

Ijaz ul Hassan

Poems

ENGLISH - URDU - PUNJABI



Dedicated to

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Foreword

A foreword is too grand a term, so I am going to call my insights just 'observations'. The choices are entirely personal, and alas limited, but they are based on certain distinctive features of the work in the collection.

Many of us know Ijaz ul Hassan better as a painter, educator and activist, whose powerful images of resistance to social injustice and political oppression form an eloquent painterly historical narrative. His poems are a distillation of many experiences and moods, of delight, quiet reflection and on occasion even irrepressible exasperation: 'Enough is enough'

These poetic 'adventures in self-expression' reveal a whole new dimension to this citizen of the world who is at once rooted in his own land as he is at home in and open to the foreign and the 'different'. The writing extends over many years as he engages with life's 'great gifts and harms', observing great swathes of landscape with the same acuteness and sensitivity as he does the minutiae, be it a crab scuttling across a busy road, a 'hawk anchored on oak', a 'tired commuter', a solitary tree or a patch of rough ground.

Memory, nostalgia and journeying,

inwardly and perceptually figure significantly. The definition of memory, I do believe, was the fruit of a collaboration between Jung and Proust and this is explored with enlivening distinction in several of the poems. Recall is no state of self-indulgent, recumbent passivity. It is inventive and lively. While its hidden roots run deep, the summonings of the past are animated and very much in the present of the imagination. I read the opening poem 'Far Away and Long Ago' as a bridge between the painterly and the written. The words seem painted. The litany of acacia, mango, beri, jaman and mulberry trees, 'the vermillion tongues' of the Tacoma vines, 'red, tan, emollient hues' and 'crisp greens', create a veritable sensorium of sight, taste and texture. His joy in 'common things' then shades into a quieter 'Lure of lonely places' where the 'music and magic of invisible things' can best be captured.

In our Garden Crowded with Plants, vivid visual snapshot images are spiked with quizzical humour as flora twins with creatural life. Trees, shrubs and plants possess wilful personalities, flowers 'flirt' and 'dally' in little botanical enactments, certain to delight and savour. Precise nomenclature passes into poetic diction and creates its own rhythm and music: Dracaena and Croutons.

With their variegated yellows and crimsons
Caladiums, Crinum and Epiphyllums

Echeverias, Sedum and Aloe,
Agaves, Crasulas and Aconiums
.....Live in natural harmony
With the spiky Cacti, Yucca and thorny rose

A green grammar is at work as verbs pierce nouns and adjectives and the whole plot heaves with movement and energy. The primacy of visual images is to be expected in an artist, but to evoke painterly resonance, an attentiveness to composition, sound and nuance, within the framing of words is what is so distinctive in Ijaz ul Hassan's poems.

The writer is no stranger to experiences of human companionship, grief and loss. He is equally familiar with the art of metaphor. Deracinated nature in 'A Pale Plant in a Red Pot' with its 'befouled' environment of 'dirty wall', 'noisy corridors', 'foul breath and swear words' in which a sickly, waterless plant struggles to survive could aptly suggest a desolate country. The gravitas of profound irony mingled with despair can also darken into a more savage satiric commentary on the state of the nation.

Ijaz ul Hassan's concern with the environment, celebrating its fecundity and potential and decrying its depredations, seems to me to be integrally related with the vision of a cultural revolution urgently called for, incisively apprehended, sensuously and keenly felt and

unhindered by doctrinaire text book theorizing. If 'the meaning of life is to live it' as the poet states so succinctly, then surely a part of that meaning is the artist's responsibility to persevere in negotiating a commitment to the 'diamond absolutes' of art, with his commitment to society and the environment. Ijaz ul Hassan's writing offers ample evidence that he continues in his creative endeavours to do so.

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———— **English Poems** ————



Far in Memory

Far away and long ago
Far in memory an acacia avenue -
Down railway tracks veering left in a loop -
Dusty trees without shadows
Gravel and dust plodded into a path
Without form or definition,
Leading to a verdant hedge,
A wooden gate cheerfully green

A solemn mango tree
Clusters of infant leaves -
Red, tan, emollient hues,
Crisp greens,
Erotic odor of yellowish blooms.

A pair of young Beri trees,
Branches bending with
Crunchy fruit, leaf to leaf,
Stood in neighboring field
A jaman in a patch of corn
Fragrant roses in the lawn

Tacoma vines fell from veranda ledge
Orange tassels dangled in the breeze
Pouting petals and vermillion tongues
Licked by persistent ants
In din of drones and
Honey bees' hum.

A dear old mulberry
Struck by evil tongue
A bolt of lightening
In stormy dark night.
A noble torso with mangled limbs
Stood its ground with gaping holes -
Hideout home to nocturnal birds

Each season seemed its last.
But every spring it gathered strength.
Heaved and hoisted greenest shoots
Bearing broadest leaves, and
Generous harvest of sweetest mulberries..

Solemn mango, dusty acacia trees
The valiant mulberry, had tales to tell
Left me lost in spells.
Life then was so full of things:
Sight of flowers, taste of common things,
Peeling paint, ageing rough bark,
Lure of lonely places,
Joy of bathing in summer rain,
Thunder of invading clouds
Flutter of speeding wings
Peepal leaves clapping in wind,
Chirping of sparrows at dusk and dawn
Mysterious cooing of doves,
Annoying cawing of crows
Kites gliding in the sky
A parrot, a pigeon, a lark
Music and magic of invisible things
The fear of snakes

Joy of accomplishing small feats,
Jumping a ditch, chasing a squirrel
Making a dash for nothing

But that was far away and long ago.

A Startled Crab Scuttles Across the Road

A startled crab scuttles across the road,
In full view of pale beams of a car,
Quickly disappears in the loitering grass,
Thriving on waste, spewed by
Bourgeoning city, sneaking
Over sandy waste up the sea

A damp eye stares into the blue night
A tear slips down,
Tracing a uncertain track over a dear cheek
Like morning dew glistens down a silken leaf.
Burning sensations drowned in self pity,
Uncaring moon arched above.

Stains of music stream from a shrine afar.
Summer sea rasps pasts the pylons.
Scent of tears, aroma of jasmine flowers
Intermittent whiff, odor of fish.
A shadow moves behind a mimosa shrub
Sends a chill up the spine

Brooklyn
March 1992

A Journey

A hawk anchored on oak surveys the scene
with satisfaction
A pigeon tumbles on frosty shadow of a bridge
in panic
'Smoky' hides in a shallow ditch to pounce
on unaware prey
A tired commuter in rusty sedan hurries home
with pursed lips
Rolling landscape pensively extends far
to sad hills
Sun descends ejaculating raging reds
Yielding to lilac hues
Soon radiance loses its luster
darkness creeps.

