Give me just one moment

(English Poetry)

Farzana Aqib

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Give me just one moment
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Farzana Aqib

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3- ***Midnight Sigh (English Novel)***
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25- It's about you and me
26- A Stranger in my heart
27- Give me Just on Moment
28- Sun is just about to rise
29- Never Alone
30- A Music of the Silence
31- Be a Sun of my Frozen Heart

Dedicated to

All My Pains
Which made me realize my Blessings

Farzana Aqib

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Introduction

Recipient of 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 36 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.

Reviews

Kathy Adams
(Critic, Writer & Intellectual)

(The Niche)

The broken Heart or Soul is characterized as one that contains a wound or niche like cavity, i.e an opening in the fabric of the Soul, through which God's Divine Light may pass.

This Light in Islamic mysticism, travels the path of "nothingness" that gently guides the human Soul directly to God.

The importance of this "Light", noor (Arabic) stems from the Quran, 24:35, wherein, God is described as the Light of the Heavens and the Earth. His Light may be likened to a "niche" wherein is a lamp which shines in star-like brillance..

It is a Light with olive oil from the blessed Olive tree that is "neither of the East nor of the West." This is a unique oil, in that it well nigh glows forth of itself, like Moses' "burning bush", without consuming itself.

Light upon Light, where the Divine awaits the seeker, to find its outward and veiled reality.

God then guides to His Light, those individuals, whom He wills, to Heaven... as

related in Farzana aqib's most recent poem, touching on the role of pain in Mystical Islam

Kathy Adams
(Critic, Writer & Intellectual)

This poetry of Farzana aqib, is an excellent, example of the mystical role of "breath" in the exchange of Souls and Love between Lovers...via a form of spiritual intercourse.

It does distinguish itself however, by virtue of the fact, that while breath is exchanged between Lovers , during this exchange is breath, Souls are exchanged .

This spiritual intercourse, between Lovers becomes increasingly elegant with the use by Farzana aqib, of melodiously enriched poetic verses...not merely as poetry, but as a spiritual migration of Souls that ride to and fro from Love and Beloved.

Kathy Adams
(Critic, Writer & Intellectual)
(Poetry from the Desert)

Farzana aqib's statement "I don't write poetry" is true, to the extent, that her ability

to write, and what it is that she writes , is under the direct influence of the Divine, as has been also said repeatedly by scholars of the poetry written by Rumi.

While indeed, that may be true, her "lineage", the inheritance of emotions of her Heart, i.e. her talent as a Poetess, is also traceable genetically back to the pre-Islamic poets, who are credited with what has been called, the "Poetry from the Desert"...a time perhaps, of a turbulent, restless, and wandering tribal culture.

If one compares poetry by Farzana aqib with both male and female poets of this pre-Islamic, desert culture time period, you can almost taste the flavors and scents of the vibrant and robust life in this wild, windy and sandy desert environment and that of this desert culture in Farzana aqib's writing, especially in the translations of her writing from Urdu to English.

It is perhaps this lineage that has made Farzana aqib's poetry as magnificent as indeed, it is today.

Aitzaz Ahsan

... "In an endeavour to refresh

my candour ...
no gospel, no sermon
no religion " ....
Wah ... wah

Excellent verse, Farzana.
Your style appears to be a deep, silent and irreversible merger or confluence, as of mighty rivers, of Omar Khayam 'n Khalil Jibran. Beautiful.
.....

but I've been reading ur posts and seeing ur illustrative artwork here with interest and see u crave for a lonely sufy-ist 'oneness' (wahdat-al-wajood) and will live in pain and anxiety until that happens .... and: will it ever?

Dr javed Asgher

Farzana Aqib's English poetry is like a translation of the greatest Sufi poets I.e. Rumi..

I find a great depth of pain , a visceral pain like knawing by a wild beast, like reopening

of pre existing wounds repetitively … this just doesn't seem like an imagined pain… this seems so real that even an expression of this read by a third person starts feeling that knawing ..

How can you fake such a pain ?

Nikki Arifniey
(Critic & Writer from Malaysia)

When you truly love somebody, you are never separated from them as they are always in your soul.

And Rumi asserts that 'Goodbyes are only for those who love with their eyes. Because for those who love with heart and soul there is no such thing as separation.'

Rumi emphasized that for reunification with its origin, the human soul needs to develop a strong relationship with God and human beings. To love the creator one needs first to learn how to love his creation, that is human being. Without loving mankind, one cannot achieve Divine inspiration.

In her quest to achieve Divine aspiration, mystic poetess Farzan Aqib has similar notion in her words:

“Never bid me goodbye
Let me be the pilgrim of your eye
To drown and die.”

Nikki Arifniey
(Critic & Writer from Malaysia)

Eyes speak tenderly the unspoken language of love that resides in the heart.

Love ought to be spoken; to be expressed.

Amazing lines by compassionate poetess Farzan Aqib

“You said’ is buried in my heart My ‘unsiad’ is written in your eyes.”

As Khalil. Gibran has said;

“Between what is said and not meant, and what is meant and not said, most of love is lost.

Nikki Arifniey
(Critic & Writer from Malaysia)

Mystically Rumi has asked the same question:
" Do You Love Me?

A lover asked his beloved,
Do you love yourself more
than you love me?

The beloved replied,
I have died to myself
and I live for you.

I've disappeared from myself
and my attributes.
I am present only for you.

I have forgotten all my learning,
but from knowing you
I have become a scholar.

I have lost all my strength,
but from your power
I am able.

If I love myself
I love you.
If I love you
I love myself."

And poetess Farzana Aqib has expressed heartily the same issue:
"
My destiny is tangled
up in blue
Who knows if it's delusion or true

I gifted myself to you
Many a trial
My quest gotten through
I need to know if you love me too."

Doesn't she aware that true love from the soul is always mutual?Or she needs affirmation and confirmation?

