The Last Call

(English Poetry)

Farzana Aqib

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(English Poetry)
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Farzana Aqib

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I Dedicate

My poetry is dedicated
To the dreamers, the believers,
And the ones who never give up!

Farzana Aqib

Other Books by the Author

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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)
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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



Index

	Introduction	*11*
	Reviews	*13*
1	*"On the gateway to love"*	*17*
2	*"Peephole of the conscious"*	*19*
3	*"Through the murk"*	*22*
4	*"Au revoir"*	*23*
5	*"Eternity never dies"*	*24*
6	*"Speak to yourself"*	*27*
7	*"Verses of the heart"*	*28*
8	*"Galling desire"*	*29*
9	*"Rise and fall"*	*30*
10	*"Loot"*	*32*
11	*"Changing canvas"*	*34*
12	*"Trap of Love"*	*37*
13	*"Disciple of Lord"*	*38*
14	*"Between the half moon and full sun"*	*40*
15	*"Until you are not willing"*	*43*
16	*"True engage"*	*44*
17	*"Stay There"*	*47*
18	*"One sketch"*	*48*

19	*"Bow Down"*	*50*
20	*"Malleable human"*	*51*
21	*"Epitomised oneness"*	*53*
22	*"Margo"*	*54*
23	*"Day Dreamer"*	*57*
24	*"Shun the old thee"*	*58*
25	*"Unstoppable force"*	*59*
26	*"At last"*	*60*
27	*"Thesp"*	*61*
28	*"Mortal sin of love"*	*62*
29	*"Heist"*	*64*
30	*"You are still Alive"*	*66*
31	*"A chisel of Stone"*	*68*
32	*"Brave Heart"*	*70*
33	*"Turn into a Tsunami"*	*71*
34	*"Slow Poisoning"*	*72*
35	*"Thespian"*	*73*
36	*"Blue Death"*	*74*
37	*"Misconstrue Love"*	*75*
38	*"Grace of the Lord"*	*77*
39	*"Pen"*	*79*
40	*"Aphrodite"*	*81*
41	*"Heir"*	*82*
42	*"Temple of soul"*	*83*

43	*"On the way to home"*	*84*
44	*"Propinquity"*	*86*
45	*"From Farzana Aqib's Quote"*	*88*
46	*"Glory"*	*89*
47	*"Clean Sweep"*	*90*
48	*"Back Escape"*	*93*
49	*"Divine revere"*	*96*
50	*"Continuity"*	*98*
51	*"My Epitaph"*	*100*
52	*"Awakening from a dormant"*	*101*
53	*"The chemist"*	*103*
54	*"Venomous"*	*105*
55	*"Give it a try"*	*106*
56	*"Full moon night"*	*108*
57	*"Don't look at the past"*	*110*
58	*"Divine throne"*	*111*
59	*"A new sunrise"*	*112*
60	*"From Farzana Aqib's Quote"*	*113*
61	*"Reflection of God"*	*114*
62	*"Poetic Justice"*	*116*
63	*"Sand of Desire"*	*118*
64	*"Before I leave"*	*120*
65	*"Sorcery of evil eyes"*	*122*
66	*"The liar paradox"*	*124*

67	*"Silence"*	*126*
68	*"Goodbye to the old port"*	*127*
69	*"Forbidden"*	*128*
70	*"Salt Burn"*	*129*
71	*"Salt strength"*	*130*
72	*"One More Chance"*	*132*
73	*"Yard Nine"*	*134*
74	*"Parallel"*	*136*
75	*"Behind the Kintsugi art"*	*137*
76	*"Barista"*	*139*
77	*"Journey of life"*	*141*
78	*"Deception"*	*142*
79	*"Disguise"*	*143*
80	*"Pseud"*	*144*
81	*"Puppets"*	*145*
82	*"One Day"*	*147*
83	*"Unread"*	*148*
84	*"Blood thirsty love"*	*150*
85	*"Tulip of Stink"*	*152*
86	*"Life's crystal ball"*	*155*
87	*"Traveler of the same road"*	*157*
88	*"The blind eye of heart"*	*158*
89	*"From Farzana Aqib's Quotation Selection"*	*140*

Introduction

Recipient of 15 diplomatic honours outside Pakistan, only in the year 2024, besided innumerable national and international awards, Farzana Aqib is an accomplished and widely recognized novelist, multi-lingual poetess, philanthropist and champion activist for human rights.

She read English Literature in Punjab University Pakistan and media studies/ mass communication in university of Toronto, Canada leading to Master's degree in both disciplines.

After dabbling in media for a short while, she answered to divine calling and anchored in her permanent port of call i.s. poetry.

Although her poetry cannot be categorized in different genre of English/ Urdu poetic literature but she is internationally known and loved as a leading romantic/ mystic poetess with huge fan following. She has written 70 books so far and its just the beginning. She is a world record holder for most books in English poetry written by a single poet in modern times.

She lately lent her services to the Federal Ministry of communication, Govt of Pakistan as chairperson for literary revival. As per established habit, she excelled in that role also and had been lauded by the Govt of Pakistan at multiple levels.

Her poetry snares your soul out and sends it on an ascending spiritual journey with a burning yearing to unite and assimilate with your beloved. Her poetry has been competitively and favourabley compared with the masters of romantic / mystic poetry ala Blake, woodsworth, Shelly, Rumi. Shah Tabrez etc.

Many of her books have been best sellers nationally and internationally. Her books are stocked in hundreds of libraries in Pakistan and many other countries.

Farzana is an embodiment of down to earth humility and that coupled with her most delectable persona, She is a pure treat to meet and convers.

Dr. M.Khalid

Reviews

Kathy Adams
(Critic, Writer & Intellectual)

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

Might benefit the American reader.

Nikki Aini
(Critic & Writer from Malaysia)

Pain is a significant part and parcel of life.

In line with what Rumi has said:

Don’t get lost in your pain, know that one day your pain will become your cure.

