The Last Dance Of the Moth

(English Poetry)

Farzana Aqib

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The Last Dance of the Moth
(English Poetry)
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Farzana Aqib

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I Dedicate

My poetry is 'shore'-ly dedicated
To the ocean
And its calming presence!

Farzana Aqib

Other Books by the Author

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(A poetic biography of Muhammad PBUM)
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54- The long kept unsaid (English Poetry)

55- The unconfined secret (English Poetry)
56- The last call (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



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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

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

Farzana Aqib's poetry,

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

So smooth. Your skin purrs with explicit delights.

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

Reminiscing Rumi's famous quote:

'Somewhere in the soul' Rumi quote engraved here.

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

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

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

All in the name of Divine, eternal love.

By Ann Campbell
(Author poet literary critic Uk)

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

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

Muhammad Javaid

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

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

"Pastoral Imagery"

I have yet to travel
A thousands of miles.
For my perennial freedom
Until i blossom,
In the Garden of Eden's
I have many Paradisiacal notions,
The laden pastoral imagery,
The cosmogonical mystery
eschatological portrayal
Without the pain and misery
I must prove my fidelity,
A hundreds more lives
I have to live in fealty

This journey of soul
Never whoosh by
Never ends up in uncertainty
It travels and dances
Everywhere,
In the realms of discarnate
Eternity,
incorporated ethereally,
Spiritually enticing
And thereon....
metaphorically drifting.

Farzana Aqib

"Life patterns"

There are brambles figs and thorn,
Something to live on
Something to mourn
On the day of birth
Death precisely born
Behind every rapturous thrill and joy
There is a warning coming as scorn,
Sun dried valleys
Harken the rains
The amber glowing fire
Emits from chimneys.
As cinder stain
Sand layers around the sea

Day surrender into the arms of its enemy,
Mountains be fell into the ditches ...
Flood and stream
Water and draught
Everything goes
parallel to each,
Where happiness arrives
Pain ultimately reach.
Life is like an open book,
Yet Between the lines ..
We must learn to read.

Farzana Aqib

"Assault of present"

Past meets the present
It brings the tradition as a gifts,
Unknowingly it assaults
It betrays the present's quiet
It's imagery blot
the existing diegesis,
It tries to dominate the new schema,
This unknowing sudden arbitration ...
This sudden invasion
The mind and It's allies
it's camaraderie with the past and it's
retribution,

It trespasses the peace
with its wallop attacking on the content.
Delusion takes anomalous victory...
With un labyrinth pride
Reality steps aside.
presumption wins the battle
Truth is winked to go outside.

Farzana Aqib

"Keeping the pace"

Creeping through the grass
Around the mountainous range,
Desire of heart though
acting so strange
post-haste it goes
Like a shot it grows
A Mile a minute it must race
A wharf, a road, a dock
it must change
Like an amorphous cloud
It smudges the eyes
Often endows wings
of magnificent range.

When I look up to the sky
It slips from the earth
When I gaze at the soil
It flips up to the horizon
At times I'm left
like an oblivion child
Not knowing the change.
World grows faster than the light,
Yet heart like the ancient stone wheel
spinning the same.

Farzana Aqib

"Go back to your dock"

A voice is harken
For the past years' redemption
A day to recall
When days are done
A hundred folds of paper
A whole manuscript is
yet to come
In the deep blue sea of ink
Thy paper-boat be sunken
The tides are rising wild
The current of storm is stern
Go back to they dockyard
Dear heart Please return

Farzana Aqib

"A rebirth of a falcon"

Don't drag me back
I will not raise my white flags
I hate capitulation,
I grew my wings in the prison
I sharpened my claws
My beak is all broken
Yet I will not return
To the web of my devious brain
I will lick my wounds
I will no leave any blood stain
I will emerge on the horizon
As a warrior predator
A hawk is my given name .
Tell my enemies
I am born again.

Farzana Aqib

"Naivety"

Don't put your dream
Into people's hearts
They will meet a nailed on doom,
People drift away like hurricanes ...
Smashing killing all the rainbows, birds and trees
with their druthers.
All the colours
you painted on the borrowed canvas of others ...
Will be rinsed away ...
with a first flooding water
people are like rivers
Flowing to unknown territories...

They change their paths
Traversing over the past many
centuries,
Don't paint your dreams
On the other's side of the wall
That doesn't belong to thee
Your eyes are the only sanctuary
that revered your Name
Your Pursuit, your pen,
And your poetic legacy
Oh" wanderer artistry.
Oh" writer of poetry
Beware of your naivety.

Farzana Aqib

"As Bravest Does"

We are all in the game
There is no escape
We all have to loose
What we have to at the end
So why to act Sisyphean
And dread,
Catch a buzz
Live as bravest does.

Farzana Aqib

"Between rack and ruin"

Slowly I'm withering
brusquely I'm rising
Between rack and ruin
victory and a doom
There is brief halt
Where you witness both
purgatory and medicinal"
beatitude and infernal
A bloom and a gloom
A brightest horizon
And cloudy night's relume
In one blink it's broad daylight ...
In second it's an afternoon
In the outset of night and sun

There is a flying life spun
A purgatory period
Between life and death
A flash of fire
Like a drifting smoke
Like the burning smell
of a dying moth .

Farzana Aqib

"Clandestine"

So when I meet you
In clandestine...
Beyond worldly assumptions
When you come all hiding
obscured from the probing eyes ...
Wearing no existence
When you hold my hand
And kiss...
When we talk secretively
When I know you exist
Then Why other around me,
look at me strangely ...
As if I'm hallucinating..

Farzana Aqib

“Analogy of hearts”

Rain comes,
It looks like thee,”
Earth drenches
It looks like me”,
"an analogy betwee us
would always there be

Farzana Aqib

"Overawed"

When Rain drizzle
It sounds like you",
When Rainbow flares
Your smile it wears,
And a star studded glimmer of the
summer skies
Reminds me the dazzle
of your eyes,
I'm often overawe
By these miraculous spellbinds,
You are nothing my darling
but a breathtaking
painting of divine.

