

Poetry Series

HASNAIN AAQIB
- poems -

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HASNAIN AAQIB(8th July 1971)

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART.....

Nature is very generous to man.

To the men who respect her.

Nature speaks to us through hundreds of its mediums.

Nature means life.....

And life has two basic dimensions:

Pessimism, and, Optimism.

Pessimism leads to darkness.

And optimism leads to light, to life.

When an infant opens its eyes soon after the birth, the very first element that it confronts and experiences, is the same light, and this light is life. So the light is life, and life is optimism.

I was born on eighth July 1971 in Akola. I don't know what was so special about my birth except that I was the first offspring of the generation in the family. But it was the part of my fate to be born and there I was in flesh and blood. I had no fundamental right to refuse to be the guest of this mortal world. Middle class is the tag that could be given to the social status of my family. Those were the days when the desires had complete knowledge of their limitations and resources. I was brought up in an orthodox and conservative social set up. But the margin of approach to life was not narrow.

My father took all the pains to see me well educated. He had a very firm opinion about education and philosophy.

□

He believed that education should be for enlightenment and not for employment. For him, getting employment anywhere meant losing personal freedom. When I was preparing to cross the threshold of the first decade of my physical age, the prosperity was preparing to bid adieu to my father.

So the maximum part of my conscious life I spent in playing 'hide-and-seed' with life. Life is my friend. In fact, the best friend...

Because life has taught me the things that nothing and nobody could have taught.

Life has given me the gems of experiences.

And the same experiences are my asset, today.

Somehow, I completed my graduation in the summer of 1993. Chronologically I was late by two years in completing my graduation. But later is better than never. The reasons are far beyond description. Then I obtained degree.

Those were the days of my naïve and novice manhood: full of physical, ideological and mental activism. Finally, after getting married, I came to Pusad and joined Ghulam Nabi Azad Urdu D. Ed college in the last months of 1999, in the capacity of teacher educator.

As far as my creative journey is concerned, I may have a lot to say about but the topic will need a separate book for this. I would like to be brief. Urdu is my mother tongue but when my teachers in high school and junior college would praise me for my good English, I would fail to understand as what was so good about my English. As compared to English medium students, I had the benefits of having Urdu, Hindi, Marathi and Persian in my kitty. My grandfather, late Meerbaz Khan Sahab had ignited the flame of liking for Persian in me, when I was just a middle-school-student.

I started writing poetry in Urdu. But very soon, due to the lack of guidance, the expected discouragement on the part of my family and the way the senior local poets dissuaded me, I had to keep my Urdu poetry confined in my personal diary. It will be unjust if I don't confess that even I didn't have the knowledge of prosody and metre of Urdu poetry. It was then that I took refuge in English poetry. I started writing poetry in English when I was an undergraduate. It was a revelation for me that I was destined to write poetry in English. As a result of my determination and fondness for English poetry, I succeeded in compiling the first collection of my English poems, FLISHT OF A WINGLESS BIRD in 1999. When I sent the manuscript of the book to Minerva Press, London, the editorial evaluation confirmed my poetic prowess.

In the words of Marks Sykes, editor in chief of Minerva Press, London, "From musing on the nature of things to odes to his esteemed teachers and paeans to the almighty God, Hasnain Khan covers a plethora of topics. Remaining faithful to the rules of prosody and metres, he writes timeless verses that will remain in tune with the ever-evolving nature of poesy."

I have been writing English poetry since about last two decades. Even today, I write poetry, prose, essays, criticism and research papers in Urdu, English, Hindi and Persian. Today, I am quite content and satisfied with whatever I have and wherever I am. I have been writing poetry in English for more than two decades and I have tried to focus my poetry on the issues of human concerns, be they of political, social or cultural nature. After all, poetry is not a medium of fame. I believe in POETRY FOR LIFE and not in POETRY FOR THE SAKE OF POETRY. Whatever we have and whatever we do, that must have grave concern with the human life and all of its prospects. This is also the aim of my life and so is of my poetry. Poetry is not to be just

enjoyed, it is to be felt in the depth of one's heart and soul. Just go ahead and read my poems and yes, please, don't hesitate to comment and review them
HASNAIN AAQIB

A Prophiem

KHAN HASNAIN AAQIB

Most people ask me, what is a prophiem?
Will you tell us, from where does it stem?