Salma Tahir
(Intellectual & Journalist)

She is strong
She is 'oh so bright'
She is an angel
She is not in any shackles and flies free with abandon ;

I praise her for the brilliant artist and poet that she is
She plays the chords of the morning hues and the evening light
She pens poems with the simplicity of a flower
She writes in golden words humming from famous books;

How beautiful is her creation
On a warm, sunny, chilly or rainy day
She is yet another daughter of the East

We can call her anything that has wings and flies;

To me her poetry is like a swirl of caramel mocha
But she does not need my praise to thrive
She continues planting the garden of poetry
Farzana Aqib is her name and she constitutes the poetry field!

Nadia Syed
(Educationist & Critic)

(I surrender to your will)

I concede stand still … what an amazing way to show your true love to your beloved God. Love flows and grows through emptiness, surrender and silence. Read Farzanas incendiary poems at your own peril. You might find yourself devoting all of your energies to the fires of love. Your heart might open unspeakably wide and you will discover that you are in the company of the mystic lovers of God, filled with gratitude and exuberance beyond your wildest imagining.

Ali Sajjad
(Editor-in-Chief of Minute Mirror)

After a long time, the Quaid-e-Azam Library in Lawrence Garden opened its door a book launched ceremony on Sunday. The launch of 11 books of poet, and a longtime family friend Farzan Aqib, offered many delights. It was a sight to see that a good number of people braving cold weather and the usual Sunday laziness, attended the ceremony and bought the books as well. The people who have nothing to do with the sinless pleasure called book reading, often claim that book reading is a dying tradition. This launce ceremony was an occasion to prove their claims wrong. People love to read books, if they are provided with good quality books. The books of Farzana Aqib will never distract or dismay you. She is a poet, a quotation creator and novelist, and writes dffortlessly both in English and Urdu. Right no, her books on my shelf are:

Saffron in the hay Yard, Blue Monday of love, Caramel Sunset, Muhabbat ki Bhala kab Umr Hoti hay, Mohabbat Hamsafar Rakhna, Tumharay Sath Phir Jee lain, A thousand Obolos Coins, I don't wirte life writes itself, and in the name of God.

And after a long time, I am reading poetry, In fact, I've started loving poetry. Here's poem by Farzan Aqib, and hopefully, after

going through it, You'll also consider yourself the permanent part of the congregation of poetry lovers.

People are Temporary
Friendship is
Temporary
So are the foes
And woes
Places are transitory
We are passing through
It's a fact indeed
I know it's true…
But who made you believe
That love is
Temporary too

I was thinking to write on some hard political issue when this news caught my attention.

The news is that the Combodians are mourning the death of landmine-sniffing rat named Magawa, who died recently in retirement. The hero rat, employed with an international charity tasked with discovering and defusing boobytraps, took officials to more than 100 landmines and explosives during a five- year career.

One hundred landmines?

That is a huge number. The rat deserves salutes for saving so many human live. According to Reuters, the Hero rat died at the age of 8, "Leaving a lasting legacy of saved lives in the Southeast Asian nation."

"Magawa was in good health and spent most of last week playing with his usual enthusiasm, but towards the weekend he started to showing less interest in food in his last days," the charity noted in a statement.

Taking a cue from Cambodian example, our charities and government agencies should employ rats to discover land-mined evils like theft, corruption and irregularities. A megawa employed by the Sindh Food Department could have led the anti-corruption watchdogs towards the "rats" which have eaten up wheat bags worth billions. Rats work without being influenced by media reports, political situation and so on. With every case discovered by rats, the suspects would have called the rats 'corrupt' and 'politically' motivated detectors'. Whatever the case, our country would have improved it ranking on the corruption perception index. Ours would have better world.

Kamran Awan

(Literary Critic)

Farzana Aqib's poetry reminds me great poetry and lines of great fiction work, as Gabriel Garcia Marquez had said, "an unbearable smell of rotten memories", hallmark of the corpses of the dead roses that someone had put there as a bookmark long ago... and as a mark of remembrance of a love long forgotten by all but two people in the entire universe...'.

"Meet me my love"

Give me just on moment
Then take my whole life
Let me live that one moment
Before I die
Just divulge thy reality
Just uncover your face
Sit with me I want to hold you tight
I want to celebrate your presence
I want to cry
Give me just one moment
Before I have my last sigh

Farzana Aqib

“My mystic silence”

I am calm like a silent fountain
Yet a million Seich waves
are arising in me
I look as still as
The dead water of the sailor’s yarns
But I am a tsunami of the heart
Never hurled a stone in my mystic silence
Once I got arisen
I will gulp the whole world

Farzana Aqib

“My Survival”

Since I have chosen love
Over the hundred of other arts
Now delivering love is must
It’s my only vehemently act
Now my only rescue is nailed
in my crucification
My survival is linked
With the healing of the
broken hearts

Farzana Aqib

“Haunted castle of love”

Reconnecting memories
That are lost forever
Past and present are inseparable
I am shuffling the pouch of
my reminiscing leftover savings
The pieces of my life
Back and fro
Eagerly and diligently
Time is flowing like a stream
Like dropping cascade of memory
Over lapping one onto other
Seeping into every nerve
In every cell of my being
Like a creeper

I wish all my memories

Were like the seeds of dandelion
One hard whip of breeze
One lash of heavy downpour
And all are gone
But thy memories are like the ghost
They dwell in the castle of my being
Haunted cursed and out of place
Screaming aloud
So no one could dare, come near
They're here ....
And rest of the world is disappeared

Farzana Aqib

“Cure”

It begins with believing
Sit on the altar of love kneeling
Neither beneath the earth
Nor on the ceiling
Beloved lives inside the heart
Straightly talking and dealing
Apathy is a condition for living
and I have a disease of feeling

Farzana Aqib

“Prickled”

I drew his name
In my palmer creases
With a carving knife
For his love I suffered
Enough pain and strife
That one man
Who is my entirety
And I...
not even
a single moment
Of his life

Farzana Aqib

"The Last Hope for Tomorrow"

The unthinking silence
The chocking worlds
The blinding darkness
And scratching nails of sorrow
The sharp biting teeth of pain
The last hope for tomorrow
Be resilient, be quite
Sun is just about to rise