Just about then a formation of Canadian geese
Come into view
On balanced wings glide
Towards shimmering waters
Spiked with dark reeds
Steadily landing
To lodge for the night, and
Wait for dawn

Brooklyn
March 1992

An Old Paint Box

An old paint box
Cakes of dried pigment
Lingering odor of long-gone days
A fertile range of colors
Red, Yellow, blue and green -
Enough to transport a child
To an imagined world
Of single petal flowers
Birds and leaves
One legged storks
And tendrils green

There was a sable brush
Sallow sheets of paper
One depicted a crane.
Other a hut by roses framed
A lady wearing a white bonnet
Stretching across a friendly stream
Rows of daisies, blue bells and hollyhocks
Accompanied a path to the hut
With a cerulean sky behind

Not a small fortune to inherit?
Delight of soaking sable in water
Mixing yellow with blue to make green
Doodle words and images unrestrained
Vent imagination, create, invent
Dwell with vestal colors

Delineate forms without shadows -
Boasting independent existence -
Above and beyond conceits
Of time and space.

Imagine There Were No Words

Imagine there were no words
And we failed to divine images.

If moment to moment and hour to hour
And days, months and years
Not fused together by memory
And memory was locked in moments
Feelings were devoid of passion
Passion of imagination
And imagination clipped of wings

If absent faces were beyond reach
Pain could not be forgotten
And life structured by empty thought,
What would human existence be?

Even graffiti scrawled on scraps
Crumpled ambiguous forms
Borne by its own unique identity

But imagine if there were no words.

Brooklyn
3 April 1992

Eid Musings

Garbage in a silver platter
Roses in dust

Legislators locked in Parliament
People on the street

Leaders launching movements
Ideology on retreat

Left is left out
Jamat de mittee paleet

Hakumat karan wardian waley
Te mauj karan wazeer

Janta doing hai! hai!
But BB sound asleep.

Brooklyn
1992

Never Thought He Would Ever Die

I never thought
He would ever die.
When I leaned over him
As he silently lay crouched on rear seat
I assured him, myself more,
All was well
And under control,
He looked at me with a faint smile
Seemed to ask -
I realize now with hindsight -
“Son, when will you learn to perceive simple
things?
And stop shaping them to your whims?”
Neither reproach nor reprimand
A gardener addressing a plant
Slow in rooting.

No words, no farewells, no embraces
No tears, remembering things or places.
How could I not know?
Conceit had set hope
On human skills and ‘bandobast’
Mislaid precious moments
More precious than a lifetime of words;
Words supplemented by words
Conniving chain of empty sentences.

It was, perhaps, best for him

To be by himself
To abbreviate his existence

Hurriedly he was moved to the emergency ward
And next day to a private room
Where for forty days or more he lay
In a gentle coma
He would open his eyes now and then
But soon return to his restful slumber.
We hoped, and hoped for a word.
But before long we knew.
He was looking over the fence
Across a landscape of future tense
Amorphous without beginning or end
Eager to rest in Beyond
Mortal measure of things

Is it an idle conceit?
That we may be reborn after our wanderings?
A fragrant flower hum haunt of bees
Scent of mountain wind
Coursing through juniper trees;
Breath of water in an earthen bowl;
Blue at dawn, hundred shades of green
Grasses sparkling with beads
The dusk with tangerine hues
Starry nights with their mysterious repose

A word, a thought
Even a painting perhaps
What a comfort, what a joy.

Pray tell me!
Is it an idle conceit?

Brooklyn
2 April 1992

Our garden crowded with plants

Our garden crowded with plants
Of many colors perchance
Trees, creepers, bulbs and bushes,
Tubers, perennials and a few bulrushes;
There is a Jaman near the glazed veranda
And three chenars outside the boundary wall;
A guava, mango and an amaltas
A beri near the rusty iron gate
And bananas near the garage.

There are a number of Motia shrubs,
Some clamoring up a wall
Jasmine, Tacoma, Honeysuckle
The inevitable Money Plant
Two young trees stand apart,
One Cheeko and the other Shareefa
Both yield fruit of deceptive appearance
One resembles a potato in colour
The other cast like a grenade.

Then there is the royal Moolsari,
A solemn Cypress lost in thought
Marva spangled with fragrant clusters
And irrepressible Bougainvillea
Survey a weary badminton court.
Bamboo's with their smooth shafts
Sturdy trees with brittle timber and rough bark
A anar with its pendent fruit.

Dracaena and Croutons
With their variegated yellows and crimsons
Caladiums, Crinum and Epiphilums,
Echeverias, Sedum and Aloe,
Agaves, Crassulas and Aeoniums,
And other succulent chaps
Live in natural harmony
With the spiky cacti, yucca and thorny rose

However antirrhinums snap their jaws
If any refer to their canine demeanor;
There are Pansies that will be pansies
Marigold I am told is proud of its gold,
As is Raat ki Rani of her odor
Lilies flirt with bashful Asters,
Dahlias dally with Cosmos,
Fuchsia drool over its galore,
Nasturtiums nudge their neighbors,
Poppies pretend they Freesias abhor
While Sweet Peas tease the hollyhocks.

Gladiolas hawk their colors,
Daisies their fair brow
While Verbena leans over the phlox
Petunias trumpet their virtues to the Stocks.
Carnations flourish in their exclusive pots
And the Violets modestly repose on the rocks;
Proud water-hyacinth levitates in its pond,
Nymph like lotus is closely docked.
Some vines girdle robust trunk of trees,
Others entwine tender boughs green.

Weary weathered and trifle worn out,
Hunted by predators, storms and draughts,
With a thousand annual roots
And the memories of over five decades,
Crowded with plants and flowers
Of diverse colors and countenance apart,
From near and far
Habitat, province and port,
Huddled together in eager rapport

Brooklyn
4 April, 1992

A Journey to Wali Tangi

Part I

Koh-e-Murdar adamantly blocked the dawn,
We set off in a jeep from Quetta
For Orak onto distant Wali Tangi,
Young saplings lined the road
A bubbling stream merrily rushed down
Orchards on our left bent low with apples
Crunchy green and gold
Myriad of smaller ones tinged with rose,
And peaches red with custard bellies
Tucked between leaves pastel green

Now and then mud homes passed
Grapevines trailing over their walls
Mulberries with leafy branches
Sun dappled their shadows cast

Men worked the soil their ancestors reclaimed
Black birds were out in the field making row
Catching worms disgorged by the plough.
Women in bright garments went about their
chores,
Children ran to and fro
Some were aimed to school go

Sparrows frisked from branch to branch
Crows were hopping about the huts;

A dog barked at a stranger riding a cart.
A new day had born since an hour.
The air was keen.

