out a behemoth
of a poetic tenet..
A leviathan of a pastoral epic pen,
A colossus of my Metrical verses..
a dream of my Figurative art,
how will you do that task..
with brazen lies..
or with thine unambiguous knack ..
building a cornerstone*

*For a vehement Heart,
Neither who's power is as illustrious
as Helios ..
nor as prodigious as the lady of
harbour ..
Yet Before being nearly lapsed
into the oblivion path,
before the enshrinement of my
prophetic oath..
My solvent must define my éclat
The identity of my divinely craft
With pairing twosome as twain
My ink and my sacred blood stains
into the blue light of my verses..
and the pulsating sound of my dreams
Turning the inevitable gift to be
revealed*

*The purpose I carried for my journey
Shouldn't go vanished
as the meteors of fireball ..
or with the slow demise of plenilune
glory
Until its last hiccuping shafts..
neither it should seldomly be emerged
as a polychromatic rainbow arch,
it will stand tall as a giant colossus
With my eyes afixed inside it skull
socket
Watching the army of clouds from the
distant seacoast,
with my pen upheld in the ether
As the torch of light in the hands
of mother .. of exiles..
Standing on the New York Harbor..*

*Neither it should hold the guns and
flags
Never it should be jolted down
as Rhodes
My legacy shouldn't be sung as dirge
in the tears of death
I wish it must be upheld on the gates
of the sunset..
on the pathways of light..
on the silver sands of the cerulean
shores
On the vastness of this transitory
landscapers doors..
I stand, as a silhouette against the
molten gold,
both held and holding,
the lyrics the torch and the Rose..
soft, and untold.*

*As a colossus of Dasein
A a symble of oness
A as country without borders
As a war that had never been fought..
as a treaty that would never renege
on its terms,
As a free migratory flock
On the glorious earthly sphere.
Without frontier fringe
and the costal boarding line.*

Farzana Aqib

“Slave at heart”

I'm a man who wears no face

My shoulders carry the same

mimicked disgrace ..

*My voice never rose to the shout of a
noxious outrage,*

*I lay in the same boisterous curse of
shame,*

*wearing the same blot on my
escutcheon..*

I can't drink from the chalice

For I'm not pure enough

*I been never purged from
the sins of my ancestral dark grime
skin*

*I was born with the Vernix Caseosa
of soot ..*

*I'm standing in the awe of the fear
Under the weight of polished boots
In a disquiet of unseen
In the trepidation of pervasive human
history..*

*in the surge of anxiety
in the bondage and warfare trade
I'm a slave ..*

*that had travelled so far
Trudging On the archaic trail,
Without cutting my chains
My shackles and nooses..*

*I'm sold at the industrial wheels
As machine..*

*I'm a freeman but in a Servitude,
bowed at the altar of thine majesty,
I'm paid in pennies to buy a loaf,
My shelter is stinking as my rotten
roots,*

*Without sun, wind and water ..
barren from my soil and saltish in my
sweat
imprisoned by my ancestral lineage
in the caste and creed's bondage..
I'am bricked behind the hierarchical
social menace..
I can only listen ..
but without any remonstration,
I can see..
But with the blinkers on my eyes..
so I may not rely on the solely visual
stimuli
I'm painted in the colours of prejudice
Masked by the turmeric, curd, and
gram –
Powered with all the ingredients
Of mental impairment..
To deceive my fellow countrymen*

*That my blood is not untouchable
and outcast.
I'm not Dalits.. Or leper burakumin,
I'm not darker then the rest
I'm not a persona non grata,
As waifs and strays"
Still I'm sold as chattel
And bought as thrall..
born in thraldom
Shall die in the incarceration
beyond the boundaries of life and
death, and the complex interplay in
between,
I shell mirror the ugly spectres of the
earth,
on my own spectrum of dasein
and not by the parity of my
divinely chiselled worth ..*

Farzana Aqib

“The Majoritarianism”

*In the sketched route of exit
I bought the painted myth
Chasing a Road
That never stop running
Into the highs and lows
Walking in the hatched dreams
marrow
With strange delight, and sunlit
wallow,
My eyes were filled with the warmth
of chlorophyll glow..
bulging out with the swell of glee
And not felt the tightening of the
gallows,*

*That had harkened me towards the
edge
Of another dimensional canvas..
downing my frenzied notions in one
swallow"*

