

Poetry Series

**Hanan Muzafar**  
**- poems -**

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## Hanan Muzafar(14-08-1991)

How does it feel when you meet yourself, your fear, truth, and nightmare. Being from a conflict and torn region, I saw misery found grief, saw violence met horror, saw rise observed fall. Somehow learned to survive, to be low and invisible. Who I am, I'm. Maybe it's suffering which keeps us moving ahead, like a source of growth. Indeed, it's grief which remains immortal. A tragedy coloured in romance.

Violence is an instinct, and hate is its fuel. If God is silent, then there is no word of God. Divinity is in kindness and sacrifice. Life in itself is meaningless, but serves a definite purpose, and war in itself is life, it has neither a beginning nor an end. In the game of war no one remains no longer an innocent. Conflict is like a spider web under harsh conditions, which keeps on evolving with every blow. There ain't any way to kill the drive for freedom, no matter how strong the shackles are: The drive is meant to break them, even if the cost is war. It's Resilience and Resistance which distinguishes you from others, As long as there is resistance in you, you are alive.

There ain't any way to suppress the instinct. An animal instinct to be free and wild, which drives him insane. After all he craves for madness.

We are consumed by nothing, nothing fills us, and we wait for nothing. Victory is for those who believe.

# A Country Without Sun

How solitude turns mad,  
true face of mankind;  
are you afraid.

Rats in a maze;  
through gloomy haze:  
A slow moving train,  
accept the pain.

Where dreams are frozen,  
an evil grown:  
Dust in stuffed clothes,  
and formations of twigs.

Creep in silence;  
they know how to blame:  
When you meet fear;  
a drama runs everywhere.

Hanan Muzafar

# A Moth In Plight

Taken down by a plague,  
adapting and spreading around,  
where trust on sale,  
and plight for ration—  
The day is done,  
A pistol shot fired,  
for a fine deal;  
who's behind the scene—  
A serious case going on,  
and a lost page of newspaper.

Near a stall, on a crowded street,  
cigarette butts falling down,  
and conversations going on,  
who's the suspect in this fault—  
Arguments on a broken accord,  
and debts on a record,  
But wealth speaking aloud,  
and children playing in a junkyard.

For nothing,  
whining all the time—  
A drunk neighbour,  
and a yelling wife,  
A fight going on;  
The commuter gone mad,  
and cabbie is done—  
client along with con,  
staring in a ward:  
A well crafted plot —  
Hopeless and forlorn inmate,  
Asking,  
'what's truth, and what's lie'  
A moth looking for candlelight.

Hanan Muzafar

# A Place Beyond

Eternal space they crave,  
when time going down, through a cave,  
and shallow fog we carry away—  
We're the ones, who create flame,  
try to drown in it,  
waiting for the day to end,  
till it's dusk, anyway.

In dust lying down,  
we reside on ground,  
not so far away, beyond a place—  
So it's,  
The way it goes,  
Let it be,  
Things they usually say.

Down to bones and veins,  
chances they take, and choices they make,  
Railroads passing by,  
rusted lines and busted carriages—  
Revealing, like a vine from night's yard,  
frost on broken twigs,  
and little boy wandering around,  
beyond and down the passage.

Some like to sway,  
place to place—  
Declared as runaway,  
and ravens fly through these ways:  
A fear consuming you all the time,  
The urge to say.

Hanan Muzafar

# A Trail Through Desert

Alone and bare,  
hunger ate me,  
why me?  
What do you see:  
A name carved on stone;  
I'm with you.

What do you see:  
A chisel and hammer,  
on a stone carve my name;  
I'm with you.

Will you give sacrifice;  
Sacrifice the desire:  
There is water for you;  
I'm with you.

So far you came;  
what do you see:  
A trail through desert;  
I'm with you.

Hanan Muzafar

# A Worthy Crap

Metal scraps out of skull;  
A worthy crap,  
stinking dogs on garbage piles:  
I don't see any shame,  
lust, desires, and greed.

All they need,  
potato chips and soft drinks:  
Big chewing mouths,  
all the time;  
Banging my head on empty walls.

They won't talk,  
what happens to,  
lovers, haters, losers, and sufferers:  
A walking dead crowd,  
A world little less revealed.

Events going on and on,  
and love chews your heart;  
How one uses other,  
for the purpose,  
Hooked and crooked:  
Worth pity after all.

Rats of maze,  
biting tails all the time;  
I like,  
Mushrooms grown on the dung:  
Misery of mankind.

Devil sneaking in my pocket,  
looking at bucks,  
for a fine dine,  
and a cigarette pack:  
Indifference,  
and no feel at all.





# Becalmed

Burdened wood to carry away,  
breath heard, and sigh afraid,  
Snow melted down on surface,  
and mountain still in haze:  
What died, and broke inside,  
nothing can bring that back—  
Tried to make a dent,  
found and opened a door,  
Fragile part of fragment,  
where emotions reside,  
and rational broke on sorrow:  
Lonely I wander here,  
and in rain I shall go—  
Becalmed sail in wind,  
passed through edges of space,  
Thunder lost in storm,  
with burns and wounds,  
flowing on walls:  
Calm and silent, when torn apart,  
and leaves left behind.

Hanan Muzafar

# Behind Stage

There're corners,  
where children are molested,  
tormented and engulfed in tears,  
Places, where slaves are traded,  
Leeches who suck blood,  
and murderers who slay innocence.

Prison cells,  
where screams cry in pain;  
Brothels,  
where mothers sell their dead bodies,  
for a loaf of bread,  
and brutes who fill their lust;  
Slaughterhouses,  
where humanity gets slaughtered,  
and trust on sale.

There're wanderers who suffer in hole,  
and angels who glow in darkness,  
People who talk filth,  
envy and hate they've inside,  
and preachers who preach belief,  
But do gruesome sins,  
behind glittering curtains.

I know those coward men,  
who whip women within walls,  
every night,  
and then pretend righteous,  
I also know those women,  
who betray crowds of men,  
and then pretend innocent;  
They pass judgements on others:  
Their eyes say it all,  
and their evil souls, stink all the time.

Hanan Muzafar

# Beneath Her Surface

Infront of that gate,  
on february sunday,  
there was rain,  
an air of romance;  
behind curtain her face.

Near a barren paddy field;  
a random crowd we inhale:  
In a false situation;  
there was lot to say.

Beneath her surface;  
a smile and shape,  
Compromised and bound;  
she never looked back.

Hanan Muzafar

# Between Truth And Reality

Something getting out of control;  
out of nothing,  
like a horse running through meadows.  
Remembering all the scenes,  
and moments of life;  
in a second,  
and second stretching,  
like a year.  
As if time has forgot to play.  
Want to control the flow but can't:  
Appearing normal to others,  
but inside on the verge of madness.  
As if you are exploding,  
and collapsing;  
back in a tiny snow flake.  
Words becoming like puzzles,  
in a giant maze;  
neither up nor down,  
caught up somewhere that I don't know;  
and don't want to know.  
Only broken birds showing paths in signs.  
Thoughts and visions oozing,  
from every corner of conscience:  
The unforgiven one forgiving everyone,  
misunderstood one understanding everyone,  
torn one mending everyone.  
As if you are watching yourself,  
in an invisible mirror;  
far from fakeness.  
Neither you are far behind;  
nor far ahead of them:  
Don't know what happened,  
and what's going to happen.  
Let the time decide what's next.

Hanan Muzafar

# Broken Halt

Some in shackles,  
and some in fear;  
Filled moments looking for a pause,  
and the schemes often have a fault,  
But it absorbs all:  
Witness saying to victim  
'There must be something wrong'.

A wave through alleys,  
on rumour declared,  
'Hush! Someone will hear you,  
even walls have ears'  
There are tales,  
that are lost in past,  
No one slows down,  
Dust trying to settle down,  
and a verdict to announce.

It eats, produces, and reproduces  
Sometimes,  
triggers a kill process,  
for its individuals,  
and then fills replacements.

They hate,  
what they can't claim,  
quite often they blame;  
Hurt and torn,  
adapt in a bizarre way,  
Broken in halt,  
look for a higher place,  
and we keep on knocking,  
Where we don't belong:  
An instinct to evolve.

Hanan Muzafar

# Buried Bones

How the evil grows,  
The conflict within mind,  
Even if not incising others,  
But murdering themselves.

Their proud disbelief haunts them,  
scared of their own selves:  
A mourning without sorrow,  
I see them in eternal agony,  
and their blasphemy fails miserably,  
Again and again.

When wisdom becomes curse,  
Ravens tear flesh;  
The urge inside grim,  
to bury bones:  
Adored hate,  
and revenge seeks its way.

Up the stairs,  
A demon swallowing psyches,  
and I waged a war,  
chosen for wrath:  
The river making its course.

Hanan Muzafar

# Captive

There was so much for us,  
But you didn't saw,  
and I didn't agreed,  
For me,  
It had a worth,  
to plunge in your aura.

Wish I could set you free,  
But you were closed,  
For me,  
and I became a captive,  
In a vicious regime:  
Where I see cold, numb,  
and muddled victims,  
lying silent in corpses.