Farzana Aqib

"Non Existent"

I have turned my eyes blind
I have made my ear deaf
to the echoes …
Calling my name
To the eyes
Sending messages
To the hands extending flowers
Only one time I will stop
Only on one voice I will turn
When you will say
“I do….
I love you”

Farzana Aqib

“Loosing grip of time”

Sand is meant to slip
From the fist
No matter how tightly you clasp it
You can’t hold onto its grasp
So is the time and life moving so fast
At the end you must strife
It will leave you empty handed
You bid farewell to the world
All naked and deprived

Farzana Aqib

“By the river of Ravi”

By the river of Ravi
There lived a gypsy girl mavi
With golden tussles
And a shiny smile
I saw her once in a while
By walking on the river side
On my early morning drive
In Her dirty ragged attire
And Her bare muddy feet
With her angelic pure eyes
She always looked at me
With a strange wondrous surprise
Trying to remember my face
Trying to recognize
By the Ravi river side

Poverty couldn't tint her beauty
I saw her scavenging trash

Like a devoted divinest duty
Though Dust enveloped her aura
Yet she looked like some flora
In the heaps of garbage
She looked like a painting
of some famous artist
In the slums of River Ravi
A mile away from the eastern tides
She appeared as a solo tulip
Blossomed by mistaken
In the swamps of dirty muddy water
Lost and forsaken
As there was no one
One morning I saw her mother
Mourning for her daughter
When I questioned…

She said o' madam …
Her beauty is sunken in the water

This river's goddess every year
Ask some life for the slaughter
And this time …
she is chosen my daughter"
And for many coming years
I could not forget her
And up till now I remember
As if water goddess herself
got personified
Behind the face of angelic girl
Hidden somewhere inside
That's why mavi died
It was another change of tide
Like some holy sprit
Once again crucified

Farzana Aqib

“Bounty”

Everyone is sad here
You can’t choose happiness
And leave the pain
In the deal of life
Smile comes in a package

Farzana Aqib

“Prayer”

Ruthless thunder
Cold night
Flooding rain outside
And me in total nonchalance
In my warm cozy nestle
My blood is warm in your love
My heart is snuggled in your arms
O’ heavenly dreamy ambiance
Let’s forget all and sundry
Welcome to my renaissance

Farzana Aqib

“I thought I was alone”

I thought I was alone
Silent like the stone
Wandering in the lonely castle
I call it my home
In the silent corridors
In the quiet living rooms
Walking alone on the green grass
Plucking the flowers with the throne
I thought I was alone
No chirping no fluttering
All the birds are flown
I thought I was alone

Silent like the stone
While reading some books

And sipping coffee
Looking down from my balcony
I felt the chill in my bone
I smile on the street of town
To the faces unknown
But in the private I groan
I thought I was alone
Like a silent stone
Then that slight stir in the leaves
Made me feel the wind has blown
I thought I was alone
That brisk move of the air
And some unsaid in the ear
That unseen almost seen
An Untouched almost touched

I captured one glimpse
so vivid

I begin talking to my own
My beloved is almost shone
He was always there
He had never gone
He was always home

Farzana Aqib

"Welcome home my king"

Everyone is in searching of thee
Everyone ask where is he
Everyone desires a glimpse of thee
People adorn themselves
Wear expensive attires
To capture your attention
All are nervously naive
Frantic in some tension
You come and arise
In some random attic
For a few second
In some appearance
Visually dramatic

When crowd go frantic
You smile and you wave

With a stare so angelic,
With a gesture so empathetic
Then you draw the curtains
In the fastest act
And crowd turns frantic
disperse four ways
Asking where could he be
Then like a ray of light
you again re-emerge
So they could see
on a royal carriage
Riding fast waving hands
And crowd runs after thee
Chanting thy praise
Enchantedly amaze
You disappear like a wave

And mob run again
in a sudden craze

In thy chase…
And I watch this frenzy
from a distant place
Sitting under an oak tree
Thinking why you chose me
A shoeless bagger
That's what actually me
A ragged and discarded
Why you love me
Why you left all the kingly comforts
Why inside a bagger's shanty
You preferred to dwells
Which For thine honor
have nothing left to sell
To buy some candlelight
And few jingling bells

I can't offer you the red Ruby wine
From I only possess

An empty drying well
Why in a shanty of mendicant
A kingly honor you sent
O' king of kings
O' Lord of hearts
You gave an ordinary moth
A fairy queen wings

Farzana Aqib

“Marooned”

Don’t ask me
The paths of my home
I am forever a traveler of life
On a journey unknown
I have already gone:

Farzana Aqib

“Broken pieces”

Don’t collect your broken pieces
Just celebrate your explosion
Remember One big blast
An act apparently worse
Gave birth to the
Gargantuan universe
A million stars emerge
From one broken heart
And kindled many candles
Into the soul’s darkest paths
Leading towards a new beginning
Towards a new start

Farzana Aqib

“Closeness”

You are a lover
of your own reflection
You perceive me from your own
Perception
Yet between reality and deception
Your instinct of soul is
Not a far fetched connection
Remember, whom heart hath joined
Let no drift put asunder

Farzana Aqib

“l love Autumn”

Like a barren naked tree
Of autumn
I want to shed all my ego
All my secret adoration
I want to embrace you my love
Without any vail hung between
I want to wear you
To turn anew
As a sapling redrew

Farzana Aqib

“l love winter”

Like a solemn winter
I love rain to get drenched
So to stung by a frozen lash
And like a mighty tree I stand
So to douse in your love
I want to be kissed and fondled
By the wild winter wind
So to nuzzle by thy hand
Like a snowy cold storm
Conquering farther
On winter command
And painting white coats on coats
All the greener distant land
I want to be frozen by thy kiss
I want to melt by your hands

Farzana Aqib

"Why I Shun My Blossom"

The pain has taken roots
The surge is gone deep down
into the heart
A small seed popped up
as a strong tree
Only autumn reminds me
That why after every spring
I hate my being
Why I shun my Bloosom
Why I wear yellow ting
Why every full moon nights
On my naked branches
A nightingale dolorously sing