To praise God is to pray Him, I believe
So is about His prophet, you may perceive
Abraham, Moses and Jesus, for their age
Were god's prophets and delivered His message
To the world, and its people that were astray.
Then the last prophet, in Arab, let me say
That sun rose over the hills of Faaraan
And oneness of god he preached, and that is Imaan.
Some words, in his praise, like many I write
Taking my poetic art to its desired height
Just out of love for him, in fact, passion
I tread a path, by others yet not taken.
For such poem in English, I attribute a word
This word, I am sure, no one may have heard.
'Proph' is for prophet, 'em' is for poem, joined by 'i'
I am telling all this, before you ask me 'why'.
A prophiem wades through the life of prophet
His deeds, teachings, his person, and events he met.
Although on island of knowledge I am an elf,
The coinage of 'prophiem' I owe to god and myself.

HASNAIN AAQIB

A Smile

It is as fertile
As the valley of Nile
But it takes nothing from our bag
Of material belongings
In fact, it truly helps out
Those eternal pleasure who have sought
It is as innocent as a flowing brook
But it is too fragile to have a hook
Just like a rambling rose
Just like a potion with daily dose
Just like a small child
Just like a cub, however wild
It just causes pleasure
Of it whoever is the receiver
So, give it to all if you can
And if somebody gives it
Take it as a brave man
Can you guess what it could be?
It is coming to your lips, see, see, see!

HASNAIN AAQIB

An Attribute To Teacher

And who was I, the Lady of Shallot
In the world of my nothingness, shut.
Thou garlanded me with knowledge
And took me to the last of its edge.

Thence you were none but my master
Making me grow sooner and faster
Phoenix are thou who himself burns
But unprecedented is, and again turns.

I pray God with my heart's every corner
To shower on you, the immortal honour
And be the star which in night
Shows the way to every wandering sight.

It is nought but the beauty
Of your work and duty.
Thou has a very clean face
Dipped in the light and grace.

HASNAIN AAQIB

Autumn In Life

Autumn In Life

A man I see, with clothes tattered

Empty stomach, wanting eyes, grey hair scattered

Wealth he seeks not, nor desires any comfort

What he aspires, is his death, to avert.

Stood he, in the midst of my way

Giving his words of a heavenly pray

Slowly, trembling, hi heavy hands rose

With no choice but this way to pose.

'Sir" humbly he said, 'This wrinkled face

Has once been the sign of baronial grace

And prosperity gladly dwelled at my palace

My neck unbowed standing on fame's terrace.

These were the hands of pride and ego

That let the mercy and pity by me go,

And doped my conscience for an unfair time

That saw humanity bleed, scream in painful rhyme.

Then the wheel of fortune at once turned
And bereaved me of what I had earned;
Wealth I lost, wandered for my own people
Slowly descended my life and became dull.

This day, I am standing before you, my lord,
Mourning my fate, joining time's broken cord.
Now, I sublimate my soul by saying so fair
From zenith, no human for nadir should uncare.

Hasnain Aaqib

HASNAIN AAQIB

Confused Learner

I am a naive and my language is novice
I am a yokel, I need thy august advice;
O thou prudent fellow! Let me kindly speak
A foreign dialect; which I often so seek.
I know, in India, word for 'work' is 'kaar'
And car in English means van; Leave it 'yaar'..
In English, hips are known as buttock
In Hindi, O dear, it means a duck.

The weft of my arteries is totally fused
Oh, teach me teach me easy, I'm much confused.
Bar means rod and 'bar' means load
Path is for way and 'path' is for road.
Shin means lower leg, 'shin' is a big pot
'Lot' means return and heap means a lot.
Purr is what cat does, and 'purr' means but
'Hut' means get away and cottage means a hut.

Cut it short sir, cut it really short
I want the whole idea to abort
'tis better to drive the herd of camel
Than to learn something that is so dull...
But tune to this poet's charming euphony!
To those who long to master words so many
Board means wooden slate and a group of directors

Or it means to get on ship, plane or elevators
Snap means to cut, and snap means to wink
Poetry never means pottery; drown means to sink
Sound means strong and sound is for voice,
Bank means to make money safely twice or thrice
And bank means to trust or a river's shore
Enough for clear minds, there in nothing more.
Sometimes brain works, sometimes common-sense
Losing courage is nothing but a deadly offense.