At Orak are the water-works, which quench
Quetta's thirst,
Besides orchards and groves and profusion of
fruit
A resort in easy reach called
The Paradise point

Part II

Here, the pucca road narrows
Converts to a dusty path,
Concealed by willows at end of road.
The track turns left, then bends to right.
Where steep ascent to Wali Tangi starts.
The jeep revs and rasps,
Gears screech, their teeth gnash.
Tires skid and slip
But you must press on with a firm foot and grip.

Our driver was a tall handsome man
Commanding a tank brigade against the Afghans,
Perhaps rebellious Baluch as well Pathans
A friend from school accompanied by his bashful
son- apologetic for being even taller than him.
His hobby was collecting daggers not guns;
A fine pair they made, father and son.

We drove and drove with much talk,
Passing bush after bush and rock over rock,
Through narrow gullies we strove,
Mounting, ascending, circuitously we rode.

Hailing patches of aromatic grasses,
Herbs, bushes and rare plants of sorts -
spruce and severe
Like lean ever nibbling mountain goats.

The flowers were small, intense in scent
Color of wine red, lavender and gold.
Grasses russet and blue
Bushes of saturated hues,
Sienna, silver, sap green.
The prospect
Exuded a heady fragrance

Abruptly our jeep came to a halt.
A lazy brook scampered across
Asserting its first right to cross.
Our driver, Brig of a Tank Battalion
Spared an instant to 'study the position'
Then plunged

The jeep flexed its muscles
Lugged forward
Dragged itself up the bank,
Accelerating away in unwanted haste

The wet tires embossed a pattern
That slowly faded in haze of biscuit dust

Roused by speeding wheels.

Part III

Cheerfully we drove and drove
In a while we were enclosed by cliffs
Scanty patches of junipers on slopes.
Some resided alone,
Some peered from crevices lower down.
One appeared to plunge
While another appeared
stepping off a rock onto a patch of grass

Soon a mysterious cliff rose into view,
A strange aberrant silence captured our hearts.
The tawny battlement was strangely odd
Humans of noble definition and titanic form
Stood in eternal silence
Shaped by elements and sad rough wind
Dimmed, but deified by time.

Wondered if the heroic beings
Were petrified into living rock
For a rebellious feat by arrogant gods
I looked, and looked in amazement
Stared and stared in silence

Some heroic aspects were chiseled in pain,
Some definitions in deep contemplation cast,
Most seemed to fate resigned.
I looked, looked and steadily watched.

Will these noble beings ever be unchained?
Set free from this wretched cold rock
Proudly walk, these valleys again?
Who can tell? I myself asked.

Part IV

Before braving the final ascent
To Wali Tangi's high mountain lake,
We parked under a boulder
Like an eagle's wing stretched above.
A gushing stream below
Fumed through debris of rocks,
Hewn from the mountain side
To build the wall of a dam

Climb, climb, climb
Sixty uneven steps in all
And you are In presence
Of deafening silence
A murky lake with a mat green core
Surface without a crease or ripple
Glaring like eye of a dead beast
No hum or hymn of a solitary wing.
Weird breeze touched my face
A hollow sound sensed my ear.

A vague feeling of fear gripped my heart.
I stared and I stared at the deafening quiet
A juniper lay immersed in lake down left,
Its bark cracked open, peeled by rot,

Its skeleton picked clean by frost
Like bones of animals in the wild

There was a second drowning further up
Partly green
Its trunk festering in water;
Dying in slow agony

A third with its limbs chopped off,
Hurriedly piled
Adjacent to Overseer's abandoned hut.
There were others better off
Like brave warriors not surrendering in defeat
On a slow retreat.

I labored with charcoal on a sheet
To empathize with them
The best I could do,
What else could I do?
Felt a tremor in my hand.
Steadied myself , tried again.
Too close a proximity to them.
My resolve wavered.
I recoiled;
Tried and tried again.

PART V

It was now getting late.
A strange presence closed in
In sadness and feelings of remorse,

We speedily set off for familiar world
Going down quicker than we came
Down, Down,

A furtive glance at the Titans frozen in rock,
Their brows now darkened in the fading light,
Sent a chill up the spine;

Down, down and down,
Junipers stood darkly brooding on bare slopes,
Down and, down
Down the narrow bumpy road
Brushing prickly scented bushes
Down we went
At last there with some respite
We noticed the contentious stream
Shining in sun's reflected light
With silver copses jogging along its course
Young willows in windy discourse
And radiant grasses swaying
In the evening glow,
Pebbles in bed of silver stream
Seemed spots of ink
On shimmering length of silk,
The thoughtful sun
Was now about to sink

In dense shadows of dark cliffs,
Across the stream and over its brim,
Past wild things , sounds withdrawing
Down, down the dusty road
Down at last, we leapt onto

Bright pucca road to Quetta
With unusual sense of loss
And relief

Brooklyn
8 April, 1992

Causes Always Young and Green

Causes are always young and green,
Men grow brown and old
Causes become old when hearts are cold,
Dreams are abandoned, ideals sold
Excuses made to make amends
A sensible existence
Strive to make up for lost time
Count what could have been added
Acquired, advanced, promoted,
Kisses stolen, bodies penetrated
Moneys repatriated and senses satiated

What of those who have lost their time
Who have nothing left behind?
Who gave up everything?
Without addition or subtraction
Doubt or hesitation
What would they not have done?
Be just idle discuss trivial events with friends,
Care for concerns of hearth and home,
Inhale damp odor of their mate,
On a sultry summer day

But those were the days -
Endless, unrelenting without pause
Galloping on full bladder
And a single hope, a single dream
To correct all wrongs and spurn

Lies said to be right.
This was another breed. They sacrificed all they
had
At the behest of an intellectual elite,
Party bosses with small minds and sensitive be
hinds,
Choked with the vanity of the rich
Without the humanity of the poor
Manicuring their nails to fight wars