Farzana Aqib

“Give Face to the Shadow”

He walks arms in arms
Steps by steps
Toe to toe
like a shadow.
I do know
Yet heart persists on
To look over the shoulders
to turn …
To give a face to the shadow
To make him wear a skin
To appear in front of him

Farzana Aqib

“When you were nowhere”

How to narrate that disparity
Of heart
How to write melancholy
Of separation
Those grief stricken nights
Those down in the mouth days
When you were away
When you were nowhere

Farzana Aqib

“Caught”

A corrival doth exist
I could see...
I do know ...
I can point so and so
Whatever it may be
You are available to my foe
Then who am I to thee
Oh my darling
That’s wicked enough .. although
Don’t play rakishly low

Farzana Aqib

“Cheated”

Why to talk about the dreams
Of barren.. sterile eyes
Those long empty nights
When sleep evades you blank
When tears blur your sight
And echoes drift for-ways
With false betrayals and lies

Farzana Aqib

“Fowl play”

Look at the false play of love
I am drifting away from thee
And You are parting away
from me

Farzana Aqib

“Road”

Love me or betray me
Don’t leave halfway between
Pull me hard towards you
Or loose your grip to lean

Farzana Aqib

“What is Hidden”

Silence does speak
Words have no mean
What discern is
Could be deception
What is hidden
May be seen

Farzana Aqib

“Language of heart”

Those few words
which you never uttered
I derive hundreds of…
Meaning out of them
With one hint of thy
Unsaid Patience
I wrote the whole sentence
I searched for thee
In the darkest alley
Wherever you go….
Hence and thence
Don't you know my friend
I read the language of silence

Farzana Aqib

“I live or Die”

Why to ask
I live or die
When you are no one to me
Then why this futile try...

Farzana Aqib

“Oblivion”

He just walked past my way
And I celebrated my eid
I wore new clothes
I adorned my face
I thought May be
I get another chance
Another encounter with thee

Farzana Aqib

“Undecided”

I often ask to my solitude
To my mirror
To my silent words
What was it
An unsaid love of thee
Or a misread deed of me
Either he couldn’t dare to say
Or it was an empty stare
Before uttering a full filled promise
Or a hollow word
Nay……

Farzana Aqib

“Against the weather”

This prick of lonely nights
This pain of persisting desire
And this flickering dying flam of heart
What should I tell you my pal
Since how long I am fighting
With the adversity of the air

Farzana Aqib

“Mirror on my wall”

Today almost hundreds times
I captured my reflection
I stood in front of the mirror
Hung on my wall
It’s not my fault
I told the mirror on my wall
He said something so alluring
Hi voice sounds so assuring
When that stranger in my life
Made his first call
I told the mirror on my wall

Farzana Aqib

“Saint of love”

We are saints of hearts
We only give love
For us love is everything above
O’ warrior…
You have no capacity
To reach the pinnacle of
our hearts
To touch a bit of our sagacity
You are entangled
In worldly avidity
You run a marathon velocity

We are earthy folks

We do have veracity
We go hungry for days
To kick a throne …
Kinda audacity
You don't understand
O' warriors
What is beggary
What is simplicity?
This is only grace to carry
A blessedness in disguise
Not tragedy

Farzana Aqib

“Cold”

He saw few flames
Flickering in my eyes
He saw few broken stars
Rolling down likewise
Still his heart was unmoved
Still his feelings didn’t arise
Still he was insistent to leave
God knows why?
He acted uncannily
Unsurprised
Why my pain he couldn’t perceive
Why he was determined to deceive

Farzana Aqib

“Pricked”

Your unfelt
Felt too much

Farzana Aqib

“Alter”

My angel altered into Satan
Every image defaulted
As if by mistaken
My savior is
Become my foe
What I perceive today
Tomorrow may not be in you

Farzana Aqib

“Denial”

I still remember that night
When you wore a strange look
When you turned over your words
When you switched
From friend to foe
When in a mob of faces
You denied my being
You could hear my heart beat
Yet you made me
Far seeing

Farzana Aqib

“Travel to the past”

Like those dried roses
Forgotten in the pages
Like those dead butterflies
Preserved and Randomly emerged
From an old book
With few tears in the eyes
When One discovers
Treasures like that
Today your memory walk past me
Where I left it at
That dead reminiscent
Still had a little life left
and all the vibrant shades
Laid in it....

Like a dying scent of a dead rose
And colors of the butterflies wings

In that one silent encounter
With that forgotten story
I had to surmount her
I had to awake the slumbering past
I had to close the front gate traffic
I had to travel back
to my backyard
To shuffle few leftover pieces
To rekindle my surprises
To feel little aghast

Farzana Aqib

“After you left”

There is a cavernous silent sadness
After a deep endless love

Farzana Aqib

“Ending phrase”

Without any repulsion
Without any derision
I accept your decision
In this last chapter of our story
You chose freedom
And I chose a life time prison

Farzana Aqib

“Depends”

These glistening moons
On my lashes
These broken orbs on my cheeks
Sparks like thousands suns
Or rolls down like broken stars
Sometimes with your
Endless love
Sometimes with your
Incessant silence

Farzana Aqib

“Goodbye”

It was only a heart
Don't blame
Must have been tired
of being in pain
Must be bored with dismay
And that endless strain
Let it halt its beating
Let it protest against
Callous treating
Let it attain peace
Let it quietly cease
May this way
It's sufferings decrease

Farzana Aqib

“Lost Identity”

All said, unsaid
Delusion or illusion
Promise or dismay
Every reverence is rejected
Without you my beloved
Every hope is dejected
Every decision appears counterfeit
My trust in me is disrespected

Farzana Aqib

“Search”

Sleep deprived nights
Barren eyes

Dreamless journey in the clouds
All night I travel with the moon
On the rhythm of nightingale tune
Peeping in every corner
Devastated as a mourner
In every open window
All day I walk with the shadow
I run after the sun
To catch your glimpse
Asking everyone
Writing your name on the walls
With my blood and ink
Fearing to over look thy capture
I omit my sleep
I pass over my wink