Farzana Aqib

"Other side of love"

Whatever it's May be called
A woman's love
always comes
As a motherly warmest yen
With a touch of winter
valley sun

Farzana Aqib

"Encryption of heart"

When in the frigid afternoons
A Tiptoeing rain arrives
Knocking at the windowsill
And tall eucalyptus leaves
Simmer and stir in the strange elation,
As some secret encryption,
Filling the air,
with its unique Nirvanic scented
panegyric.
Yet In a silent voice ..
And changing colours of artistic
displays of sky
Mesmerisingly fill my inner void ..
I wake up from my quietude

Clicking on the same keyboard keys,
Warming up the frozen blood
Trickling...
Looking out at the silhouette of the
setting sun
And growing shadows of dusk,
Waiting for the stars and moonlight...
I know where to backpack my way...
I received my message to return...
My invite is delivered at my doorstep,
I can't wait and rest
I must soon be left...
I kept my enchiridion safe
I know time is ripen enough
For a decisive step To take
I'm so guilty of being already
a half century late.

Farzana Aqib

"Guilty confession"

Your guilty confession
Won't let me pull my rein
I will not return
This summer or next
When ways are parted
And broken fragments of promises are
Brushed aside
under the carpet
And wounds are stitched
Then why to make cuckoo's calling...
Why to be guilty
Whether I'm still alive inside thee
Or you still be dwelling in me
The past will never change,
The life will remain"
in the selfsame repartee

Farzana Aqib

"The obscured world"

You won't understand my pal
Why I gaze away
From the autumn leaves' fall
Many a sad moments
My poetic heart recalls
The simmering of the fire
And smoky breeze that rolls,
Is a silent story of a greater beauty and disdain,
And then the greater debacle of the body and the pain
Between spring and fall
That brief season of utopian
Hours ...
When abruptly freezes in the grips of snowy icy claws

And the blood in the veins
Seizes it's trickle
As a chronicle seizure.
I sit pondering many a questions ...
Many of them though uncritically
answered
I write about the things
I actually don't apprehend
I create many a poems
With this unstilted image
I write what I have learned
From the ordeal of life,
From the miracles that after
The great battle of nature
Contrive to stay alive.
I write yes I write'
But who tells me to write?
About the unseen world
And the obscured sights.

Farzana Aqib

"Out of sight"

Gradually moon decreases
To the size of the quill
Stars diminish in the night
Day light sinks into the gargantuan black sky
Sun get drawn into the oceanic tides,
I thought my love is stronger than the nature's postulate,
I thought it will never die
But today when I looked over my shoulder,
You were not in the sight,
I have almost forgotten
Your face, your eyes,
Time squeezes into statuette,
A lager reminiscent
Into a tiny dot on the mind frame.

Farzana Aqib

"Music of the silence"

Silence lingers in the space
On the spherical outsets,
Yet In this opera house
Of the earth ...
Sound is reverberating with its own pace,
Silence is none abiding
Everything is unremittingly immersed into its transcendent voice
into the mystique of music ...
Every element is displaying
A different piece of art
as In some amphitheater

A hundreds of musicians
Accompanying the guitar,
Listening to the songs of drifting air...
The strings of the rustling leaves ...
A drumming of thunderous clouds ..
The percussion of the rain
In the woodwind of the cracking fire,
You will feel the same energy
The same rhythm and pain
In the whistling of the dancing tides ...
In the coo of a despondent night...
Music is chiselled in the heart...
It dwells there ebullient
With its own God
A Rhythm is prosody
A cadence of divine melody,
A direct dialect ...
A message written Straight and painted in abstract, ...

Yet the artistry of the poetic forte is the bestest,
It gives words to all unsaid
It exposes the tunes of the doomed love,
To all those nonplussed,
and ever camouflaged
Secrets adulates.

Farzana Aqib

"A true Love fidelity"

What a love suppose
to feel like,
When does soul gets entice
When heart is nowhere near precise.
A random question evokes and strikes,
"It's when you are accepted
With all your broken fragments and
build them twice,
when someone digs up your long
buried dreams
And breathe it alive,
When in the cracks of your Soul ...
someone fills the gold.

When your burned damaged heart ...
Turns into a precious relic art.
When a last residue of
Thy being is discovered
By someone as antiquity,
There you come across
a true love fidelity.

Farzana Aqib

"In the pursuit of love"

Reveal o' Lord reveal
What secrets this silence conceal,
How earth and heavens
Are Taught,
From their prudence and believe,
The same magical zeal
I must feel.

Farzana Aqib

"Ultimate Victory"

Fortunate is the heart,
That burns into the pain of quest,
And doors of heaven's
turn abruptly Ajar,
Unlocking the latches and bars,
After thy long trudging
On the arduous path
A sprauchle in the line of dreams ...
Brings the ultimate reward

Farzana Aqib

"Fiendish scheme"

'You are naïve"
In this fiendish scheme
of the earth,
'oh man,
Beware therein,"
Don't fall for the traps
of the devious stratagem
Demon will pull you inside into a
Bottom less pit
You will fall from bliss
Inside the Satan's dark abyss,
Beware always a bit,

Thine first warning
on the advent of the earth is painted
vividly ,
With the symbolic story of Adam and
Eve,
Beware of the connive tricks,
Only seek refuge in me
Only surrender to my will
You are naive into this fiendish
scheme,
A warning is sent incessantly,
A history is meant to repeat.

Farzana Aqib

"Kaba of love"

I erased my story,
To write yours,
on the walls of my heart
I forgot my being
To wear your avatar
I'm long faded and dusted
You are painted anew on my
physiognomy,
What I'm from inside
thee alone knew me,
As Kaba wears
a black gold drape,
On the reverently plain building.