This brings to mind a breed of other kind,
With obscure knowledge and glib of tongue;
Some forever postponing
Some making Instant-Coffee revolution,
Saying right things always at wrong time.
Some thought Trotsky was right and Lenin
wrong.
Stalin was a cobbler compared to Bukharin,
Chou Enlai but a Chinese mandarin
At least Kruschev was a coal miner's son
And those who split the International Movement
Must be hired agents.
What of Mao and his Cultural Revolution?
Bragging to bloom hundred flowers
Bare foot doctors practicing medicine
Rationing culture to illiterate masses
And telling them
Because people owned greater wisdom

Then there were those
So to say the clerics of the revolution -
Hybrid dishes scantily cooked,

Neither pleasant to the palate
Nor appeasing the stomach-
Like bland food on international flights
Served with piped music
And imported red dressing

Oh! These clerics!
Was it socialism, revisionism or social imperialism?
Hegemonism, expansionism or state capitalism
And what about the National Question?
What of it? To be done or undone
Bills, pamphlets, hypothesis, documents;
Science and revolutionary enlightenment,
Presumed to lead men to greener lands
With gurgling springs of honey and milk;
Where happiness was not a private possession
Those who claimed to cure humanity of its afflictions
Couldn't cure their own constipation.
No fault of the medicine.
Weak stomach could not retain
Shallow bowls could not contain

Feared their friends more than their foes
And unity abhorred
Creating rifts and splits over
Thriving in secluded hovels,
Preferring puddles to gutters, gutters to holes

One has often heard it said,
One is one and two is eleven;

When a drop of rain enters the sea,
It becomes as mighty and vast as she;
Ever heard of a drop which wouldn't drop
For fear of falling to its death;
Or witnessed a river resist flowing into sea,
Even if one were to believe
A drop of rain falls on a thirsty land
Slakes its thirst but dies instantly,
A dry root quicken
Activated are the seeds;
Life's mechanism clicks on mysteriously,
Giving birth to infant shoots
which heave and hoist their bodies aloft
Unfolding sets of leaves
To mature into a shrub or tree
One thing leads to another
In an unending synthesis of life's mosaic,
In different forms and changing states

But isn't this an idle conceit?
What of those who were betrayed?
What of those were led astray?
What of those who relinquished every thing
For the revolutionary din,
Left their homes and burnt their boats?
What of those who were abandoned

And what of those who fled
Without burying their dead
Scavengers and parasites!
Consumers of the dead!
What of those who now plead other causes?

What of those who compromised,
Resting their bums on soft cushions?
What of those indeed?

Causes remain young and green
Only men grow brown and old
And turn yellow in the cold.

Lahore
28 April, 1992

A Pale Plant in Red Pot

A pale plant in clay pot
Placed against a dirty wall
smeared with grime,
Foul breath and swear words;
In a noisy corridor with many doors
Inscribed with names and fancy designations.
Peons seated on stools
Counting their toes or picking their nose
Faded light hesitantly descending
A ventilator somewhere around

A pale plant with a sickly stem
Appeared stuck in the pot
Like a stick in hard earth
Seldom watered or visited by sun
Living on ash and cigarettes butts
Spittle and sputum of worldly men
And pan eaters.

Pale Dracaena in a clay pot
Top four leaves were sluggish green
Surrounded by five of sad hues,
Lower down were three
With black Spots, edges singed
There was one expiring on the floor
On death's door
Another leaf dangled like disjointed limb

Third banged its head against wall
In rancid air swirled by a fan
Held aloft by an iron rod
Befouled with muck
Pale dracaena with deathly pallor
A less hardy plant would have died
An instant death
On other hand, I thought
If this pale sallow pallid plant
Was uprooted and planted
In an opportune turf
And sunny spot
Every now and then
Moistened with a drop'
It would lift its emasculated limbs
Spread viridian hues and crimson tints
And lunge towards the sky.

Lahore
7 May, 1992

For gods pink, blue and green

Silent high mountains valleys
Rustling grasses, frost licked bones
Graying heads choking with obscure knowledge
Hearts cramped with emptiness
Words washed of meaning
Suffocating sensations
Inhaled from clean air
Lungs accustomed to diesel fumes
Blended with dust and dung

Virgin peaks reaching into sky
Eagles gliding in sun
Men with sharp elbows wade
With determination set
To profit by stealth, launder their assets
And furtively rise to power
On the people's heads

Solemn glaciers slip dawn the mountain side
Shape valleys and feed torrents of gushing life
Artists ape and plagiarize
Refine forms, facts defile
In name of aesthetics truth ostracize
Blessed night descends
Puts nature to rest and sleep
Heal what tiring day has reaped
While men steal, conceal and cheat

Dear ones deceive
Connive to community clean
By letting their neighbor's blood

Bright moon hides behind a black cloud
Howl of a dog tears through the dark
Pools of blood clot in the grass
Delicate flowers lie crushed nearby

A proud tree slit and slashed
Companions riddled, gashed and hacked
Ruthlessly slaughtered without care
At leisure, with time to spare

A famished wolf on crest of hill
Sat with lost appetite
An owl with a receding brow
Sat wondering holed aloft, while
Heartless men supped and ate
Hugged their children
Fondled their mates

Silent mountains valleys
Solemn glaciers
Melancholy peaks
Clotted blood, rusting grass
Bones liked clean by frost
Fickle men with cold hearts
Committing bloody deeds
For their polychrome gods
Pink, blue and green

Lahore, November 1992

Sodomize Inertia

Sodomize inertia
Flog feelings into action
Assault words without meaning
Seduce wayward senses into submission
Relish pain
Flog unyielding moments of delight
Revel in temptations
Ravish reason
Outrage morality
Awaken new feelings
Conspire with dissent
Hack the cross
Dash the poisoned cup
Raise your standard
And iron fist aloft
And damn
Who says, Hold enough!

Lahore
1993

99 Shades of Green

There are 99 shades of green
But without knowledge of one
You cannot touch any

Blue and yellow are first cousins of green
But often heart is stirred
At sighting grays
Curling above dusty plains
Aching for monsoon rains

On mountains in summer time
Fragrant needles of pine,
Prick to life
Dormant memories of youth
Rooted in velvet hues.

Memories far and out of reach
Embalmed in green mist of youth
Blended into brown muck of life
Into a sauce.,
Made edible with pinch of salt
Garlic and mint,
And green peppers
Lean and hot.

Two elephants
Amble towards a Chinese vase
Adorned with a dragon puffing fire.