Farzana Aqib

“Try”

We will die one day
I know
Then why in dismay
With random question
On the tip of tongue
Running astray
Why not in a simple
Thoughts play
Be courageous to say
That one word

Yes.. I do
Today, tomorrow and yesterday
Yes I would always…,

This will change the course of time
This will turn the way
I know you won't leave
You will return midway
I know you will stay

Farzana Aqib

“Famous flight of rebirth”

If after all the pain
Of shedding ageing old feathers
Against harsh stormy weathers
Breaking old bending beak
Attaining new hight and peak
Pulling old palons
Determined not to be fallen
An eagle takes it famous flight
After the five months of the
Inner desolate self fight
If After forty years of age
A rebirth of a shining neck

And straight beak occurs
From the old skull cage
Why can’t we change the
old sheet of thoughts

Loosing, cutting and pulling
With our iron teeth
All the Vicious Tied up knots
All the Old paths indeed
All the Old rigid process
To clean the stinky mess
And All the Old ugly judgments
Fingers pointing and comments
To reborn as innocent
As if from the womb of mom's
To polish our old rust
To emerge as gold crust

Farzana Aqib

"Naïve"

In the sanctuary of hearts
Thou sits day and night
Why in the mounts of bricks
In the tabernacle, church and chapel
Thy go and wait for thee
The whole city is so naive
They have eyes
Why can't they see....

Farzana Aqib

"Anything for thee"

If it satisfies you
Then I envy my pain
I will scratch my wound
To get more deep scare
I will wage my own war
If this way my beloved feel better
I will inflict my soul
To confer
More hurt on her
I will adorn my facade with a gash
With the barbarian gifts
thy love offers

If this way thee sleep tight
With a Jake smile
In my lonely nights
I will drive away myself
On some unknown lands

Deeply marooned
Like a moon
In the cavernous sky
An impossibly afar
For you anything my love
You don't even have to ask

Farzana Aqib

"Ensured"

Listen to the silence
My voice still be hung in the air
I will still be whispering in your ears
Take a deep breath
To suck me in… inhale
See your goose bumps
See surprise in your eyes
See hundreds stars
Glistening in your tears
I am back in your life
No matter what facade I carry
What color I wear

What drape of disguise
I attempt to dare
I will always resonate in your being
As some unsaid prayer
I will never estrange you my love

I will always be hidden
Somewhere near

Farzana Aqib

“War is Waged”

It's been days
Ever since I fell silent
My words turned heavy
Like the boots of the tyrant
And my voice hid behind the close
doors of the oppressed valley
of my broken Desires
They refused…
To tread outside my mouth
My eyes wear the same silence
As of the moon
in the darkest night
My heart inhale the whole beat
of the earth …
Amidst The Whole cacophony
of my dying dreams
My lips fumble to protest
But My tongue pulls it's reins inside
Yet a revolt rushes

into the stratum's
Of my being
A mutiny is triggered inside my blood
I need to act
Go... get set
A message must be sent
My pen took up the arm
My thoughts took their position
A war is waged
Words after words
Page after page
Book onto books
Artillery supplies are nonstop

Tell the whole world
Tell my enemies
When pen bleeds

When plain paper wears a soldier's attire ....
When blood changes it's color
Into red black and blue
Into the thickness of the ink
Then Victory is must
Within a skip of the hearts
Within one blink

Farzana Aqib

"Gift from blue"

From a bagger's penurious shanty
To a kingly throne story
A narrative so mesmerizing
An anecdote so invigorating
Mired in quotidian details"
Enriched in faithful prayers
And sown with dervish's trait
Worth remembering and tell,
This two hearts tale
With few fumbling steps
When I began my journey
With the grimy eyes
I saw my destiny
And the carryall

For the journey I had
Was empty like a bagger's palm
Yet pride of saintly ego

Never let me ask for alms
Even though for months and days
I did fast and fall
Tip toeing on the path
the disheartened I was
The pricks I felt in my heel
From the broken soles
And sometimes bare feet
The shivers I bore
On my chest
Underneath the tattered clothes
I wore....
Yet I always felt the kingly respect
And had an impoverished feel
For I was from the regiment of God

I was from the surveillance
Army of thee
I knew one day

I will come across he
He will wash all my wound
He will forgive me
One day on this toilsome journey
I will find him
I will capture my beloved
With my naked paltry gaze
I will capture his grace
With my inner simplest innocence
Without any social repartee
I will encounter thee
I will see
My love will chose me above all
And turn me into a new avatar
Whatever he want me to be

I will be given new wings
From the captivity of the inner cage
He will set me free

Forever from my hunter's cease
With the flocks of peace full doves
Among the gleeful geese
From earth to ethereal
From shanty to Kingston
Within a flick of thine eyes
A million miracles have done

Farzana Aqib

"Quotation from my diary"

No one is perfect in this world

One who thinks he is perfect and all others are the villain in his life story
Is the one who is created a self deceptive fictional role of a super hero in his mind and depicted his own delusional good charterer as a hero in it:
Remember life is a true story, with all our good or bad behaviors marked in it; and not a total fictional drama of our own goodness which we pretend to portray before the world:

Farzana Aqib

"I can't halt"

I have miles to go
Before I halt
I have to weave many dreams
before I sleep
I have miles and miles to cover
On the snowy fields
I have to tread on the frozen lakes
Through the dense woods
dark and deep
Through the mountains and seas
I have a promise to keep

Farzana Aqib

"To the will of my Lord"

I will accept the destiny
Manuscript

With a smile on my face
Although with A heart
so decrepit
I will not cavil a bit
I will never bellyache
Even if at moments
a strong aura ….
I have to fake
I will accept the palimpsest
On my holographic story
I will never utter a word
I will surrender
To the will of thee
Whatever it will be
Whatever will be gifted
Whatever would be taken
I will always appear contented
Even if from my core
I would be falling and reckon