Take a walk with me,  
Through these almond groves,  
Where buds wait for bloom:  
A curse given to our seeds.

We won't demand,  
nor we expect,  
But I await,  
for a moment in chaos,  
As your cheeks were too red,  
For me,  
I still remember,  
The way,  
we used to stare and hesitate.

Now, sitting on a porch,  
kneeled, done, and abandoned,  
waiting for a new dawn;  
Sometimes,  
It's just about passing days.

Hanan Muzafar

# Carmine

Distant borders covered in frost,  
benumbed junipers forlorn;  
Where warren laid on fields,  
dread usual, buried beneath leas.

Imprisoned here, ruins left to hear,  
barbed wire to lay blockade,  
Crown of thorns, you wear;  
In the midst of maw,  
where trails known,  
still they withstand.

Fronts resurrect, latent at places;  
How they adapt in stagnant,  
burdened in time, and hard to hide:  
When furrows express silence.

Vales that never end,  
harsh, to keep you aware;  
Be way empathy,  
As essence rests beside ethos:  
Yet carmine hope flows,  
through homes, and lucent lantern withal.

Hanan Muzafar



# Cloverleaf

It's quite hard to say,  
The way you pluck chords,  
Enough to drag me back,  
To your pine yard,  
where chinar is on fire,  
like candle wax spilling around.

Nobody is here,  
just you and me;  
Stay with me,  
I'll tell you,  
what I've inside.

Tender expression,  
makes us to forget and laugh,  
and our wildness,  
cleaves a still thought.  
Why do they deduce,  
and then blame;  
For they do not know,  
what we've inside,  
While we share a four-leaf clover,  
and I feel calm,  
with you.

It's a delight,  
To meet you in this chaos:  
Who knows,  
When will be the next chance;  
As usual,  
you look elegant tonight,  
shining bright,  
and I came here,  
To celebrate my defeat;  
So far we go,  
and what's meant to be,  
will be,  
I hardly know,  
with you.

All the lights in dark,  
looking for someone,  
To rely on,  
But I held your gaze,  
like a fragrance from sage;  
As we sensed the impulse,  
That murmur and scratch around.

Hanan Muzafar

# Coffin Smoke

Carcass they eat and serve,  
on lavish plates, and in grandeur halls,  
without any shame,  
wearing a veil,  
To hide their gruesome crimes,  
stuffed with sins,  
righteous they behave,  
and mockery they play.

Announcer and murderer,  
part of the same show and game—  
Where men fighting for a whore,  
women looking for a slave,  
and witness trying to escape:  
Their justice is lie,  
and their judgement is absurd.

Nobody beside, and nobody behind,  
just you, walking alone,  
hiding in a coffin like room:  
A vision and a dream,  
To keep you alive,  
All you get here is a fist of boot.

Their motive:  
To corrupt your psyche,  
making you to choose,  
what they feed you—  
But they're scared of a plague,  
that resides and grows in the dungeon,  
which reinvents its form,  
and evolves in unusual way,  
like a madhouse filled with,  
stink, shadow, smoke, and stains.

They pay rogues and brutes,  
To dominate it,  
and when required,  
they open its door,

for a while—  
It haunts them,  
As they can't predict its move.

Hanan Muzafar

# Cold Ahead

In Eden's grove, from fountainhead,  
I drank a potion of Lord's kindness,  
In many he said  
'In dark you grow,  
Pale shades, I gave you'  
Are you the one,  
who endures ever.

At midnight,  
beside a cemetery,  
Raven on your shoulder;  
All men buried here,  
with faces, still and silent,  
Woes in air, and numb expression:  
Their corpses have a warm smell,  
Cold boots, narrow coffins,  
and then a hush.

Crawling vine on stairway,  
purple and dry,  
with buds on every edge,  
Creeping to move ahead.

Hanan Muzafar

# Coloured Grief

Blur roadways,  
and connected loops,  
A journey to seek:  
Alternate phases,  
things taking a repeat.

The emptiness,  
And coloured grief;  
Paper bits drifting in wind,  
Whispering jazz to breeze.

Understanding without saying,  
kindness and generosity,  
Expressive smiles,  
on fragile souls.

Ropes tied with knots,  
calm sunshine,  
thrust and drive:  
The warmth in need.

Back to you again,  
without you,  
lost and free:  
How I feel,  
Always be with me.

Hanan Muzafar

# Daffodils On Disappeared Graves

Drifting bricks in paper castles,  
vanished and unheard,  
smoke faded in mist:  
Unsolved mysteries.  
Oppressed wind blew us,  
A subplot of suppressed tale.

These sink valleys,  
consumed us to bone,  
Woods hear cries,  
sighs in wilderness:  
An expression of grief.

Declared disappeared,  
lost on papers;  
Broken twigs covered in mud,  
Behind a glass,  
silent and numb:  
Daffodils on disappeared graves.

Isolated and desolated fronts;  
carrying pictures of beloved ones,  
Torn clothes on wounded ones,  
waiting for justice in suppression:  
The offsprings of conflict.

Few became, mad in madness,  
Buried half alive,  
swollen deep down:  
Frozen lives.

Wrinkled faces, stories to tell,  
Tides of time,  
swept names written on sand,  
Broken pieces of a puzzle:  
White lilies on foreheads.

Whom to blame,  
when every child,

A victim of violence:  
An instinct to be free and wild,  
The crave for madness.

Hanan Muzafar



# Damnation

Seven stories of hell,  
where seven sins in agony dwell,  
and urge of rage, to release havoc,  
The revenge says  
'Set it on ablaze, Burn it down,  
Abuse and humiliation you hide inside'  
For compassion you fought,  
but damnation you got.

Murderous regime,  
draining marrow out of bones,  
stealing identity and trading slavery,  
To make you do, what you don't know;  
Some thrown in hole,  
where there're no ropes and ladders,  
only darkness to make you numb and blind:  
In unseen corners,  
Lethal breed growing,  
with a drive, to bring down wrath,  
A madness and pain they've inside,  
Adversary they've seen all the time.

They know,  
Their promises are false,  
and their justice, a bluff;  
Inhumanity we encountered,  
Innocent ones stabbed in heart,  
Enough we suffered,  
Now wage war,  
They shall come to know,  
what we had, and who we're now:  
For it's destined to end.

Hanan Muzafar

# Decay

Tell them your untold truth,  
they'll show sympathy for a time being,  
then they'll laugh at you,  
to embrace absurdity;  
But there're few virtuous killers,  
left here, waiting and watching,  
every move they make—  
Feels like you've got a numbness,  
like a dead walking,  
through a graveyard.

They're liars, lying all the time,  
promising of blue sky,  
and selling you false hopes,  
But they're not going to work here,  
not anymore—  
We see it dark and decaying here,  
and every dog barking for a bone:  
A thrill they seek,  
to kill and get killed.

Dreamers, talking to everyone,  
walking with everyone,  
looking for hope in lost ones;  
Drunkards drunk,  
women yelling at them,  
and demons feeding on their sorrow—  
A crowd passing through corridors.

A recent arrival of workmen,  
starving for bread,  
scratching walls, digging tunnels,  
hiding in cells—  
Trying to escape,  
for a bright place,  
and some men belong nowhere.

Clans we make within an enclave,  
to dissolve in them,

like water in mud—  
It's here,  
heaven and also hell,  
hiding behind each other:  
There's nothing left in us.

Hanan Muzafar

# December Warm

I came out of you,  
and you called my name,  
I was there,  
for you all the time,  
Someone's voice you heard,  
across some strange,  
Earth soft, and heaven coloured,  
Tonight.

Stay warm,  
December it's, cold outside,  
close windows,  
As snow is going to fall;  
Sledge you want,  
to go far away,  
when it's echo around.

Birch in your hall,  
shining bright in dark,  
Reindeer eating moss,  
and a tune that beats,  
with your chord, standing tall.

Let some thoughts in,  
for there's nothing to fear,  
just you and me,  
nobody to hear;  
The way you're, apparent I'm,  
Look where you're, not so far,  
from where you're,  
Different shades I carry along.

The way I'm with you,  
what it's you sow,  
grow, but don't fade;  
Beneath what you're,  
just be what you thought,  
I did it for you,  
but you don't know at all,

Once you see me,  
sleep, till it's dawn.

Hanan Muzafar

# Deception

As I crossed the frontier,  
I met a demon,  
Saying  
'Let it out coward,  
you know how to survive,  
look within and look around'  
A priest, faded and lost.

Across infinite and finite,  
morel grown in thunderstorm,  
and a fern grown in shade—  
Tearing and stitching around,  
for a worth to evolve,  
Through darkness, walking alone.

Somehow filling a void,  
using truth to play deception,  
Neither blames nor claims,  
enough to break anything in anybody.

It does it on its own,  
creates, mends, and then reinvents—  
In and with everyone,  
and you play your role;  
Night is your fellow,  
and day is your hope.

Hanan Muzafar

# Defiance

Tussle between you and me,  
fuel for rage,  
far from your sight,  
On the edge of height,  
still you won't hear me,  
Too many down here.