I'm virtuous in your love
adorned unambiguously,
without any colourant,
And the same will always be in this life
of today's
and in the tomorrow's reminiscence.

Farzana Aqib

"Possession"

You belong to this world
Yet I possess your love
I want the whole imagery
of thee,
The touch, the taste
the sight and smell.
The whole sensory of the feel.
Only for me,
Please Erase my being,
Burn me into the furnace of thine
ultimate test.
And my ash must be mixed and drifted,
onto the skies and seas

Farzana Aqib

"Regret"

When outside the window
All is grey, cold and damp
And fire of log's hiccuping
with its last breath,
When all the inner fiends
And Flames
going up to the sky
Soul is trying to break the cage
A book of past is dropping from the hands,
Life looks at you with a strange resentment

As if terminus is arrived
Journey is about to end
You start drifting
as a moth smoke
around the lamp
You struggle to find
a paper And pen
To right your last words,
A long forgotten phrase
Breaking all the cowardice
With a bursting confidence
You feel obnoxiously enthuse
and bright
Like the ending flame of candlelight
Before sinking into thy own
melting tears',
You are determined to write
That last message

You Secretively kept in the heart
As a relic of past
from almost half of a century,
A lost courage that made you default..
You wish you could have fought ...
You wish you could've done it way before
this moment began to weigh hard
Before this Storm hadn't been saddled;

Farzana Aqib

"After every night"

Death is not the end of the game,
Life will eventuate
Under the new name plate,
Nature treats
Every element the same
A sun sets over and over
A star diminishes often
A moon habitually hide
Yet emerges
time and again.

Farzana Aqib

"Justice"

After every night
Sun rises,
After every rain
A rainbow arrives
One thing dies
another life emerges in sight ...
The labyrinth of life
Is always justified
The muddy morass
Wears the elegance of the green grass,
After a storm pass,
A brilliant sun smiles
From behind the mountains mass.

Farzana Aqib

"Nothing goes unnoticed"

A word you speak
A thought you nurse
Becomes either your blessing
Or thine curse.
So beware of every seed
You strew,
Every grain you sow
For Every flake carries a weight,
Every speck has a force.
Nothing goes unnoticed,
In this gargantuan universe.

Farzana Aqib

"Between two souls"

The more you seek his love
The more thee seeks yours
Love of a man and of the divine
Goes hand in hand.
If one is parched
Another is avid
If one is quest
Another is pursuit
Between both the claimants—
The power of love
Is ominously vivid
The soil for creation
Is kneaded with gift
The hands of the sculptor
Are Midas and explicit.
One poses with reverence
Another chisel with pride

Farzana Aqib

"Incomplete"

I want to know you more
For I'm still stranger to myself,

Farzana Aqib

"Other side of the moon"

Dreams are lighter than the feathers
Despondency is heavier than the clouds
Don't let your dreams
Be drenched into the darkness of the torrent
Look at the other side of midnight,

Farzana Aqib

"Waiting"

He promised me the oceans ...
But I'm still smouldering
On the old bank of sands
My dreams are slithering away
From my withering hands

Farzana Aqib

"Captive pride"

As secret as whisper
As obscured as night
The blossom of your love
is kept behind the boscage of my heart .
You never let me diffuse it's scents ..
You never let me promulgate my
emotions.

Farzana Aqib

"Hullabaloo"

There is a Hullabaloo
A childish ruckus settle deep inside
A kinda furore
Leaping onto the heart
Ever-since you dwell there in .
The mayhem
Of love is gushing
Into the veins
I lost my quieten
My being my sanity,
Only a transcendent cacophony ...
Is Dancing waywardly.

Farzana Aqib

"Rise and fall"

After many autumns
I wore my green scarf
After many hurricanes
I rebuilt my abode,
My back felt a hundred matrices load,
alone I built the aqueduct
Alone I laid a road.
After every tempest
A sun must rise
I made sure,
Many a days
Many a nights
Many a decades and so
On the horizon of my dreaded Skies

Many a pale moons grow
Still I pulled the drape of clouds
Still I emerged
dazzling white,
Nothing could diminish my identity,
Nothing could ever erode my glow.
For I looked into the eyes of adversity
No dwarf or goblin could scare the hell out of me ...
I didn't let the gale be sapped inside,
I didn't go with the otherwise flow
I let the yellow leaves loosen their grip from my empty bough,
I hadn't tighten my fist
to grab my old past
I didn't try to chase my Infelicity.
I let the broken wings be healed ..
I let the bird flee .

Farzana Aqib

"Capitulation"

One who is attained
Is bottom dog...
One who is unattained
Is Lord seigneur.
A Human idolatry ends,
Where the covetous bird is apprehend.

Farzana Aqib

"In the fabric of life"

There is a beauty
In every deportment of divine
In each constituent of life
But not everyone has the eye

Farzana Aqib

"World wars"

August rain lashing hard wi angry glower;
The long summer day is near a close;
The earth wearing the ripened crops
retreating after hot days plough;
Beneath the canopy of an aged tree;
On a metropolitan busy road,
I sat to see how far this journey goes,
Looking at the epic memorial walls.
The winter the summer the autumn,
The same old pattern
The same abrasive knock
Same whistling of the old coal train

The same rusty metal track
The black tooth of Broken kilns,
Still emitting the black smoke.
The museums are laden
Wi' guns and arsenals,
taking the pride into
The martyrs ranks and uniforms,
Same is me, Same is the sky
And same will remain the lesion marks,
The wounds the scars
The same memories of wars
Earth will never move on
It will rotate the same wheel
It will always mourn.