In the line of destiny
No persistence work
No tears could wash a single word
No moaning and cry is ever heard
I will set free the longing of my heart
I will cage my hurt
Like an injured frightened bird
To the will of thee
To the choice of my Lord
For I know from my odyssey
That after every insufferable pain
After Every excruciating ache
There comes a surprising reward

Farzana Aqib

"Daughter"

I am inside you
I am around you
Like a star in your nights

My love will shine in through
Like a mirror hung on the wall
In the manifestation
It will be you
You are in me
I am in you
No one could ever match
the degree Of my love
Even vaguely thy knew
How much I do…
O' my princess
O' my blood blue
With you every illusion is reality
Without you no verity is true

Farzana Aqib

"Shackles of kings"

Escape from the inner prison
Locked behind the grimy cage

Overnighter that I built
Restless tossing
And All the traffic of my past
Halting at my brains crossing
Shuffling through
leftover memoirs
Shambling through
forgotten pictures
Shackles of the unseen future
Handcuffs of the unknown guilt
Through all the tears my eyes spilt
Until the dawn …
upholds the white flag
To bring in the parlay
And desire of truce
Soothing all the cuts and bruise
Putting aside all the conflict
Peeping through its
Grey heavy quilt

All the pain stabbed to the hilt
Adornment of the worldly pride
Conscious's temple leaning on tilt
So Watch me sinking in my tears
Stay by me until I wilt
Stitch all my dismay on my chest
Befitting you my cynic
O' my ardent soul critic
Stop my hand from squander guilt
From the fastest conscious tilt
bury me o' my arbiter taste
With all the honours
In all my traditional kilt

Farzana Aqib

"Black magic enchantments"

When the dark drape

Of gloom is pulled aside
Like the spell of black magic hood
Like the trap of false love hook
You suddenly emerge
in broad daylight
Back to life all in good
And everything is opened up
Before your eyes
True and false
Gold and glint
All deceit you understood
Standing you would
Out of enchantment
Out of wood
Thinking how it could
Made it possible
How it could
Twisted thy destiny
How it could

Snatched from your hands
How it could cease
Thy own decisiveness
How at once wound is healed
How at once you are freed
What was it?
An enchanting moment
A spell …
A planned deceit
But close to finding is
Superstitious belief
All behind this episode so tragic
Was certainly a craft of black magic
As my unfaithful once said …
His eyes works like magic
They could work so abrupt
tearing apart the thread of
Any saintly woven fabric
His enchantment acted so fantastic

And my mind equilibrium
Under performed as havoc
Congrats you won my magician
Your last touch of wand was hypnotic
Yet I too succeeded
In breaking your web of hell
Casting off your false spell
I too built my boat
Against this wreaking havoc
I left the shore of your heart
I long crossed the lagoon
I am will reach to my home
Very soon very soon

Farzana Aqib

“Destiny draft”

Barren, dry and burnt
In the heat of sun
Scarcely standing without escape
on the infertile landscape
I saw one dying thorns mimosa
Like some poor vagrant heart
As if someone's unloved soul
Unlike charming Casanova
Like a silent pleading claimant
As if someone abjure
on fateful design of deceive
And as It still couldn't believe
Like an empty hollow trunk
Like a forgotten lonely nest
As if misery comes so frequent

I despise this unfair treatment
At this segregation line
On this humiliation design

I See margosa, I see Jacaranda
I see blue pine and alpine
Some are leafy like old peepal
Some are thorny
good for nothing
Some are fruity
Some are dwarfs
Some stand tall
Some like mimosas
Some like eucalyptus
Like the fate of us people
Some are laden with gold and silver
Some are empty
Like a Hungary bagger

Some are gulping pearls and coins
Some are collecting
alms from the altars

Some are scarcest
Some are drown
Some are affluent With kingly crown
What is this deliverance
What is this providence
What is this punishment
What is this reward marking decision
I am confused and undeceive
Totally aghast in a shocking crisis

Farzana Aqib

“Got it”

No explanation is required
It was you or blighted fate
It was damned or I’ll starred
No words needed for details
By thy silent look my beloved
Every truth is narrate

Farzana Aqib

“Subterfuge”

Page is turned
Book is done

Verdict is common
Rumor is on forerun
Seed is popped
Shoot is emerged
Pain is seeped
Heart is torn
Damage is done
No use to escape
No need to run
but my deceit you don't dare
Please never come
No subterfuge further on
I will never be same again

Farzana Aqib

"Earth Could Turn"

It could be anything else
But not what I was thinking of
It could be rock instead of diamond
It could be night in place of day
It could be Cassowary
Disguised as dove
Earth could turn above
Over the sun
It could be anything
But it wasn't surly love

Farzana Aqib

"Why should I Explain"

Why should I explain
Love is not a textbook feeling
It's a commune between souls
It's a magnet to attract hearts
It's a mirror of eyes
It's a holy ritual
Not some random errand
Why should I spell out
If you don't understand

Farzana Aqib

“Lifeline”

In the frozen moments
Of a dying heart
Your love was a warm chaos

Farzana Aqib

“Fantasy”

I am in a chaotic spirit of heart

I love you
But I don't want you
I crave for you
But don't want to touch
and feel you
I dream about you
But don't wish to meet you
You were only a face on a canvas
A Blank sheet of a poetic heart
Now I know for sure
I am widely awake
With this realization

I painted thee
With the fantasy of my love
You were just an ordinary skin
I infused my heart and soul in it

I am affiliated with your illustrations
My beloved imaginary Casanova
I won't like thy materialization

Farzana Aqib

“Cured”

You flew away
In an abrupt turn
To keep your honor warm
Leaving me in a storm
Sinking and drown
Now you reemerged
On the shores of horizon
The the past unknown
Like a phantom lightning swarm
Promising me another sunshine
But No my darling
not this time

I haven’t forgotten thy love crime
I turned the directions
of all air signs

I ceased the music of
My inner melodious chimes
I wiped out the last tear of my eyes
I spilled down your love red vine
I could be scattered any other way
But I won't be ever thine

Farzana Aqib

"Call me with his name"