*Not looking at the parallel escorting
shadow
A naked and leafless
barrenness of autumn
A pain of metamorphosing season
beneath the boscaje of burgeoning
blossoms ..*

*i couldn't hear the roaring of the
storm
The moaning murmur of the wind,
I was slithering down as a rain blob
from the pine leafs and boughs ..
and clattered over the cobblestone
Of the barren arid mountain terrain*

*descending On the sandbars ..
explicating the relationship between
Blossom and draught..
through the thoroughfare
Of nature's own luminaire light..
when sun folds its canopies
To return to its secret solitary den,
And tranquility of silver spread across
the stratospheres of earth..
Opening the doors of its old Souk
Selling the stars and planetoid of
million sort,
Many bargains are dealt into this
cloudy dark shadows..
another Khan El Khalili remains
opened
till the End of ethereal darkness of this
cosmic doom...
The rhythm of the Ghawazi anklets*

*Swiftly fade-away..
the whisperers of the night trade
Leave from the ancient gate ..
the window of the Venus peeps
soon switches its lady lantern..
Eastern sky again wears it damask
the pinkish blue dress of the attendant
and sun returns to its full glory
as the Eos..
followed by Theia the Goddess
between the grind of the universe
And wheels of the earth
Many new stars born and many old
get crushed..
many new galaxies are created
Many sent back to black holes..
many rivers vaporize by the time's
distillation..
Many oceans, left their affluent*

embankments..

*Only dunes of sands are left aghast
reminiscing over the past..*

*a trail of salt deposits and a few
highly saline lakes.*

*Telling us the story of the mighty
Messinian salinity history..*

nothing is forever the same

*Only time of our miniature existence
creates its own deceitful truth..*

its rapturousness and gloom

It's magnanimity and love

It's abhorrence and distaste

All in the painted image of camouflage

*All in the drawn myths of maps and
drafts.*

All written by humans hand..

*The pathway, the religion,
and the legitimate relations..*

*Starting from the human deception
Ending with the mundane vision..
On the set patterns of the game
A caged bird never flutters..
Though the door towards the freeway
in some aviaries are left unlocked ..*

Farzana Aqib

"I stayed too long"

*I stayed too long perhaps
In one place..
Holding onto the same shelter
Before walking in the storm
I anchored on the same harbour
For the reason unknown
Despite the cerulean clearing of the
river
And vivid bright streaks of the sky
I buried my oars on the bed of the
shores
Just gazing blankly at the tides..
as if frozen in the ice..*

*My heart couldn't pulsate to decide,
Shall it return to the pasture
To be the same again..
or break the archaic rustic chains..
shall I die in the name of love..
or I must live by the rules of the game.
Where victorious reign
And besieged is harken to cell,
the dungeon of the love castle
Is the bigger yoke of imprisonment
Where trapped souls are bartered
As the bondsman and thrall..
this slavery of love never fails to ends.
I must set my sail ..
before the tyrant army of emotions
Compels me to be a vassal
to my figurative maverick ..*

*Either to be the aficionado
of my own life,
Or surrender to the legacy of undead
fiend of love,
whose rapacious bloodlust,
unfurl the havoc,*

Farzana Aqib

"Noah's Ark"

*Waiting to be written
all over again
Like a powdery dusty road
without any end runs
Or circumvent ..
Without any grits and milestone,
Like an ancient river path..
without any port of call..
dried and barren..
watching the justice of the rainfall
It's distant intense lighting and storm,
Its torrential downpour over the
ocean,*

*It's seldom mercy on the dunes
It's oblivion trails of waywardness
and the forgotten terrain of
mountains..*

*it's callous disregard for thirst ..
and the droughty grey landscape
stretching across the desert..*

*then comes the dirt road to my home
That Goes nowhere but in the
shadowless backyard..*

stood in the centre of the sun..

*A marvel of my own barrenness
And not as the science spectacle,*

Of the Sino-French Church,

Here I often build

the castle of my dreams ..