Farzana Aqib

"Divine intervention"

A pain you're reluctant to feel
Fearing it's rage might wreak
Is the key to the trump
you always seek,

Farzana Aqib

"Ungracious"

Love is forgotten
Pain is remnant,
Human heart is a powerful magnet,
It holds the calamity underwater...
Until soul goes stagnant

Farzana Aqib

"Ashfall"

A Dense Jungle of disparity
Is burnt down
Boscage around the eyes
Is collapsing as ash-fall
Smoke is settling
Flams are calm
Now I can see the moon
I will gaze at the dawn.

Farzana Aqib

"Swerve"

Do not build ramparts,
Don't halt,
Life is a crisscross
A zigzagging road
It meant to pronto pass.
Don't love your journey
Until you knock the door of your final abode.

Farzana Aqib

"Submission"

I'm a lover
I can place myself in peril
I can risk any hazard
You are a beloved
You are omnipotent indeed
Embrace me,
Or Make my heart bleed
Do as you need.
I'm all surrendered to my sacred creed.

Farzana Aqib

"Hushed"

There is a magnanimity
of music Without sound
There is colossal whisper
All around,
Be silent in the tick of time
The whole world will be frolicked on,
With the resonating bind,
Listen to the rhythm of the heart,
How pulse hit and pound
There is a pensive laughter
In the soul,
There are rounds of rendezvous
in the inhumane sound.

Farzana Aqib

"Avarice"

Calm your thirst
With few dewdrops,
Don't drink from the sea of lust,
The more you drink
The more you end up parched,
The desire of this world
Weight heavy on souls
It crumbles your body
It makes your back arched.

Farzana Aqib

"Stranger in the Town"

Everything is about the inside will,
Good or bad isn't it,"
Goodness you can't, never kill,
scanty it may seldom be,
But often its overfill
When forethought goes
All for love,
When faith is chiseled
All for soul,
and trust is stoutly strengthened
In the hearts,
Then the autumn of the spite
Can't cross the window sill,
Aversion dare not approch, nor discord either spill
The Scent of rain is always drifting ...

Through the wild terracotta wind,
And a pale yellow moonlit night
Linger short on western hill,
Love is not a test Or drill,
It plays on the strings of hearts
It assembles all the leftover thrill.
Love scatters on barren grounds ...
On Empty dunes and hills
like the bunch of daffodils,
It's all about the inside Will.

Farzana Aqib

"Long hidden God"

Walking on the white crescent sands
Early on the sapphire crystal morning,
touching the pinnacle of starlit hills
Where crystal hearted monks wearing
the orange melting gold dress
Loitered by the holy well
And song of cuckoo's drifted through a
wooded dell
And shepherd of hill's stir the bells
Of their herds
And pressed a reed flute against its dry
scanty lips.
Singing all the inner moil,
The shout, the groan,

In his long shrilling voice and deep emotional song
And few the tall lithe-abbot dance
None stop,
Everyone from the farm lands of golden corns
Up To the daffodils laden
Crowns of the Hill
Looking for something,
Wishing A long hidden God
May ever tread from this path.
And the attic poets' like me
Sitting in the warmth of it's cozy amber lit room,
Write some lyrical songs
In the ravished wonderment
Thinking If ever thou be soothed with it's melody

Hoping a bright eyed miracle
May attract the divine
Wishing a long hidden God may ever
listen the voice of my silence,
I'm not a crystal hearted monk, I can't
devout my life
In the monastery and Abby
Nor am i a sacred dervish
I only got the miracle to write
I'm the poet Which loved the morning-
star of Venus
More then the full moon,
I wanna play my immortal songs on the
flute of those salt of the earth
shepherds
And want unpretentious dervish to
dance on it unstoppably,
Let the dull ink of my heart

Turn more young
Let the miracles of centuries
Reborn again,
And the long hidden God
May walk among.
Make my gift of pen won,

Farzana Aqib

"White flag of peace"

After a tropical storm
Destiny drove me out
From the valley of snow
So not to hurl my vengeance on thy captured land:
I grasps the thunder, and, winged my furious storm,
I never let that old warrior born again.
I killed my inner hero
Before entering the field of fame,
There we met ...
at the side of blue Lilly pond
God sent a miracle of love

To keep my honour warm
O' my beloved thy love is
A divine gift all wrapped in
the mysterious form,
Let me fold all my sails
Let me anchor my ship
Before the waves of swift mischance
swarm,
Let me hang my oars
In the foliage of the waving wood;
Where an extensive valley lay,
O'er which the summer sun pour'd the
day,
Let me start anew
Come Inspire my songs
On the vocal string,
Guide me to a sanctuary
Where sage and poet sit

Where lyrics and tributes are ascending
to the skies;
Where the sapphire morning gleams
with orient blue
Where nature With its
Bold eyes ...
pursu'd, and chas'd,
Writing off the combat lies.
Where victory and war
don't exist
Where conquers,
never destroys his foe."
Only love dwells
with his omnipotence contend.
Here I arrive in the asylums of thine
Elysian Fields.
I end my last voyage.

Farzana Aqib

"Other side of the moon"

I love you,
Beyond the existence of love
I'm chiseled in your palmar creases
See beneath your gloves
So when you feel sombre,
Black and grey
Think of me, I will be there
Hold onto the thought of us
Blow the dreary time
In your rhythmic whistles
Create the music with thy jaunty laugh
From the other side of the moon,
I will flutter like a moth

Feeling the heat of thy inner burnt,
I will send my ash
to make you feel that
love doth exist
With the drift of the wind
I will make you feel my presence,
I will stir your hair with my
camouflaged esse,
With a goose-bumpy touch
That deify will be enough
For the goddess of love

Farzana Aqib

"Never halt"

Make a new start
But never halt,
If gale smashed your crop
And flood erased your pasture and bawn
Wait for the sun
Grow again
Knead a fresh dough with thine own earthy salt
But never halt
Make a new start..
When sky is all grey
Night Is falling dark
Don't curse the moon

For the darkest sky
Make your own fire
Create a gleaming light
With dead leaves and logs
Kill thy inner coward
With your own sword
But never halt..
Make a new start..
Own thy fate
Mend thy path
Open the doors
And windows locks
Welcome a change on your alt..
don't hunt in the barn
Amidst hay and straws,
For an imagery scapegoat
Make a new start.
But Never halt .