HASNAIN AAQIB

Daffo, My Friend

Through this poem, Daffo, my friend
Let me, to you, my emotions send.
Belief, faith, confidence and trust
In friendship are mandatory and must.
We haven't seen God, but in Him we believe
So what if we are in Delhi, Wales or Kieve
History, geography and economics, my dear!
In real friendship are not a barrier.
What I feel for you, if you feel the same way
Then we are true friends, let me, let me say.
you may get old and I may even older
But the sincere bond shall never, never ever.
Let both of us, above the common level rise,
And for God's sake, don't take it otherwise.

HASNAIN AAQIB

Death Of A Butterfly

Shssss! angels, walk with the dumb feet
She rests here, serenely, in solitude
Rachel. How can I forget?
The sanctity in your open eyes
That remained unshut posthumously In a whining vogue!
Who would imagine?
The last strings of your breath
Of your so vibrant, amateur life
Shall fall scattered and broken
And will be soaking in blood.
Who would dare to eliminate

Your august and immortal words

(The last words, being, ' My back is broken)

The leaves may flutter
Away; but the words
That you did utter
Ah! the innocent tone of agony
And the cruel clutches of tyranny!
The sands and waters of Palestine
Shall ever be thine.

Let me spray a few drops
Of my blood into air
To commemorate your martyrdom

The bud of your life didn't bloom evenly
But attainment of heavenly
Destination
That you brought in possession
Is envied by thousands
Like you
Like me.
Heaven, O heaven!
Boast of Rachel's soul....

Dejection

I am nowhere near Naples like John Donne
But yes I go, like him, through dejection.
During dull days,
Each moment pays
Heavy price
More than twice.
The days, which earlier are short
Trundle; And each moment is difficult to abort.
Then, slowly, the dejection takes over
Body, mind and soul get shower
Of gloomy drizzle from nowhere.
The dejection_____

It isn't material but it is true
It does badly pursue
For deep, deep and eternal solace
And at any cost to find its trace.
Now-

Dejection and death are sometimes
Synonymous; bells of both give chimes,
Yet, dejection is a black-hole;
Dark, gloomy and hollow
Inside it pulls our soul
And pensively does swallow
Peace of mind and serenity
Which results in drawing public pity.

HASNAIN AAQIB

Farewel Love

FAREWEL LOVE

I think we part here
My love and my dear!
Your wisdom and your maths
I can no more bear

Love isn't love if you calculate
Ups and downs; it is as straight
As the great Gangetic plains
And a yokel's art.

We weren't you and we weren't I
We were one but you did defy.
You thought and you kept thinking
And you tried to be solemnly smart.

Love is a simple fact
On which we rely and act
It gives no space to mind
It is a matter, merely of heart.

I think it, my dear, better
That to me, you surrender, either,
Or be in the line of your choice
If so, then, let us quietly depart.

KHAN HASNAIN AAQIB

HASNAIN AAQIB

Farhaud, The Best Engineer

Shereen and Farhaud are believed to be Romeo and Juliet of Persia. But historically, it is not so. The true story is depicted in this poem. hasnain

Khusro, the Persian king, once readily ordered

His men to keep all efforts bordered

To cure his beloved, Shereen, the princess

As she ailed and suffered severely with no recess.

All highly learned doctors came to the royal court.

With hefty-thefty, quick and late prescriptions in the fort

Once of them came with an idea of soft-silk

And prescribed to feed the princess only milk

Milk, then as remedy, reached the celestial palace

Gulping big lumps os precious time.

and failed to prosper damsel's face.

New problem stood, new solutions came forward

Till Khusro heard of Farhaud from a bird

Of tongue: so Fauhaud was sent for, indeed

To dig a canal, a history for us to read.

Canal, carved through rocks, from milk's destination

Walked and bounced and ran in a novel fashion

Towards the palace where Shereen lied

With hundred slaves who had her orders to abide

Thus Farhaud, the best engineer, from his flask

Of eternal strength, engineered a healthful task.