*Chiselling the sanctuary of stones
as my mighty God's regime
without any Bloosom of the Earth*

*Without the retro-reflective
phenomenon the rainbow, thunder
and the rain..*

*Only the winter moon of desert..
which sometimes send some drops-
lets*

*To glisten the thirst of my cactus.
I survived the dense desert storm
Without the drizzling of the northern
hemisphere..*

*without the winter sun,
I hung my un sculpt log of dreams
On the wild thicket of chaparral copse,
Waiting for the wind to prune it out
Give it a sharp cut of resistance
With a hollow rhythms of flouted
words*

*May the drifting wind carry my
strength of prayer..*

*beyond the forbidden realms of love
Above the retrospective light of earth
In the darkness behind the moon
Invading the bogies of the stars..
May the mighty angels grace my
name
May the blue bless my craft..
may one day the cerulean ocean
become my inky reference..
May the rainbow of the seven heavens
be my palette of colouring affluence
May in one lapse of time
God hold my pen.. within his fist of
kun,
and ask me to write on his behest..
all righteous things without any sin.
May this broken raft
of a dreamer of dreams
be filled ..*

*as the Noah's Ark covenant of lord..
And returning of the dove to Ararat's
peaks
With the olive branch into its beak ..*

Farzana Aqib

“Lord of night”

*Every night city empties her eyes
In sinister Crepuscular sight..
the old streets heaves perpetual sighs
The shadows vaulted by columnar
and paramid trees ..
that opaque the arches of the
sanctuary
and this Stygian tenebrosity in that
city seemed fated to go on forever.
This obscurity is split
by occasional strands of moonlight
that sneakily touches
The slumbering princess
of the old cursed megalopolis*

*her cheek, her chest, her arms
and her ankles.*

*With It's incandescence glistening
across the long tassels of the night
that surrounds the docks and ships
with its ghastly effulgence
On the broad sheet of water."
in the late hours of the receding tides..
never had I witnessed this city
Turning So devious as phantom ..
Like a spectre emerging in shadows
and my soul so like the combatant
so keen so fierce so determined
So prepared for braving either sun
Or tenebrous cavern.
The decrepit beloconies of decaying
hotels
Whiffing on the scents of it's hidden
dampness*

*Unfurling Many stories
from monarchy's galleries ..
unearthing many mysteries
of sealed dungeons..
those old sin that had stretched out
its murky shroud of coldness and of
death
Like a bad thief with its sinister power
stealing the placidly of the peace
for its demonic powers,
Yet in the transverse plane
this ominous gloom
can lead the sibyl astray in time
Pivoting around in listening and seeing
that evoke the history of the city,
its countenance and magic
Its geography, and crime..
before the advent of the wartime
in the glaring noon,*

*I must wrap up myself..
do I continue living into this moment
of enchantment..
or like a sage, leave behind my
footprint
So may a seeker come to harken me
back,
And pick my scattered hint of verses ..
few words of wisdom
written in my delirium,
Few stain of labyrinth
may appear vivid in the sun ..
May the Lord of the night cleanse the
evidence..
may the justice of the day undo it.*

Farzana Aqib

“Mirror to the light”

*When Gods dictum reached
And man feels entitled
to his fiat,
He dares,
He opens his heart as aperture
He will not leave ever
He knocks at the doors
He dances
among the mobs
And trespasses
the no go sites*

*He begins to write
He becomes rebellious
A poet so obstreperous
A mirror to the light
Who gets the decree,
Shoot on sight .*

Farzana Aqib

“Just eavesdrop”

*You want to meet the beloved
So meet,
How naive you are
You dwindled many hours
Questing thee in the stars
in the stars,
Adrift friend you thought
Was always there
inside your heart
Try, Just eavesdrop*

*Ask what you want to ask
Close your eyes
Aperture his sight
He is there sedentary
He is there for decennary
He will not leave before I
He is infinite, he is undying.*

Farzana Aqib

“Entrance”

*He sculpted you
To have your warmth
He chiselled you
To see your face
He enlightened your eyes
With his phenomenal light
So you could admire
his Midas trace
He made you with the
Doug of his starry dust
With the chunks of many moons*

*There then On this earth
You made thy advent
You were made sentient
To spread across thy unique scent
Yet After being real you
You drifted afar so soon
Like a shadow of the pale afternoon
You forgot the meaning
of your relics
Your architectural psychadelic
Your sculptural embellish
The reason why
you have been engrafted
Why you were adorned
From head to toe
O'Man you should know*

*Many particles of dust
Will come and go
Keep reminding thyself so.
You are divinely Doug
You must know
how to entrance your pain
And how to grow
Your soul has to be full of woe .*

Farzana Aqib

“Pain must be silent”