Farzana Aqib

"Rebuild me"

O' my sculptor
Chisel my dream
On a shapeless rock
Make it cult classics, or canonized instead,
Incise a heart in it
Blow a breath into its lungs
Give it the hands of the kings
And Eyes of the monk
And desires of the virtuous kind.
Burn me first
To add my ashes to its clay.
This way, I May ....
Attain my peace of mind.

Farzana Aqib

"Vows"

After the second cup,
Black coffee with nuts,
All in conscious seduction ...
With open eyes we discussed,
All the possible consequences,
We both confessd
the other side of the testament,
Without a guilty conscience
We will continue loving each other,
All sincerely constant,
Yet We will stab each other at the end,
We must gift each other
An adulate honour of love
A thousand deep kisses with a gasping breath,
and a blossom of the death wreath.

Farzana Aqib

"Quotes derived from Farzana Aqib's speeches"

Life is a tragedy for a coward
And a victory for the brave.

Farzana Aqib

"Quotes derived from Farzana Aqib's speeches"

Among millions of my worries
A ninety percent are born during my enforced leisure moments.

Farzana Aqib

"Lossless"

How abundant I'm
How affluent is my wealth
I reap copious harvest,
I know the art of letters cultivation,
profuse is my ink
ample are my pages
And loaded is my brain
My treasure of imaginative skills,
My lyrics, my poems
my poetic prowess
Made me quids in
countless and lossless.

Farzana Aqib

"Monster love"

Like a powerful black hole
Love is infinitesimal,
So gravitational,
That it could gulp the entire
universe of a man,
Whoever crosses its path
Whoever passes it's way,
It has no mercy on any soul
It radiates no light, no fancy no hope..
O' pass not by,
here heave a sigh before,
All the mightiest stars and orbs...
All the hearts and souls

It grubs the light of all the enlightened and orthodox
It smashes a sagacious cautious self control
Love strikes on the mind
Emotion fly beyond the poles
thoughtless follies take it low,
It suckled up the marrow before you know,
It returns no carcasses
No identification note
It offers no word of grace
No sympathy no console
Like a monster black hole
Love burns through the coals
It leaves none
No tombs, No graves.
No sepulchre,
It takes a man's entirety in toll.

Farzana Aqib

"Quotes derived from Farzana Aqib's speeches"

Man is the only animal .
That invariably wears the fake skin
to put on a good show.
to hide his true being.

Farzana Aqib

"You be home soon"

Think of it
And you will get it,
Magic of universe is astonishingly
efficacious,
Yet travel without counting the
Miles stones,
Without moaning at your sweating
Limbs,
and grumbling over the
aching bones.
A strong will of unswerving faith
Abruptly melt the ice
With the sunny wand of afternoon,
the frozen white lagoon,
Will let your vessel move,
You be home soon.

No one will help you die
Smile amidst rabble,
Alone you may cry
Keep thy integrity high
Life is only a few more mile
Alone you sit and drink
All your salty nectarine
Tears are valued by divine
Humans drift away
With the sound of whine
Send a luscious warm smile and gather countless bees
Drizzle a salty saline,,
Show your tragedy,
then see ...
No one there be.

Farzana Aqib

"Don't wake me up"

On the coalition of
Reality and dream
A little vestige of life
I wish to redeem,
In the pockets of night
There are many hidden realms,
Some are filled with lost desires
Some are exuberant with
Few fears unseen
And there are many signs of optimistic rampant
Abundantly ebullient
Lush and green

Rich and verdant
Away from the truth of barrenest,
But it last not more than first ray of sun,
My dreaming world is forced to end.
But the leftover sprinkles of my nights,
Lingers on for hours
Making me forget my dolour
My simple reality,
And my unrequited desires of past.

Farzana Aqib

"Without you"

When you are not around,
The empty space on my bed
Hisses like the snake,
And falling night
Haunts like a crone
I lit many candles
And burn many mystic scents,
But nothing replaces your
Absence..
Come back soon
How many scourging nights
I will fight my inner defiance,
Wearing your favourite T,shirt,
Humming the same melodious tone,
you love,

I guess,
You have known
Without you I shrink and hide
In the silent darkness
into my melancholic silence
In such winding ways
That my own mirror disowns
my existence.
Turning me all grey.
As a vestige of the mighty tyrant,

Farzana Aqib

In the coalition of the diverse moments
We often meet..
Like cosmic momentum.
What I feel
What you feel
All is spun in destiny wheel.
No binding no love last forever,
Nothing in this world is called concrete.
How long thee will choose me
I can't predict
How long I will chase you
No one knows,
Even I don't know
What tomorrow ends up as,

Just live in the moments of love
Without any doubt
Without any undertaking or pledge.
Let today be simplest.
Let tomorrow decide the next.

Farzana Aqib

"True Treasures"

A fireplace
A book
A cup of brewing coffee nearby,
Could be a highest treasure
For a clarinet virtuoso
For a poetic mind"
Beyond the dream of an avarice.

Farzana Aqib

"Don't cross my path"

O' my beloved venerated"
Don't crisscross my path
Never converge again,
The pain thy severance Served ....
as bestowal of consent,
For my creation,"
If you ended that torment
How would I write and teach
My Blood drenched divulgence,
About my sacred wisdom,
Of my Unrequited love.
The secret behind my countless creations.
About My inner war.

Until I surrender,
Until my blood calms in my veins,
Unless the ink of my pen dry
And colours of my paint faint
Don't cease this battle
Until I couldn't tackle.
Until I wear a white flag.