Poetess Farzana Aqib thus commemorates pain in her life and thus pays tribute to it.

She pays tribute to pain as life is borne out of pain.

By Ann Campbell
(Author poet literary critic Uk)

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

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

Muhammad Javaid

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

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. In that respect, you use the poems to embody and mirror the nobility of this path. I wish all the best for the remaining part of your journey on this path; hope to meet one day in one corner of this world.

Kind Regars.

Arshad
(Poet)

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

“On the gateway to love”

Now let his desire sear higher
Vault over the sky
Illustriously scaling
Out growing his tempestuous
Wings and skin
Now see him…
How far he goes up for his true quest
He may wants to pluck the stars
and capture the moons ..
He may wants to be adorned
Yet with awe..
Let the dust of his shoes
Smudge with the stardust..

Teach thy disciple the truth of love
Show him the goddess of sovereignty..
“Teach this incessant slipshod
The ascendancy of respect over pride"
tell him cut the feet of his
amour propre..
And crawl onto the altar
of the blest temple,
Tell him without being reverent
Neither love remains holy ..
Nor the gospel content reveals on the chest,
as solemn secret.

Farzana Aqib

“Peephole of the conscious”

As if a pattern image of small stones
Like a mosaic art drawn onto the wall
My heart is so abundantly adorn
built with many tiny fragments
Taken from the other people’s
Reminiscing pieces of souls ..
blue red and white
Black grey and bright
Some are still piercing sharp
Some are drifting as soothing wafts

Some gives me reason to turn my
pages from the vivid past..
Some are harkening me backward
Few pieces are clung to heart
Some are just there for reason
unknown..
like a history of ancient times
I carry many artefacts in my pocket
Few days are still alive
Few faces would never die
Some voices are still lingering like the
summer sun..
some are frozen like winter nights
I carry the baggage of my collage
The ephemera of my long
forgotten past.

Some pieces of clothes
Some letters and photographs.
I have a rubrics written with red chalk
I'm a documentary about the love deceit and backstab.

Farzana Aqib

“Through the murk”

Believe and credence
can’t let the tiny spark die
Otherwise life would’ve been twice
a plethora of rotten dreams
And a dead carcass of desire.

Farzana Aqib

"Au revoir"

I won't say goodbye
Although I know you won't stop
You will never return
On this path again
I know..
but sometimes few frozen words
Calm the flam inside
Don't let the cry leap to the sky
Sometimes false hope
Gives reason to stay alive.

Farzana Aqib

“Eternity never dies”

(On the grief of Askara)

O’ silent April morning dawn
Beguile me with your art..
enchant me with your spell
Like my beloved’s alluring call
My grief is seeping inside my soul
My pain is growing on my walls
May the wrath of last December
Burn the carcass of yellow fall
May the early bird of death
Break apart the rotten casket
May the morning North Star

Harken back the reminiscing past
To warm the frozen cell of heart
O' silent April morning
Wake me up with a new avatar
Give me the drape of peaceful calm
Cuddle me in thy soothing arms
When pain cascades
from head to toe
And torment of looming fear
Wears a peripheral vision
And flood of inner cacophony
Deafens the sound of outer thunder…
When heart bursts with inner storms
Tell me to dare ..
tell me to break the cage of delusion
Tell me to drift away at once
from the gloomy encounters of world
Away from the Persistent
cavernous darkness

Tell my feet's to dance and whirl
Tell my soul to sing and smile
One day me and my beloved
Will meet again on the Elysian Fields
Away from this worldly confines
Where death doesn't come to snatch
Where eternity never leaves
the hands.

Farzana Aqib

“Speak to yourself”

What is seen or unseen
In an ablative estate
That must instigate the quest
Believing in what we feel
Is actually called the faith
Inner peace intercept
The outer doubt and fear
Inner voice negates
Incertitude of the ifs and buts.

Farzana Aqib

"Verses of the heart"

Sinking slow
Unperturbed to the silent lake's
bottom.
Yet on the surface lingering on
stirring up many pirouettes motions
A poet may die in a quiet
But leaves behind
its vestige of existence..
It may lay down there untoned
in the dark pitched bottom ..
But it's fossilisation is certain ..
it emerges as a light
It scatters on the horizon
As a history unforgotten.

Farzana Aqib

“Galling desire”

My implore is so ludicrous
My pleading is so exasperating
Like an obstinate beggar i ask..
and I ask thee ..
From thee..
and still with a mercy
He gazed at me ..

Farzana Aqib

“Rise and fall"

Emerge shall be those
Who are lost in their ways.
And return shall be the travelers
Who left their homes
Fire is often alive beneath the ashes
Don’t misstep.
Moon is more bright behind the grey clouds..
storm is closer when silence roar out loud..
don’t be deceived by the docility of eyes..

Inside them many stories brew
steaming high..
Victorious shall be the ceased..
and monarch shall be the slave
Time is so ruthlessly brave
It's turns the tables
When prides are soaring with rage.
And stooges are nibbling on the
leftovers..
be prepared for the turn
For the next jump
From pinnacle to foothill
And From prison to throne !!!

Farzana Aqib

“Loot”

Generation of chaos
Inheritance of loss.
Morality of lapse
A disrepair Virtuous default ..
Every seed is licked by the termite
Every crop turned silage
blood thickened as white sludge
Eyes of restive, all on edge
An embrace of the mother
voluptuously being judged
A sanity of the love
Ruthlessly smudged
In the eyes of the son

A lucidity is reflect..
No sister is sheltered
no mother is preserved..
You must, place thy latch intact
Shut thy door at the altar
No stranger should plead
No sheep should disguise
As a lamb to be fed..
O' Naive be ware
of the subterfuge of shepherd
O' dear be alert.