I regret

Calling him from the back

His rebellion had no reins

And My love had no chains

When wound bleeds

It needs tourniquet,

Heart May remain

unspeakably violent

Yet Pain must be silent

When birds abandon the nests

They never returned

But still tree continues to grow

sheltering the new transients

Every thing is temporary

But love is permanent

Farzana Aqib

“Remorse of the past”

*Beneath hurt and disgust
Domain of the love rests
Underneath the love Pristine features,
Lays there a true warmth of the nest..
Feel rapturous as a victor
Ignore the wailings of the banshee..
Close the windows of the retrospective
theatre..
What had long been left,
Give it a bow.. let it go..
Those brighter Eastern horizons
That fading yellow west,*

*Every thing was written
in the journal of the voyager...
As camping, crossing, itinerary,
Don't fret, regret and worry,
this odyssey still carries in its quiver..
Many swords, guns and flowers.*

Farzana Aqib

"Parcel"

*My pain was less
My gifts are abundant
Thee took one seed from my infertile
muck ..
And remunerated it
in a bounteous harvest"
A bargain with the Lord
Always generously be returned*

Farzana Aqib

“That one sight”

*I once saw his glimpse
And never left that place
I made my whole world built
Around that one corner close to the niche
All my life
I flew on the same sky
drifted like blimps*

Farzana Aqib

“Stygian crypt”

*A lover is always empty
Forever on drift
Even an ocean can't
fill his fissure
A moon can't coruscate
his inner Stygian crypt
A fire can't match his flame
He is whirling, gyrating dancing
Celebrating his pain*

Farzana Aqib

“Empty shells”

*An empty love floats upside
A filled heart capsizes
What is in the depths of the ocean
You can't realise
Empty shells are left
on the shores
A pearly shell is never
tossed by tides*

Farzana Aqib

“Directives”

I can't control my rhythm

I can't choose my music

I'm a lover bona fide

I'm precise....

I have to dance on my inner whims

On my inner whispering voice

I'm an epitome

of my Beloved's choice

Farzana Aqib

"I am"

I'm betwixt

thy and thee

Thine unambiguous epitome

I'm not what ordinary eyes see

Farzana Aqib

"Soul"

*Behind folds
Truth is hidden
Eyes lips skin
Every things is
delusional sting
I'm precious
I'm kept within*

Farzana Aqib

“Soul to Soul”

*When you're with me
Your soul is naked
Thy truth erupts
from your pours
A goose bumping drift
Writes the final precis
My eyes are close
But I can see*

Farzana Aqib

"It's not about turning the pages"

*Life is a book"
and we are the readers,
No Ardent bibliophile
close the book in the middle,
They slowly read it
As a treasure worthwhile
Be it a bad chapter or good,"
Story must be read
Till the end,
And they would",
Every sequence and climax
Must run in the head,*

*Every line has to be known
Every dialogue too indeed",
Otherwise the storyline
remains un- comprehend".
Same is the journey of man,
It Can't be left in the middle"un
trudged, un driven,
on the highway road,
incomplete, Un understood"
Half way you can't bid",
A goodbye for good.
Each moment of life
has to be lived.
It's not about turning the
new page
It's about how you lived through all
stages.*

Farzana Aqib

My Silent Patio Gleams

*When night casts
It's advent on the walls
And first shadow of setting sun...
Awakens the flames
in the frigid candles
And my silent patio gleams with
yellow dim light,
Few poems jumped out of the their
dwells
Each of my paper-bind friends,
Tells a secret story
Which no one else's tells,*

*And my ink sips the flavours of my new
creations*

My poetry froth out of its cups.

And night befalls

Amidst the crispy gossip;

Farzana Aqib

“Pot of Clay”

*I was spoiled to the extreme
overindulge in sin*

*When I was recomposed
I become the saintly thing*

A pot of clay ...

Unglazed did sink

When burnt in kiln

*Become the most
precious kaolin”*

My fireclay skin

Is prototype for both

For tophet and Heaven

For demon and adam.