HASNAIN AAQIB

Four Lines For God

And God made man
In tribes and clan

It is up to man to be
As good as he can.

HASNAIN AAQIB

How Many Iraqs?

It took me two years to build my home
Of five rooms, with no tower and no dome.
With all my resources and labour spent,
In due course, my back had got a little bent.
How difficult it seems, I simply thought
To erect a structure on a barren plot!
Construction isn't so easy, as they say
"Rome wasn't built in a single day".
But destruction takes not more than a minute
And the earth gets ugly, wounded, bit by bit.
This red substance Is pure human blood
Which flows tide after tide, like a Tsunami flood.
These millions who die, aren't any rulers
Then why they are targetted by merciless killers?
And to bring down so called despotic rules,
Is it fair to destruct hospitals, homes and schools?
With thousands stuffed dead in each building,
The songs of victory, how can any one sing?
Such war is a fight, which looks so wild,
Between a professional wrestler and a feeble child.
It is the debris of humanity, Uncle, and its values
On which you stand, proudly buckling your shoes.

Just be brave and focus at your home,
It needs you more than to roam
In places, thousands of miles away.
Let you, and let me, let us to god pray
Same beautiful, lets make our planet earth
As it was at the time of its birth..

HASNAIN AAQIB

How The Bells Are Gone!

Lines of control, either you stretch or shrink
But ere that, just, just think!
What about the innocent men who reside,
Along fences of this and that side?

They are killed with constitutional license
Without any reason and with no offence.
From nowhere come a few shells,
And of life, gone are the bells.
The hassle of creased uniforms
Almost uncare some of the norms.

'Fire! ' roars an official order
And these men are the immediate fodder
Of a few stray bullets,
That a man, a child or a woman gets.

The day is dark in the humble huts
With no ifs and with no buts.
Who they are and what they have done?
How they survive?
In cold and under blazing sun!
Somehow, somehow,
They still reside
On either this or that side
Of the Line of Control
Just to keep their soul.

HASNAIN AAQIB

Hunger

Hunger, whenever this bloody monster calls

Reasoned by poverty or or good time's sudden falls

None can dodge this towered inferno's palm

When the belly-pipes scream, out of twistig spasm

Legs tremble, prudence dances with body's every part

Lifeles, eager, lying on concious's faining cart.

When hunger strikes, none on earth fairly cares

For even post, and equals the level of street beggers

It less differs a man from a little crying child

And draws behind being to go crazy and wild.

His empire, a great king can towards it hurl

To exchange a loaf and make a timely curl.

Lo, friend, hunger only can coward rival

A thousand virtues, to assure its own survival.

Hasain Aaqib

I Didn'T Fit In The Frame

It was your family photo, my dear
That sought me to be very near.
In fact, it was you who insisted
Me to be in blue and red.

But what occurred exactly, I don't know
The lense of the camera didn't throw
Light on my candid face
So I couldn't find my own trace.

It looked as if I peeped inside
Without taking anything in my stride.
Very high was the wall on your side
And I had a base, already wide.

Although myriad things were the same
Somehow, I didn't fit in the frame
Of your family photo
So I let everything go.

Ambiguous characters the portrait had in your frame
That were lusty and did focus only the name
A big difference there was
In preferences, values and ideas.

HASNAIN AAQIB

Life Is Wonderful

Here are a few rambling tips
That I give through my lips
The best a robust man can do
Is to be and to see just true
Life is ordinal without the essence
Of a moral element in present tense
There are millions like you and like me
They tear themselves apart and feel free
And they don't dare to be the part
Of speaking truth when it is an art
But I believe in John Donne for what he said
Towards him my attention is already paid
He said, It is always better
To have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

HASNAIN AAQIB

Love, Ah, Sorry.....

Love, ah, sorry, love, sorry!
There are bitter tastes for me
In the world, full of diversities
In colours, shades and bodies.
But is it so necessary for the people
To be so unjust, insincere yet subtle
In their entirety of commission
Of managing to part our ways?
But I believe in what God says.
Since in God I believe
Love, yes, in love too, I believe.
But what makes this world so cruel?
A place to live in, so unstable!
I loved thee my love, still
Still I recall those moments
Of sheer hospitality of emotions
What I thought of you
And what you thought of me!
Clinging to each others arms
And showing dereliction for the world
Unremembering what would happen
In the coming moments
It was a vengeance at last!
That reached over our head
When there was nothing to care about
And within ourselves a war we fought
Two fights
At one place
With one object
We lost
And alas! The world won an unfought war! ! !