Farzana Aqib

"Coalescence"

Can I not clasp the
Slithering golden sand,
In my tightly fisted hands
O' Lord,
Life silently creeps ...
from the shores to the endless deeps,
The grains of earth
Amalgamates in one Brobdingnagian realm
When tick of time
Losses it sound
And cosmic rays
Squeeze into a giant

Black mysterious figure
Like a mill of lord
Grinding every mammoth
Into the dust of stars
Into the vail of cosmos darkening,
Hides many secretive surprise..
from one heart to a mass of millions
From one soul to another
Galaxy of trillions.
Earth will keep spinning
So is the life,
where end arrives,
There heralds a new beginning.

Farzana Aqib

"Ageless past"

The serene and ageless memories,
Twist and dance
On the mellifluous tune
On the rustling of leaves
And on the tides of blue lagoon,
Every moment breathes
Every picture dances
Black and white paper
Gleam with the unforgettable faces,
Some with Coca Cola bottles
In hands,
Some with biscuits cones,

High wigs and bell bottoms
Black goggles and red pants
Aunties uncles and siblings
All in one frame,
Family photos wall
With love and faith
without fearing age,
Lingering here in unbroken dwell,
Smiles at me,
Make me laugh,
Take me in the past
By a route obscure and lonely,
Drop me back quite and solemnly ...
If I but remember only
How they lived and died
And frozen up inside,
Chiselled on my chest,
As a sacred relic,

If I try to forget
I never would have,
Yet mirror of my lounge
doesn't Recognise me,
A child with wide broad eyes
Standing next to mummy,
All Oblivion and satisfied,
My adulthood pokes me
with deep thought and sigh,
Slide after slide
That platonic love
and it's pride,
Standing amidst the tribe,
Only memories hug me tight
They sing lullabies every night,
Kiss me on the forehead
Wake me up with the day
To be re glorified,

Love, marriages, alliance
In the destiny line,
Everything ends
At graves ...
and on the epitaphs of shrines,
Passengers embark and disembark ...
on the railway line,
Nothing here is mine
Nothing here is thine.

Farzana Aqib

"Affliction"

Love is another name of affliction,
The loneliest emotion
Is unrequited love,
The greatest deprivation
Is felt —
when given love is not
Equally returned
The biggest poverty is the chase of love
The greatest robbery is of the stolen heart.

Farzana Aqib

"A mysterious poetess"

As a voice unheard
Like a phenix burns itself
To attain a rebirth,
She was a poetic lyric
Yet Never heard,
Like a thought so mystical
An emanation so mysterious
She was as plain as righteous ...
More deep than explicit
She seems as though
A drifting tune of flute
That plays in the wilds of hills
On the shivering lips of the solitary shepherd,

She was a winter verse
Crisscrossing over the years
Arriving somewhere in the summer,
Reached Sometimes in autumn,
In many a moons forgotten.
She is the night of amaavas'
A last day of the dark fortnight,
the first day of the first quarter,
As conjunction between moon and sun
She is invisible for days
And then suddenly emerged
as a gleaming Avatar
of heaven's —-
on the cavernous melancholic earth.

Farzana Aqib

"Some Promises un fetched"

Sorrow wraps
Like a mist of wood
Past can't be undone
Future can't be unlived
Between yesterday and today,
Few episodes are fresh
Few glimpses rot
There I'm weaving
a hanging bridge of thousands muffled
up thoughts—
With Few threads of love,
Few knots of faith,
And Some promises un fetched —
With old and new scars
with the shattered pieces of soul,

Like a sharp fragment of glass,
Applying the chiselling strokes ...
Stitching the open wounds,
Thinking of a relief,
May A small piece of life
be reprieved.
May the few unspoken words
Bubble up from the slitted throat,
May a miracle of inner silence,
Fall in love with the peace.

Farzana Aqib

-

"Let me amend the Story"

Take me back
to the reversed track..
where we disembarked
our journey,
Back paddle the day
Where in the broad daylight
We chose our path,
Retract that night,
Where I feared losing thee,
Harken back the memory
That had skipped
long long away
Where I pleaded you to stay,

For once let me reverse
the course,
Let me amend the story,
Give me a chance to impugn,
Let me redress the pain,
Let me blazon abroad,
I perched on the wrong side
Of the road,
I desired for the wrong analogue,
I study the syllabus of the fertile lands,
I practice it on the barren sands
I reaped nothing
I wrecked everything on the shoreline.

Farzana Aqib

"Forgotten to live"

Despite all the pain
All the wars and ugly stains
Still there is some beauty
left in the world,
Still diamonds shine
in every sand's grain
Still moon looks dazzling
On dusty hazy plains,
Still rainbow strokes it's paint
On rain bathe horizon's,
Still galaxies emblazoned
The dark obscure skies,
Still valleys rustle
with green hills sounds
Life is bursting out of its own
Ecstatic grounds,

It never compromises
As though to choose whatever shape
It wills
Life inherits the glory of rich.
Those dwellings inside the marble
castles,
Walking back and fro
on their polished floor,
Think life is faded internally as autumn
leaves decay,
Had Never hopped the bed
To keenly look around
That Glory still exist
April still arrives
Morning breeze drifts outside
Before they wake up in their
Own carpeted cells

And chandelier adorned graves,
Lost into the news boxes
Wrapped up in newspaper stalks,
Upset on the stock market graphs,
Long forgotten to live and laugh,
Life is still pacing slow and agile,
Man is wayward in its own
Demented style.

Farzana Aqib

"Mausoleum of a Poet"

A story built by my pen
A war begin by my poem
A poet in the frenzy of love
Wrote a forbidden lyric
A name on a paper boat
A song on the wall of castle
A letter in a glass bottle
That Poet was sent
to the gibbet
His words were burned to ashes...
Inferno war sprung up
to the skies..
Yet a paper boat sailed through the waters

Reached to the ocean
To the door sill of next generation,
Castles were razed
Kingdoms are flattened
Yet a song of the heart
A love of a poet,
Would always wear crown.
This ignoble has renown.