Rough roads, busted lives,  
and tough pain: Enforced on us,  
Shattered voices, who die everyday,  
not heard, and not seen;  
Defiance in veins,  
and bustle in our eyes,  
Roam and roar,  
Through these streets.

Killer and outlaw,  
walking down the same lane,  
We know ground, beyond your rationality,  
and you're scared of our being.

Pain bleeds, endure to overthrow,  
Not afraid of enemies,  
raised to avenge,  
threat to fakes and thieves:  
We're the ones from paradise,  
carrying hellfire in hands.

Hanan Muzafar

# Demon Within

Again you came,  
wilted and decayed;  
heard you cried,  
within iron walls I lie.

How long yet another desire;  
conquer but no cure for me,  
virtues not me.

Wield my rage,  
reveal and evolve;  
lit it,  
And blow them off.

Go and rise high;  
favour me,  
keep the lights on.

Hanan Muzafar



# Devil's Deal

Follow my greed,  
you will lead!  
They stole your deed,  
I'll make them bleed!  
Take my deal.

Your patience weep,  
my ignorance reap!  
Alive buried,  
you will be freed!  
Take my deal.

Kindness weak,  
power peak!  
Dream deserted,  
you will be read!  
Take my deal?

Hanan Muzafar

# Divine Valour

Fear tamed, Vengeance served;  
Atrocities on rugged land:  
I feed on rage,  
I bled in rain.

An ant that eats flesh,  
A bug who quaffs;  
Spider knitting Web.

Filled with clamour,  
How hell looks like:  
Stinks all the time.

Repression: given in inheritance,  
Survival in evolution,  
Resilience in wounds:  
unconventional, and unpredictable;  
I stand up.

He won't eat, won't sleep:  
Chosen modus vivendi,  
till armour crushed,  
and nemesis crumbled.

Divinity in kindness, and sacrifice:  
White Tiger of Armageddon,  
forging stealth horde,  
breaking the midnight dawn;  
I'm ready my Lord.

Hanan Muzafar

# Dormitory Days

Looking at the writings on walls,  
felt lives are carved on them;  
with everyone having a story to tell,  
but none to listen:  
So many dreams and screams,  
lying in grief in these walls.  
There is someone who walks,  
through this corridor,  
when there are minutes to midnight;  
and someone who yells every night.  
Hearing the distant loud laughter,  
of fellows;  
Seeing the walking sounds of everyone:  
One is regretting,  
other is happy,  
the other one feeling guilty.  
Feeling motivated when the lights turn on;  
and getting depressed,  
when the candles turn on.  
A cat rumbling on the ceiling;  
The only friend of insomnia.  
What happens when world makes you;  
So hard;  
You no longer feel pain,  
and happiness.  
As if you are departed in numb.  
No one remains here;  
but everyone leaves a signature behind,  
appearing nuts to them,  
for us they are insane in innocence.

Hanan Muzafar

# Down The Lane

If you feel lonely,  
I'll be there watching you,  
for a while—  
As I can halt this chaos,  
for a while, with you.

There's nowhere to hide,  
As I'm walking beside you,  
The warmth you've,  
let it be,  
walking down the lane—  
There's wilderness,  
where light is waiting to dwell,  
But you shine bright,  
in some corner:  
Nobody will understand,  
Only you know me,  
As you owe my wings.

All the things,  
we've been through, will be fine,  
after a certain pause;  
I'm flawed and bare,  
in front of you—  
Cold breeze touching our beat,  
It's just you and me,  
for now we're alive together,  
much filled, than what we need—  
The radiance you bring in me.

Hanan Muzafar

# Drudgery

Hopeless ones selling their dreams,  
and people begging for empathy—  
For us, Days and nights are all same,  
passing one after another,  
nothing moves here:  
As if everything covered in frost.

City in deep sleep,  
and we're wandering,  
Through these empty streets,  
sewer choked, dumps stink,  
and litter flying all around,  
Hustlers making fine deals,  
and pimps selling flowers—  
We laugh on our drudgery,  
handcuffed in slavery.

Inmate suffering from a disease,  
I gave him hemlock to eat,  
but that became worthless,  
In front of his misery—  
I saw my death, staring at me,  
I said to him  
'Wait, and wait for a little long,  
I'm all yours'

It's purpose,  
whether we know it or not,  
Does it matter:  
Only sometimes,  
when it's light,  
Sometimes it rains enough,  
To let you sleep.

Hanan Muzafar

# Endurance

Roll the dice on my behalf,  
Odds in favour of a fair chance,  
and choice makes it hard,  
A dialogue within an expression,  
and a technique to perform deception,  
But I'm just a man,  
and my soul is torn inside,  
Fault lines making options.

A fine harvest,  
from few drudges;  
what it's,  
that still brings me back to you  
Stairway rising up,  
and rain falling down,  
making a diversion,  
A voice;  
that resonates with every chord,  
There are justifications and statements.

Battles won, and battles lost,  
cats hovering around dumps,  
bugs and pests,  
But I like to hunt,  
with my dagger and axe:  
The vigour of endurance.

Hanan Muzafar

# Every Grave Crying

Vision walking on a wave,  
The canvas sail to hold,  
carrying glorious flag,  
like a wind through haze—  
Iron valour on wooden chest,  
fire spirit in clay,  
release the rage.

River rising up,  
flowing through every lane—  
No stone can withstand,  
and pillars meant to crumble:  
As revenge makes its way.

Shackles broken, fear conquered,  
and threads woven,  
Warriors we became—  
Every grave crying  
'victory or death'  
Woes, tears, and gloom,  
Through every phase—  
Archer shot his arrow,  
carrying flame,  
like a revelation in its way.

Hanan Muzafar

# Evident Glass

His eyes were marble like clean,  
visible cheek bones, thin jaw, and lean body  
Having a dream of pickup truck,  
A toy he wants to play with,  
that was his world, at that moment;  
For somebody ineffective,  
judged more than usual,  
labelled below average in society,  
But wild and free,  
left behind a tiny memory.

Sitting on a chair,  
and reading my stories,  
even if not understanding them,  
Still trying,  
To make sense of absurdity,  
when it ain't got any,  
As if I was looking at,  
part of myself in mirror,  
like a bubble trapped in glass.

Far from home, and lonely,  
A manual worker,  
showing photograph of his girlfriend,  
lying still in wallet,  
touching it softly with his thumb,  
wants to hold her forever,  
Then said to me,  
'I'm new here, and nobody listens much,  
was not wealthy enough, to get education,  
But everything is going fine,  
work schedule is too tight,  
I'm grateful to God for that'.

Well, what do you do for living,  
Surviving, I'm a poet, here there,  
What a poet does  
He makes maps, paints worlds and things,  
Would you like to paint me,



why not, I'll paint you beautiful,  
That's my promise to you.

Hanan Muzafar

# Fallen Grace

Look, who has come,  
Glory and Justice,  
Has something different to say.

What thee was,  
and what thee chose:  
An adversary,  
tempting the clay.

If I'm the adversary,  
then who is the test:  
Indeed I'm the tragedy,  
and I'm the test.

The claim of an Accuser,  
sage but accursed,  
Father of deception,  
inflicting misery;  
I'm not scared.

All I see,  
broken and torn crowd,  
hinging on the destined fate;  
Every sorrow is in me:  
It's grief which remains immortal.

Although frail and miserable,  
They repent.

I serve Lord  
So do I.

Has thy merciful forgiven me  
Not yet:  
Then I'm better in inferno.

Hanan Muzafar

# Few Stood Up

Every moment a suffering,  
and everyday disappointing;  
society shattered us,  
it choked us.

We landed in a ditch,  
worse than a bitch;  
somehow getting food,  
at least it's good.

Faced brutal rejections,  
and dangerous evolutions;  
Roll the dice,  
who's name on slice.

Nights with bugs,  
and bodies of rugs;  
In a scum,  
making the fulcrum.

We made our clan,  
a lethal plan;  
miserable lives,  
and survival tactics.

We grew claws,  
accepted our flaws;  
We became brothers,  
from different mothers.

Upto neck under debt,  
I'm not done yet;  
creating a show,  
an unbreakable flow.

Hanan Muzafar

# Fill My Solitude

Many wanderers say,  
Only fools walk this way;  
Throughout the course,  
I met so many of me,  
But I never found,  
Someone like you.

Elapsed indefinite sleep,  
we seek,  
and the wicked play,  
goes on and on:  
I can't halt,  
From falling apart.

We will be watching,  
A moving crowd,  
in passing days;  
A moment of dusk,  
calling me to you,  
and something left to say,  
I'll be waiting,  
for your smile on me,  
and our deep desire,  
To be free.

Sensing the same beat,  
and there's a pause,  
looking for a gesture:  
Maybe things are too grown,  
and we rush to our homes.

Take my patience,  
Fill my solitude:  
Some thoughts and memories,  
I meant to be,  
and we share a stage,  
In this ruined cage.



# Filled Dearth

Fumes of fragrance,  
unbearable arrogance;  
curved are curves,  
and filled are dearths.