HASNAIN AAQIB

Mother

I had not seen god, true!
I had never been to heaven,
I had never buckled my shoe
Till I met, in life, a person....

□

Who happened to be someone
Who called me son, and she called me son.

Streams of divine love, in her lap
Would flow with constant zeal
She never felt any generation gap
And if she felt, she wouldn't reveal.

□

My grief, my pain, she would heal
Her feathery touch was a divine seal.
When I was seven, she left her son
With her mortal duties, perhaps she was done!

HASNAIN AAQIB

My Father, The Soft Rock

"All my senses bow to honour thee;
O demi-god of knowledge, and a huge tree..."

The tongue he owns of steel
Piercing through conscience, one could feel
The delicacy of hardness, his words possess
And he is the herald of modern race....

"Never did quench thy august thirst
To emerge among all, always first
To thy pleas, to sow alphabetic seed
In the soil of little, curious minds.
The world, the just and candid, finds
Thy verbal stress that does sound
As lovely as green moss on dry ground..."

Like the roar of the gong,
Like the sweet-maiden's song,
May thy endeavours earn God's favour
And be there thy image, pure and sure....

HASNAIN AAQIB

Prophiem 1

It was around fifteen hundred years back
When the earth was actually off the track.
And Arabs, the Bedouine Arabs,
Were as astray as the wild shrubs.

Darkness, the blind darkness of ignorance,
Was all over the land; And the non-sense
Practices and rituals and customs,
Prevailed in air like the sound of drums.

Tribal enmities would, of course, last
For centuries, over a trifle issue of past.
And the prejudices of creed and caste!
Their area of influence was very vast.

The then Africa, Europe and Asia were no better
With a slight difference, they had nothing to offer.
They might be somewhat good in one respect,
But surely, there had been some dark aspect.

Then God was very considerate and kind
And He made up His mind,
To Arab, He sent His last messenger
Who was the entire world's purifier.

From Almighty, let me say and mind,
He was a gift to the whole mankind.

□

HASNAIN AAQIB

Prophiem 2

By the earth and by the sky blue!
What the prophet was, shouldn't I tell you?
As far as my faith does catch,
I can tell you, he has never, never a match.
And he led in Al-Quds, all prophets' batch.

He was as honest as nobody ever was
And for the world to be, he was a cause.
When he was born, it was the rise of a sun,
And that sun! It was beyond any comparison.
He turned into spring, the hot, hot autumn.

This is the part of my faith and my belief,
That on tree of prophethood, he was the last leaf
His pious teachings were the sign of salvation
It were for world's complete reformation.
Before he left the world, his work he had done.

HASNAIN AAQIB

Prophiem 3

All prophets came and went
And did their work with grace.
To each land were they sent,
To fill with thy name, the space.

They shaped sometimes only a few
And over the years, no one knew
The aim of life, and they drew
All them on cross, bigots though few.

Then came shining a star
Radiant, with divine light was
His image; be near or too far,
For world's existence, he was a cause.

God loved and did him pure
And made him holy, sacred and sure
To convey the sinners to heaven
By guiding them to a way, safe and even.

Bore he hardships and said nothing,
Showered benisons for troubles, the King
Of all universes, was who the orphan,
Got evils and vice from world to run.

The head of prophets justly called
Humans to believe in oneness of god.

KHAN HASNAIN AAQIB

HASNAIN AAQIB

Prophiem 4

PROPHIEM☒

OF HIM, WHAT THEY SAID!

For about one and a half thousand years
Saints and sages and kings and seers,
Have been defining the last prophet's profile,
In their own way, and in their own style.
Out of that, here I put up a few
What they think of him, how their thoughts grew!
To him, full attention most people paid
I just sum up, of him what they said.

In "Heroes and Hero Worship", Thomas Carlyle said,
"As a true prophet, he, to me has stayed".
" Most influential man in human history", said Thomas Carlyle,
When he studied his life, and thought for some while.
"And His was a voice from unknown deep".
In good faith, Carlyle's words we should keep.