Farzana Aqib

"Bulleh Shah"

He was contemptible
A blameworthy man,
His picture painted sordid
His demeanour always distorted —-
He was declared unworthy though,
A mud was slung to and fro
A saint whose light
out-glowed all in others
A sinner who was often righteous ...
Mockery of power made it
Disgusting show,
His Cadaver was ordinarily thrown,
to a place unknown,

No one dared to shouldered it –
No one came to tow,
Only an ordinary epicene
Proved to be the valorous
Who Carved his name in papyrus,
Today a whole city built around his
mercy confine,
Today his shrine
smiles at us with no derision,
With no jeering at all,
A body long sent to
The unknown ravine
Emerges as a reverend
Sufi shrine ..
as another miracle of divine.

Farzana Aqib

"A destiny draft"

I was ashamed of myself
When I realised,
How quotidian was the incident,
How greatly I react.
How ordinary was the lost
How blessed I was
Unseemly made of,
to be deprived of.

Farzana Aqib

"Enshrined dream"

From the murk forlorn
An intense darkness born
A resilient stranger honks so stern..
From the forgotten lost end
In the ruck of my inner soul
Some overlook fantasy apprehend,
Flaring forth ...
with all its power,
Unrooting the truthfulness
of my own dreamy birch
shoving aside
the Oblivion faith
with all its force ..
A genius of poesy
Muted it's pen
Chewed its pages
Drunken the blue inky potion

Ending an endless curiosity
Setting up the inferno of reckless
abandonment
A story of inner war
Will never be waged again
Only an inking blot
A smudge on the ancient wall
Be emerged,
A boisterous course
could forever be reined.
A mysterious mystic gift
That had Long been assigned,
Still Be lustfully chased
The poetic relics
Be enshrined
Onto the altar
Of a reverend book case.

Farzana Aqib

"Delusional Cult"

In grey-spun garb of night
And the loud thundering roars of
The black clouds
As of a lion in the wilderness growls,
Behind the death's dark vail
The ghostly shapes creep
Onto the backdrop sheet
With the echoes of the mysterious
sound of daff
Well shielded by the thumping
marching brigade
The night's fields of combat
Unfurl folds after folds
many bones and corpse

Pouring many scorns
over the wounds and the maims,
Hurling triumphant blasts
Carrying the Flag of savage victory
borne,
In the jelid cage of my ribs
I mourn,
I often ceased to be alive
No more piety and solace
is seeded inside,
My feeble soul silently
do so quail..
On the bed of thorns thoughtlessly
befell
A war every night I fought
A victim of the dark
A soldier of the delusional cult..
Never gives up

Persistently facing bullets
And with every ascending downing,
with the reverberating
Azan calling
It wakes me up with agility,
A vainglorious dream of
martyrdom,
With its bruised adorned uniforms and
loaded rifle,
Shout out loud...
You won the title
Like the verses of Quran
and bible,
Thee heard your recital.

Farzana Aqib

"Introverted yet alive"

Far beneath the North Star
a great dream so profoundly roared
On the dunes of desert soared,,
The drifting heat drove perceived its dawning;
The adverse draughty weather,
thought its dying!
Yet the seed of hope
That seeped through the crust of earth
sanguinely had Known
it's worth
Deep down in the soil
Bursted louder and explored,
All awestruck was it awning;

The abundant blossoming
When it wore,
Heavenly struck were its boughs
Burgeoning forth from the bole,
Oozing out from the oceanic shores
Echoes high above the northern Pole,
It vaunt ostentatiously
over seven seas
Flowing by the Rivers and ridges
And Wherever it reaches
painting blue the Atlanticís
Its sandy silver beaches!
Dreams never die abruptly
No matter how afflicted
and defeated
Defenceless, abandoned
and dying it left,
It leafs May shattered
And trunk may appear barren ..

An autumn wild funeral
May dirge it being
With all the inner fighter fury
It will combat the lustful glee
Be it Atlantic tides
Or the storm of the Baltic Sea
Dream of the warm eyes
Can't be laid naked
as skeleton,
Death and Glory
Gets no relevance,
It Couldn't be chased
as an easy pray
Dream never dies
In any case.
Sick and turn away
words are irrelevant
In this battling mayhem .

Farzana Aqib

"One borrowed dream"

Far away from that perilous air
That carries the terracotta smell of
northern hills
With the wet smell of green shores;
And on the sound of splashing tides ..
I breathe through nostalgic memories,
In the sullen light of sinking horizon,
I tussle over the right
Then turn on the other side
All bright orange and blue
Like a phantom of the night
The sphinx images of past materialise,
All out and bright

And Blur my sight: somewhere in
Sienna sands of red deserts
As of a shape of water nymph
with many cuts and angels
Grows above the tides
With angels' wings of black feathers
And gaze blank at me
as a tyrant sun,
Creeps slowly with thumping steps
With large shadows hovering
Above the Horizon
the shrieks of river birds turns
deafening,
The darkness abruptly drops the
suspense
I turn around to capture my own
shadow
Drag myself from the delirium of love
The cacophonous shrieks are not
outside

My own fantasies are
rocking the cradle,
No one is crying but my labyrinth of heart
Wakes up every night
slump against the wall
Wait for the final knock
The self avowed conviction
Wears the chains of self destruction,
When the court of justice adjourns
When ceremony of innocent dreams ends
I return to reality spectrum
Are full of passionate intensity of victory
As if I already won

Farzana Aqib

"Ransom"

untouched, untold,
altogether unreach'd,
With the incorporeal melancholy,
that set in upon me,
amid all that blabbing echoes recoil, I stand shivering,
Altogether creeping on the trail of drift and debris,
All wreaked and broken
O' Lord," why don't you see,
Please Open your doors don't pull the dunes of sand
From beneath my feet,

From the friable shores of my heart..
A tyrant enemy of my quest is
recklessly chasing me
A murmur of my inner mocking
The shredded distant
ironical laughter Pointing at me,
I have thrown myself upon your altar ..
wishing to cling to thee
so harder that you cannot unloose me,
I will hold you so firmly till you answer me
Till you say you love me
Please reclaim me from my own envy.