Feel through eyes,  
say no goodbyes;  
somehow turning mad,  
it's not so bad.

It's only summer heat,  
and we beat;  
can't stay,  
looking for a bay.

When she's nervous,  
her lips quiver;  
somewhere pierced us,  
makes me shiver.

Twisted thoughts,  
and finite heights;  
When no one to blame,  
never claim.

In that rain,  
skin drenched;  
sweet pain,  
and fragments crushed.

Hanan Muzafar

# Filthy Childhood

Little feet in plastic shoes,  
torn shirts,  
And filthy trousers;  
curly uncut hair.

Pale faces of poverty;  
finding diamonds in dumps:  
Wet knitted socks,  
on lean legs,  
in a stolen childhood.

Boiled carrots,  
And peanuts;  
shivering bodies,  
And aching hands:  
Only cold winter.

Empty pockets,  
pretending rich;  
well mannered,  
yet ill treated.

Don't you listen!  
I say;  
show them you're happy:  
Alas! Chap face betrayed.

In a laughing circus;  
jokers coming out:  
A circus of pain.

Hanan Muzafar

# Flame

There's a news from gallow,  
someone fled,  
for a while defied death,  
Fugitive carrying faith and fate.

What makes me,  
To dream of you;  
I'll hold you,  
like a leaf,  
trying to flee.

Snow falling down,  
A silence covering dream,  
and we feel cold,  
But our warmth burns,  
like a coal,  
A wooden chair,  
I need:  
Either way,  
you're keeping me alive,  
and I believe.

A place,  
where I don't belong,  
Some folks remember my name,  
performing all roles,  
But I'm pure as flame.

Hanan Muzafar



# Flowers From Barren Lands

For that time,  
I was my own,  
and was on my own:  
Better to be unsaid,  
bitter to be closed.

Flying arrow,  
and broken bow;  
what to do,  
and how to do.

Silent as sea,  
and invisible as move:  
It's hard to be,  
you can see.

Find a key,  
heaven and throne,  
ain'tfor free;  
cause of hope.

Flowers of desert,  
grow without rain;  
an immortal grief.

Hanan Muzafar

# Forever

Another way to go,  
up and down, along with you,  
while I flow, you carry me—  
As you're alone tonight,  
empty and weary,  
I'll take away your grief,  
and fill you with my flame:  
To make you feel alright,  
so that you won't feel cold.

I used to carry sage,  
But I became nothing,  
when I came to know you—  
I sound like thunder,  
and you're my lightening bolt;  
A rain on a barren land,  
I broke in your arms.

We reveal and evolve,  
Through these meadows,  
covered with pines, and willow trees,  
and daffodils touch your cheeks—  
In my misery,  
you bloom like a spring flower,  
and we're here forever.

I came again,  
To celebrate my victory and defeat,  
with you:  
As I belong to you—  
For I'm alive with you,  
As I'm in you, and you're in me,  
A warmth we need,  
I'm there for you, forever.

Hanan Muzafar

# Forgotten Ones

Looking at horizon,  
hiding under stairs;  
can't be brighter,  
it won't be forever.

Touching the invisible;  
pieces of crystal,  
fall to pieces;  
a hunt for shadows.

Broken and busted,  
somehow survived;  
done and dusted,  
a boy thrived.

Secrets kept hidden;  
choked growl,  
when it's sudden,  
howl and howl.

Grown in hell,  
ringing the bell;  
Shining light,  
when it's bright.

The last ones,  
and lost ones;  
Leading the forgotten ones,  
where it runs.

Heard the rumour,  
fusing my armour;  
down is up,  
a fight with death.

So close, yet so far;  
fearless courage,  
it's only rage,  
a long way to go.

Hanan Muzafar

# Fragile

Through tall brown grass,  
In cold November rain,  
So far away, still close enough,  
closer than beat and breath;  
Say, what you've to say,  
I'll fill you with love again—  
Always shine,  
for I'm there for you;  
Come to me,  
I'll make you to forget the pain.

A sketch you made,  
near a blue sea, on sand,  
and wind kissing your golden hair—  
How long it'll last,  
I hardly know,  
when I'm in your arms.

Spirit I put in banal things,  
dust I make to fall,  
like a note flowing on chord;  
Fragile we're,  
and I don't know,  
where to go, and where I belong.

Threads we weave, and strings I play,  
In the middle of chaos—  
Paper leaves flying in sky,  
fragrant fumes we inhale,  
and clouds calling your name,  
like thyme grown all around.

Hanan Muzafar

# Frozen Hour

In a dream,  
mending and playing;  
A game in maze,  
catching the tail.

Conscience lashing soul,  
and weeping foul;  
Feeling hopeless,  
becoming faithless.

An over used stuff,  
and life's bluff;  
A worthless case,  
and fall on face.

In a mystery,  
forgotten history;  
Hidden humility and fall,  
so called crawl.

Visible sounds,  
and distant bounds;  
Fair value of sense,  
beyond fence.

Prepared worst,  
an empty thirst,  
ceased halt,  
and hidden vault.

Hanan Muzafar

# Generous Jordan

Far sweeter than honey,  
soft like feather;  
Sponge to absorb sufferings,  
often serves others.

On his shoulders,  
burden of others;  
A relief giver,  
and pain taker.

Beat in tune,  
sound of flute;  
There're no conditions,  
hope in situations.

In seek of love,  
and follows life;  
Afraid of solitude,  
he's not alone.

Hanan Muzafar

# Grace

Surface far below,  
far behind, and faded away,  
Trees bare in ash,  
broken ones engulfed in mist—  
On a righteous path,  
for heaven few fought,  
Hymns sung for grace,  
and truth shall prevail.

A new season to kill,  
another son lost, muffled in shroud,  
and funeral held in absence,  
Hungry and thirsty land,  
In despair:  
As sun goes down,  
darkness they bring out of us,  
on and on it goes.

Sins we do, and sinners we're,  
Lies they tell you, Liars they're,  
Who am I to say,  
But I ask, for mercy from Lord:  
Waiting through hours of gloom,  
for healer to fill despair,  
like a spear made of light.

Through storm, stranded men in Ark,  
looking for shore,  
Where shepherd watching over lambs,  
and son of man preaching faith:  
Take me to front,  
where battles are going on,  
for we all belong there,  
Everyone here craves for light.

Hanan Muzafar



# Hanged Calm

Burning tyres on molten asphalt,  
choked lungs caught in smoke,  
and a sudden wave of propelled stones,  
hurled intense, to combust grief;  
Bruised psyche in wrecked emotion,  
with clenched fists, wrapped up in odium,  
and those stray giggles in air,  
Swallow you.

Don't tell,  
what's right and wrong,  
for you all fail in the end:  
No extent of violence,  
and no periphery for madness;  
Marked shallow on vast depths,  
blaze in breath, and ice in essence,  
Hanged calm, wandering through ruins,  
while death notes,  
whispering in my drawer.

Roots that hold abyss,  
and leaves that carry life,  
Verve, to adapt and evolve,  
As agony liquefied,  
do believe we're passing through,  
Chosen for mercy and wrath.

Hanan Muzafar

# Harvest

Paper boat caught in storm,  
Aloof under someone's roof,  
watching a passing crowd,  
on the verge of collapse;  
Horrors kept within walls,  
unseen and unheard,  
and a sinkhole makes you to drown,  
like a whimper, faint and lost.

I met devil, and he said  
'You were hurt covered in dirt,  
ripped innocent robe all you had,  
humiliated and defeated you came here'.

I said to God  
'What I've done, why me'  
Behold  
'An angel I sent down for you,  
from ashes you rise,  
to endure and survive'.

Let's play the holy poker again,  
with a coin on stake,  
you're living for nothing now,  
Put a shot in your head.

I made the coin to disappear,  
to harvest heaven:  
The evil I met,  
taught me not to trust.

So, you choose to hunt,  
something taken away from you,  
and something beyond given to you—  
We're from the same trench,  
where worms eat flesh.

Hanan Muzafar

# Haze

Fault made a raft to sail away,  
carts moving down the road,  
cello wavering in chaos,  
id talking to ego,  
'How can it stand,  
when it's meant to fall'  
Cold is the wind these days.

Voices roaming,  
through every desert and street,  
like smoke trapped in space—  
All alone,  
to carry souls far away,  
for a place where trees emit shade.

A warrior with a heart of saint,  
bones made of courage,  
filled with faith—  
Healer for sufferers,  
and hope for wanderers;  
What belongs, often fades away.

Horse running wild,  
through burning fields: for fate,  
and dove in cage,  
whispering hymns: for grace—  
Lost ones, broken and hurt,  
Saying  
'What we had, and what we became'  
Stream engulfed in haze.

Hanan Muzafar

# Hearth

Ember in ash, drizzle in fog,  
wind whistling through woods,  
stones covered in moss,  
leaves submerged in mud, beneath frost.

Vapours on blur window glass,  
Kid on a bench,  
waiting for rain to fall down;  
Through hours of cold,  
grey clouds passing by.