"Of all sacred religions", Leo Tolstoy says,
"In prophet's teachings, lies the essences. "

In "Voltaire and Islam", goes Voltaire's saying
"Prophet was a mighty conqueror, and a just king,
And a wise legislator and a pious prophet,
He fulfilled great role before people of this planet."

In "The Genuine Islam", writes with heed,
"For the future Europe, acceptable will be Mohammad's creed.
In the new world era, if he takes absolute lead
In solving it problems, with peace and happiness he would succeed."

Encyclopedia Britannica does honestly write
"The prophet was a man with great insight,
And he was a man honest and upright,
Winning loyalty of those, like-wise honest and upright."

"The prophet was", as his view Lane Pool made,
"Most faithful protector of those he protected."

In "Biography of Prophet", Karen Armstrong made it clear,
"Non-violence was the culmination of his prophetic career".

In "Life Of Mohammad", Sir William Muir wrote,
And his candid words, I must really quote.
"Modesty and kindness, generocity and patience,
In prophet's conduct, pervaded this essence".

.
Keeping his faith solemn, sincere and dart,
In "The 100", thus put in Micheal Hart,
"Supremely successful for religious and secular cause,
The only man in human history, the prophet was..."

In "Life And Teaching Of Mohammad", Annie Besant says,
About the messenger of Supreme, his character and his ways,
"It is impossible for anyone, studying prophet's life,
To feel anything but reverence towards Him and his strife."

What I wrote here, is truth bound
And in books and on web, all can be found.
In this work, I said nothing without reference
And all that you read here, makes positive sense.

HASNAIN AAQIB

School That I Dreamed Of.....

In the lap of baby-hills

Where the green grasses grow

Where God makes nature's show

Where we find ancient fossils.

The sacred land of holy altar

Of a God-fearing priest

To whom even bowed the beast

There stands my school; heart ajar

The flower of strivers' garden

Who offered it their blood,

Till, with blossoms, did it flood

And, with letters, honoured the nation.

My school, the house of knowledge

My school, the place of worship

And the carriage for intellectual trip

And the conveyer of God's message.

My school, my love, my pride
For my career, is a certain guide
May it blossom till the last day
Giving the best in its best way.

Khan Hasnain Aaqib

HASNAIN AAQIB

Secret Of Growth

When my legs rested in Japan

For a certain time's span

I witnessed there many a things

Some pleasant, a few with shattered wings.

Once two cars smashed into each other

So, the traffic could move no further

Both drivers soon came out

Unguessed to me, instead to shout

They bowed to each other, with manner

On their face, humanity's humble cover

And under the polite tone of regret

And excellent example both set

Each said, " Oh sir, for God's sake

Forgive me, it was my mistake."

So each smiled and in happiness

Passed through the way with much grace.

This demonstrates the saturation

Of a nation's spiritual exhilaration

And strength of their national endurance

How can be kept positive balance

In much advanced, progressive way

To stay alive till the final day.

HASNAIN AAQIB

She Is Innocent (Virgin Curse)

She Is Innocent (Virgin Curse)

Behold that tiny girl, the age your sister or daughter
Her childhood makes no claim, she is a broken frame.
Time whisked away from her face the sacred laughter
For cruel eyes spotted her for an ugly game
a painful memory, the fact worst of its kind.

Her picture, I am sure, I can't portray
Corporal bruises and spots in heart aren't enough,
To reveal her feelings as she was an easy prey
And she fell in vicious hands like a dove,
Losing her blue virginity unlawfully signed.

Still, she is innocent and her pride is gone,
The belief in manhood she has lost,
No one now, she can trust upon
Sinner, to thou, a great damage it will cost
It's an angel's word and tears waking His mind.

Hasnain Aaqib

HASNAIN AAQIB

Synthetic Relations

Maximum relations are natural, whatsoever
Father, mother, sister, cousin or even brother.
Some are blood relations, some are not
Some we are born with, some are our lot.
Although all relations are not equal
Some are quite smart, some may be dull.
But yes, of course, yes, of course
Some relations are kept behind the doors.
Wives keep their in-laws
Just at a stop and at a pause,
For these fair ladies, they are not natural.
These relations are gears, levers and throttle.
To their parents, siblings and even cousins
Wives are so attached like fish with fins
But with in-laws, oh sorry, but let me tell,
They are always, always, 'go to hell! '
Their relations with in-laws are diplomatic
They treat these relations as synthetic.