Farzana Aqib

“Changing canvas”

It needs inner whisperings around
dishearten heart with its mighty power
When surfeit melancholy swells
In millions caverns,
commodiously settling in
For a persistent dwell
till the chain of the breath
Breaks its haunting spell
The hefty old pulsating sound
Decrease with a strange
back foot befell..
So calmly soothing dawn

As if from The infinite inferno
A heaven Blossoms out form the hell
Who will tell..
Who have entered into thy thoughts
Whose voice fed the
Intensity of thy thirst
Something often occurs
from many a days and times
I witnessed ..
Quite precisely at the midnight ..
when thy eyes forget to blink
And your pulse halts at once
When moon falls onto the palm
Of thy open hands
And calamity of the nerves
Abruptly begins to dance
A moon bird and.. You
Both Fly up beyond

Before the world begins to awaken
Before the Dawn's eventuality
pulls the embargoed drape of black
Stirring up a cacophonous
commotion
onto the drowsy Earth ..
thy soul bid goodbye
Until the next full moon night.

Farzana Aqib

“Trap of Love”

Love comes- first -as
elated rapture
Then transpires as the only reason
for the persistent dolour
Exceeding all the endure
Then seek little ceasefire
On its own war course
Love is such a risqué
It shot fires abruptly
When sees that heart is at peace
rip-roaring it would reach
slaughtering all the delicate emotions
Sly as a cold-blooded massacre"

Farzana Aqib

“Disciple of Lord”

Ohh I’m talking about him
Who is richer than the kings
Attired as regalia
Yet famine stricken slim
Rich from his soul and heart
Like a knight from sole to crown
But having empty hands and pockets
He is assertive in his docility
With Quietly arrayed distance
Always human when he talked ..
He dazzled when he walked

Emitting grace when returning gaze
Who knows who is he..
A stranger that often come across..,
Lost in his own thoughts
People call his name as "dervish"
member of some dusty clan
Follower of the ancient trail
Seeker of the lost magnanimity
Disciple of the Lord.
He was unmatched by any of us
We are the travesty of our times
He was perhaps the emancipator
of fading life signs..

Farzana Aqib

“Between the half moon and full sun”

Beneath the impalpable ash
Of the heart..
And grey powdery log of the soul
If I vie for ..
Moving my fingers into the debris
If I smell the aroma of the coated walls
And silently floating clouds of smoke

The scen, the cinder and the cedar
The old dusty letters on the shelves
The terracotta floor
and old wooden door
Everything around me is wearing you
I'm drenched with the torrent
of the settled dust
And rinsed with the sun shafts
Sip by sip I drink
the milky haze of moon,
When I see the half naked moon
And long black trusses of clouds
Cascading down on the shoulders of the night..
I feel half wakeful sleep
As if you are slowly creeping on my body.

at my lips it's hot
At my chest it cold
You drizzle all night..
neither you sleep nor I could.
Between the half moon and full sun
I lived my whole life.

Farzana Aqib

"Until you are not willing"

Until You are not willing
Every world will fall off
The slippery rock
Every rescuing rope will lead to death
Between you and your breath
Their is a hushed up voice still left
Make it the serenade tenor of your life
Roar .. cry .. shout out
Every thing in life will be alright.

Farzana Aqib

“True engage”

Garner ye courage
And crop ye grace
Knock at the door
While the sun is still up
before the shadows casting
Night befall its curtain
And the sombre show
of dusk begins..
When spring is still on the canvas
and seeds germinate in abundance
When horizon gleams radiant blue
And silver of the sun

Still cascading down on the earth,
The alluring songs of birds
mesmerises you,
Outshout thou need
Dare to step into the revered
silent field..
If derout is not long seen
Thee shall not be pleased,
When scion bear fruit
Bough is happy, so is root
When disciple is adolescent
It's crave for the truth
Amazes the master..
devotion of the youth
Is better than the older man
Spiritual chant,
When the world discarded you
When ye day is setting down

And vigour of life is drifting away
And you reach for the safety ways
And ask for the forgiveness anyways
Ye remission is allowed though
But the angels and universe
accept thee all grey
and not as the red-hot
As in, an average devout pilgrim.
Not as the die-heart vehement.

Farzana Aqib

"Stay There"

Bright April sun
enhanced the light of my eyes
A star is fallen into the sky
You came into the life that night
And I left the earth to die!
You arrived and I demised
Something awfully unlike !!
Don't chase my path o' Naive
Where you begin ye journey
I end my path!!
Distance of decades
No one could jump across .

Farzana Aqib

“One sketch”

So tell me
Which way I may..
which direction I shall
From east to west
And north to south
To thee my eyes chase
My vision is turned obscured
The rest of the world is not clear
Only ye face emerges before
Be it the grey cloudy skies

Or the bright flux of sunlight
The canvas of the universe
Have only one brushed stroke
Nothing besides
Nothing collateral mark off
No line no dot
It only dazzles with thine shot.

Farzana Aqib

“Bow Down”

I’m on my way
Without any hint or pointer spear
Where I will desist from
Where I will be ceased on
I’m given no cryptic clue
Born without choice
Returning without option.
Surrendering in the hands of life
Is Sine qua non.

Farzana Aqib

“Malleable human”

By virtue of thy deeds
The fruit you reap
If you are barren or denuded
ye soil is sandy and stoney
If ye limbs are abundant with
blossom
Thine soil is soft,
Thine roots are strong.
Subdue thine pride
malleability must be
thine clay of heart,

On the rocky slopes
Rain never halts
spring never ensue
Life never renew.

Farzana Aqib

“Epitomised oneness”

You don’t see
That gauzy tiny tread of of divine,
Where each heart is weaved
as a bead of this omneity string
Try to feel..
if one knots is broken
If one heart is shattered
The entire humanity is fordone
One drop is the entire ocean
One heart is The syntactic one
As the whole paradigm ..
Epitomising the oneness of divine.