Impulse roving on wave,  
delicate fingers on brown bark,  
quiet it is, and numb you're,  
like firewood burning in hearth;  
Subtle calm, and cinder hollow.

Hanan Muzafar

# Hollow Remains

Drift through wilderness and alleys,  
where grief hidden, and belief forbidden,  
Come with me, and break these walls,  
where innocent souls cry in agony,  
and unknowns who are forgotten.

They don't have a home now,  
only dead rubble left behind,  
and a dust on red cheeked kid's shroud,  
Earth waiting to take him back,  
where he belongs now.

Do they ridicule me,  
for the horrendous deeds they've done,  
do they not know,  
I make empires to rise and crumble,  
One who creates from nothing:  
I want them on their knees,  
defeated and in disgrace.

Of what you're afraid,  
valour you've, bare you're in front of me,  
All I ask is mercy from you;  
What about those before you,  
and what about those after you.

Fear not, son of man,  
I chose you in many,  
with grace,  
and there're angels in your army,  
for thy love never dies.

Hanan Muzafar

# Huntsman

Few have the urge to be,  
marrow becoming dense,  
until ribs rupture,  
and shell cracks;  
The itch inside gut,  
and hunger eating greed.

Glorifying their deeds,  
for they're of no worth,  
At all;  
Begging to gain sympathy,  
for their ego is flawed,  
After all.

They claim of purity,  
wearing a veil,  
made of lies,  
for they're born in sin,  
and dwell in sin,  
Yet they defend their ignorance,  
Brazenly.

Weapon of intuition,  
self-taught and evolved,  
Few are scared of huntsman,  
who watches and moves,  
Covert and stealthy.

Hanan Muzafar

# Hurt

I often see,  
A kid hiding in balcony cupboard,  
frozen in fright,  
Evading, abuse and shame,  
with no name, and nobody to say,  
Screaming tears on face.

Shivering body, trembling knees,  
and horror of mind  
Says  
'Wait, don't leave now,  
they'll hurt you again,  
that's what they do to you,  
Stay for a while,  
for I'm your other half now'.

Hold me tight,  
As it's hard to take,  
lick your wound,  
like an animal left alone,  
Crying in despair and in pain.

In the middle of nowhere,  
with chaos all around,  
Conflict left in your head:  
Inane things you did,  
to fill the void,  
and they all betrayed.

No matter,  
where you hide,  
and what corner it's,  
It's still there,  
waiting for you,  
To make you cold again.

Hanan Muzafar

# I Often Visit My Graveyard

He fell asleep on my shoulder;  
A little room was our home,  
moments colder.

When we used to roam,  
learned to survive,  
lighter than foam.

Where memories buried alive,  
came back to pay a visit;  
lot to strive.

We tried to resist,  
I only found grief;  
Wanderers to assist.

Sometimes it's brief,  
what a failure can expect,  
climbing the reef.

He has to accept;  
A nest under claw,  
shared fret.

Evolution on flaw,  
You just became a bard;  
Hard and raw.

I often visit my graveyard;  
Room has become a ward.

Hanan Muzafar



# Inevitable

Young boys bare in cold room,  
under incandescent lamp,  
their bodies were shivering,  
Tears rolling down on chapped cheeks,  
hair strands raised,  
and fear of unbearable pain,  
in their eyes.

Screams roaming, through narrow corridors,  
that deafens your ears,  
Blood stains, left to dry on floor,  
and tiny rotten flesh pieces,  
spread around chair,  
have a smell, that never goes;  
In these death camps,  
woes buried beneath concrete,  
Graves, that are not seen,  
and a grim grief, that never ends:  
How many men it eats in silence.

Oh, Gabriel,  
don't you see,  
He died in winter,  
and there was only a whimper;  
You're not the only one, who sees,  
I know, what to bring out of you,  
my ways are unknown;  
He's in heaven now,  
when shall I be there,  
You've time.

Blood has to spill,  
Earth will rattle,  
and sky will burn,  
for the glorious Kingdom,  
Where peace and grace dwell.

If you're done,  
then put down my chisel and hammer,

for there's no compulsion,  
I fear, I don't have that strength,  
I know, your man's part is inevitable,  
and you carry life in heart.

Look at those lambs,  
they want to cross stream,  
but they're afraid to do.

Hanan Muzafar

# Ink And Flame

The cost of everything,  
value of nothing;  
Sun shines,  
and moon cries:  
Without you,  
There ain't anything free.

Rain tapering us,  
and we're travellers;  
How we move,  
A rhythm inside us,  
and my wings carry me,  
where I can't predict:  
Indeed, the marvellous fate.

Love, you make me,  
fall again,  
and the strangers,  
Call me back to you.

Bare children,  
holding my fingers,  
touching the wind:  
Place to place,  
looking for home,  
and a roof.

Ink and flame,  
Birds inside the cage,  
Ticking clocks,  
Blaze the rage.

Ravishing thoughts,  
and empty carnivals,  
Stay with me,  
while I hold you,  
It's autumn time,  
under falling leaves.



# Innocent Crowd

Roaming through the blur crowd;  
with eyes full of braille,  
even lighter than the bran,  
black velvet in their bellies,  
and fangs in their cotton mouths;  
still innocent crowd.

An empty heart,  
having fear of drowning shallop;  
moving through desolated deserts:  
Shameless of own existence,  
but having pride on it's sheer;  
Having hearts filled with misty innocence,  
led their souls screaming in blackshrouds.

The pain of cries,  
can be heard in unknown graveyards,  
shallow rivers,  
and in dark nights.  
No hope of silver bullet,  
no end of this endless struggle;  
Still innocent in soave,  
leaving behind souls was,  
the destiny of existence.

Hanan Muzafar

# Invictus

Bruised men, molested women,  
Children starving for bread,  
and thirst to have water,  
Dry lips, and chapped skin on ribs;  
I came back from a funeral,  
looked up, sky in gloomy smoke,  
looked down, land drenched in innocent blood.

Invictus we're now,  
raised to avenge,  
No matter how strong your walls are,  
our revenge made to hit them hard;  
Fight, and fight till last breath,  
for there's no other way:  
What's ours, meant for us.

Don't let yourself,  
caught up in dank submission,  
for they feed and grow on your fear,  
killing your honour, and making you a coward;  
You can kill a man,  
But not his vision and thought.

Their empire, a pile of sand on hay,  
One roar,  
enough to make it fall apart:  
No stone shall be left standing,  
As truth shall prevail.

Hanan Muzafar

# Invisible Craft

Learn the fall,  
find the hidden scroll:  
Like a crow,  
slowly grow.

In their game,  
there is cage;  
night crawler on the stage,  
plan to escape.

Weapon of silence;  
they don't see:  
Insomnia to talk,  
creep in dark.

Getting so huge,  
monster to release;  
give the cost,  
invisible craft.

Hanan Muzafar

# Iridescent

In abyss watch falling stars,  
shades of dull, pale and grey,  
still water in silence,  
not all say in absence;  
In twilight, tree on fire,  
Iridescent from far enough;  
Down through alleys,  
nobody goes nowhere,  
one, and also no one:  
What lags behind,  
Moth, frozen in dust,  
devoid, vague along with blur.

Hanan Muzafar



# Iron Melts In Furnace

Footsteps striving,  
broken ladders,  
trapped in devoid voids;  
Vendors on streets,  
Rumpled sorrow on veneers,  
and deprived sap drips.  
The concealed lull,  
and expression of dull;  
Engulfed in cold,  
How does it end,  
and the soul escapes mind,  
Sometimes:  
Lost tales on faded posters,  
faint signatures left.  
Beloved ones wait,  
and warriors depart;  
Awake and divergent,  
clashing identities:  
There ain't any escape,  
manipulations and deceptions.  
Shepherd looking for lambs,  
hounds sniffing,  
Hunter crafting the spear,  
cripple crawling,  
thieves stealing,  
and the murderers,  
saying it aloud,  
Chance or choice.  
The graveyards mourn,  
and the cities weep,  
There's a preacher in soul,  
tenderness in absurdity:  
So it is,  
Iron melts in furnace,  
Poured in clay mould.

Hanan Muzafar

# Let The Fire Play

It's your role,  
you have to be;  
hidden tears of core.  
Want to scream,  
let it bleed.

On a war with machine,  
break the code:  
Fire on papers,  
valour conquers.

King of arena,  
you don't run;  
fight till last breath,  
evolve as stealth.

Release the front,  
make them regret;  
so be it a bout,  
let it out.

Hanan Muzafar

# Let There Be Light

Alone in the chaos,  
Who can stop ashes,  
from falling down,  
and to the dust we return.

Everyone filled in disgust,  
running after fate,  
and faith fights the darkness.

Looking for someone,  
crawling, in and out:  
A sinkhole consuming all of us,  
All the way.

In mending the ways,  
Only passing trails,  
and down we go.

When everyone is in the sleep,  
I know you're there,  
watching over,  
and we talk our isolation.

Someday it'll burst out,  
On it's own,  
and it'll ooze:  
Let there be light.