A Buddha forged for the bazaar
Meditates few strides afar
A fly circles his sacred head
Life goes on in its unpredictable ways

A prince strives after an alarmed stag
Poised on a stately stead
A bow firmly held in left fist
String pulled back to right cheek.
Birds are perched in branches
Frisky squirrels clamor up trees
Woven in a tapestry.
Life goes on in its random ways.

Fiery colours of passion
Violet hues of remorse
Sunny yellow
Somber tints
And ninety nine
Shades of green.

Lexington, USA
Aug, 1998

THE OTHER SIDE OF TOMORROW

Is the purpose of art to make images?

Life- like

more and more

Life – like

Artist paint crunchier apples

But Cezanne's stay longer with you.

Is this true or merely an aesthetic conceit

Nurtured by those seem to know

Apples not pickled and preserved

But Refined

Redefined

Made more Real than themselves.

In the end the process takes the front seat

And reality has to do with left-overs

Under the table

What is reality? Really

A virgin onion with successive layers of truth

Which may never be peeled in a human life

Proceeding from outer reddish rind to

Juicer pungent core

Of pertinent facts

Gathered in daily discourse.

If Man was not chased by dreams,

Stray thought, feelings,

Reality may have been more intimate

Within reach

Of exigent needs.
He would not have been caught
In the web of his own conceits
Not h beseeched the moon
Wondered about the stars
Looked across the seas
Would've lived existential existence
The best he could.

But this was not to be
Truth is more than the sum total of its parts
Howsoever elegant, precious or profound
People having thoughts with wings
and vision of things
Beguile honest men to surrender their wants
to dreams
A fistful of dust that can help to life
an errant seed,
They believe is nobler than he
Of throbbing flesh
Whose corporeal greed motivate his deeds
Fancy a life without a sense of wonder
Of reveries
Without dreams
Of endless possibilities
Beyond here and now
Beyond transient crunchy sensations
Beyond the other side of tomorrow

Have No Premonition of Death – Yet

Part-I

Have no premonition of death – yet
But time has slipped
Like grains of sand
Through a tight fist;
Glistening waters
From under a bridge
Faded away
like tail lights of a speeding bus
into the black night
Vanish
Like a insect riding
a dead leaf
in an impatient stream

Staring out of my studio's window
Framing familiar foliage
in vertical panels
I ponder over these clichés
wishing w'd not let slip
impatient moments
Out of my fist.

Part-II

Have no premonition of death – yet
The end will come
Whenever it comes
With irrevocable truth
Reflecting on it is wasting time
Taking time off
From a game still on
Like saying:

“I have lived my life,
Done my deeds
Best I could do,
Enough is enough!”

Now is time for rest
Recreation, long leave.
Enough fatigue of living
Ever vigilant of unguarded slips
Ever pricking of conscience;
Harassing temptations,
Buckling wandering thoughts.
Insomnia of guilt
The strain of justifying
What was done, and
What was not.
“The burden of my cause
Reported aright
To the unsatisfied.”
Enough is enough.

Part – III

Fade

Fade away

Into aroma of onions

Simmering in butter,

Waft of fresh baked bread,

Sight of two sizzling eggs

Fade away far and beyond

Soar into the sky

Roar like a monsoon cloud

Hurl bolts of lightening

Shake earth and make it tremble

Enough is enough

Prospect wears a Deathly Pallor

Prospect wears a deathly pallor
Its bit cold
Viscous liquid drools from dark crevices
Granite cliffs mottled with lichen and moss
Stubble of rusting grass.
Obstinate plants dangle from ledges
Bare bushes poised on toes
Trees grimly scan the sky
Branches heave and hoist
Badgered by gales of frosting wind
Squirrels scamper to and fro,
Birds migrate south
Others hybernate
Life refusing to be put to bed

Circa
1998

FLYING FROM ATLANTA TO NEW YORK

Part I

What is this business
Pursuit of success?
Butter topping on life's rough bread
Gone stale abiding time.
Life lived in small moments
Tending a plant.
Pruning a bush or a tree.
Enjoying making a cup of tea,
Entering into altercation
Over petty nothings
Sharing pleasures, concerns
Joy rarely resides
In success.
At cost of others
"But what about larger issues?"
You would say.

Part II

I have a vision
A dream
Of a habitation small
Fitting a common heart
Where we can live our lives
And pursue things

Close to human needs
And passions
Without clicking heals
To grand designs
Of others.
Would you agree?

Part III

I Wonder
That can be?
A sprawl choked with rubbish
Named Town Green
Poor infested with lice
Politicians with broad smiles
Burp deceptions and lies
The rich stuffed with greed
In everyone's sight relieve
When you and me
Heave flexed on toes
Stand flexed on toes
Ever scanning for a rough patch of green.
Let others suffer in gutter of their glitter.
While we build our abode

Tread on wild grass
Be with weeds
That flower annually

A Tree Stood at Edge of a Precipice

A tree stood at edge of a precipice
Foliage ablaze with winter sun
Surveying the ultramarine sea

Wearing a range of reds
On its receding forehead
Hues of orange, yellow, blonding greens
It swaggered in chilling wind
Chased by frothing sea

Glitter spangled tree
Seemed to beckon me
I smiled and bid him
Peace, restful sleep,
Abundant blooms,
In coming spring

6th June 1996

Heaving on Heels

I saw a tree heave on heels
Boldly stretching its limbs up high
In a cold blue sky
A million of leaves fluttered pensively
In autumn breeze
Some inquisitive rays
Peeped through the dark foliage
Dappled the ground below--
Habitation of trampled weeds
Braiding with inebriated tracery.

The massive tree was a home to
Species of birds, insects, bees,
Haunt of those seeking moments of intimacy,
All those lost their trodden way.
And those wished to speculate,
Survey a path
Wonder to create;
Ponder from here to yonder,
Beyond ambiguity of truth

Certainty of logic
The vision of holy men.

Let's Steer our Boat to the Nearest shore

Let's steer our boat to the nearest shore
Saunter to a wooded grove
Sleep on blue slopes
Feed on apples green
And red strawberries;
Roll up sleeves
Suck mangoes, if you please.
Gaze at sailing images in clouds
From dappled shade of trees
Weave dizzy dreams leisurely

For a Song

Winter sun light
Can lick what it likes.
Highlight obscurities
Awaken
Leaves resting in verdant slumber.
Cajole sad surfaces to smile.

Wish man could emulate her
Ignite and vivify self
Rile rusting passion
Chase vagrant feelings
To very edge of the precipice
surrender to unabated madness.
Then awareness may follow.
For a song.