HASNAIN AAQIB

The Expansionist Columbus!

Is it the same land that Columbus discovered?
Then Columbus is still alive, I have heard.
And lo, to what limit has grown his appetite!
That he fights with those, who do not wish to fight.
Is it a crusade, or a deadliest simple war,
To grab fuel for driving his lusty car?

The appetite of Columbus seems funded by mystery
This fact no one can forget, not even history.
But Columbus must have a mind of his own
Otherwise, how long does a boat take to drown?
He has grown into an expansionist
And his hopes are just fog and mist.
He is deceiving, of course, he is deceiving
His own people, thinking himself a democratic king.
Can we imagine, the fire that we lit, I
Won't return a spark or a flame out of it?
He thinks the fire he lit on a remote land
In mountains, plains or Syrian sand,
Would keep him out of the whole fuss
His role, no one, nowhere would discuss.
But it is the nature's simple doctrine
Every act wins a reward, a feat or a sin.
So, my dear expansionist Columbus, listen to me
If you can, with your own eyes, see,
Do it in present, if you haven't got Alzhiemer
Future will turn you into past, on is its timer.

HASNAIN AAQIB

The Wall

The days are naive and moments novice
Love stands amid the cluster of no choice.
Altering, cleansing the dirt off its gracious face.
Dirt of dilemma, giving gradual guess
To uncommon eye, of its unthought appearance.

Lovers, then you come nearer, closer
Unbind your souls of wordly fear,
Soak your love in chaste passion's pool
That won't let your emotions be cool
Lovers, undo the time's girdle, a cruel fence.

Love stands many a hard, adverse times,
But fate's bell sometimes reversely chimes
Tell me, how two feeble straws can fight
When tides are high, ocean's chest proudly tight?
So make with your brain a brilliant conference.

Dears, you dwell among undesertable people
The strings of relations are strongly knit, truly subtle
Go, get license to have union with each other
If they allow, then do look no further
If not, then hide your love as an illicit offense.

Hasnain Aaqib

HASNAIN AAQIB

To My Love...

Everywhere, anytime and forever
My soul, I will be your
You are dearer to me than heaven
Why do you stay, reside in my eyes?
Come, share a room in my heart, it's a fun.
It beats for you, for you it sighs.
Because...
You are my only love..
My darling dove.

HASNAIN AAQIB

U F O

Can you please, speak up, what is assumed by UFO?
Speak up! And don't crease your brow
If not, then listen, the people of well noticed earth,
Have been strangers to UFO's origin and its birth.

The prudent brains, stuffed with great knowledge, high mind
Have explored unknown folds, mysteries and facts blind.
Thus sanctity of space and moon which still undisturbed
Provided man with knowledge lying there dispersed.

the cosmos, in its womb, say some scientists
Caters various creatures, spread everywhere into bits.
Such one or other planet might have, to its extent,
Dispatched its crafts, to explore earth's awesome scent.

Such crafts, with inquisitive task, are, as we suppose
Round and circular, saucer-like with great curious nose.
So swiftly the saucers fly that no electronic eyes
Could ever notice them, never heard even their eager cries.

But a few helpless witnesses, quite a few in number
Saw this strange object that no scientists remember
And they still roam with their minds, in the pursuit
Of even a single thread, but sought no sign of even its foot.

Hasnain Aaqib

HASNAIN AAQIB

What I Need?

As an infant, I cried for milk
And mother fed me, so soft and silk
Was her love; I grew young and robust
Under the shade of her motherhood, safe from all dust.

When a youth, needs came sooner and faster
Serving my mind with worries to alter
Pain into comfort, make joy of hard toil
And gave me to sow good seeds a perfect soil

Then forlorn life came to be coupled with someone
I prayed for children when I had none
And plenty of lives hampered my way
I prayed for comfort and rest, through various ways

Now that I am an old man of seventy
Enjoying pleasant time and nature's bounty
I aspire a place in peaceful hermitage
For eternal life after I depart, beyond the age

HASNAIN AAQIB