Farzana Aqib

“Pretentious”

*You are one of my “if”
My secret prayers whiff
I desiderate your absence
But that thought I often biff
With every setting dusk
I melt like a dying candle
Like a moth smoke drift
Yet with the dawning day
I wear a deceiving look
I emerged more resilient,
I stay rock stiff,*

Farzana Aqib

“Don’t resist”

*Surrender to its will
Don’t resist,
Else it will persist’
Relentlessly non stop
No one could ever avoid
The music of its pulse
No one could escape
from the prison of the heart*

Farzana Aqib

“Taste of love”

*The rapture of life
And pain of death
We experience both
on the one journey of love*

Farzana Aqib

“Hint of love”

*Sometimes the glimmer
of the stars and moon
The rhythm of blue lagoon
The giggles of the butterflies
And the music of the leaves do not tell
your love story,
It's the silent moan
the sighing echo of the heart,
That says you are lost.*

Farzana Aqib

“Dainty craft”

*I love cracks on my heart
I wanna fill my soul
Like a kintsugi art,
The paint of my pearly tears
A silver lining of my sinking dreams,
And the Platinum of my Unrequited
love,
With the brewing Rhodium of my inner
pain,
If All together be retained
Must be filled in my own”
Broken parts,
On my mendable dainty craft.*

Farzana Aqib

Many nostalgic strings

*After cold ruthless suffering
I popped anew"
On the boughs of spring,
With a drifting scented waft
Amidst the dazzling
Colours of flowers.
A freshly dewy wine
I'm drinking,
Together me and the browbeaten
earth,
after much moaning and crying,
Tearing Down the dead Sienna turfing,
Sitting by the river side*

*Washing and erasing
the old ugly staining
All drenched in sunshine
In my summer bathing
With the melting fresh
honey milk heavenly streaming,
Together we both determined"
Earth and me,
together we must be recovering,"
On the music
of the whiffing air
Many a nostalgic strings
we be stirring,
Many a maudlin moments
we have to be evoking,
Amidst the distant moons and stars,*

*at the settling beam of dawn a past
we refused,
not to be harkening,
When a wounded soul changes its
name
Leaves its clan
A new identity it signs
A new destiny
it wishfully chase*

Farzana Aqib

“Die before you live”

*The Treasures of your dreams,
Are buried beneath, the surface,
You must dig your grave first,
And live afterwards.*

Farzana Aqib

“Malignant love”

*A stone you thrown
Hit my heart
Decades are gone
Thy signature mark
Still evidently be shown,
I shut the display of my soul,
After thy ugly trade mark,
Yet every night I open my casement,
I make it ajar”,
I vividly recall”,*

*How malignant love could be
How malicious are the human tricks.
infectious are the piercing
of eyes,
virulent is the attack
on heart.
Never stare in a stranger's eyes,
It may jinx your whole life.*

Farzana Aqib

“Secret weapon”

steer clear of hate,

eschew abhors

Love more

This world will be yours”,

Farzana Aqib

*“Blackout”**Summer bright**April night**The moon of skies**Is out of sight**Valley is all**in the fist of fright**With Tomorrow’s dawning**My startled eyes might”**Calm the pulse upright,**In the day drenched light*

*All woolly white
When You will arrive,
the fear will exit —
From the backyard side",
I only have to survive...
Through the blackout tactics
Of This unknown ...
strangely night.
I am awake in the attic
of my mystic hideout
till the North Star
Blinks on the sky.
Till you pinch my insight
To say hi".*

Farzana Aqib

“Incise”

*Worldly weathers
Chisels man,
As a mist turns rain
above in the aloft
Rock once was
A soil very soft*

Farzana Aqib

Caught on the hook

*Without a book
Life in its broader perceptive
Appears short-look
As if pasted on the walls
Shoved in the nooks
As a sailors boat
caught on the hook”*

Farzana Aqib

“Pessimistic thoughts”

*The day you shut all the windows’
to avoid Torrents
And thundering roar,
The same day sun will rise
on skies,
And a run of a luck
Will move past your door,
So never give into your pessimistic
thoughts,*

Farzana Aqib

“Behind the boscaje”

*Never follow the path
of herds,
Adopt a wild Unmown labyrinth,
That had never been trudged
Your destiny will abruptly emerge in
the wake of
the boscaje,
As a dawning sun.
Sometimes obscure maze
Hides behind it,
A secrets treasures' cave.*

Farzana Aqib

“Mystery”

*There is a strange beauty
In the midnight moon
The spellbinding mystery
at the dead of night oceans,
Sky also gravitates in the wee hours,
A phenomenon so phenomenal .
A mystery still unknown,
Why a Silent night captivate the soul,
Why quietude turns mystical
Why the moon bird cries turned into
chronicle ...
Why at the full moon sight
The insanity of heart
turns poetical ...*

Farzana Aqib

“All kapt but you”

*All the shades of blue
Relate to you
Every arch of the rainbow
Wears thy hues
Every star gleam at your path
Every moon walks parallel
Wherever you walk through
Every spring wears blossoms
Just To captive you
Sky turns its canvas
To enchant you,
It's you my beloved
Only you..
Rest is all kaput
None for anyone's use.*

Farzana Aqib

“Paradise”

Somewhere

Where there is no one around”,

Somewhere

Where there is silence so profound,

Somewhere ...