My being is drifting
Like soils
Beyond the boarders
Down the earth
where the horizon
touched the dust and dirt
I am Scattered like the
fist full of diamonds
Thrown in the skies
I belong to earth to the random
Peaks and pinnacles
To the wild over lapping tides
I have no name to be called
I have no tribes

I have no religion
To be described
I am the creation of my creator
This one lineage is above

Any title other than greater
I must be known by my love
Sooner or later
Don't judge me with my words
Don't judge me with the
color of my blood
Don't judge me from the
way I worship
Judge me if you may
From the beat of my heart
From the tears of my eyes
From my unquenched thirst
From my dry throat

And from the blisters
Stamped on my soles
I have no pride of religion
I have no pride of cast

I have burnt my creed
I buried my tag of breed
My grave is nameless
Yet it only wears
the ting of my love
Of the ultimate ether
Of my master caretaker

Farzana Aqib

"I will write your fidelity"

I will write your fidelity
in the books of love,
I will write faithfulness to you

even after losing it,
I will never write thy inexactitude
Love is a feeling so constant
Like prayer in the mosque
Like a wish made in temple
It can't be diminished
It can't be called an attitude
I can't defame the name of love
I can't leave behind
For my Descendants
A distorted face of
My heart's legacy

Farzana Aqib

"Voyage"

Burn my boats

And let me be drowned
Throw me in the surge
In the sea of thy love
I won't seek shores
I will never then emerge
From the deeps of my
Obsessive urge
I may see you one day
I may reach to my verge

Farzana Aqib

"Glint of purity"

Rub your temple

With the glint of goodness
Shine your heart
With thy simple honestness
All the ugly grime
Will get washed away
With the simple act of kindness
Let shed away the ugly outer skin
The true beauty always
Shines from within

Farzana Aqib

“Disease of lies”

Hide behind your lies
And let the termite
Hollow your soul

Farzana Aqib

"Fate wheel"

Our encounter was never

Meant to be forever
Like to banks of river
Though Parallel ever
But never com together
You may send hundred weathers
You may try thy tactics mighty clever
Nothing succeed against destiny
Always remember....
No strategy no endeavor

Farzana Aqib

"Precious"

Those few moments
I spent with you
Are the treasures
I hide from everyone

Farzana Aqib

“In the line of dreams”

I capture many dreams
I paint them with my
vehement joy
Or with my heartfelt screams
I give them voguish version of me
I drag them out
from old enumerated themes
I let them flow
through my imaginary
Valleys and streams
I try to nourish each one of it
I want them to breathe it every bit

Every dream deserves to live
If it could strive through
The fierceness of my heart
And ferocious fervent of my eyes

If It could digest
my inner burning desire
At least I give them a try

Farzana Aqib

"Revealed"

A silent mysterious message
Written on my heart

The reticent mystic mystery
Buried in my soul
Waiting for infinity
A touch of some pietist
As a discovery of some ascetic
To understand it worth
To unfurl it's gist
To unroll it's content
To preserve it as a relics
To spread it on the earth
My hidden heart treasures
Must be unearthed

Farzana Aqib

"Rainbow sky"

I often wonder

If honey could coats
every bitterness
If water could calms
every flame
If A small candle could light
the densest darkness
And a drop of rain
give new life to earth
Why couldn't my …
sweetness of the love
Lick thine bitter pique
Why couldn't my…
rainbow of the heart
Brings butterflies in your life
Why did you hide behind the
opique Pale skin
Behind the flimsy windows panes
Fearing that storm will arise
Halting the bright shafts of light

And All the burning flames
Once gleamed in your eyes
Oh my love emerge
from the dreadful disguise
Wake up to a new surprise
Listen to the sound of the rain
And songs of the nightingales
Fluttering of the birds
Music of the air
Come on my darling
Have some faith
Look into my infinite wait
I love you... I Sayeth

Farzana Aqib

"Rebirth of hope"

That solidifying connection
of the earth With sky

That one line of horizon
Kissing the dust on every dusk
Descending onto the soil
And my dying hope wears a new attire
This phenomenon of oneness
Reappear after every dawn
On western skies
Let us give it a try
Come down my moon
On my empty palms
In my burning eyes

Farzana Aqib

"Craze"

Let me taste the sunrise
And drink the wine of dusk
Let me gulp the cake of moon
Let me lick the candy of the rainbow
Let me mince the nuts of stars
For Sip after sip
And bit by bit
I will dare to swig you all

Farzana Aqib

"Be gentle to yourself"

Be gentle to your heart
Be kind to your dreams
Just follow their instinct

To whatever extreme
Be friended with your own fears
Welcome your own failure
Ignore dirty gross conceit
Turn a deaf ears
to the barking of street
Treat yourself
with all the due honor
Be a true fighter
Never give up either
Turn more supple
be more stronger
Your own warm empathy
is needed To your soul
Don’t let a misery
Take its toll
Thy world is all laid
inside your skin
No one is concerned

You lose or you win
This world outside
Is a thread-born outfit
Already torn apart
Already misfit
Don't let it's chaos
It's nuisance conflict
Rivage your peace
Build thy resilience
Beyond their reach
Never forget the fact
this world don't act
What it's preach

Farzana Aqib

“Ruthless”

That one prick of word
That one pang of heart
Which often contracts
It does unceasingly hurt
I hide my dreams’ residue
And all it’s dirt
Behind my deserted eyes
And tears soaked shirt
You left so fast
Leaving me aghast
Completely bereft

Your farewell message
actually hurt
And that one word’s echoes
hit As pelt
I lay there silent dead and inert

How plainly you said ....
In a manner so abrupt
I was nothing but ...
A beautiful regret

Farzana Aqib

"Enchanter's behest"

Who says you left
You are sitting my next
In the desert
In the rains
On the sod and plains
On the pinnacles of Everest
In my ink
In my text
In my poetic conquest
In my voice in my quiet
In my peace in my riots

What I say, what I write
It's only thine dictates
On my soul purely white
It's only thee suggest
Every single move of mine
Goes to my enchanter's behest

No one matches that power of love
Whom the God divinely blessed

Farzana Aqib

“Peace and war”