Farzana Aqib

“Margo”

Trampling through the yellow leaves
The dismal of the death call
Drifting through the forest boughs
Autumn carved its malicious nails
on the Bloosom laden walls.
You left without telling us all
A day of love and loss
Arrived with its ugly facade
Among hundreds of panegyric
Bouquets, candles and flowers..
The place of ye casket
on the earth being carved..

Among thousands of tear-drenched cards..
what should i write as eulogium
my blood filled homage
to a beloved friend's soul..
my pen shivers in my hands
So doth my heart..
whatever I inscribed abruptly blurt off
With water of my eyes..
only a wet stain is left
on the sheets of the life..
A warm scent of ye body
erupts from the wet smeared earth
The Pulsating pulse of my last plaudits
Like a fresh ink of thy epitaph

Drops by drops drizzling down
Yet Every world appears hollow
Every attribute seems deficient
Nothing as compared to thee
Seemingly is fair enough.

Farzana Aqib

“Day Dreamer”

I didn’t sleep for the whole night
To see the dawn before everyone else
I was clueless ..
What I capture in my dreams often
Was even for real ..
A dreamer with the close eyes
And a dreamer with the open sight
Both travel on the different sides
One perceives another receives..
one is stuck in the web
another is free to accede

Farzana Aqib

“Shun the old thee”

Pale inside the mystery veil
Like a fading light of dusk
Life dies before being emerged
Moon hides ..
inside the cavern of clouds..
to shun the old cinders of night
To get a growth and rebirth..
If thee wish to wear blossom
You must embrace the autumn first,

Farzana Aqib

“Unstoppable force”

Receding From The Dead Sea
Exceeding on the roaring waves
Falling as a dead star
Rising as a full moon
This is the story of my dreams
And journey of my trudged past
Wait until I run the marathon
And capture the entire dawn
See me settling as pavé of gems
And Dazzling together
as a solitaire of sun.

Farzana Aqib

"At last"

Now it's a turn of ye
The First earmark was me
Now the twinge of love chosen thee
I'm chischelled with the storm of heart
Now you will go through the task
I become a doyen of my art
Pain pricked me as a goldsmith filigree
I became a gem stalk
Now you are in the furnace
of ye karmic Rewards..
how pure you turn out to be
Let's wait and see .

Farzana Aqib

“Thesp”

Look at his purlieu
Ye foil and ingénue
Its thesp, and ham
All To haunt, all to conquer
All to way-lay
This is how love captures its pray.
O’ Naive Be ware .

Farzana Aqib

“Mortal sin of love”

On the palanquin of light
Thee left..
Leaving behind the vestige
of love loss..
I wrapped around the goodbye
Gathering phoenix from the ashes
Like a temporal thought
Thee emerges before the eyes
A mortal sin of love lingering on
A sip of love wine
Left the red stain on my tongue

And I bit my lips to get rid of it.
The lingering sin of love
Gulped the eternity elixir
It dance at the full moon
And haunt at the darkest nights.

Farzana Aqib

“Heist”

Lacerated fingers hold some weight
of untouched treasures
Though soaked in blood
Yet determined to Write enough
some exhumed tales
With a fateful pledge ..
Love never repeats its same episode
It chooses some excurrent characters
Not the rotten corpse,
Its content is always hot
Its story is often written
by some ebullient soul..

Old parable of
warriors and soldiers
Martyrs of their own battles
Never repeatedly sold ..
New Dawn washed away all the
artillery shells and stains of blood
But one thing is similar
Amongst Unrequited loves
It Leaves behind a new star
Not the brightest but the red one
Which falls from one galaxy to
another
In the search of that one adrift
Who is lost ..
who is snatched by the heist of
destiny
By the ruthless exploit of the earth .

Farzana Aqib

“You are still Alive”

Don’t kill the singing birds
And those stray ones
Who lost their flocks,
Don’t throw a bone to the wolves
Rather take the injured deer in,
Peace is like a silent pray
Breathing yet not fully recovered
And inner rupture is like a singing bird
That is cage but still has the young feathers ..

Don't kill ye breathing hopes
Don't lock the door
Open the cage
And heal the deer.
Life is still there..
Hidden so closely near.

Farzana Aqib

“A chisel of Stone”

Like a tip of nail
Moon was nothing but
A shedded piece of feather
Drifting behind the grey clouds
As a poor abducted demure,
Hiding her body from the drooling
Lust of stars,
Now after many months
it’s returned from the capture of
The storms and torrents..
fully healed and strengthen
All carved and chiselled
As of a victorious warrior

Who earns it liberty from the tyrant
With its diamond laden forehead
And wide gleaming eyes
It looks dawn at the earth and sky
With a smile unmatched,
Rarely of a triumphant..
Now it's the only object hung
Between the earth and sun
The entire world desires to look up
And the old vulpine hearts
And astute souls..
are buried with their devious aims
Into the old forgotten tomb.

Farzana Aqib

“Brave Heart”

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
Your 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

"Turn into a Tsunami"

Like an assortment of destiny
You have the power
In your blood and hands,
Brew your blood in ye veins
So it gushes forth from ye chest
Dripping from your hands
As an artist's brush.
To paint the entire city red
Colour of your dreams
Must permeate the entire world

Farzana Aqib

“Slow Poisoning”

A crumb of my soul
Goes on each page I wrote
The drops of my tears
Are soaked by my paper leaf
And the scent of my warmth
Exudes from my ink
My pen oozes camaraderie
You don’t read my words
You imbibe me in entirety
As some elixir for eternity

Farzana Aqib

"Thespian"

The Saddest soul smiles the most
The rapturous voice pretends
Its throb
What's veiled behind their
false facades
No one precisely knew
The pretentious thespian
leave a Least of clues

Farzana Aqib

“Blue Death”

The shortest moments
Linger forever
The briefest love leaves never
The Longer terms come
with the curse of woe,
A moth burns itself alive
For a shortest span of life
And a blue whale at five hundreds
and five..
lays on the shores to die
With crestfallen heart
Ready to bid goodbye

Farzana Aqib

“Misconstrue Love”

one abridged
Goodbye note,
And that half cup of leftover coffee
Placed next to the
fragmentary love story ..
On the table of my study..
That old sketchy album
Forgotten in the drawer
With the unanswered phone calls
And the undone promise
That one haunting night
That one silent untold exist

Everything is scattered on the floor
Creeping on the walls..
Telling that stranger
Ye existence still lingering on
Ye necessity to return feels often
To clear up the reminiscence
To scrub off all
The unwanted memories
And the rusty old misconstrued love.