TERSHAM VILLAGE

At Tersham village
Things stand still.
Nothing moves.

Grey snout of a glacier
Indiscernibly descends,
Flank of The Killer Mountain
The Nanga Parbat

The mighty Parbat
Shrugs trespassers.
Habitat of fearsome
Tersham hounds.

Anchor of the Himalayan range
A massive fortress
A citadel with pair of towers,
Three miles of saddle in between.

Down, beyond
In the Fairy Meadows,
Legioned has it, houries abound
often seen but never found.

Firm and resolute it stands aloof.
Forbid it ever trips
The Himalayans would collapse
To bits

A Nightmare

A shrouded form
Posted far nook of my bed
Facing the other way

There was a lady
With a beguiling smile
Drifted Through washroom door
Floated across with gentle pace
And soon disappeared
In opposite wall

There was another
Found sitting near my face
At edge of bed where I slept.
Form most familiar and chaste
My hand stretched on its own
To touch her face
But face was of vapor made

These were all friendly calls.
One night I was awoken
By a rustling sound
There was this form
In stiff silk robes clad
Skirting my bed.
Soon it rose
Began swirling around
Emitting sharper sound;

Gathering speed
With mounting urgency.

I was being sucked along
As though of my own accord.
Up and up
Up to the ceiling
Through the roof
Up into murky bleakness.
My body arched
On tip of a lance
Piercing pit of my back
Pushing up and up.

Soon a hand
Ugly and mean
Lunged from above
Long fingers clenched, nails sharp
Just when my pounding heart
Was about to be plucked
Another hand nudged
And I woke up.
Electrified
Gasping
Aghast!

Naudero
2008

CHEEKS RUSTING WITH SALT

PART I

My heart aches
Eyes are livid
Cheeks dark,
Rusting with patina of salt.

Manner of her passing
Dwarfed death to mortal size.
Children she had mothered
The Nation she had wed
They will know her in all seasons
Autumn, winter, spring.
When it rains in torrents
Like her closing speech.
When summer wind sweeten dates,
When glaciers melt, apricots ripen
Rivers are in spate.
When deer prance in the desert
Ibex gaze on scented herbs in state,
When sparrows chirp at dawn and dusk,
In dusty courtyards,
When peasants winnow in burning heat
Bushels of wheat
For few sacks of grain
In the alluvial plains.

They will know her.

All will know her.
When they sleep on cold floors
With stomach on fire,
Women are bartered and
Children worked for a dole.
When citizens are denied justice
People their rights and
Nation its country.

Part II

Aluminous life
Predictably patterned
Unfettered by malice,
Neither motivated by revenge
Nor enthused by hate.
She would have banished
The villain with words
"It's not your fault
This dirty work was done
On other's behest.

I don't believe in destiny
But the street vendor said it all.
An orange he resentfully polished
While struggling with his voice-
Tears tickling down his arid face-
He looked up
And in sour sadness
He thus addressed,
"These people can only have this end.

Martyrdom.”

Today my heart aches
Eyes are livid
Cheeks dark
Rusting with patina of salt.

Naudero,
January 21st, 2008

Gull-e-More

I set up my easel, and
Accosted Gull-e- More
Residing at edge of the garden.
A lonely bird
Spreads its blazing wings.
In spring

In youth it tripped twice
It hold softened by torrential rains
Shaken by unruly winds.
Helped back to stand
It tightened its grip
Has abundantly blossomed since

It radiates frail branches,
Off sturdy limbs,
Laden with flowers –

As I said in spring -
Dangle to its knees
Barely out of reach

This season Gull-e-More
Was disheveled and morose
Terrible winter did its bit.
He seemed bit lost
It made me sad.

But soon
He extended a branch
Descending from its shoulder,
Cautiously turning at the elbow
Twisting at the wrist,
Offering a handful of blooms.
Enamored
I bowed to him

Take care, noble friend!
Calamities cannot
Spirit restrain -
Repress beauty -
For sure next spring

You'll again spread
Your radiant wings.

29th May, 2015

Unsung Hero

A wise brow, wide and broad,
A heart most kind,
An enlightened mind,
Steadfast in resolve.

A faithful friend
Truthful to people's cause.
How do I scan?
Days past
When heroes fell
Traitors nation betrayed
People incarcerated,
Like cattle flogged

It was another spring.
Flowers bloomed
Heady scent invaded minds
Their colour fired hearts
That in anger throbbed.

Springtime is the season of bonding
Time for bees to sting
And make honey
Time when men, women
Spin dreams
Of love, better days
New beginnings.

Time
When flaming standards are raised
Warriors resuscitate
Rusting causes;
Recast them
In solid moulds of
Particularities of the hour and place.

It is time
To envision habitations
More human and just,
A world chequered
With fields of plenty and gushing springs

Our friend,
A quiet warrior of mettle
Generous in conduct
Thrifty with words,

Remembering him
With just three words.
The Unsung Hero

30th April, 2015

A Ball Hit for Six over the Boundary

Camera beamed -
on the T.V screen -
Face of a child
Watching an OD.
Cheerful face, smiling eyes
My heart leapt up in sympathy.
A warmth
Suffused my limbs

A child of another kind
With ashen face came to mind
Faces powdered with want
Scented with anxiety
Odors of daily strife
Lack luster eyes.
Used to witnessing
Events pass by.

Call it diversity or
Afflictions of life.
Petunias, pansies;
On green slopes
Unsolicited scrub.

On hard-bitter earth,
Litter and handy city waste,
Creatively patched together
With sweat and imagination

Make up for their huddled homes

Raised in wretchedness
Zest for life they never let go
Invent toys and games to play,
devise methods to keep strangers at bay,
Laugh and cry with equal ease,
Wrest moments for chatter and fun,
Then dash to chasten a dog,
Mind a brat, tie the goat,
Guide chickens back indoor.
Then casually stride to suffer
Rebukes of a weary mother

Why not let all children,
Children be?
Once a while
Let all sit back at ease.
In gasped excitement
Jump to their feet,
Tracing trajectory
Of a ball
Hit for 6
Over the boundary?

26th May, 2015
On occasion of O.D between
Zimbabwe and Pakistan
At Gaddafi Stadium, Lahore

Sprinting and Painting

Shareef passed away today
Reminding of days
When he outran all
At the Asian Games.
And won us gold.