In the midst of war
I found peace
In the fire of hate
I found love
In the time of haste
I turned calm
In the freezing shiver of winter
I found a strangest warmth
There is some warrior
Hidden in me
There is a healer
Soothing my extremes

There is a voice who says halt
There is a jokey
Pulling my reins
I can't see
But I can talk
There is a power

My Heart calls God

Farzana Aqib

“Treasures”

In the deep folds of heart

Like a jewel so precious
I found you there
I envied myself
I am no more poor

Farzana Aqib

"Create some place"

Don't fill the cracks of your heart
Let it seep

Let all the deceitful promise
Leak
Let all the false friendships go
Don't regret and weep
Don't let your soul wreak
Shovel out the residue of hurt
Create some place
If falsehood stays
Where would thy God sleep;

Farzana Aqib

"Be on Toe"

Celebrate your life
Taste its wine
But never swig it in one go

Love your existence
Live in the presence
Listen to it's sound
Weave a fabric of friendship
But never wrap it all around
Be naked for some days
Don't wear it as attire
Just feel it for a while
never possess it in entire
Give handful of alms
And fill all the empty palms
But never try remembering
the name of the taker
And face of the beggar
Never taste the leftover
of the same plate
You filled for the other
By Keeping your hunger
Leave the frenzied crowd

At the hight of its cacophony
To awake your inner peace
Seek shelter in a place
quiet and lonely
Under some tree
Filled with abundance
and density
Halt the wheel of life
Lower its pace
Sit somewhere doth celebrate
Between dawn to dusk
Shed some tears
Feel some pain
Recall some regrets
Own it and embrace
Wash few stains
Say few prayers
To polish your gratitude
To fill your empty soul

Walk towards targets
Travel non stop
But Don't set goals
Empty your pocket
When it bulged with load
Float like a feather
Stay empty like a vessel
Be on toe
Some seeds of goodness
Dig and sow
Get ready to go

Farzana Aqib

"Autobiography"

Let me finish

This unfinished story
Let me write
the last stanza of my poetry
Let me compile the final
Chapter of my book
Life shouldn't be like a forgotten
dream
Like a Blossom that
Lives and leaves
Life should be made worth
remembering
If it's not a success story
Then it must be written

As a lesson learnt journey
Never leave the pages of your diary
White and plain
Never give your peregrination
a mysterious ending

Do write a milestone
Do write on the walls of the world
How you found this expedition
What you shouldn't have attempted
What you should have done
What fears …
you would have overcome
What ugly act …
you must had condemned
What good deeds
you shouldn't had forgotten
What expectation
You never hadn't wanting

Give thin life a beautiful ending
With a title so vibrant
Like a gateway
for the coming generations
No life is ordinary

No man is worthless
No breath is empty
Every heart is special
Every soul is reflective
Only you never looked at it
From this perspective …

Farzana Aqib

“Excavated”

Like an acquisition

As a treasure unearthed
A soul often dig out a soul mate
With the power of its
Magical deviant
Amidst the bursting seams of
Thousands faces
A goddess of love is always found
Beneath the debris of stones
From some unholy places

Farzana Aqib

"Ruins of the story"

A place we left
Behind the burning fumes
Thinking as some abandoned

Lay waste
I find there laid
Some forgotten story print
I saw some trace
Of bygone days dreams
Under the moon lit streams
Still scattered as residue
As a story laid necked before you
Like a silent night prevalence
As if a storm had been brewing
In the debris of yesterday's ruin

Farzana Aqib

"Love still echoes"

Time has past for you and me
But moments are stuck on the clock
Pendulum is still swaying in between
One extreme is you

Another is me
And when two needles
Jump onto each other
And look like as one
The town church clock
Herald the victory of our love
The echoes reverberate
Across the sky
And earth mourn the separation
Of Two hearts
Time is ceased long ago
But love had proceeded ahead of it

Farzana Aqib

“Courage to do”

Don’t cry

Don’t bring your story
In your eye
Hum a beautiful lullaby
Before seeking goodbye
Dry my tears
Don’t make me cry
Unclip my wings too
Before you hide
Above the gargantuan sea
Into the deep blue sky
In the abandoned lonely nest
How long I will stay
I will try following your flock

Ohh my traveler of the western skies
I will take my first flight
When the weather is not oppressive
When the air is not very high
After the last blossom of the autumn

I will re-emerge in the spring
Wearing a new vivid attire
Without you I will learn to live
I mustn't give up and retire
I mustn't get consumed
by my inner fire
I shouldn't die
Before I actually die
Before the next summer
Without giving my dreams
A new hope and desire
Life is a journey so alone
Yet a reality we shouldn't avoid

A story I always wished to live
A journey of togetherness
With only you and I
We mustn't give up
Before giving it a last try

I know An order of the destiny
We are here to abide
Yet we shouldn't die
Before we actually die

Farzana Aqib

"Falsely hopes"

Don't show ... hide

Your wounds and voids
Bury you pains silently inside
You will be left alone
No one will come to solidify
Laugh out loud
You will be surrounded with
The hovering throng
Life is not friendly with misery
It always follows the trail of victory
You hum a happy lyric
This world will sing hundreds songs
Your flock will come to twist on floor
Breaking forth they will dance long

No one will come to dry your tears
Only your laughter will turn some ears
So fake your smile
Light your moonless nights
Present a little inner flame

As your brightest new dawn
Open up the windows
And falsely hopes will be gone
Halt the brewing inner storm
Twist thine sunny side on

Farzana Aqib

"Realization"

How infinite peace I found

On the journey way back home
The warmth of your love
And the scent of your breath
Held me for hours
After losing my path
I met few way wards
I saw few Unfortunates in love
Hungry for the crumbs of the world
Greedy for the wealth and class
Weird and oddly bizarre
No one was like you
As pure as you are
On my journey way back home

I found my new Avatar
I could capture the unseen
Aura of thy facade
Like a milky moon
Like a morning star

When you see less blessed around
You count your benison and windfall
Then you discern
With gratifying concern
How rapturous you actually are

Farzana Aqib