Farzana Aqib

“Grace of the Lord”

A palmist said long ago
With a strongest augury though
A few crosses on my palmers crease
make my fate rather uniquely
And with few mars and moons
On my zodiac Synastry
Are strong hint of divinity,
Thee wrote my destiny differently
with the golden nib may be,
One day i will meet thee

In a far-fetched flimsy
By hundred-to-one iffy,
And yes today I agree.
Today I had a strange encounter
with my ultimate fantasy,

Farzana Aqib

“Pen”

From one reality to another
A teeth of pen cuts through,
An ink of a writer slits deep
A word of a poet deeply seeps
So choose your words wisely
Through the pages of ye books
Spread the message
as the morning rays do ..
From the briefest darkest column
It pushes out the stains of black hue.

Through the incision of the pen
And the bandage of a poetic verse
Heal the ignorant heart
May a speck of dust
Be a tomorrow's vibrant sun,

Farzana Aqib

"Aphrodite"

Marked with many incisions of love
A heart never breaks
It never looks grotesque
It appears rather perfectly
symmetrical,
An ideal depiction of beauty
more of a marble sculpture
Of some goddess of Aphrodite
A symbol of divine dignity,
Look into the crestfallen eyes
of an unrequited beloved,
a colour of divine mystery
There must be captured.

Farzana Aqib

"Heir"

The one who capitulate
the desire of the world
And disunite from the worldly
treasures,
Is called unhinged crazy
But the actual Ignorants
can't perceive
the intent of his bargain ..
what he bought by his empty pockets
A king can't even dare to retain

Farzana Aqib

“Temple of soul”

A temple is built
Within the flesh and bones
As a greatest divine creation
And a soul as its God
is placed inside it’s sanctum,
And thee make ye temple
a place of worship
Or a place of devil’s den
its commandments are being written
by your actions

Farzana Aqib

“On the way to home”

Purity is symbolic
As the white colour
To the clarity of water
To the rectitude of body
And to the chastity of the heart
So the virtue of the soul
may dwell peacefully
In its heavenly glory,
In its destined given body,
As a gift of Lord to all,
But the adulterant of the human
greed

And contamination of the worldly sins
Make the soul wear a grotesque mask
Be Adorned by a moral depravity,
there and thence
towards the end
it leaves it's temporary abode
It reaches to its Lord
It must be discarded off
to be in purgatory
to be rinsed before
For being too ill coated and dirty
to enter to the sanctum of God.

Farzana Aqib

“Propinquity”

It’s good to me alone
Or forlorn …
Hookups and propinquity
snatches the streaks of individuality…
Like the herds and flocks,
Fly the same route
Travel the same road
Wear a same colour
Carry a same coat,
Yet The mega creatures,

Objects and the great
Often are solitarily made
Be it sun moon or stars
They are together
yet drawn distantly afar..

Farzana Aqib

“From Farzana Aqib’s Quote”

Every woman on earth,
In this lifetime is once been abused by the men,
be it an emotional, physical or mental abuse, but without the realisation of it, she begins to romanticise it, out of an unconscious fear of her tormenter, she starts looking at it as a form of his love, Like a bird of cage that falls in love with its poacher and forgets to fly and silently die.

Farzana Aqib

“Glory”

Live or die
That’s not your choice
A man can only contrive
In the humongous world
His presence must signify
A speck of dust must magnify

Farzana Aqib

“Clean Sweep”

I left Him behind the arches of the years
I lost Him somewhere on the labyrinthine ways,
I erased him from my own mind, and in the cacophony of the reminiscences.:
I hid from the crowded forays
And under the darkness of the torrential sky

Amidst the false hollow laughter of mine..
still I brought in some dreams
And vistaed hopes on the horizon
I dug up the earth to bury the ancient fears
I spaded and seeded the soil..
to blossom the salty lands of tears
To rinse off the dirt and roots
From those strong rituals and taboos
that followed, and chased my way
With relentless pace ..
and thumping shoes..
I killed the enemy of the peace
My voice reached before my speed
My heart wore a marathon beat

With the same poisonous arrows
I killed my enemy.
I revert back to the old forbidden
street..
with the arsenal of war
This battle had to be a clean sweep.

Farzana Aqib

“Back Escape”

I bid goodbye to Yesterday
And past left with all its baggage
It was a firm parting no au revior
I closed the back-escape and door
The battle with the past
Ended up at last
I hung the white curtains
On the strings of my backyard
The front door is left unlocked
The arches and the gate
All kept ajar

May the hope visit more frequent
May the dreams come
Over a cup of coffee and lemon tart,
War is over, battle is ceased,
Yet between past and present
A boarder's fence is must..
only doves may come without visa
Some happy thanks are still left
Unanswered and unsaid
A last letter may be sent..
but the messages from defunct
And grapheme from the yore
Shouldn't be opened ..
battles often stir untold
Past may invade with more strength
Territory of the heart
may be snatched again
by the tyrant love tact's

Seal the passages of the heart
Chain the bridges on the rivers
Raise the walls and ramparts.
Write on the four walls
"This land is unfriendly with the past"

Farzana Aqib

“Divine revere”

Pen to paper
Blood to ink
Emotions transmit
Into the poem I touch
Into the words I write
From a blank sheet
To a manuscript of ye praise
An ordinary writing turns
into the calligraphy..
an ordinary poetic expression
Becomes a holy transcript
Ye praise travels from my fingers

Onto the walls of the temple
Resonates from the bells of the church
Drifting through the call of Azan
Painting the entire city
Into a sacrosanct place
One orndary panegyric
Makes the entire universe venerate

Farzana Aqib

“Continuity”

Eternity in a grain of sand
Infinity in the pinch of dust
A fist full of universe
A palm full of stars..
life drizzles with the tiny drops
Sun spreads its wings afar
From roots to flowers
From a drop to the oceans
A speckle of dust
germinates many young stars,
Nothing is born cursory
Nothing in this universe is ordinary.