I dreamt to be a sprinter at school
Run at the Olympic Games
Soon better sense prevailed
Race horse was tamed
To lug burden of others
Own passions ignored
Flexed muscles stored

But vagabond heart would not let go
Pumped up passion
Nudged new dimensions explore,
Lend sense, semblance to life
And petty world.
I'm reminded of one who asked
If rubies and diamonds were stuck on muck
Will that transform the worthless clod
Into gold?

Be gone you heart!
Be gone!
Let me be.
Rather rest on the shore

Than explore raging seas
Let others gain salvation
Profit and earn damnation.
It is a fair competitive world,
After all?
Under these circumstances
Painting rather than sprinting
Perhaps was best.

I still long to flex my muscles
Sprint across a meadow
Dash into raging wind
Bellow up with stretched wings
Into a spotless blue sky.
But that moment has passed.

11th June 2015 Lahore

The Same Day Rises Again

Wheat cast in November
Harvested in April–May
Paddy planted in June;
Five fields of rice
One of cucumber
Planted in August
Okra, tomatoes
Beginning June
Two acres of corn
Gacha'in February
Jawar in July

There are other crops, of course
Sandwiched in between
By farmer's ingenuity, depending
How much labour he can bear
How much sun he can suffer
How much cold tolerate
While multiple other tasks
Are to be cared for:
Water and fill the fields
Fertilize and weed
Cut fodder, Milk cows,
Pat pathies, manure fields

Then there is the family.
To placate,
Appease or to beat,

Then at days end
Stare with blank eyes
Into the dark night
Turning and tossing
On a rough creaking bed
With shaky wooden legs
Until the same day rises again.

Lahore
20th June, 2015

Lost My Anger on My Way

Lost my anger on my way
Wandering streets
Littered yards and gardens green--
Imagination fabricates

Scared to walk down stairs
On a wet floor dare
Break a brittle bone
I fear
Hesitate

When heart is pricked
I am roused to anger
Bleed
Utter, scrawl ugly words
Pray
If couldn't even swear
What'll we all do?

Lahore
21st June, 2015

Barbed Wire Thrives in the Garden

Barbed wire thrives in the garden
Fruit trees pine
Somewhere In a rough loathsome patch
Snore those with hearts that beat each spring
Those who weaved words into verse,
Raised images to life,
Sang with sweet scented throats
New feelings, sensations revealed.
Triggered nature to bud and leaf
Incited us leap to toes
Shake off dust from clothes
Peer into distance far.
Step forth
Garden now rarely smiles
Even in spring bears reclusive air
Bleeding Roses are many
So are repugnant odors
Piles of rotting leaves
Stray rubbish litter the patchy
Patches of green
Inscribed with warning
DON'T STEP ON THE GRASS
Fencing painted white and green
Warning
DON'T STEP OVER THE FENCE

Barbed wire thrives
Fruit trees pine

Roses bleed
Bad odors invade
Flowers of tin and plastic
With copper hearts rust;
Marigolds are no more.
U can piss and relieve
Just don't step on the grass

Somewhere in a lonely nook snore
Whose hearts beat each spring.
Shallow chatter abhorred,
Of minds out of timber and tune
Empty kettles rattling on stove
Stockings out of breath
Moist hands weak of grip.
Few prickly words they kept in reserve;
For friends they cared
(Small jealousies
Unforeseen tiffs)

In life were impulsively impelled
Stayed to themselves
Patronage repelled
Self upheld.
Just As Well

Fort Lauderdale
July 2015

Niagara

Some believe
Terminating your existence
Is elixir of life.
She once reclined like a living goddess
Across the Niagara Falls.
On a film hoarding
Long ago.

The Falls have been solemn since
They restlessly pursue a purpose,
Obscure to us
Beyond the toil of human mind
Reason beyond human measure

Proceeding on a ferry we plied
Towards their uncompromising presence
They blocked the way when we pried too close
The river plunges down over the ledge
Like hammer of the Greek god of war
Tumbling right down to its dark bed
Rising again to emit vesuvian clouds of mist
Spitting lariats of silver which casually ride
Blue-green currents towards Rainbow Bridge.
A tiresome cycle of arriving at the ledge
Plunging headlong into an abyss
Coursing on in mad adamant pursuit.
Just to be.
The River is pensive and in no humour to be

asked
Perhaps the Goddess knew best.

Parading-Preaching

Poetry is neither preaching
Nor parading
Where words march obediently
To set purpose
Top set Rules.
Poetry is not baking
Yummy recipes.
Poetry is neither painting
Nor philosophy;
A cerebral art of lower calling
That parades licked wares
Polishes old shoes
Recycling debris of old
Casting in obedient moulds
Serving needs of the moment

Poetry is another gender
No commanders and commanded
Sets open minds
Sets desire, thought, free
Unchains self
To be Explored.
Bent and split
Reassembled with
New meaning

Up He Heaved, Across She leaped

Up He heaved
Across She leaped
Branch to branch
Tree to tree
Up the ladder
Riding waves
Paddling Rivers
Sailing seas
Step by step
Up He heaved
Up she went.

At last He became Man
And She a woman
On and on and up
Him and Her
They moved.
Slipped a slope
Bruised a muscle
Broke a bone
A night tripped
Fell in a hole.
Tended, cared
Healed repaired

Up they climbed
Far they strode
Sometime fast

A' times slow
Steadily paced
In casual haste
Step by step
Stride by stride
Leap by leap

Out pacing
Each other.

Adding
Subtracting.
Multiplying
Gathering feelings
Linking thoughts
Past to present.
Peering, prying
Tangible facts
Abstracting, sifting
Transcendental
Terrestrial facts
Moving to be reborn
Again
From man to be human
Deigned with eternal life
In a single chain of existence
Indivisible single life
To the exhausting, never ending
End
As of now
To what purpose?

Stirred in the Morning

Stirred in the morning
Earlier than usual
Lying in fetus form
Ensconced in bed
Wrapped in a Quilt
Light and warm
Soft to touch
Big toe tickled
Urging others to wake

I warily peered out
Quickly retreating
Like a turtle rapidity pulls
Neck back into his shell.
Quiet, listless I lay
On my side
An arm under resting head
Legs pulled up against my chest
I lay for a While still

Life was dimly waking up
I reached down
Leisurely scratched a sensitive part.
I could hear soft snores beside
Proceeding like a stream
With intermittent silence.
It was still early and quite,
Little noises that rise from nooks and corners

I could sense.
Timber creaked!
Was there a knock?
Something on roof dropped.
Tiny sounds of
Feint tone and tenor,
Yawning voice of silence,

Invisible presence of facts
Without definition,
Passing resolves,
Autumn leaf hanging on
With fading radiance.