Farzana Aqib

"Quotes derived from Farzana Aqib's speeches"

I think Love is not explicit in
Its Meaning,
It's another name of suffering,
In human dictionary
Love and pain should be
Considered in one denotation and expression,
Since it's having the same adjective and connotation.

“A reverend temple of God”

There's a sanctuary
Some people call it
“A temple of ancient goddesses’
Probably of Roman and Greek,”
Or May be of one God
of all earthly religious beliefs,
between the fringe of blue pine trees
where Lily of the valley
Azalea and jasmine
grows uphill;
and the old boscage
covers it as a mysterious shadows of
divinely bliss,

Contra Opposite the old lighthouse,
abandoned by the wild
rough sea
That throws its beaming flashing light
on its outer edges,
From beyond the heavy sedges,
With solemn crepuscule pledges...
But then;
It retains again,
The greater glory in sun
With the blue dawning ribbon ...
All the regalia it attain
That irradiates its gloomy skies
Turning these ordinary clay sculpt
into a bedizen canvas of thick human
skin
Hewn it out from flash
and bone

As a holy divinity home
With a reverend
soul chiselled within
All painted into a stimulating
poetic investiture
Into a complete human figure
It emerges dazzling from behind the left
and right
From above the northern western
Ridges
From the stone walls
and metal bridges
It roars it doth exist
Behind the thick woods
and mist,
That it could never be missed,
This sanctuary of God
Fill out weight

Grew Two arms,
Got taller with two legs
And two goggle-eyes to witness,
It has a heart that resides the spirit of God
It has a tongue that recites
The praise of holy scripture,,
That drinks the holy grails,
Many have walked there
Pretentious and wayward
As for picking flowers and mushrooms;
following each others trails,
With the hidden lust of their devilish dreams
and evil Schemes,
With ghost-ridden brains and crossroads deals
Few paper made promise
of reigning heavenly regime

buy it, sell it, make it disappear,
So the pride of the lord
The bestest of its art
Be no where,
To Plunder it's dignity
To Tarnish its sanity
And Leaving it naked
In the junkyard of humanity,
With sex, dope,
and a solvent abuse.
Leaving the house of divine be rotten
and forgotten
Into its own truth and dread,
Making its devout to leave
ever faster indeed,
The guardian of this reverend
Site ...
Must block this invasion must halt them
outright

Must wage a crusading fight
closing behind all the gates and
borders,
The doors and rampart
To avoid this infiltration
Of lustful parasites,
They must close the passage pervasive
to the soul
It's ears, it eyes and it's nose,
and all the unmarked stripes of
unnecessary access-full physical
delights,
All it's openings
From left to right.
A miracle of human body
is the most reverend convent
For the ultimate judgment.

Farzana Aqib

"Born"

Fantasy chisels
A sculpt for reality
It begins from a dream
And ends at the materiality of a body"

Farzana Aqib

"Empty is filled"

With filled hands
You can't grab anything
With empty hands
You can take anything.

Farzana Aqib

"Chase"

When you breathe
You be drown,
When you don't
You float,
There is a bleak difference
With living and dying
When you greed
you are deprived
When you leave
you are abundant

Farzana Aqib

"Selfless"

Rapacity of Desire
Is Like a fire
That burns you into ashes
Only An altruistic heart
Attracts A million chases
An entire universe it catches

Farzana Aqib

"Incomplete woman"

Spectacularly painted
In the fabric of sky
Amidst the Infinitesimal light of stars,
A moon every night
gleams with the divinely avatar
I look At moon and myself
He is distant and mysterious
Peaceful and regal
I'm surrounded and captive
Ordinary and homely
Moon gleams to enlighten the sky
I wake up with no Choice
Baking bread packing bags
Of my little girls and boys

Till the school bus arrives
Bidding them goodbye
Till the afternoon honks in my drive,
And the power breaks
Of yellow vehicle
Scratching Its tires
I'm done,
With my Washing, cleaning and baking of pie,
Spreading laundry outside
Unpacking school bags
Cleansing the blue blotting
From the shirts and hands of my fledgling whippersnappers,
Smelling the paper scent of their books pile
All different from the settled smell of all my kitchens spice

Burning once again
in the kitchen fire
till the dusk dye
The outside patio's light
I complete my chore
Done with Kneading dough
I rush to change my sweating attire,
Before my hubby enters
and says hi,
This is me,
Meet the woman in me,
an uneducated mother
an incompetent wife,
Unsightly ugly
without the meaning of life
Every night I go dim
Moon go bright
He serves the universe
I serve the apple pie,

Farzana Aqib

"Famed"

If only walls could speak
They will tell thee how I feel
If only thee could hear
the whispering of the stars
As they are the witnesses
The conversant of hearts
The acquaintance of ours
If only night could speak
It will show thee
Why I wear so many scars
If silence could speak,
What are the gossiping said to be,
in the nightly hours so wee,

Our secret is no longer a secret,
If you could see,
It's drifting in the universe
It's drizzling from the skies
It's bedizen in the day
And desolated in the night
So darkly silhouetted
So deeply enshroud
It's clapping with the
thunders
It's flashing from the clouds It's
popping on the boughs
As a month of spring endows
It's singing with the birds
It's chirping as vows
Hoping in the woods
where young deer roves
It's whistling from the hills

As wild fire rages
As a scuttle of burning coal's abruptly spills
It's banging on the gate
It's drumming up the corrugate,
I can't hide behind the doors
I can't forever be enclosed
Beneath the raised barricade
I'm all stamped and tagged,
I'm all acclaimed,
I'm known, I'm famed with thy name.

Farzana Aqib