It may appears ephemeral
Yet it's forever transitory
Life never terminates
It dies here at this moment
and emerges into another hour.

Farzana Aqib

"My Epitaph"

I seek eternity for my pen
O' creator if I must die
My ink shouldn't dry
My legacy may turn infinite
My words may forever germinate
On the epitaph of my grave
It must have to be inscribed..
Not dead.. Still alive.

Farzana Aqib

“Awakening from a dormant”

After you
No rendezvous
No secret talk..
A silence is hung on the walls,
Yet a sibility breath is still heard
As if ye dormant presence
Again Wears a renascence
As if rapture crakes the silence

It pirouettes and bow
It dance and dance
It dares me into some
ostentatious prance
I scuffle with my tied feet
I bite my chained arms
I want to kiss my secret beloved
I wish to melt into its clump,
I wish to die this very moment.

Farzana Aqib

“The chemist”

Time saddled and spurred
The more it ran faster
The more the reminiscence
of love sped ..
The more it miles away
The faster it’s gone apart
Those few faces that I desired
to cherished the most,
In the dust of time I lost.
Time is the most tyrant decoct .

It digs deep all the pits of pain
Then fills up all the empty gorge .
There left only a vast wide plain
No sign of flood no traces of rain.

Farzana Aqib

"Venomous"

One mistake of heart
Can't be made twice
If thorn pricks the fingers
Place the branch of rose Aside,
Deceive wears enchantments of lies
Demonic magics swiftly mesmerise .
Inside the Nirvanic Lilly pond
There hide hundreds venomous bites

Farzana Aqib

“Give it a try”

Give it a try
Even if it’s hard
qualm, demur and half-heart
Like an ancient witch craft
Never unchained ye dreams
Never show you a right path
Give it a try
Even if it’s hard
Unlock the doors
Open the rustic locks
Discard the old eiderdown

Wear the rising dawn
The moon the sun and stars
Every bit of the universe
has a shared interest for all,
Give it a try
Even if it's hard.

Farzana Aqib

“Full moon night”

Go hide
O’ moon of my darkest nights
behind the tresses of clouds
My solitude deviates with ye sight
My madness becomes larger
than my inner strength could fortify
That tiny flame of my candle is
enough for my soul to cohere with my divine
the bedizenment of thine
Drag the sea out of its shoreside

And a soul of an abbot
Out of the restraint of its shrine .
The darkness is the brightest abbey
To confine,
A visionary cannot see
What unseen is captured by a blind.

Farzana Aqib

“Don’t look at the past”

Move on..
Move fast..
Don’t look at the past,
Rearview mirror is there
But it may hit you in the wall.
Turn deaf to the cacophonous
yore recall ..
It’s nothing yet a threat
to ye present placidity
It carries a hidden animosity
It has disruptions propensity
It will instantaneously kill
Ye today’s equanimity.

Farzana Aqib

"Divine throne"

A temple within you
Must remain unscathed
Inviolate and pristine
placid and clean
Away from the dirty stratagem
and means,
It's where divine
comes to meet thee often
It's a God's throne ..
So don't usher in the unwashed,
Plethora of putrid desires
Don't let them trespass..
It's doors and dome .
Let it be a divine abode.

Farzana Aqib

“A new sunrise”

This is your morning
And not someone else’s
Take your paint and brush
Your pen or guitar
Creat what you dreamt so far.
Read a book or write
Sow a seed into the autumn
Stricken arch ..
Meet someone or call
Swim or run with the busy city walls
There is so much creativity
A plethora of thoughts,
displayed or undiscovered art
That belongs to you all.

Farzana Aqib

“From Farzana Aqib’s Quote”

A lowest level of a plaudit for a woman
Could be to just call her beautiful,
A highest level of laud is
to tell her she is resilient..
she is warrior, She is achiever.
She is not a thingamabob
to judge her by her outer being
what she carries beneath her skin
Is much more important to be complimented.

Farzana Aqib

"Reflection of God"

When words flutter and spun
They bring hurricane
Poetry weave a deep spell of rapture
It frees the soul to the point of no return ..
the feet pirouette with speed
The breath runs faster
than the flash streak
Thunder claps with resonance
Rain drizzling with swirling dance
A poetic thought on pen
With its rhythmical inky substance
Changes the seasons of the heart

It draws a canvas of colourful
contrast
Where memories twist on the beat of
past …
And present leaps out of the
hazy camouflage
It stirs the quietude of silence
And bring peace to wars.
Poetry is the real reflection of God.

Farzana Aqib

"Poetic Justice"

A Poet immortalise it's being
By his never dying verses
With it's virtuoso's redeem
With its painted canvas of art
And the midas finish
of his imagery craft
It subjugates the scores of souls
on it's altar and doors
It chains the soft melodious hearts
It remains victorious over many
centuries.. over the old sky
Brighter than the moons and stars..

It grip never looses its power
If one generation dies
Another comes out as the same crop
A poetic regality nails the crown
On its skull taut,
no sovereign could dare trespass
His slot and his kingdom's remains
ultimately vigour

Farzana Aqib

“Sand of Desire”

Leave something unsaid
And some said unheard
Keep ye fist little tighter
Let the sand of desire
Slither slow …
Secret of heart shouldn’t be disclosed
I blindfold my eyes to obscure the prevailed show..
You may write what you never wrote
You keep me in ye thoughts
I hide ye behind the cryptic locks

Between ye eyes And mine soul
Only a tiny gauzy display of love
Let there be forever on go
Nothing less nothing more.
A piquant sweet and sour
Love taste.