Hanan Muzafar

# Lost In Wind

Almond leaves on your red cheeks;  
saw you in cold breeze,  
dressed green,  
drift of shade,  
made you fade.

Near flowers you sat,  
little hands touching the green grass:  
Through windows watching the wind,  
in sunshine you shine.

On crossroads we met;  
time limitless,  
And voice speechless.  
Image in a pot,  
And vapours of art.

Now I'm gone,  
And we are Lost:  
A tale on a piece of paper,  
flowing with wind,  
And wheel goes on.

Hanan Muzafar

# Lot Remained Unsaid

Discreet barrier between us,  
expectations separated us;  
bursting shades of flame,  
it's insane.

Under the tree stare,  
and your glare;  
cheeks blushed,  
and moments cherished.

For few unsound,  
fallen on ground;  
chords on wigwag,  
and a gag.

The way you imitate,  
it's deliberate:  
In a muddle,  
a difficult puzzle.

Wrote your name,  
but no response came;  
picture on heart,  
we moved apart.

We were afraid;  
what should be said,  
and what could be said,  
lot remained unsaid.

Hanan Muzafar

# Machine

Engine, whose fuel is greed,  
Gears, that crush being,  
vulcanised tubes pumping nutrients,  
and toxic enzymes used to digest identity;  
Polymeric and networked,  
to produce programmed breeds.

Levers, that reave,  
Blades, that cut deep,  
and an algorithm, killing humanity,  
operating at different layers,  
Categorising and replicating,  
with a reserve force on disposal,  
and its brutal crank,  
Grinds, using fear and bigotry.

Wires, in and out of rooms,  
carrying pulsating currents,  
to promote slavery,  
Dignity suppressed, and freedom oppressed;  
Deafening noise it produces,  
on its evening screen,  
followed by a routine:  
Pipelines, that carry noxious wastes,  
Through sewers filled with grease.

Hanan Muzafar

# Mercy In Misery

Saw the heart of busted fellows,  
found silence there:  
Met the hollow eyed children,  
found numbness there.

A blessed angel with broken wings;  
feeding a kind woman torn with misery:  
Repentance in failure,  
forgiveness in sorrow,  
truth in dark.

Through a storm deaf holding,  
the hand of blind;  
and blind holding,  
the hand of dumb.  
Pain bringing the kindness,  
mercy making the love,  
cold birthing the fire.

Hanan Muzafar

# Merged Prompt

Beyond barriers, beside you,  
ocean there, and river shallow here,  
separate still radiant;  
Broken up, wait in fortune,  
Embrace, for flowers of you,  
Captive, to do, without you, aloof;  
Day done, and night awaits,  
for stars and moon;  
Why concealed,  
At times hard, merged and warm,  
while thrust makes beat, in and out,  
Hold on,  
tight till dew given,  
and breath prompt.

Hanan Muzafar



# My Wolf

With my lust I feel,  
in my pain I reveal.  
In cage I am rage,  
a wolf coming out of vague.

With spear in hand,  
waiting for demon to come out.  
Swallowing the storm,  
giving out the fire.

Raise by hell,  
tamed in dark,  
pure in light,  
power in honour.

Wounded heart,  
oozing in dark,  
howling in night.

Hanan Muzafar

# Noise Of Silence

What happened to clock,  
stopped for a while;  
I'm still,  
still for a while.

Scary vision,  
and porous barrier;  
hard to make,  
hard to explain.

Secret of closed door,  
and potrait of strange:  
Search of alike,  
window of mystery.

Sound of guilt,  
and voice of conscience;  
A leak through fault.

Hanan Muzafar

# Pale Grey

Dross inflated tubes,  
heat in your gut;  
The thirst to fly,  
someone howling loud in crowd:  
I see it pale grey.

Maladies inside skulls,  
opportunistic yet effective,  
There's a craft and lethality,  
in their suffering,  
like a blade,  
like a tiger.

God's wrath,  
and I see,  
labourers, workmen, and drudges;  
The smell of their sweat,  
A renovation fueled by grief,  
and remnant fantasies:  
Hiding their miseries behind smile.

Lavenders grown in mud,  
instinctively evolved,  
little purpose and headstrong:  
Hard and gross dimes.

There's a skill in usual,  
lies and mockery:  
Sickening shows on televisions,  
and buzzing gossips.

Lying in corners,  
hurt and shattered;  
Deck of cards,  
and unseen guns on temples:  
Suffering art.

What a man needs,  
A crazy woman,

bottle of wine,  
and a cigar.

Hanan Muzafar

# Poor Mother Got Sold

She sold her gown,  
and then became a clown,  
starved was the son;  
will we go to heaven.

For bread,  
poor mother got sold;  
don't need a word,  
we begged on road.

Kindness came with rain,  
he took away our pain;  
on heaven's gate,  
his name and his grace.

Hanan Muzafar

# Rambling Midnight

Along the way;  
Sprawled in a wagon,  
looking for falling stars,  
Rambling midnight,  
feel all right.

The empathy inside,  
let it loose,  
georgette gown,  
and curls untied:  
Toughness melting down.

Let's laugh tonight,  
for a while,  
A little loud.

Under a willow tree,  
Purple blanket on green grass,  
and yellow mustard flowers.

Let's forget the past,  
slithering torsos:  
Fervour burning in olive oil.

Hanan Muzafar

# Recluse

Brittle fibres from hollow sighs,  
morbid and awake conscience,  
without any heartbeat;  
Wretched and decayed,  
dragging baggage to breach,  
who are these folks in crowd,  
standing stagnant and motionless,  
where from they come,  
and where do they go.

Recluse runaway,  
Abandoned with cactus left in skull,  
Somewhere far away,  
unknown through alleys,  
hurled in concrete,  
with rust on back, and broken trust in just,  
Staring shadows, defeated and done.

Gripped by strange fear,  
where whimper faint,  
As you drown, and water deep;  
You don't feel,  
Indifference brought in you,  
Nightmares that haunt your being,  
and wilderness that speaks.

Hanan Muzafar

# Redemption

I learnt to survive,  
on my own and alone—  
You don't know,  
what I've inside,  
For I carry death in one hand,  
and fire in another—  
But I've a light in my heart,  
that drives the courage for life.

There's a hope,  
like a clean slate,  
Accept what it is,  
There ain't any escape—  
But I'm willing to face the adversary,  
for the salvation I've inside—  
If I call your name,  
will you send me an angel,  
for I'm filled with rage.

If you choose to kill him,  
you've to kill me too,  
and there's a sorrow in you,  
as well as in me—  
The guns blaze,  
As wisdom deserves wrath:  
The iron cast on my chest,  
my armour is strong enough,  
and my arrow is sharp enough—  
I do it,  
without any clan,  
As I follow my heart.

Gabriel preaching faith and fate,  
Michael fighting for a cause,  
and devil mocking on all—  
But I walk in rain,  
with God.





# Regime

Their vicious and brutal spider-web,  
made of violence and ignorance,  
serves oppression,  
To rip your innocence,  
corrupting your mindset,  
performing suppression,  
making you to choose mediocrity,  
filling you with disgust,  
and plans to kill the resistance.

Slogans from prison cells,  
roaring for freedom;  
whose here to hear them—  
witnesses and victims,  
What they want  
'One time tea and two time bread,  
A fine dine on a dead one'  
Selling their crimes and lies,  
hiding them in pockets.

Reformers standing up,  
Revolutionaries fighting against them,  
Tyrants killing them,  
Mothers crying and fathers numb;  
A purpose to bring justice,  
making a way for wisdom—  
A hideous regime making them,  
To suffer.

Hanan Muzafar

# Resilience

With might and mind,  
Take stand, even if it scares,  
for peace, doesn't come free;  
Look and watch,  
when invisible through streets,  
for there're ways and routes;  
As there's also belief.

Wicked they play, and deceit they display,  
what you seek, it's not in them;  
It's here,  
In breath, and in beat,  
through veins, out of seeds:  
Move covert, while impact overt,  
gather and mend, crude into iron.

Time, rival or fellow;  
choose if it's  
purpose and freedom,  
What's in hand, don't keep it empty,  
for there's storm, that holds tide,  
Through valleys,  
for cause, resilient;  
Hard devoid, radical corrosive,  
broken in need:  
A fight,  
that never wants to end,  
but you don't give up.

Hanan Muzafar

# Resolve

Dark that devours itself,  
call it sorrow,  
for there's isolation left,  
Battle within, never be in cage:  
Say, what you've to say.

When shall borders break,  
Nomad, wandering through empty lanes,  
ailing ruin on decay,  
where resolve worth, to share,  
Choose what you want to,  
Do, for we were made.

Far away we're,  
what's inside remains,  
Those who find, never get lost,  
Those without, in pain:  
If you can't, How can I be.

Hanan Muzafar

# Revenge Of Dead

Across the lake,  
dead looking for me,  
cries buried alive;  
this grave can't hold me.

I waited long;  
Lord show me the way,  
Michael take me away.

Hold my hand,  
you will be released,  
child soon will it end;  
rise of dead.

The trumpet roaring,  
army of dead conquering,  
smoke out of coats;  
sky showering flames.