Reality finally dawns
Pricks consciousness
To mendacity of mundane day

Fortlauderdale
2015

A CINEMA HOARDING

A breathless woman
with parted lips painted red
and focused eyes.
Pair of beckoning boobs
Casting heady purple shadows.

A shimmering green lacha
Parting at knees,
Slithering over lusty bums,
Silky thighs - poised
On toes of bare pink feet -
Cascading down
Right down to the street.

Pedestrians stood
Some gaping
some aghast.

A most radiant image
Resolutely delineated
Deftly rendered
With unabashed brush
A hand sensitive to surface
Weight and measure

Whoever passed was dazed.
The spectacle of erotic colour
Form and vivacious limbs

Stunned
Pedestrian froze in their tracks
Tires screeched
Even tonga horses neighed
All traffic slowed down

She was neither Venus nor whore
Painting commissioned for Lecherous
Phillip of Spain.
It was a public celebration
The exotic zest for life.
Neither naked nor nude
To titillate dudes.

The woman on the cinema façade
Enriched the soul
Opening the door of murky self
To a rainbow of possibilities.

1998

A thought

Dupe grays to deep sleep
Nudge radiant hues from slumber -
Passionate reds, sunny yellows
Strident greens -
Expel purple thoughts
To inclement nothings

سب ساتھ ہیں

بات کئے عرصہ ہوا
مگر جب بھی فون نمبر
ہر نئے سال
نئی ڈائری میں منتقل کیئے
لطیف کیفیت سے ہمکنار پایا
دل کو سہارا ہوا، دلا سہ ملا
گویا ہم
دوست، ساتھی
سب ساتھ ہی ہیں

15-12-2016

حقیقت حقائق سے دور
 مصلحت کی تابعداری
 سچ سے کنارہ کشی
 روزمرہ زندگی کا جبر
 آج، پرسوں
 اور کل
 مہینے ہفتوں میں تقسیم
 سال میں بے شمار دن
 ایک لمحہ زندگی پر محیط
 کیسے گزرے گی زندگی ؟
 رہو مصروفِ عمل !
 کام بے حد مشکل
 پھولوں کا گلہ دستہ
 خوشبودار
 رنگین

پھولوں کا گلدستہ

پلاسٹک میں لپٹا ہوا

پھولوں کا گلدستہ

اصل رنگوں پر شکنائی کا غلاف

مقید خوشبو

جمال کے حصار میں حنوط زندگی

پھولوں کا گلدستہ

محبت کا علامتی نشان

الفاظ پر خاموشی کی برتری

عقیدت کا کاروباری اکٹھ

جذبات پر روایت کی حاکمیت

مسکراہٹ عدم خوشبو

رنگوں کی بے رنگ رنگینی

مقید فرسودہ خواب
صاحب دانش کی ٹرٹر
مینڈکوں کی سراپا پکار
ایک چکنی
اندھیری رات

چکنی برسات کی رات

برسات کی رات
اجنبی دیواروں پر چسپاں
امیدواروں کے رونق چہرے
گلیوں میں سناٹا
مقیّد بد بودار اندھیرے
رینگتا کیچڑ، غلاظت کے ڈھیر
بے یقینی کے انبار
اندھی روشنی کے بھورے سائے
آوارہ پانی میں جزیروں کو ٹٹولتے پاؤں
چہروں پر ملال کی رونق
ہونٹوں پر خزاں کی زردی
اجنبیت کی بہار
تھکے کندھوں کو پریشانیوں کا سہارا
بدن میں رینگتا طوفان

ہر طرف افراتفری
تعصب و نفرت کے ڈکار
لیڈروں کے گلے میں ہار
جیسے پھولوں سے لدے مزار

لیڈروں کے گلے میں ہار

لیڈروں کی گلے میں ہار
جیسے پھولوں سے لدے مزار
کارکنوں کی شعلہ بیانی
صاحب دانش محتاط
سفید پوش بخیل
خاموش لبوں پر
الفاظ کا ہجوم

زبان آوارہ بے لگام
سچائی پر جھوٹ کے غلاف
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پرندهاکن میری اڈار
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رڑے میدان، جنگل، سبزہ زار
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گرمیاں وچ کھکڑی، ہدوانا، انگور
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خود روپیڑوں

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اپنی رت وچ رنگن

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پر ہلانڈے
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شہد دی کھیاں دی
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مٹھیاں انجیراں، کھجوراں دی
پھل دی
مشک غلاباں شراباں دی

چشمے پھٹے
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بندیاں جگ وسایا
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بی بی کولوں کج نہ منگے
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چل غریبا!
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نواں جگ اُسار
غریبی دے شونکاں نوں
عام بنا

بھیڑی علتِ غریباں

نقدی و تھّاں پاندی
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بیکارى، لاچارى
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جے پٹاں!

افرا تفری، بھل بھلیاں
گواچ گیا میں آخر کار

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بنی چھرائی ترکیاں نال
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گھبرو جوان آں ماڑا نہیں

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ماڑا نہیں

20 مارچ 2017

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بھیڑے بھیڑے سُفنے آندے نیں
کی کراں؟
گھبرو جوان آں
ماڑا نہیں

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مٹھیاں، کھٹیاں
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کی کراں؟ ڈُب مراں
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کھا داں ماریاں
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پانی دتے
جَد فصلاں پکیاں
رِل مِل واڈی کیتی

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اک دن ٹپیا، اغلا ہور

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وِچ کو جے موڑ

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کر تو تاں داسو کا

جد و تر آیا

چائیں چائیں پیلی بیجی

ایس بلا دانواں ہتھیار

پر فقیر کہند اسائیں دا
'تساں اوس تو بھارے او
ڈرنوں ڈیک مارو
پی جاؤ لسی وانگ،
ہبلی مار کے اٹھو،
انگلاں دے مکے وٹو،
مل کے اک لین بناؤ
تے پے جاؤ!

صبر، کرو، صبر!
ایس وچ رب دی رضاء اے
سب ٹھیک ہو جائے گا

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اے اوویلاسی جد آدم
انسان داروپتے دھاریا
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انسان ڈاڈھیاں بلاواں ڈھائیاں
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جُودتاں دی رت،
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—جناں پاروں اسی گیت گاؤن بھل گئے آں—

صاف، سیانا متھا

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اعجاز الحسن لاہور فروری 2017

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پنجابی نظمیں

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نظمیں

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