Where there is briskly air

plays on the flute of shepherd’s,

And tides in the ocean

overlapping and dancing

All in rhythm...

*Where there is a tinge of yellow
candles,
Painting the shores
Beneath the starry skyline
And a secret mystery
Of caravanning bells
stirring the silence,
And milky moon drizzles from the sky,
I want to dwell
somewhere ...
Where there is a vigour
A verve of life
Yet space apart,
From the cacophonous
city sound.
Where there is no
shove down,*

*And pushing around.
Where there is no screaming of
battleground,
Only laughters and giggles get held
and bound,
Where deers and hound
Together sleep so sound.*

Farzana Aqib

“Enamored”

*Lustful and ardent
A relentless delirium,
consuming my soul ..
My Love for unattainable
My Lust for untouchable beauty ..
For an unseen doxy..
My strange affixed fidelity
Yet my incoherency,
My rich fancy
My unexplainable truth
That my friend, my beloved,
Often touches me,*

*With the close eyes...
Oh yes,
Without hands,
And kisses me without
lips ...
I always feel astray
beguiled in this alluring love
I have a goosebumping sensation ...
being greatly enamored
Under this enigmatic spell
Reality or deception
Now It's out of question.*

Farzana Aqib

“Change is in the air”

*In the debris of time
There were love coated moments and
praise filled rhythms...
When we were together
And a cacophony of sound
Was so profound...
Clouds, Rainbows and butterflies ...
everything above the horizon and
beneath the ground
Was resonant in sound
Now here is a time
When between us, though”*

*There is no barrier found
And world seems as if a narrow
pound...*

*He is sitting next to me,
And a silence is prevalent
all around*

Farzana Aqib

“No time to regret”

No time to regret

We must move on

We must accept

No time to regret

Whatever is the hurt

We must forget

Whatever will come

No one knows yet

No time to regret...

Storyline is written

Plotting is set..

Life must amorously act

*Soft soap is for the taste of the
coquette.*

true man has no teeth for regret.

Farzana Aqib

“In thee imagine”

*Who has seen thee
Neither you nor me
Yet from a meteor to a tiny speck of
dust
Is thou Mirror reflection to us,
Every orb of universe
Every sound of the ethereal spectral
Is the parabolic reflector
of the one spectrum
red, orange, yellow, green,
blue, indigo, violet ..
Turning into one white
electromagnetic*

*ray of sun,
Like the omnium-gatherum
on earth..
and the rainbow drawn ribbon
on the Scotch mist horizon
As the dazzling feathers of the
Chrysolophus pictus ..
The pheasants
Everything is destined
in the prismatic body of heaven
In a way is the reminiscent
of the images so magnificent
yet unseen by the optic vision..
every species Born in the Depiction
of thy..
and between man women and them,
You bring gender discrimination..
as if a gender reformation*

*Occurred without Gods intervention,
In the law of creation nothingness is
one,
There's no element as fixed or binary..
"Hijra" eunuch hermaphrodites,
All idiosyncratically characterised
The composite form of both spiritual
disciplines..
embodies the unity of masculine
and feminine..
representing a merging of the two
within
a single form ..
as the greatest heavenly creation ..
it's like the spectrum of gender
expressions.
It's like a deity figure ..*

*Written As in some ancient religious
scripture and sermons..*

As the eunuch of Ottoman harems

As Tritiya Prakriti or Mohini

As Shikhandi or Aravan

Sarah Jones, and the Carol Stone

As Joy Everingham and Saint Eugene:

*Allah has created all creative balance
within the same realm of souls..*

It's forbidden to look down upon

Any race, color, or origin..

O' dear man..

Allah love the most righteous

among those descendants of Adam

Don't be obstinate stubborn

Be humble to be human.

Farzana Aqib