Flowing the river of blood,  
dead taking the command;  
a judgement declared,  
the revenge of dead.

Hanan Muzafar

# Ruptured Mind

On my own,  
strings woven,  
and seeds sown;  
a fear of extinction.

In a ruptured wall,  
creatures crawl;  
melting of brass,  
and breaking the glass.

Someone found a sinkhole,  
near a catastrophe;  
want to explode,  
he is close.

Flash of thunder,  
drum beating loud,  
madness making raft.

Hanan Muzafar

# Sailing Tonight

There's loneliness left here for me,  
I'm hollow down to core,  
devoid of warmth, without you—  
But I'm painting your portrait tonight,  
in faint candlelight,  
on a wall that exists no more.

Underneath your gown,  
The empathy you've inside—  
I still remember your fragrance,  
As if I touched your desire,  
and you felt my hand;  
Take what you want tonight,  
for I don't need it anymore,  
If I've you,  
in my arms.

Dust became mud,  
and mud became clay—  
As we filled the divide,  
for a dearth that's wide.

Looking at blue waters,  
watching all the ships,  
heading towards harbour,  
and I'm staring at you,  
from where you don't see—  
As you're sailing far away,  
Dreaming of the wild world.

Hanan Muzafar

# Scar

One man's possession,  
and another man's dream  
Starvation says  
'We have enough to pay the cost',  
and the devil calls for a shot  
There you go,  
Hitting your hammer hard,  
In this paradox,  
even love behaves false.

Inmates exchanging letters,  
Iron bars to keep them inside,  
and there's a dog mourning for a drunkard  
Did you heard  
'He's gone, vanished without a form'  
Making his way,  
Through woods and streets across,  
Some choose to go slant,  
and failed lovers will rip it apart.

There are perspectives and judgements,  
and they take part in mocking shows,  
To create suspects,  
with no purpose;  
How far you can run,  
for denial and ignorance,  
when it has just begun:  
In the direction of sun,  
A burst out of gun.

The killing spree going on,  
This too shall pass,  
then another season awaits,  
To slay the cause,  
then next,  
It keeps going on,  
Till it's path ruptures apart:  
As barbarity has downfall,  
and violence carves its scar.



Hanan Muzafar

# Scene Through Window

Four storey apartment,  
and fourth floor window;  
on rent,  
a new tommorow.

From above you see,  
down lies a lorry stand;  
an occasional breeze,  
and labour's hand.

White, black, and red,  
stories unheard;  
broken hopes,  
and shattered dreams.

Two time bread,  
and one time tea:  
I don't feel,  
a dog got his meal.

Hanan Muzafar

# Sky Of High

Lock the door,  
there will be roar:  
It will be slow,  
there will be flow.

Why is he dumb;  
he is just numb:  
Ain't no fun,  
he is on run.

Feel the fall,  
there will be no wall:  
In this room,  
we all groom.

All of us fly;  
In the sky of high.

Hanan Muzafar

# Still I Rise

Hands becoming hammers,  
seethe clay becoming steel,  
loath rage in red eyes;  
so not a beggar nor torn,  
not broken yet.

On pain I feed,  
dead sorrow I need;  
whip me more,  
still I rise.

Can't you hear screams,  
sound of crumbling wall;  
lead of hybrid,  
deed bargain deed.

In the eye of storm,  
macabre maw path;  
hades the witness of wrath.

Hanan Muzafar

# Strangled Horror

How it feels to see your son's corpse,  
with chopped lips, and hollow eyes;  
Here birds sing elegies every morning,  
sky mourns every evening,  
and every lane drenched in cold blood:  
Why you murder me after every second.

My childhood stolen,  
my manhood abused,  
and my conscience ripped,  
what's now left in me,  
Walking dead, and talking my madness.

A young woman said,  
I was raped by seven men,  
when shall I get justice,  
you all are liars and murderers;  
A labourer says,  
I want to run,  
far from here, it torments,  
nights here are horror.

In durance,  
strangled voices cry,  
under yellow light,  
with clothes stripped,  
Where hissing tongues lick your skin,  
and fangs bite,  
to spit venom in your veins;  
What a man can do to another man,  
is beyond any man's imagination:  
Why you don't shoot me in head,  
when I'm evident, why you deny.

Hanan Muzafar

# Stray

Tender you're in time,  
lost in paradox,  
vibrant smile, and bright laugh,  
You been in house,  
for too long;  
Decade passed, beans sprouted in jar,  
I'm torn, and you're tired.

If you feel empty,  
Take my crimson rose;  
Stray in rain,  
Little girl with flower in hand,  
and little boy with wings on back,  
Holding her tight,  
As she's wounded deep down,  
wearing a thought on maroon cloth;  
Who knows, what we've inside,  
lonely left out, to wither in maze.

Birds hovering above,  
grasshoppers hiding in grass,  
fireflies glow in dark;  
In my dream,  
why I fly and fall.

Hanan Muzafar

# Strayed In Dark

It's cold freeze,  
victory to seize;  
The animal inside,  
a promise of paradise.

Wait for the miracle,  
round and round in circle;  
When it makes you tremble,  
play your gamble.

Till it turns to ashes,  
at the cost of bashes;  
Crimson roses,  
and venomous doses.

Can't settle for low,  
prepared to take blow;  
Keep on running,  
as they're cunning.

Jump from the cliff;  
No, you're not alone,  
we're in a same shiff,  
it's not yet blown.

Wounds grow flowers,  
hear the whispers,  
coming out of corners,  
adopt the horrors.

When it becomes stray,  
tear the prey;  
pieces of pride,  
so many times cried.

Wild through streets,  
wait till it ends;  
I'll be the one,  
creating the fire.

Hanan Muzafar



# The Done On Run

I saw a mad crowd,  
knocking on a locked door:  
Waiting for the calm storm,  
to let them free.

An on and on schedule;  
Looking for an excuse,  
to be alive:  
Lost fellows,  
drifting with dust.

It wasn't to be meant,  
but that's how it goes:  
Triumph on a lost table,  
One following the other,  
Purposeless,  
A flame without light.

What you reveal,  
Doesn't need a seal;  
Sometimes its feel,  
And sometimes a broken deal.

Few with a worthy cause,  
And birth of a thought,  
They just demand a pause.

Slowdown for a while,  
Some lies, I hear all the time;  
Hope doesn't shine.

Thin threads taking leap,  
What matters, is it all:  
Some rise and some fall.

What midnight says,  
Let it be;  
On your knees,  
All you see,

Dusk and golden paddy grass.

Through grassy lea,  
Watching the dragonflies:  
The done on run,  
For a bright sun.

Hanan Muzafar

# The Madhouse

Fate collides for,  
vibrant coloured lights,  
nook to nook,  
The cure in need:  
A scream filled in grief.

Down to mark,  
Desire seeking desire,  
Maniacs have a reason,  
To sleep;  
The eagle flies,  
and purpose makes way:  
Inhaled flame,  
To release.

Some trying,  
To break the silence,  
Murmuring out of corridors,  
talking syndrome,  
and yelling for free:  
Paradoxes split, puzzles mend,  
and hope calls back.

When it's you and me,  
I often ask,  
Why me:  
A thunder falling down,  
It ain't only you.

Hanan Muzafar

# The Man In Dark

Every night walking through,  
this departed crowd;  
In a frazzle leaving behind ethos.  
Seeing every man in his own shiff,  
with hollow eyes;  
Holding sickle in one hand,  
and dice in the other.  
A geek prisoner fuddled and fugitive,  
holding dope in one hand,  
and dibble in the other:  
Trying to catch the last train,  
through an open bonfire country;  
leaving behind bogey,  
becoming a bolshevik.  
A cuss hiding behind a cutesy child,  
in a cusp;  
Waiting for his justice in the frontier,  
leaving behind his domicile,  
evading his ownself.  
A soldier on the front line,  
fighting in a lost battle;  
for eternity with an etch of memories,  
and moments waiting for euthanasia:  
Leaving behind his love,  
becoming a man in dark.

Hanan Muzafar

# The Melting Glaze

Rain drops dunked in soil,  
fence covering glade;  
How beauty sinks inside,  
vibrant outside.

Beige coat on a blue sweater,  
freshness from the glow,  
An extended lapse.

Her expression from distant sight,  
fragrance of warmth,  
An excitement.

Meaningless smile, timbre mood,  
And expressive gesture:  
All I need,  
An embrace.

Fiery glare,  
and Earthly glaze;  
Behold,  
twinkling shine for you:  
Loneliness often left alone.

Intentional collisions,  
and coincidental scenes:  
In that afternoon,  
I was only looking for you.

Flame rises high,  
without boundaries,  
mild and unconditional:  
Essence of wild,  
The heal for scars.

Hanan Muzafar

# The Unforgiven Harlot

Why you came here,  
you don't belong here;  
meet me there:  
where siprit escapes clay.

No blossom in these rooms;  
crimes of men laugh in these walls:  
no rain can wash their sins.

Ain't no forgiveness,  
there is grief in us;  
left only numbness,  
pridely they walk on us.