Farzana Aqib

“Before I leave”

I wanna go home
As there are few seeds
left to be sown..
few saplings are left to be fully grown
I have few plants to water
Few yellow leaves and twigs
That have outgrown
I need to Trim and gather all the piles
I deem to leave behind
A lush green valley
A fully grown forest
A home for the birds..

And a niche for the deers ..
A bridge to link
with the cascading stream…
A flowers laden arch as a sunscreen
I have a taskbar to reach
before I leave..

Farzana Aqib

“Sorcery of evil eyes”

I see in the sky
The white colour of his lie
And in its deep blue
The Colour of his eyes
I remember that afternoon of sorrow
That night of regret
When he left..
and the torment of my heart
That turned into the tears
Together the rain and grey
vengeance

Clapped and danced
Until the sun emerged high
from its eventide
to make me calm like a morning
breeze ..
And I woke up from my dreadful
dream
But still my mind don't let that go
Still I feel a deep wide hole
into the cavern of my soul.

Farzana Aqib

“The liar paradox”

Love and ocean
Carry no reins
An almost like the leaping flames
And the endless stretch of blue,
when its violent tides run on shores
Its restraint breaks down the bridge
It’s equanimity call a storm straight through.
The two sides of love
Are unparalleled
like the rain and flame

One side burns the hearts
another side heals the soul
What a liar paradox state
it's always been
Something so unavoidably
needed to exist
Have so much harm
of venomous sting..

Farzana Aqib

"Silence"

Silence is the sonorous
Way of love
An unsaid praise
A heart felt applause
As mystical whispering voice
As brilliant white
Fas emulation of some Sufi's life
yet filled with effervescent
Stream of colours
So magical and vivacious .
Unsaid weigh too much
It's simply seeps down to the nub.

Farzana Aqib

“Goodbye to the old port”

Slowly its slithering away
As the Anchors aweigh"
Farewell to the shores of love
Sail to cut through the deepest depths of night..
Reach where dawn anchor the day
Burn the carcass of dead hope
Fuel the fire till it’s grey
Farewell to the last port of heart,
Follow the ancient oceanic path
Be adhered with the blue lodestar
Helm where destiny skim across.

Farzana Aqib

"Forbidden"

There are several evidences
against thee
But I still believe in ye love
My love disbelieves in thine
treasonable lies..
I cover what is evident
I'm blind so is my heart,
Is it love or a time-pass !!
How you betrayed me in the past
Is it worth to further ask.

Farzana Aqib

“Salt Burn”

Come confess, regret and ask
My wounds need a salt

Farzana Aqib

“Salt strength”

Lick from the wet eyelids
Or sip from the oceanic tides
There is a piquant taste of salt
In the air, in the ice
Salt in the tears, and
salt in the sea
Salt in the crux of earth
Present in the plasmid
Source of birth
There is some evidence
of divinely reverence
Into its alchemy of its existence
It silently disintegrates its being
into the dribbling hidden streams

From a solid state of rock
To an ambient liquid stock
so don't hurl a speck of hurt
Into the silent storm of tiny eye ball
Before breaking a heart, thought
it may bring hurricane
By the force of its salty tears drops
It may stir the doors of heaven.
It may preserve for eternity
All the sinful deeds of our souls.

Farzana Aqib

“One More Chance”

Between the wind and summer rain
I sit to be chiselled and lave alone
By the strokes of wind
And by the lashes of storm
I want to rinse my viscous grime
May the morning dawn
burnish my skin
as a sacred copper deity
Or deeply incise my bones
As a calligraphed stone..
and place me outside the threshold
Of my beloved synagogue

Or inside the gates of some
heavenly mosque
I'm too putrid and decaying in my
faith
I'm to empty inside my skin
I want an abbey of my heart
Where I could silently sit and watch
How a sinner earns a
cassock
How a miscreant becomes a virtuous,
I need to be hacked, cut and hewn
I want to be born anew.

Farzana Aqib

“Yard Nine”

When I looked at your eyes
Something I omenly knew
Some vicious spell you will do
And yes from the iron walls of my heart,
you cut through..
You iced me with ye magical glue.
Today I’m frozen in the sky as a full gleaming moon ..
Without a haze of grey hue
forlorn, charismatic and heavenly

A reflection of mere divine
I'm a mirror reflection of ye
There is nothing left inside me
In the love of thine..
I lost the whole yards nine !

Farzana Aqib

“Parallel”

Love kills with the kiss
A foe with the sword
Tey both do the same job

Farzana Aqib

“Behind the Kintsugi art”

Every one kills his love
Yet no one dies.
Some knowingly do the deed
Some unconsciously conspire
Some shackle the feet of beloveds
Some unlock the cage thereby
So to let the long kept bird fly.
no one carries his woe
In the same early mien
That he once promised to contrive,
Behind all the happy demeanour

There is a strong stubborn denial
Inside all the indelible love stories
There is some serious malady,
some sacrifice ..
The ending chapters of all stories
are soaked
with the fog of of remorseful cry ..
The baggages of love travels
are only filled with
few pieces of broken hearts
And few repaired wounds
of gold filed kintsugi art.

Farzana Aqib

“Barista”

To cease the worthless tedium
of heart,
When courage is melted into the
dearth of odds
And soul is sunken deep into unknown
depths of despair
Heart brew some water
And mind adds some dreams
A pinch of cinnamon is sprinkled
over to the top of a fantasy..
A cup of brewing coffee is ready
A poet’s mind is just like the fragrant
herbarium..

That solace the soul of the earth
With its magical taste of poetry,
And the entire world appears calm
and peacefully happy
Some relate their unforgettable
moments of love to it
Some cry over their losses
poetry goes on relentlessly
so is everyone's story
Hand in hand
Heart to heart..
please stopover and halt
Have a whiff of my freshly brewed
Poetic barista bar.