Heal my wounds,  
cure my scars;  
why you confess.

In my lap;  
why you weep,  
take a deep sleep.

On a limp chair you smoke,  
seeking refuge;  
will you remember me.

Take my coat;  
there is cold.

Hanan Muzafar

# Thread

Stream serene, pebbles settled down,  
breeze much slight, clock delayed,  
A calm day to slow down,  
and lovers in shade of chinar,  
waiting for dusk,  
to fall down.

Kids back to homes,  
closing windows,  
and asking for tea;  
Tan-layer on buns,  
and giggle on faces.

What it evoked, out of nowhere,  
In-between and here there;  
Fragrance touching everywhere,  
feathers drifting in paradise,  
and pullover to keep you warm.

Lavender grown on land,  
and saffron on bed;  
Harmonica spreading harmony in air,  
smell along with sense,  
Horse running through fields,  
and fence to surround him.

Hanan Muzafar

# Through Her Glass

Through autumn fields,  
cold wind touching her hair,  
Her thoughts wandering wild,  
A rainbow she holds,  
through a glass, with wings.

A burning stew she made,  
beside a rose,  
with a bright smile on her face—  
On a ceramic plate,  
painted silver-grey,  
on a checkered tablecloth,  
along with oak.

A little thief,  
stealing someone's grief,  
To make a dream:  
where she gets lost,  
for a relief, seeking refuge—  
There ain't anyone,  
who can touch her soul;  
A road to her home.

Hanan Muzafar



# Thyme

As I was going down,  
Through trenches and dungeons,  
where light waits to dwell—  
I saw,  
A horse galloping wild,  
Through meadows and in twilight.

Oh, my poor little foe,  
How can you confront,  
when you need someone,  
and fate meets you,  
where you don't even expect—  
It's meant to accept,  
As thy will be done.

With whom,  
your desire to be alone,  
It ain't in them,  
It's here,  
watching over, and with you.

Rusted weapons lying in dust,  
and thyme grown on them—  
The way it torments us,  
Thine Eden, and thy inferno.

Hanan Muzafar

# Tower Of Clocks

Needles and dials break,  
when the song of slaves raise:  
How fast you run,  
you will be conquered by lost one.

With every clock,  
found a hidden piece,  
out of nothing  
everything run.

Begging on my knees,  
call it suffering;  
it's revenge.  
Ripped apart,  
waiting for the day.

The fire melt gears of pride,  
iron hands break castles of lies;  
from filth new throne rise.

Hanan Muzafar

# Trumpet Blown

Cold is the ocean,  
heart of steel,  
I'm not defeated,  
neither I'm afraid,  
As your death is on its way.

Trumpet blown,  
Now there ain't anyone,  
who can bring us down—  
Seas and lands conquered,  
and they'll witness,  
rage along with wrath:  
As our revenge,  
is like an eagle in sky,  
and our ships sail,  
for the glorious freedom.

Their castles will be blown,  
they'll crumble and tremble,  
for we'll create a new empire,  
and justice will be done—  
As victory has been declared on land.

They buried us alive,  
But we wrote our resurrection,  
for we chose not to bow down—  
Land is drenched in blood,  
and graves will roar.

Hanan Muzafar

# Unpaid Debt

He failed miserably,  
and they laughed loudly;  
they thought he's a fool,  
and a frail tool.

On his shame,  
some got fame;  
huge amount of solitude,  
filled with gratitude.

In his weakness,  
covering his sadness;  
They broke his kingdom,  
and he became victim.

They ripped little wings:  
On sale,  
were his feelings,  
and faced pale;  
signs of glad tidings.

He forgot to bother,  
Victor learned to conquer;  
Deep down he was hurt.

Hanan Muzafar

# Victim

How much does it hurt,  
you don't even feel,  
The ground beneath your feet,  
At that moment,  
you see the ugly face of evil,  
laughing at you,  
But you're a victim,  
you can't do anything,  
and you know it.  
If you survived somehow,  
well, not less than a miracle,  
you choose to live:  
So you seal the wound,  
lock it in a compartment,  
and melt the key,  
Then it becomes a secret,  
between you and God,  
Forever.

Hanan Muzafar

# Vision And Vengeance

Where the tides take me,  
there's no shore,  
journey is your destiny;  
A composition of all.

Invisible are strings,  
Do you see?  
They are all same;  
Imperfections are inherent.

Hiding in a hole,  
dark as coal;  
Saw the darkest side,  
so much pain.

Growing in my formation,  
an uprising within;  
It consumes a lot,  
there's no escape.

Where from I arose,  
It happened,  
somehow survived,  
It can't be defined.

You're on your own,  
get used to it;  
Let me create myself,  
An immortal from mortal.

Can see beyond the walls,  
not a virtue;  
A cursed vision.

Hearing their conscience,  
and there is evil;  
Ahead of time,  
yet far from society.

Standing up for an idea,  
it's of no use;  
something to keep you alive,  
it's horrible.

They're not tender,  
forgotten kindness;  
A little bit of venom,  
and cost of heaven.

No flag to raise,  
how hard they tried;  
Men screaming loud,  
witness the wrath.

Can't be a cripple,  
breaking the conventional;  
Am I going to do this?  
Will I do this?  
A leading light.

Hanan Muzafar

# Voyage

Near a calm lake,  
long night waiting for day,  
clock on its slow pace,  
like hourglass and its sand—  
Sorrow carved on ivory blade,  
wounds on back,  
and revenge on its way.  
The guns blaze,  
metal dripping out of furnace;  
Every burst carrying a flare,  
and every stone hitting hard on frame:  
Whipped land, drenched in pain,  
Tiger in chains,  
and fate making wheel to rotate.  
Grown on woes, creeping in fog,  
Venom they put in my veins—  
On an isolated voyage,  
what I became:  
Armageddon I carry in my mind and hand,  
Wake me up, when it's over.

Hanan Muzafar



# Waiting For Dawn

How you know,  
what to bring out of me,  
strange in its way,  
Enough to destroy me—  
You don't know,  
what it's like,  
To be with you, for a while.

I'll follow and swallow,  
what it's,  
that fuels the fire inside—  
As I see your face,  
At a place called hope,  
In tall and brown grass,  
like a wild flower,  
grown on mountaintop,  
pure and untouched.

To know somebody like you,  
what to say,  
let me dream of you—  
As I'm painting you,  
On a canvas,  
that no longer belongs to me.

Maybe laughing tonight,  
watching falling stars;  
Bare feet walking on sand,  
and sailor is singing a song—  
I'll be waiting for you.

Hanan Muzafar

# Walk Alone

Lie still beside a wall,  
and watch how it passes by;  
Travellers and strangers they're,  
Some get through, and some get by,  
Strange it is,  
and strange you're—  
Pale raven,  
Says it all the time  
'When it hurts, it hurts hard,  
Indifferent they become,  
Cold they behave,  
Absurd it is, and absurd you're'.

Looking for a refuge,  
even if it's for a while,  
A different favour,  
they want and ask for—  
To leave a place behind,  
and awake you remain:  
While it goes nowhere.

Glitter they like to see,  
Beware of those,  
who offer hopes in prison corridors,  
for they feed on your sorrow:  
Hollow they're, down to core,  
and flawed we're.

A line they draw,  
to keep you away, distance they create—  
Let them go,  
for they shall come to know,  
what they had, and what they lost,  
long ago:  
Walk alone, and walk along.

Hanan Muzafar

# Wilderness Of Night

Inside a busted cave,  
feared was rage;  
keep the voice low,  
clock is slow.

See the sin,  
we're in a bin;  
clean the rust,  
we can't trust.

Does it hurt,  
when treated like dirt:  
In a departed Kingdom,  
we're the victim.

There is no reason,  
we suffered treason;  
want to scream,  
we're in a dream.

Everyone confusing,  
it's consuming:  
He's trapped inside,  
a place to hide.

Hanan Muzafar

# Wound

Sitting on a bench, torn pheran on her,  
gloom on face, voice tired,  
and visible madness, of a wounded one;  
Watching passing crowd,  
put her head, on my shoulder,  
hand on my chest, clasping my jacket,  
and said,  
Why they do this to us,  
what wrong we've done,  
They're tyrants, that's what they do,  
and we're tender, that's why we suffer.

Do you've a woman, and does she love you,  
I've and I've not,  
I don't know;  
Have you been alone like this always,  
I'm and I'm not,  
My being is like this,  
but my form varies:  
I'm iridescent.

Have you been to hell,  
how it looks, and what lies there,  
Many times, it's here,  
Horror, and agony;  
Do you see heaven,  
how it looks, and what lies there,  
Sometimes, kind, and love.

Why they harm us,  
what else they can do;  
Why they betray,  
betrayal is a level of hell.

Do you know,  
How beautiful you're,  
I want to kiss you,  
and play with your beard;  
Nobody said this, to me before,

There're people around,  
I'm afraid, and shy.

You're a kid deep down,  
All I can do,  
is pray for your soul, go:  
Do you know,  
my being and ego,  
failed in front of you.

Hanan Muzafar