Farzana Aqib

"Journey of life"

Travelling through the lonesome
dark
Talking to the midnight stars
Greeting to the early lark,
You trudge and move on the path
Not knowing where ye green
Met the fall
Where thine juvenile bloom
Long gone dwindled
Long gone past.

Farzana Aqib

“Deception”

Born alone
Died alone
Yet always surrounded with the throng
What a biggest deception ..
We Carry on..

Farzana Aqib

“Disguise”

Pale and Blue
We survive through
We bleed on the taste of life
With the dark circles beneath the eyes
Faced up, pretentious undignified
Yet with the Midas touch of best disguise ..
All we hide and justify
yes with the happy profiles
we are alive.

Farzana Aqib

“Pseud"

With the myriad of lights
We overlooked the darkest night
Beneath the countless stars
We ignore the moonless sky
It’s good to be pretentious
It’s better to avoid
It’s a survival trick justified
To be pilloried as pseud"
It’s hard to look eye to eye
On the ugliest truth
On this temporary life route.

Farzana Aqib

“Puppets”

Neither it was a love
Nor was any deceit
It was an assay so heavenly
uninformed revel
A moment un-griped from the time
As of a fleeting illusion
For some analytic trial
That nothing longer meant to cling
Or hold onto embosom,
A blur of long sketched dream
A wish that grew
in the empty heart’s realm,
You and me were part of some
divine scheme

Puppets of some despair hanker
Ye were made to stir the commotion
I was asked to take the pain
no one actually there to blame
Although On the nib of pen
I carry ye name
Neither as a hero
Nor as a villain..
It's either be same.

Farzana Aqib

“One Day”

When thine silence
And my resilience will meet
I will ask some unspoken
words
By looking into thine eyes
penetrating into ye soul so deep..
you may overlook the indelible text
Or may with due reverence read

Farzana Aqib

“Unread”

I wish you could read poetry
To commiserate my pain
To fathom what i’m going through
To learn that I sometimes cry too
Behind my exultant drifter poems,
In the dark inky camouflage
I hide my ugly wounds
I wish you could discern
A poetic Anecdote
To conceive the broken rhythm
of my fragmented heart..

that how with a slight stir
It leaps out of my chest
How I hide my sorrow with the
metaphor of my words
How I calm my burning tears
With the cold storm of my creative
drizzle,
I wish you could read the hidden
secrets of my mind..
but it's hard to read
The blank sheets and sigh of breath,
Are the one
untaught language of divine .

Farzana Aqib

“Blood thirsty love”

When my wounds got healed
His atrocity grew new teeth
The love sorcery weaved another spell
His eyes warmed another hell,
From the debris of the grey past
He wishes to carnage what is left
from an autumn stricken earth
A blossom laden heaven
No one reaps again..
ohh.. messenger of my yore beloved

Take a pinch of burnt soil of my casket
Tell my tormentor with request
Long buried are the remains
of the fallen victims of love.
There left only an epitaph
without any hints or names.

Farzana Aqib

“Tulip of Stink”

Before You know what is freedom
Let the grip of your hand loose
Let the hold of your old beliefs
be dissolved into the moments of
newborn desires,
Let the landscapes of earth
Melt into the vastness of sky
Open ye little fenestella
Towards the glaring sun shafts
Expose jalousie of eye
To the first ray of light

Embark before the North Star
Be faster than the speed of light
Don't seek ye praise
from the dimwit Brain,
don't pick the meaning
from the dullard talks
Astonish the universe
With the ye gargantuan power
Show ye existence when you walk
Writ your dreams
with the indelible ink of eternity
Let go the pain in the surge
of its own extremity
don't collect the spill of beans
Don't seek to redeem
To Blow the gaff of deceit
Goodness itself will take the lead.
Embrace the loss and suffering

That's the way to go resplendent
Let the small butterflies
And little moths fly on the horizon
Don't build cages
or snap the wings of the birds
Oceans never let the small streams
Be-Parched and dehydrate
big ships seldom sink into shallow
Small boats often capsize in big
Increase ye stratum
Thoughts and dreams
Be a hurricane of big tides
Not the tulip of the small ponds.
The figurehead of a stink swamp

Farzana Aqib

“Life’s crystal ball”

A monsoon wrapped in the eyes
And fire leaping inside
The flames of the heart
Want to grow on the chaos
But I wil not allow my dreadful
thoughts ..
to Kill my innocent soft soul..
My dignity of grandeur
The honour of my ink and paper
My ceremoniousness Goodness
of course ..

Like a white sheet I will stand for the right.
Iike a red carpet walk
Shoes of my words will never appear
as a smudgy draft,
They will remain stately clean
and polished
till the end of this life's crystal ball.

Farzana Aqib

“Traveler of the same road”

One day you will also be wearied
Of calling ye past
One day you will stop knocking
at the same door
I know..
for I returned from the same
trudging path..
I couldn’t harken back my love.
And the vestige of my broken heart.

Farzana Aqib

“The blind eye of heart”

The symphony of my love
and it’s songs
The string of my inner tones
Such a deep delight
Prevailed on me
The music loud and long
My drifting hair and blind eyes
Circle and twirl here and there
But mine heart shouting
with dreadful fear
Beware beware

This is a none trudged path
This is a no man place
This is a sacred space..
but like a miracle of divine call
I overlapped the hurdles
Like a ruthless tide of love
Or relentless flame of fire
My love crossed the barrier
Towards the unseen paradise
Where honey lakes cascade
And milky streams cut through the walls..
I'm there ! Yes I'm there.
The blindness of my love
led me all the way.

Farzana Aqib

"Wow"

My appetite is the size of my fist
And my greed has been as endless
as the depths and length of the
occasions,
In a life of few moments
I tried to steal the centennial
centuries

Farzana Aqib